L[illegible]OKING FORWARD!

WITH t[illegible] number THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS embarks on its twenty-sixth year. [illegible]ur years ago, on the occasion of its twenty-first birthday, my Father reviewe[illegible] the policy and achievements of the REVIEW, and the time which has elapsed sinc[illegible]rdly calls for a lengthy survey. The magazine suffered an irreparable loss through the death of its founder, for, unlike most magazines in which the editor is but faintly visible in its pages, there was scarcely a line of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS which did not reflect the forceful personality of the Chief. In fact, the REVIEW was Mr. Stead. In spite of that great loss the REVIEW continues and persists along the lines laid down by him. Though we cannot sound the same clarion note, yet we have endeavoured to work steadily for those principles which he laid down in his first Manifesto, and that will be our guide through the succeeding years.

In his retrospect of 1911 my Father said, "On the whole, looking back over the twenty-one years, the most outstanding fact, and one w[illegible] which THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS was privileged to have some considerable par[illegible] as been The Hague Conference. But for the peace crusade of 1898-9, the Pea[illegible] Conference would have been indefinitely postponed, if, indeed, it had ever taken [illegible]e. It has now been established as the germ of the Parliament of the World."

At the prese[illegible]me it may seem that this work has proved utterly barren; but who can doubt t[illegible]he war itself will but serve to establish on a firmer base the much derided Internati[illegible] Laws and Conventions? There is no other way. The seed planted by The H[illegible] Conference will bring forth its fruit in due season and the world may reap the ha[illegible] even sooner than if there had been no war to point the moral. In recent number[illegible] have urged the calling of the third Hague Conference, which was due to meet this [illegible] and even yet 1915 may be the golden year of fulfilment. That the third Confer[illegible]vill eventually be called is as certain as day follows night; and significant as wer[illegible] first two Conferences, the decisions at the third will be of world-wide moment.

Our late Chi[illegible]ork will not have been in vain, and he may prove right in considering this his gr[illegible]t work.

In all things [illegible]hall continue to follow the path he mapped, led by the same principles which w[illegible]is unfailing guides. With these resolves we look forward to the future with unaba[illegible]opefulness.

John Stead

LONDO[illegible], *Jan*[illegible], 191[illegible].



CHARGE OF THE BENGAL LANCERS THROUGH THE LINES OF THE GERMAN INFANTRY.

"Fight, ye glorious soldiers, Gurkha or Sikh, Moslem, Rajput or Brahmin! Fight for the name of India, and make it glorious with your blood! Great are your privileges. You have comrades in the British Army whose fellowship and lead are a priceless possession to you."—A. YUSUF ALI, before the East India Association.

(From a Drawing by Christopher Clark.)

No. 301. Vol. LI.] [January, 1915.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

LONDON, *January* 1, 1915.

1915.

With the beginning of a New Year one's thoughts naturally turn to the question, "What will it bring forth?" Born amidst the noise of world-wide strife, it seems destined to prove the most momentous year in the memory of man. Perhaps the whole twelve months will be occupied in fighting, that is, indeed, dreadful to contemplate; but if that sacrifice is necessary to ensure a lasting peace, then it will be stoutly faced and worthily borne. The Nation will be sorely tried, but will emerge from the fire with a clearer view of the things that really matter in this world, and, it is to be hoped, with a determination that good may come from this awful lapse from civilisation. If, as everyone profoundly hopes, hostilities will have ceased before another New Year dawns, then indeed will 1915 ever stand out as one of the most fateful years in the history of the world. For then will be decided whether the Nations are to secure the blessings of permanent peace, to recover the ground on the onward path of progress which has been lost through this frightful war; or whether they are to relapse into the old deplorable conditions of mutual mistrust and hate. We have too deep a belief in the advancement of the race to believe this possible, but unless the Nations are absolutely determined to reap the greatest possible reward for the colossal sacrifice, and insist that there shall be no return to the old methods in international relations, then indeed we shall have laboured and fought in vain. In the settlement that is to come, the Nations will look to Great Britain, who has always been regarded as the leader in the path of human progress. Let us prove worthy of our position, and, when terms are discussed, stand forth boldly to voice the determination of the peoples to establish peace at any cost. The great opportunity of 1815 was lost chiefly because the map of Europe was arranged to suit the Dynasties, while the rights and wishes of the Peoples were ignored. Let us follow the principles of the Treaty of Ghent, which was the outcome of the strongly expressed desires of the two nations, not of their rulers. Ghent, not Vienna, is the guide for the settlement in 1915.



Minneapolis Journal.]

Liberty Lights the Way.

THE SWAY OF BATTLE.

The War: In the West. On land the warfare has reached the end of the first phase. Up to now the Germans have practically maintained the offensive, but at last it can be definitely said that their crushing attacks on France have been brought to a standstill, and that they are now on the defensive, and already has begun their slow but sure retreat, which will not cease until they are completely driven out of Belgium and France, and that may not be the end. The advance of the Allies will necessarily be slow and costly, since this war has shown how easy it is to hold entrenched positions against overwhelming numbers, and the Germans are just as brave fighters as the Allies. The despatches dealing with the fighting round Ypres indicate the tremendous task accomplished by the Allies, and how stubbornly the thin line held back the invaders, but at a terrible cost. Prodigal of lives as has been the first phase, the second will be even more so; but that its object will be achieved no one doubts.

In the East. In the East it is more difficult to follow what has happened — both Petrograd and Berlin claiming victories. It seems plain, however, that von Hindenburg checked the first Russian advance by rapidly concentrating a large body of troops north of Lodz and endeavoured to cut through to Warsaw. He did not succeed; but, in conjunction with an Austrian flank attack through the Carpathians, he forced the whole Russian line to retire and take up a stronger line of defence. Further attempts have been made on Warsaw, but the German armies have been broken against the solid line the Russians now hold. The Austrians have been driven back through the Carpathians. In spite of the removal of many troops from West to East the Germans have made little or no impression on Russia. In fact, they are in a more difficult position as regards supplies than when nearer their own frontier. The Germans must soon realise that they have failed in their great design. This realisation will not bring about any weakening in the endeavours, and the most strenuous efforts will be put forth to prevent their soil from being invaded. Meanwhile, the greatest individual effort has been accomplished by Serbia. A month ago she seemed on the point of being crushed. Belgrade taken, the country invaded, the Serbians nevertheless rallied in the mountains and, turning on their pursuers, drove them headlong from Serbian soil. It was a magnificent achievement, more so because unexpected. Austria is in a sad plight, and rumours of friction between her and her ally are becoming more and more persistent. Hungary especially is getting restive, and her anti-German feelings may precipitate the break-up of the Empire.



World] **Seeing Things!** [New York.

FULL STEAM AHEAD!

On the Seas. At sea the British Navy has secured many successes for the Allies. The defeat off Chile has been wiped out and with the annihilation of von Spee's squadron by Admiral Sturdee the German fleet has ceased to exist outside the Bight of Heligoland, and experienced practically no casualties. The most brilliant piece of individual daring was performed by submarine B11 in penetrating the Dardanelles, diving under five rows of mines, torpedoing a Turkish battleship, and returning safely in spite of heavy gunfire. Lieutenant Holbrook, her commander, has well earned his



Photo by] [*Russell & Sons*

Lieut.-Commander Norman B. Holbrook.

In command of "B11" and awarded the V C

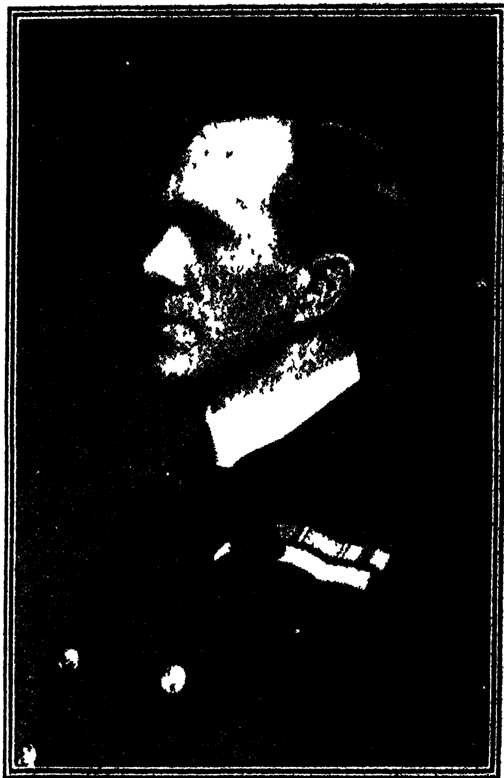


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry*.

Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee.

Defeated the German Squadron under Admiral von Spee.

nothing could be a finer demonstration of Britain's sea power than the despatch of a squadron many thousand miles under Admiral Sturdee, a commander who, at the time of the Chile battle, was at home in London. Once again superior gunfire and speed, combined with superior tactics, have triumphed, and the victorious squadron Victoria Cross. The effect on the Turks has been profound, as the Dardanelles had always been considered impregnable.

Our Island. England has tasted the true horrors of war, and to a very trifling degree has realised within her own shores what has been experienced by

Belgium. The bombardment of Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool came as a great shock to many people, and brought home vividly to them the nature of the conflict which is being waged on the other side of the water. Though one deeply deplores the murder of innocent men, women and children, yet it is no bad thing that the British people should realise what war really means. The greater the upheaval this war makes in our lives the more strenuously shall we work after the war is over to guard against another such outbreak. There is a danger that unless we are aroused to the full meaning of war we shall be content to let things go on as before, and that will be fatal to any hope of permanent peace.

German "Frightfulness."

The fact that Germany ignored the rules of war in bombarding the towns did not surprise anyone. Apparently she is going on the principle that she "might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," and, as the coils close round her, her disregard of all conventions will become more ruthless. The raid was of no military significance, and if it proved anything it was the futility of any attempt to land any large number of troops in this country. The only chance they had of safety was to run away almost as soon as they arrived, and it is to the kindly mist that they owe their safe return. The object of the raid was probably threefold—to hearten their own people, who were much depressed owing to the annihilation of von Spee's squadron; to strike terror into the heart of the British people, so that they would insist that the troops should be kept at home to guard the shores; and to create dissatisfaction with the British Navy and cause a demand for a redistribution of the Naval force so as to prevent another raid—such a redistribution making it more vulnerable to German attack. They succeeded in their first object, but failed utterly in the others. Great Britain was by no means panic-struck, but filled with a stronger determination than ever to crush the attackers; and as the possibility of such raids had always been foreseen and counted upon, there has been no alteration in our Naval plans. It has always been known that fast vessels, taking advantage of a dark night, could slip across the North Sea, and, if they did not stay too long, had a chance of getting away in safety. But we as a nation have such a vague knowledge of the meaning of Sea Power that the raid came as a great shock to many. Very few have read Mahan, who lived just long enough to see many of his theories justified, but not long enough to see the end of the war, the conduct of which to some extent is the result of his teachings.

Britain's Systematic Purpose.

Seldom has John Bull's habit of self-depreciation been so marked as at present. We are accustomed to this, and so are not affected, but the outside nations, not realising it is a national characteristic, take us at our own valuation, and so get a totally inadequate idea of the great efforts now being put forth to bring this war to a successful conclusion. This is most manifest in the question of recruiting. Not only is Great Britain carrying on her ordinary business, which is absolutely necessary so as to be able to supply the money essential for conducting the war and also to assure financial assistance to her Allies, but is working at top pressure to produce the munitions and necessary equipments of war. In addition to these activities (which give employment to a large number of able-bodied men) we have raised the largest army ever enrolled on the voluntary basis in the history of the world. But instead

of pointing to this achievement with pride, John Bull complains because he has not done better. Recruits are coming in at present as quick as, if not quicker than, they can be equipped and armed. Up to the present the voluntary system has stood the test of a great emergency. Certain trades which are absolutely essential for the carrying on of the war must be maintained. There are others just as necessary to the prosperity of the country which, if discontinued, would free thousands of men anxious to enlist, but who believe they are doing more to the Allies' cause by continuing their present work.

Men or Money ?

Will Great Britain be more helpful as a source of material and money or as a source of men? She cannot be both, and the individual man cannot solve that question for himself; and when he looks to his leaders he gets no clear answer. Mr. Lloyd George tells him that it is the "silver bullet" which counts most in the long run, while on the other hand there is the cry for "Men, more men!" We presume that when the volunteering does not keep pace with the demand the Government will make some pronouncement for the guidance of the individual.

BRITAIN'S MASTER STROKE IN EGYPT.

The Pitiful State of Turkey.

Though so many of Germany's calculations have gone wrong, yet it is doubtful if in anything she has been more disappointed than the results of forcing Turkey to join her. The Holy War has quite refused to materialise. In the Caucasus the Turks have been unable to advance against the Russians and their intervention has had no effect in weakening the Russian forces in Poland. But if Germany is disappointed her situation is nothing to the pitiful state of Turkey -- practically impotent, she has to see various parts of her empire detached without being able to strike a blow to retain them. The most important event is the severing of Egypt from Turkish suzerainty and the declaration of a British Protectorate. This change rectifies the anomalous position of the British in Egypt, but will have little effect, at present at any rate, on its internal politics. The Khedive, adhering to Constantinople, is deposed and his uncle, Hussein Kamel Pasha, installed in his place with the title of Sultan.



Photo by] [Dittrich

Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha.
New Sultan of Egypt.

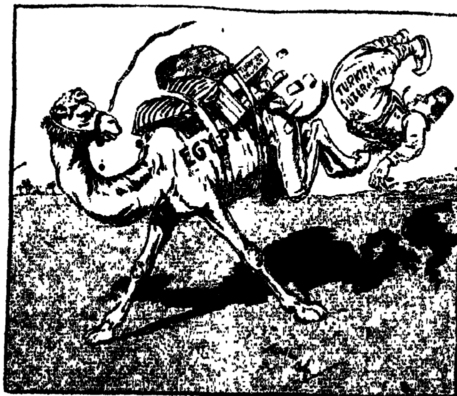
Britain's Genius for Ruling.

The present condition of Egypt represents a superlative example of British genius for practical rule. We went there to put down a military rising, but, finding that the whole system of government had fallen to pieces, stayed there and reconstructed the administrative machine. The result has been that by slow and patient work the State has been rebuilt upon solid foundations and the material welfare of the people has been placed on a secure footing. The intellectual revival which has naturally followed in the wake of the material regeneration has for some time been making itself increasingly felt, and the problem to be dealt with now is the gradual grant of self-government. The aims and objects of the British Government are concisely set forth in a communication to the new Sultan:—

"In the field of internal administration I am to remind Your Highness that, in consonance with the traditions of British policy, it has been the aim of His Majesty's Government, while working through, and in the closest association with, the constituted Egyptian authorities, to secure individual liberty, to promote the spread of education, to further the development of the natural resources of the country, and, in such measure as the degree of enlightenment of public opinion may permit, to associate the governed in the task of government. Not only is it the intention of His Majesty's Government to remain faithful to such policy, but they are convinced that the clearer definition of Great Britain's position in the country will accelerate progress towards self-government." We can honestly say that we have laboured for the welfare of the Egyptians and not for our own gain. Egypt has now entered a new phase, and with a freer hand Great Britain will be able to continue her beneficial work; but the path will not be a smooth one.

Egypt's Gratitude.

The Egyptians have gladly accepted the change. There are many still alive who can remember the old Turkish régime and have no desire to return to the old conditions. The new Sultan is eminently worthy of his position, for besides being the legal successor of the late Khedive, he has spent his life in working for the improvement of the Egyptian people. As regards the Capitulations, against which Great Britain has often protested, no alteration is to be made until after the war. The Turkish attack on the Suez Canal has not yet taken place; the difficulties of the approach are great, and even if they do succeed in crossing the deserts they will find the Canal adequately guarded by what may be described as a truly Imperial Army, consisting as it does of British Territorials, Australian and New Zealand troops, and Indian regiments. The unanimous expressions of loyalty and support which have been received from every part of the Soudan is another proof of the benefits derived from British administration.



Liverpool Courier.]

A Cure for the Hump.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

The Rebellion in South Africa.

Thanks to General Botha's energetic action and the co-operation of the British and Dutch, the South African rebellion has been crushed. De Wet and all the principal leaders except Kemp and Maritz have been captured and Beyers has been killed. The action of the Dutch deserves nothing but praise and sympathy. Theirs has been a most difficult and tragic task, but they have performed it with a firm sense of duty which could not be surpassed. Notwithstanding the fate of the rebellion, it has raised many difficulties, which will tax all the statesmanship and goodwill of South Africa to overcome. The aftermath of a civil war is always much more terrible and difficult to efface than that of any other form of war. General Botha has well put the situation when he said:—

> Let us remember that this has been a quarrel in our own South Africa household, and that all of us will have to continue to live together in that household in the future . . . let us be on our guard against all vengeful policies and language and cultivate a spirit of tolerance and forbearance and merciful oblivion of the errors and misdeeds of those misguided people, many of whom took up arms against the State without any criminal intention and without any clear perception of the consequences of their action. While just and fair punishment should be meted out, let us also remember that now, more than ever, it is for the people of South Africa to practise the wise policy of forgive and forget.

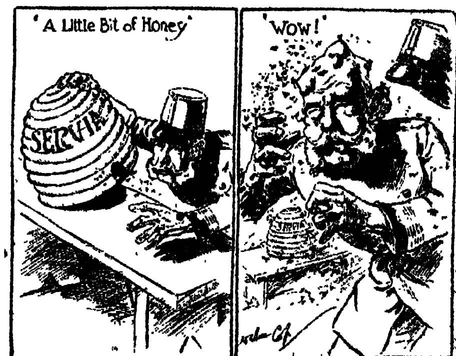
This is the only policy to be pursued, but unfortunately many must retain bitter hatred in their hearts. To make this number as small as possible will be Botha's endeavour; he has, however, to face the strong personal antagonism that was growing up against him before the rebellion.

General Botha's Magnanimity.

The vexed question is how to deal with the rebels. Already demands have arisen for the utmost severity, but General Botha has pointed out the dangers of recrimination:—

> I am sure my English friends will understand what is expedient when I tell them that continued denunciation of the rebels may wound just those whom I know Englishmen have no desire to wound; I mean the Dutch, who have been responsible for quelling this rebellion. Not many years ago they and the rebels were fighting side by side against England. For the loyalist Boer in these days it has been an unhappy and, indeed, tragic ordeal to have to hunt down and fire upon men, some of them their relatives and many of them their comrades in arms. Their wrong-doing and their fate are matters of most acute grief to their kinsmen, and bitterness may unwittingly be provoked if our English fellow-countrymen continually emphasise to them the infamy of acts which they are not alone in detesting.

The General added emphatically, "Be sure justice will be done." Everyone will agree with him, and the only course is to allow him a free hand to deal with the matter as he thinks best. For it would be tragic if the British and Dutch should be again estranged, instead of being brought closer together as a result of having faced a common danger.



Liverpool Courier.]

A Bee Line for Home.

The Campaign in S.W. and E. Africa. The campaign against German South-West Africa has of necessity been delayed, but is to be resumed at once. The Germans have obtained a welcome respite in which to consolidate their forces, and it is much to be feared that the work will be difficult, and will involve heavy loss of life. South Africa has indeed been tried hard in this war, but as she has triumphantly overcome one obstacle, we may confidently hope she will surmount the others as successfully. The almost complete silence as to the operations on the East Coast of Africa has been broken. Only news of a few skirmishes and of one unsuccessful expedition have come through till now, when we are informed of German attacks on Mombasa, which took place three months ago, and of the danger to which British East Africa was exposed. In the major conflict these outlying operations are apt to be ignored, and practically the casualty lists are the only source from which any inference can be drawn. The ways of the Censor are peculiar, but as Germany cannot in any way aid her colonies or profit by any successes they may achieve, we should have thought that at least we might be told earlier the nature of the operations, which must have an important bearing on the future of the "dark" continent.

THE ITALIAN REVELATIONS.

Italy's Policy. The most important disclosure as to the responsibility for breaking the peace was made by Signor Giolitti in the Italian Chamber. The Premier, Signor Salandra, having given a reasonable and perfectly convincing statement as to the causes which led to Italian neutrality, ex-Premier Signor Giolitti confirmed the correctness of Italy's attitude by reading the telegrams which passed in August, 1913, between himself and the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marquis di San Giuliano. In these the latter stated that he had received from Austria the intimation that she intended to take action against Serbia, and maintaining that it was a "defensive war," called on Italy and Germany to fulfil their treaty obligations and assist her. Italy naturally replied that such an action could not in any way be construed as "defensive," since nobody was attacking Austria, and so Italy was not bound in any way to help her, and refused point blank to do so. What Germany replied to the same intimation is not known, but Austria was restrained for the time being. Thus Austria and Germany, knowing in what light Italy would look on action against Servia, did not consult her at all in August, 1914, and have apparently admitted that in refusing to join them she is quite within her treaty rights. This does away altogether with Germany's contention that it was the murder of the Archduke alone which forced Austria to act, and also that she was unacquainted with the steps Austria intended taking until the note to Serbia was actually sent.

Significant Silence. It is significant that neither in Berlin nor in Vienna has any reply been made to Signor Giolitti's disclosures, thus tacitly admitting their truth. Germany knew for a year what Austria's plans were, knew also that, supporting Austria, she might bring on a European war, as admitted in her own White Book, and knew also that one of her allies had definitely stated that such action would be aggressive, and yet she persisted

in her course, and now calls all the world to witness that she was working hard for peace and only took arms to defend herself from unprovoked attack, which she now maintains was engineered solely by Great Britain. Whatever pretence she had for this contention has been completely shattered by the Italian disclosures—not that we think many persons were deceived by her—or were much astonished at those disclosures.

Italy's Good Faith. Everyone felt that Italy had kept perfect faith with her allies in adopting neutrality, and now she has given complete proof thereof. The Chamber unanimously confirmed the Premier in his determination to remain neutral; but the feeling against Austria is growing. The factor which may eventually bring her into the conflict is Turkey. Already there have been one or two unpleasant incidents between the two countries. Germany has urged the Arabs of Africa to attack the French and British, but it will be difficult to instruct them to respect the Italians, whose recent occupation of Tripoli would single them out for early reprisals. That Germany is anxious for Italian goodwill and fears her antagonism is shown by the despatch of ex-Chancellor Prince von Bülow as Ambassador to Rome.

NEUTRALS TAKE COUNSEL TOGETHER.

The Scandinavian Kings. The most significant action that has taken place in Neutral Countries has been the meeting of the three Scandinavian Sovereigns at Malmö. Though this meeting will certainly not result in any direct action on the part of those three countries, since the discussion apparently only concerned itself as to the best methods of taking joint measures to protect their mutual interests, still it may have a profound influence on Europe after the war is over. The meeting is to be followed by others, and may lead to the formation of a Scandinavian Federation. Nothing could be more natural, as all three countries have many interests in common. Such a Federation would be welcomed by everybody, friends of peace especially, since the banding together of the three Northern nations for mutual protection could not but have a great effect on Europe. They are all peaceful nations and would certainly throw their influence on the side of peace should any necessity arise, and their united influence will have more effect than their individual efforts. This meeting of the Kings is a portent of the closer banding together of all Europe which we hope may result from this war.



Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

The Three Kings.

King Gustaf, with King Christian on his right and King Haakon on his left.

FRANCE: BULGARIA: FINLAND.

The Stern Resolve of France.

M. Viviani has expressed the determination of the French people when he declared in the Chamber that:—

> France will not lay down her arms until she has avenged outraged right, regained for ever the provinces torn from her by force, restored to heroic Belgium the fullness of her material prosperity and her political independence, and broken Prussian militarism, so that on the basis of justice she may rebuild a regenerated Europe.

And this is the spirit in which all the Allies embark upon the New Year. It is a great task, of which the breaking of Prussian militarism will present the greatest difficulty. For even if the German armies are completely overthrown the militaristic spirit will not be dead. How deeply that spirit is ingrained into the German people or how soon it may be eradicated when they realise to what straits it has brought them no one can tell. But the latter question will depend on the treatment meted out to Germany after peace has been declared. Germany will always be a potent factor in European politics unless she is completely wiped out, man, woman and child. In European international relations she can never be ignored, therefore our best endeavour must be not to create a Germany in which revenge is the only creed, for that would render a stable peace in Europe impossible. It must ever be kept in mind that, though the exaction of the uttermost farthing from Germany is only just, yet that is a minor result compared with assuring the future peace of Europe. Let us be careful that in striving for the first we do not jeopardise altogether the attainment of the second.

Bulgaria's Hostile Attitude.

Bulgaria still remains the stumbling block in the way of the formation of the Balkan League, and her plans have probably been profoundly affected by Servia's wonderful victory over Austria. She still gives every facility to the passage of war munitions from Germany to Turkey, but the time for obtaining any concessions in the hour of Serbia's need has passed, and probably passed altogether. Her hostile attitude to Serbia must most certainly be modified and she will remain strictly neutral, as she is not likely to throw in her lot with a tottering Turkey and a defeated Austria.

Russia's New Spirit.

One or two occurrences in Russia of late have led people in this country to declare that, in spite of all that has been said of the change in Russia, she still remains the same. The regulations which have been published for the final Russification of Finland, if carried out, would indeed be a striking commentary on Russia's professions. But, in the first place, they are the results of a Commission which has been sitting for some years, which was convened in the worst hours of Finnish oppression, and must pass many stages before they come into force. Under the new spirit which animates Russia we feel certain that these rules will be materially modified before their final adoption. It is only natural that the bureaucracy, seeing its power threatened, should strive to retain its position, and will put every obstacle in the way of the inevitable reforms.

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore. Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Nov. 29.—Further dispatches from Field-Marshal Sir John French issued.

Nov. 30.—Château and park of Vermelles taken by French troops.

Evacuation of Belgrade by the Servian forces.

Dec. 1.—Surrender of General De Wet to Lieutenant-Colonel Jordaan and Captain Helgaard De Jager at Waterburg.

Dec. 2.—Meeting at Hazebrouck between King George, President Poincaré, General Joffre, Sir John French and Lord Kitchener reported.

War credit of £250,000,000 voted in the German Reichstag.

Occupation of Belgrade by Austrian troops.

Dec. 3.—Disembarkation in Egypt of Australian and New Zealand contingents to assist in defence and to complete their training.

Dec. 4. Dispatch from Sir John French covering a dispatch from Major-General Paris on the defence of Antwerp issued.

Interview of King George with King Albert of Belgium, and investiture of the latter with the Order of the Garter.

Dec. 5. Evacuation of Lodz by Russian troops.

Dec. 6.—Determined German attack on the allied lines between Dixmude and Ypres.

Reoccupation of Lodz by German troops.

Dec. 8.—Sinking of three Swedish steamers by German mines in the Gulf of Finland announced.

General Beyers, Boer rebel leader, drowned in the Vaal River in an endeavour to escape from General Botha.

German warships *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Leipzig* sunk in an engagement with a British squadron off the Falkland Islands, and two colliers captured; later the *Nürnberg* was also sunk.

Dec. 9.- General von Falkenhayn appointed Chief of the General Staff of the German Army in the Field.

Advance by the Allies all along the front, except at one point, where the Germans blew up a trench, reported.

Servian victory reported, and the retaking of the towns of Valievo and Uzice from the Austrians.

Unconditional surrender of the Turkish forces at Kurna, Persian Gulf, to the Indian Expeditionary Force.

In the Japanese Diet Baron Kato stated that Japan had not committed herself to any Power on the question of the future disposal of Kiauchau.

Dec. 10.—Attack on Dover Harbour by German submarines reported, but not confirmed by the Admiralty.

Village of Staden taken by the Allies.

Dec. 11.—Defeat and pursuit of Turkish troops by Russian troops in the Caucasus reported.

Offers of assistance received by the Colonial Secretary from loyal Uganda chiefs.

Dec. 13.—Germans driven from their fortified positions near Mlawa by a Russian advance.

Departure of Enver Pasha from Constantinople to take command of the Turkish Army on the Russian frontiers.

Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh* torpedoed in the Dardenelles by the British submarine B 11.

Dec. 14.—Marked progress of the Allies in the Western theatre of war announced.

Capture of Swedish steamer *Ludwig Peyron* by Germans reported.

German retreat from positions north of the Vistula continued.

Communiqué admitting heavy defeat at the hands of the Servians published in Vienna.

Neutrality again proclaimed by Bulgaria.

Retaking of Belgrade by Servians reported.

Capture of Vishegrad by the Montenegrin Army.

Statement on the war in the Turkish Parliament by Marshal von der Goltz.

Dec. 15.—Disturbances between Prussian and Bavarian troops in Antwerp reported.

Dec. 16.—Bombardment of Whitby, Scarborough and the two Hartlepools by German war vessels, and three steamers sunk by floating mines laid by the raiders; many killed and injured.

Dec. 17.—Sinking of German armoured cruiser *Friedrich Karl* in the Baltic by Russians announced.

Sinking of Austrian cadet ship *Beethoven* after striking a mine reported from Trieste.

Egypt constituted a British Protectorate, and Sir Arthur McMahon appointed High Commissioner.

Dec. 18.—Fierce fighting in the region of La Bassée and further advance of the Allies along the whole northern front reported.

Appointment of Prince Hussein Kamil Pasha as Sultan of Egypt, and deposition of Abbas Hilmi Pasha, Khedive, officially announced.

Dec. 19.—Raid on the Zeppelin sheds at Brussels by airmen of the Allied Armies.

Proclamation in Cairo of the appointment of Sultan Hussein.

Capture of the African rebel leaders General Wolmarans and Commandant Conroy announced.

Dec. 20.—Wreck of two mine-sweepers in the North Sea reported; 6 lives lost.

Raid on the German position near Ostend by a British naval airman.

Formal installation in the Abdin Palace, Cairo, of Sultan Hussein.

Captain Fourie, one of the leaders in the South African rebellion who was sentenced to death by Court-martial was shot; the death sentence passed on his brother Lieutenant Fourie was commuted to five years' imprisonment.

Dec. 21.—Further successes of the Allies in the Western theatre of war announced.

Departure from Berlin for the front of the Kaiser reported.

Celebration in Khartum of the accession of Sultan Hussein.

Dec. 22.—Norwegian steamer *Boston* sunk off Scarborough by a German mine.

Dec. 24.—Bomb dropped from a German aeroplane into a garden near Dover Castle, but no damage was done.

French submarine *Curie* reported sunk by an Austrian coast battery.

Retirement of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief and appointment of Archduke Eugen in his place reported.

Turkish defeat in the Sarakamisch region reported.

Defeat of the Japanese Government on the Army Estimates.

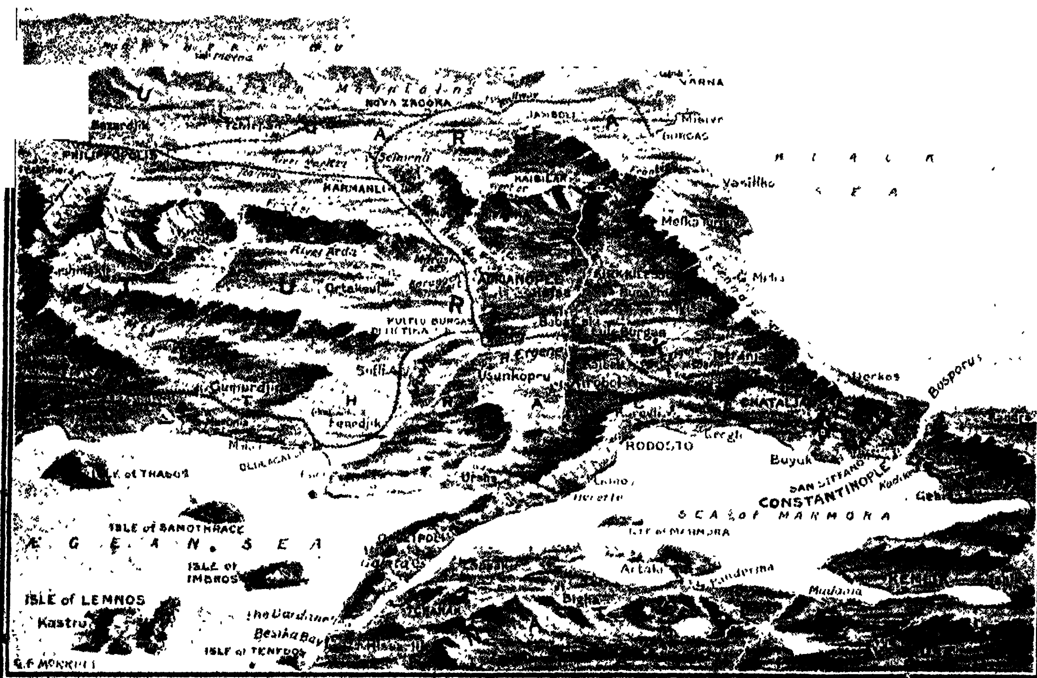
Dec. 25.—Hostile aeroplane sighted over Sheerness and driven seawards by British aircraft.

Raid on Cuxhaven by British warships and seaplanes; six of the seven pilots returned safely; but Flight-Commander Hewlett was reported missing.

Dec. 26.—Steady progress of the Allies on the Western and Eastern frontiers continued.

Troop train disaster at Kalisz, in which 900 Germans were killed and injured, reported; the railway officials were arrested on a charge of treason.

German aeroplane attack on Sochaczow announced; over 100 of the inhabitants were killed.



The Dardanelles and the Approach to Constantinople.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW SPIRIT.

BY HENRY HOLIDAY.

Mercy and Truth are met together: Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth, and Righteousness shall look down from Heaven.

PRECIOUS words if we could believe them. Are they true? None can say they are true now; but were they true in what we called a time of peace, and will they ever be true?

What we called peace was endless strife between classes and masses. We saw hundreds living in self-indulgent ease and luxury without working, and thousands working in endless joyless drudgery, with never an hour of ease or of the barest comfort; and between, these crowds exploiting the hungry toilers to amass the wealth which should place their heirs in happy possession of riches without work.

We saw endless successions of strikes against the cruel injustice of giving superfluous abundance to those who earned nothing, and denying all but bare existence to those who worked hard —our whole social structure steeped in unrighteousness.

Thus are Righteousness and Truth spurned as a rule of life by the world of business and of fashion. Those who mourn these things and hunger and thirst after righteousness have so far been unable to make the law of God the law of the community. Mammon is still the God of the civilised world, and our people love to have it so.

Truth has not sprung out of the earth, nor has Righteousness looked down from Heaven; and Mercy and Peace wait afar off.

This is the condition governing the life of a professedly Christian nation. What are the relations between nation and nation?

It would be wanton mockery to ask now if Righteousness and Truth, Mercy and Peace have aught to do with international settlements. Happily there have been occasions when nations have discussed differences like rational beings, and have made justice their aim; but, unhappily, these occasions have only been when matters of minor importance were under dispute. If the affair touched the "honour" of two nations they held it to be their duty to act like wild beasts, and far worse than the most savage of these. If two beasts of prey have a quarrel they know of no other way than to fight it out, and they do so. But if two Sovereigns or two Governments have a difference, they adopt a method much safer—for themselves: they set a few hundred thousand men on either side, who have had no voice in the dispute, face to face, with orders to slaughter each other till one side is exhausted: the cost in lives is appalling, but that does not affect those who make the quarrel. The cost in treasure is enormous, to be counted in scores or hundreds of millions of pounds; but as the civilians who bear this have not been consulted, here also the makers of the quarrel are unscathed. The method is highly satisfactory for the rulers, the bureaucrats, the diplomats, and above all for the providers of war materials of all kinds, who fatten on war; but it is cruel to the peoples, and is the negation of Righteousness and Truth. The cause may be righteous and true on one side, and oppressive and false on the other, but the method is brutal in itself and irrelevant to the cause, the fate of which will be determined not by its justice, but by the biggest battalions, the biggest guns, and the biggest reserves of reinforcements.

As between man and man within the nation, so between nation and nation, Righteousness has not looked down from Heaven, nor has Truth sprung out of the earth. We spurn them in our international as in our social relations. In one we recognise only the brute force of gun and bayonet, in the other only the like brute force of money.

Let me guard against a possible misconception. The injustice described is undeniable, but obviously good and bad are found in all social classes and on both sides of international quarrels. In social life rich and poor alike are victims of the evil influences established by the unjust social system. The one class is demoralised by the meanness of living idly on the earnings of others, and the other succumbs to the degrading influence of its enforced squalor.

In like manner those who make war are not all bad, and certainly not those who fight and sacrifice their lives for their country, not even when the cause is bad. Here again the system, a survival of savagery, which appeals to force instead of to justice in the settlement of international affairs, is responsible for the horrors inflicted by wars upon millions of innocent human beings.

NEMESIS.

This establishment of Mammon and Force as the rule in our Social and International relations, with the expulsion of Righteousness and Truth, was bound to lead to a catastrophe. The foundations were rotten, the fall of the edifice was certain, and the ruin of the international fabric has now come upon us. We were assured that safety lay in big armaments, and the great nations of Europe armed to the teeth. Force was to be our security; but when we looked around and wondered if mailed and clenched fists and cocked pistols, threatening each other all round, were a real guarantee of amity and peace between nations, we were told that the Force must be balanced; so alliances and *ententes* were ingeniously contrived in order to attain to a nice equipoise of destructive matter which should ensure the safety of all. It seems strange that rational beings should think that a fabric the foundations of whose walls and the cement of whose masonry consisted of explosives should be a safe dwelling-place, however well balanced, and, in fact, rational beings foresaw its doom (witness Professor Sarolea).

A neighbour dropped a lighted match on the door-step of one extreme corner of the edifice, and in a moment the whole fabric of the comity of European nations was in ruins. The balance was so admirable that, if disturbed in any part, the rest was bound to fall.

To drop figures of speech, a war such as the whole world has never known is now raging over Europe, in which eight nations are clutching at each other's throats, with slaughter and devastation unexampled in history, and amid all this none of us can avoid the anxious question. What is to come of it all? Is it, like past wars, to be only a prelude to more wars in the future?

Happily there are abundant signs of a ground for hope. The appalling nature of this conflict is teaching a lesson of tremendous import, and there is evidence that the nations are not deaf to the teaching. Militarism is on its trial, and on all sides one hears, not that Germany, the chief offender, must be destroyed, but that militarism must be expelled.

The great lesson is being enforced by evidence to which none can be blind. While many nations had before now made efforts towards peace, one nation—Germany—has for years preached militarism as a virtue; it has, through its accredited writers, denounced peace as an evil, and taught the abandonment of every moral principle, of every humane desire, of all honour and uprightness, so that Force should "thrive as the unconscious *basis of all thought, sentiment and volition in the depth of the soul.*" This is Bernhardi's doctrine, and is enforced throughout his book, "*The Next War of Germany,*" in

a way that shows what moral depravity befalls one who feeds his soul on such devilish food as the exaltation of the brute in man. Unhappily he has influenced too many of his countrymen, and in particular the Kaiser, who exhibits in practice with bloodthirsty cruelty all that Bernhardi and others have preached in theory.

The deeds that come of this foul doctrine are revolting; but if they unhappily are taking place it is our one hope that they *are* revolting to all who witness or hear of them. The Kaiser as the representative of militarism, is arraying the world against him, and "Never again" is becoming the watchword of the day. When the Prime Ministers of Great Britain and France have definitely declared this as the inexorable duty to be fulfilled in the settlement at the close of this war, we know that it is no longer only the pious aspiration of sentimentalists. Not only belligerents but all neutral nations are suffering severely from the war, and when the great question is put to a European Council, whether, in future, international differences shall be settled by fair discussion in a European tribunal or by fresh orgies of carnage and devastation, it is inconceivable that any nation will be found on the side of madness.

One of the most hopeful signs is that there is but little vindictive hatred of Germans mixed with the universal scorn of "German Culture." The best writers aim only at the substitution of justice for savagery in international relations, and though Germany must compensate amply for her wholesale robbery and destruction, when this is done she is to share to the full the well-being which must follow when we have cast off the burdens of war or of that armed peace which has hitherto impoverished all nations, and has held over us all the perpetual shadow and menace of war.

But war between nations for mastery is not the only kind which we have to banish from human life. Internecine war within the nations for money-profit between class and class must go too. The merciless law of Mammon which enables capitalist traders to make huge profits, while sweated women are getting seven shillings a week, must go. A righteous law which shall require from all their share of the world's work, and shall ensure to all their fair share of the product, is a necessity for the welfare and peace of a nation; and we must be freed from all forms of personal and social tyranny. With the close of this war Kaiserdom and Junkerdom must be banished with their equivalents throughout the civilised world, and Democracy must be made a reality and not a sham.

This tremendous experience is opening the eyes of peoples everywhere; they see that the law of force has had a long innings, and that it has been a dismal failure. The sacrifices now being made are terrible, and must not be made in vain. The law of force is doomed, and the law of righteousness must be established. Human nature, being fallible, seeks its own, and force, whether of gold or of gunpowder, brings out the worst of human nature: the one enables the capitalist to enslave and exploit the poor worker, and the law of business allows it; while the other enables the militant big Power to crush and rob its weaker neighbour, and the present laws of nations permit it.

Democracy—*i.e.*, men and women (there is no democracy where men only rule)—is the only power to banish these evil laws and establish national and international codes which shall give a chance to the better side of human nature.

Out of the ashes of this great conflagration we look for the birth of a new spirit and a regeneration, and if all true men and women of all nations unite we shall inaugurate a new social and international life, in which Mercy and Truth shall meet together, and Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other: Truth shall spring out of the earth and Righteousness shall look down from Heaven.

Current History in Caricature.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us." *Burns.*



Le Cri de Paris.]

Christmas 1914.

The miserable little Army brings its little present



[illegible] [illegible]

The Great Wall.



De Amsterdammer.]

The War Game.

MILITARISM TO DEATH: "Why, you're winning everything hands down!"



[illegible] [illegible]

The Retreat.

"Which way are you going to advance?"
"I am retreating."



Fischietto.] [Turin.

Between the Two Popes.

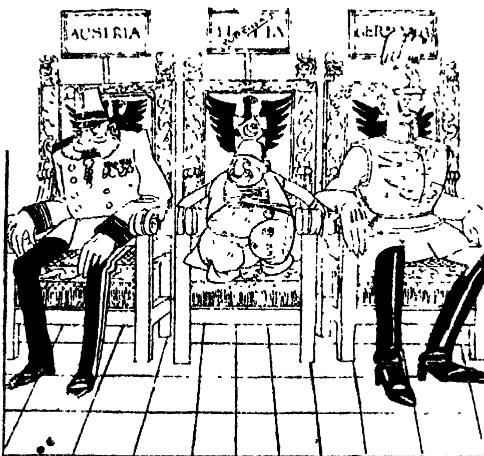
One proclaims a Holy War, the other Peace. Both speak in the name of God. One is bound to lose credit. Let us hope it will be the first.



Numero.] [Turin.

William's New Discovery.

TO ITALY: "Bo! see how angry he is? if you are not good he will eat your doll (Libya)."



Numero.] [Milan.

The New Triple Alliance.

Revised and brought up to date.



Cape Times.]

The Teutonic Turkey Trot.

THE OLD TURK: "This Potsdam fancy never did appeal to me. I can see it doing a lot of harm to the home breed."



National Review.] [China.

JAPAN (to the three-year-old Republic): "Now, you understand. I do not want to steal your fine mechanical toy; but really you are not old enough to have such presents as these. I shall put it in the cupboard for you until you reach years of discretion. I have the Manchurian Railway in there, the Manchurian mines, and fortified Port Arthur, and lots of other things. You shall have them all, if you are good, and you live long enough - though I hope it is true that the good die young. Now, be a good boy, and when you are old enough you shall have them all back again."



Il Mulo.] [Ro

The English Octopus.

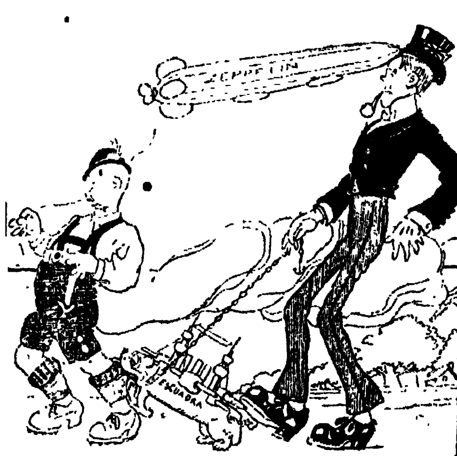
He has entangled the World in his tentacles and waits for new prey, but he'll have to look out for those Germans.

The National Review of China protests against Japan's conduct. The Madrid paper presents England in unusual guise, and a Polish paper shows Italy extracting her lost territory from a crippled Austria.



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

Austria dozes and Italy takes the opportunity of trying to get Trieste and Trent.



Blanco y Negro.] [Madrid.

Innocent games in which certain nations are indulging.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

Two Friends.

"Say, old man, would you ever have thought that the 'Marseillaise' would have gone so well with 'God Save the King?'"

"Don't worry, mon vieux; we're finding out many things."



Le Rire.] [Paris

The Silent Joffre.

He says nothing, but everyone hears him.

Le Rire's cartoon of Joffre points out that deeds speak louder than words. That von Bülow has been sent to Italy to hypnotise her and thus render her powerless to offend her former Allies, is the subject of *De Amsterdammer's* caricature.



De Amsterdammer.]

Bulow's Seance.

To ITALY: "Say after me: 'Germany and Austria are my best friends.'"



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

Collapsing Germany.

While the Kaiser attempts to keep her inflated with a pump, the Allies are opening the big tap.

CHRIST OR CAIN?

THE year 1914 has passed, but its sad wreckage strews the shores of 1915. This was to have been the year of the Third Hague Conference, at which it was devoutly hoped the nations would pledge themselves to a pact of Brotherhood. Vain hope! for the war fiends are stamping the Divine under foot and loosening the brute in man and Civilisation halts in her appointed path. Religion, her staff and stay, drops from her hand and men wander once more in the wilderness, seeking a sign from Heaven.

Since the French and American Revolutions the sweep of Liberalism and Nationalism through the States of Europe had encouraged men to believe in the ordered advance of Law, Faith and Morals. Christianity, emerging from her superstitious trappings, renewed her strength amongst the peoples. Socialism promised a new heaven on earth, and even the doubting ones felt new courage at the never-ending triumphs of Science which made man almost a god in the wide firmament; earth, air, and sea yielded to his dominion. At the plotting of a criminal cabal the earth is plunged into darkness and humanity is palsied and stricken to death.

If Christianity represents our highest, holiest and best, then, indeed, is Christ crucified anew and we stand at another Golgotha, and none is free from the accusing voice of conscience. If we are to regain our lost faith, there is but one course: we must bind and restrain from further evil those who have done this thing. What time we have babbled of freedom, religion, and progress, and toyed with the holy vessels of life, we have wittingly permitted titled creatures and diplomatic poltroons to hold our destinies in their hands. Politicians, Priests, People are but puppets, marionettes whose will and desires are but as straws before the breath of these dicers with Death. We have placed the Ark of the Covenant in the keeping of the sons of Cain.

Christianity has been called the religion of consolation. We are beyond the power of soporifics: a hundred thousand dead, a myriad of maimed, countless wrecked homes cry aloud. The world's wounds demand healing, and the nations, stricken to the heart, have little patience with litanies or chantings. Peace in our time, O Lord! Hasten the coming of Justice and close the gates of Hell so that the frontiers of Heaven may be immune.

In this world-crisis the Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS has approached the leaders of Christian thought in this country, and our readers will recognise from the following messages that the Churches are moved to declare that Christianity has only failed to the extent in which men have declined to observe the Law of Christ.

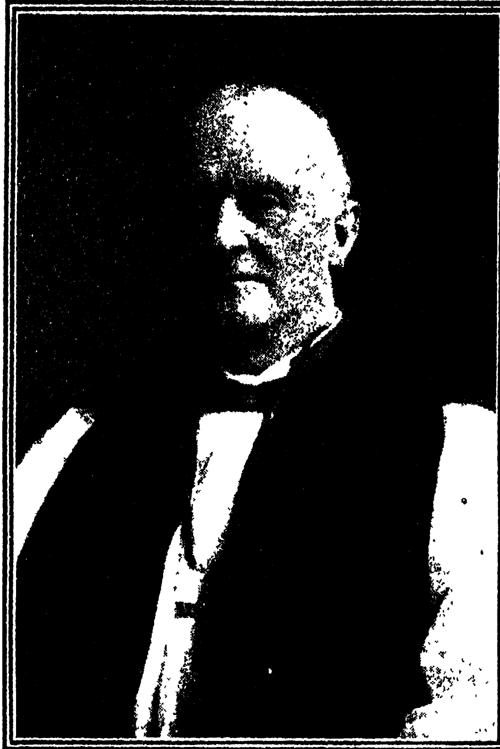
DR. CLIFFORD.

Christianity is always on its trial. "Every day," says Emerson, "is a day of judgment": and it is a day of judgment for individuals, for institutions, and for ideas. The events of to-day demonstrate that the Christianity of Jesus Christ remains to be tried in shaping and controlling *the relations between nations*; that the principle of human brotherhood, and of neighbourly love has been adopted only for limited areas and times; but it has not yet been accepted as the basis of any one nation's life, and still less as a governing principle for the relations between nations and empires. It obtains for counties like York and Lancaster; and it hushes strife and rings in the reign of goodwill. The problem we have to solve is how to make it obtain for nationalities: and the ending of this war will afford all men of goodwill a unique opportunity of making a wise, strong, sustained, and, let us hope, a successful attempt at its solution. The States of Europe should be federated. A Common Law for Europe should be framed, an International Court established; entrusted with an International Police for the carrying out of its laws. This must come some day: why not now?

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

It would be impossible not to respond to the desire of the son of the W. T. Stead for whom I had such deep respect, and with whom I had such a real friendship. I gather that your wish is to keep THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS still a help in inspiring us to high ideals. I am confident that for that purpose you will need the same courage that the founder of the REVIEW possessed. May God prosper you!

You ask "What is the position of Christianity at the present moment" in view of this terrible war which burst upon us last August. I will answer as frankly as I can. That there should still be war nineteen hundred years after the coming of Jesus Christ is a pain to every one of us. But it is not a condemnation of Christianity. In my judgment what would have been contradictory to the principles of Christ would have been for Britain to have refused to bear her part in this great conflict. There never was a war in which our Empire has been engaged as to which one could so honestly say that it was a just war. For the first time the Statesmanship of a great world Power had declared definitely that no consideration need be paid to the most solemn international contract if self-protection required that the document containing the pledge should be torn up and disregarded. This was a cynical negation, not only of Christian ideals but of the commonest ethical treatment of human affairs. We should have been dishonoured, and partners in the crime of Germany had we not taken up arms. The victory of Germany would mean the placing of Europe and indeed of the whole civilised world at the mercy of the grossest militarism in national Government.



[by] [Russell &

The Bishop of Birmingham.

If I am pressed further I would say that the protection of the weak is a central principle of Christianity, and the cry of the brave but helpless Belgium was just as real a cry to Christian nations as the cry of a single poor sufferer to the privileged Christian individual. Only the permeation of our Empire with Christian principles could ensure our acting as we have done. The fact that our own interest might be said to be in the same direction as our moral duty does not, in my judgment, interfere with the argument.

As regards the conduct of the war, many of us may feel, and probably with some justice, that present-day warfare has lost some of the chivalric character of the campaigns of earlier days. The mine and the submarine do not perhaps appeal to us, though there is a great courage necessary for the mine-layer and for the crew of the under sea ship. But, after all, we must remember that it was Great Britain who was the last to accept the necessity of these methods of warfare, and some would argue that the more death-dealing and the more scientific the mode of warfare, the less likelihood there is of a breach of the peace. In other respects our nation has set an example of fair dealing, and on the whole generous treatment of opponents, whilst the absolute lack of any vindictiveness both on the part of our sailors and soldiers has been a great example to people generally. Indeed, it is a noticeable mark in the English character at the present time that any such thing as hate of Germany is absolutely absent from us, notwithstanding the number

of families which have lost one or other of the most promising members.

In the face of the determined expression of an absolutely inhuman hatred of England by Germany there is at the most on our part a desire to crush what is, we believe, the curse of the German character to-day—its criminal militarism—and there is also, no doubt, a strong feeling that the German Emperor has by his conduct given the lie to the expectations that many of us had formed of him. But I do think that we have been, or are, unchristian in our attitude at the present time.

As to the results we expect from the war we are making no unworthy claims or suggestions. We must ensure such arrangements as shall make the incoming peace a real one and a lasting one. This will mean a restored Belgium; a rectified French frontier; the disappearance from Europe of a mis-governed Turkey; a general sense of freedom throughout the whole world and, I believe, also an opportunity for all that is best in Germany to develop, and to be a great helper in the strengthening of all that is right and just in Europe. There is nothing here that is against Christianity.

As to certain moral results of the war, I think our own land will be a great gainer. The discipline imposed upon us in war time will, I hope, outlast the conflict and be possible in life afterwards. The unity prevailing amongst us will soften, I believe, our political, our religious and our social life in the future. The very fact that we have sacrificed ourselves for a great ideal will not be without its effect in making us readier to sacrifice in other directions. All round us there are being exhibited by men and women in their prayerful and earnest turning to God at this time, in their forgetfulness of self and their spending of themselves for others, qualities which I do not believe would have been shown in the same way but for the leavening of the land by the power of the Christ. I do not know whether the future of the Faith of our Lord in this land rests with the Church of which I am myself a member; I do not claim for my Church that it is to her that is due the whole of that influence which one now sees prevailing, but I do from my heart feel that if Christianity in this war is upon its trial the verdict in regard to my own nation and Empire is not only "Not Guilty," but that Christ has been the greatest force in setting to righteous action a people reluctant as a rule to move from the comfortable path of peace, and the same Christ has been the inspiration of those brave yet tender sailors and soldiers who are our defenders to-day, and for whom we lift our prayers to the same Christ that He will protect them in danger, and ensure for those belonging to them the comfort and peace in life which is the least possible recognition which we can show to those to whom we owe so much.

DEAN WELLDON.

At Christmastide and in the beginning of the New Year, when God's "judgments are in the earth," as they are now, it is natural that thoughtful and devout minds should seek for light amidst the over-shadowing darkness which spreads around them. To them, it may be, no reflection is sadder than the apparent failure of Christianity. Yet, if the nations which profess and call themselves Christians have been found wanting, it is not Jesus Christ who has failed.

The hope of the world lies in a return to the simple, absolute, universal principles of His divine law. If the Gospel of His Kingdom had been realised as binding no less upon States and nations than upon individuals, the war now raging over half the world would not have broken out, nor would its character have been, among any of the combatants, immoral and inhuman. When the reign of Him who is the Prince of Peace is inaugurated in the hearts and consciences of nations, militarism will cease, and disarmament will become possible. The Church then is summoned to preach and to show once more that the Christian world goes wrong, not when it obeys the law of Jesus Christ, but when it departs from His law. I hope, when peace is once assured, the Great Powers of Europe will act together, as a sort of international police, to check and to conquer the forces which make for war. I hope, too, that, in the new map of Europe, the racial and religious affinities which cannot be violated with impunity, as they express the will of Heaven, will be fully guaranteed. Justice—full justice—must be done to the oppressed and outraged nations.

The Powers which have been the authors or instigators of warfare must be stayed from ever inflicting again such misery as they have

inflicted now upon the world. But, if the law of Jesus Christ demands justice, not less does it demand such moderation as will avoid the danger of leaving rankling wounds and festering sores which will, soon or late, issue in fresh warfare.

Upon the whole, then, Europe must revert to the golden rule of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us a rule only restated by Kant when he insisted upon the duty of every man so to act that his action might become a universal law of action and must revert to that rule as determining the conduct not only of individuals, but of communities.

PRINCIPAL SELBIE.

It is not surprising that many people should regard the war as marking the bankruptcy of the Christian Church, or even of Christianity itself but this only means that it is bringing to light facts which any careful observer might have discovered without it. The world is not yet Christian, and the Church has by no means the influence in shaping the policy of nations that it ought to have. At the same time there are signs that its influence is greater than ever it was, and that it is acting as a kind of conscience in the country The fact that so many people loudly proclaim that this is a war to end war, and that so much searching of heart should have been caused by the war, points in this direction; and the same may also be said of the almost unprecedented efforts which are being made to alleviate the horrors of the war and to succour its victims.

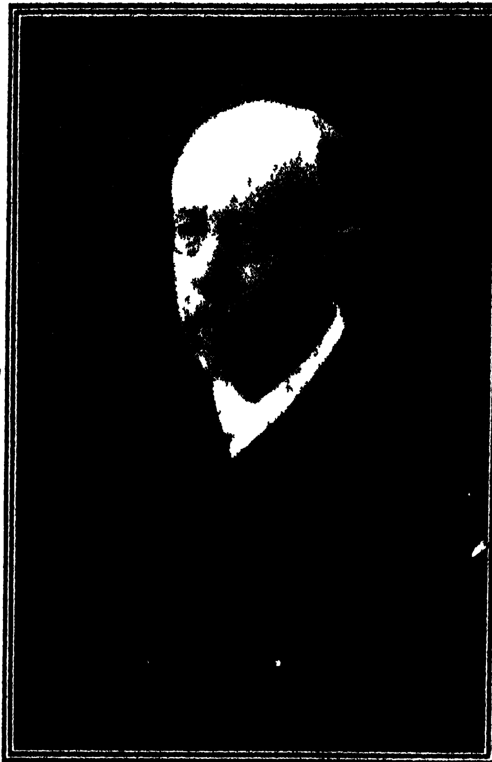


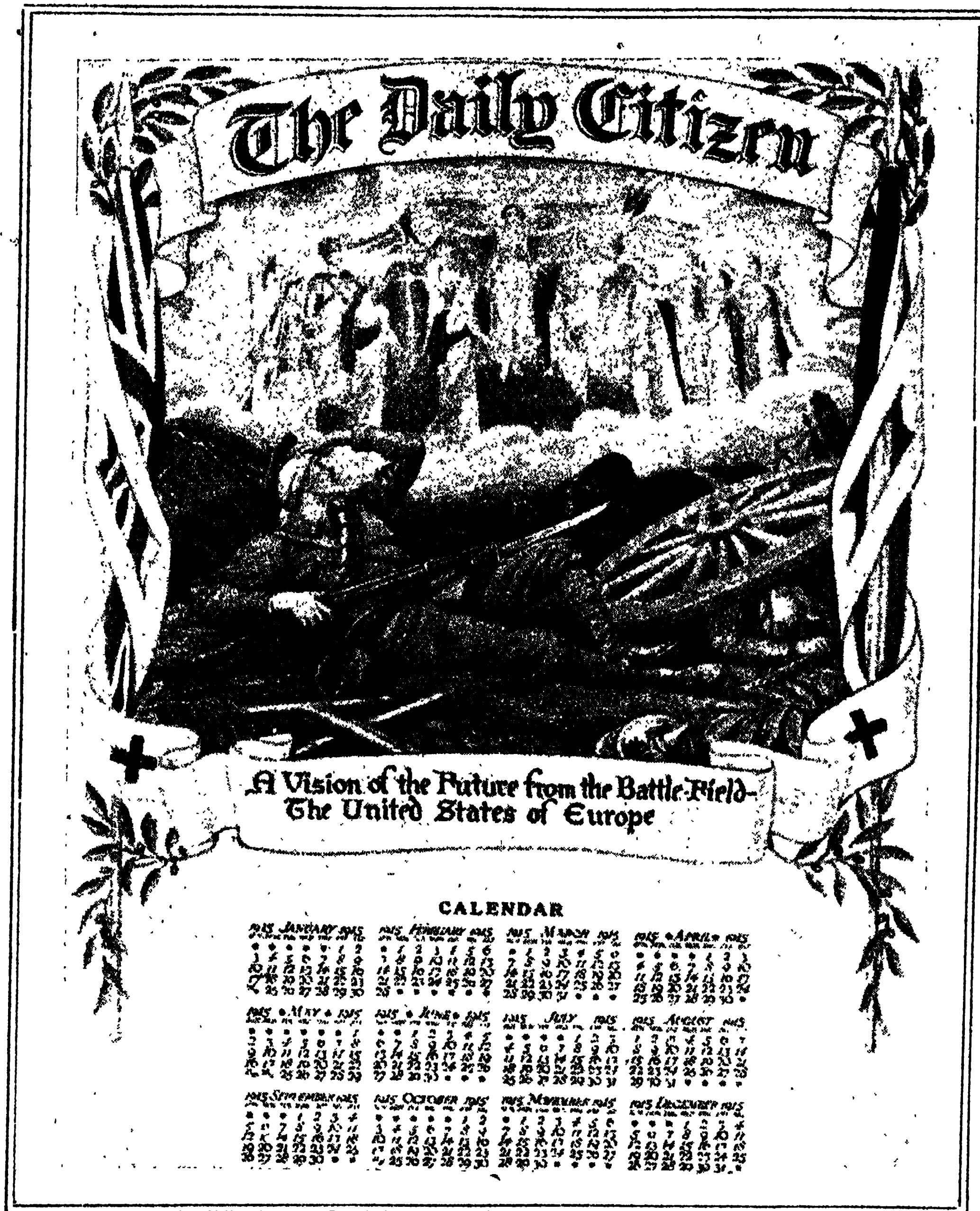
Photo by] [Russell & Sons

Rev. Principal W. B. Selbie.

While there is a general agreement that the alternatives offered to this country in the early days of August made it necessary to choose war as the only just and righteous course of action, there is an equally widespread feeling that the conditions which led to this are intolerable from any Christian point of view. The war, therefore, offers a very special challenge to the Churches, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the future of Christianity in this country largely depends on the way in which that challenge is met.

It is not, therefore, too soon for the Churches to begin to set their house in order, and to lead the way through penitence and thought and prayer to a condition of things in which the ideals of the Kingdom of Heaven may become more possible.

There are at least three ways in which the need of the moment must be met (1) By a better understanding and a more searching application of the ethical principles of the Christian Faith. We must realise that Christianity teaches a brotherhood of man which transcends all nationality, and is something more than a mere sentiment. (2) We must not only believe but act upon the belief that the real strength of nations, as of individuals, consists in moral and spiritual resources. To this belief much lip-service has been paid, but there must be something like a mobilisation of spiritual forces in order to bring it home and to make it actual (3) We must never lose hope Christianity came into a world that was dying of paganism, and revivified it beyond all expectation. It has not lost its ancient power, and is still capable of the impossible if men will but let it have its perfect work.



Miniature reproduction of Calendar issued by the "Daily Citizen," that vigorous champion of the rights of labour. The design is by Walter Crane and must influence opinion in 10,000 British workshops.

If out of this great evil of suffering, ruin, and death some lasting good is to come to Europe and the world it will not come automatically. It will not come if we simply wait for it with folded arms and vacant minds. It will only come if we have a clear view of what we desire and work steadily toward that end. To act otherwise would be to make a present of the future to the unprogressive and anti-democratic influences not only in Germany but in every land. We see little hope ultimately for a new and better Europe except in the spread of a genuine education among the peoples of the different lands. Until that is done every nation lives, so to speak, on the edge of an active volcano. If it can be accomplished, we shall be within measurable distance of the United States of Europe and of lasting good-will among men.—*Daily Citizen*, Dec. 29, 1914.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

As we enter upon the sixth month of the great war, all responsible men and women begin to realise the immediate necessity of appreciating to the uttermost the opportunities that peace will bring. If we are to survive this hurricane of passion, it behoves us to understand what has gone before and thus to chart our course to avoid the rocks and shoals which in the past have meant disaster to the peoples of Europe. The weighty article which appears in *The Round Table* under the title "Nationalism and Liberty," contains much material which is helpful in the task of ascertaining the sequence of events which have affected the usefulness of the European concert, always desired but never accomplished by those statesmen who have discerned the necessity of international accord if civilisation is not to remain a byword and a scorning to Christian ideals. We extract the following paragraphs from this article on "Nationalism and Liberty" dealing with this unsolved problem:

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE.

Is it possible to deduce some moral from the last hundred years' experience which will help us to build better than the statesmen of 1815, when the time comes for renewing their task? It is clear that the strongest influences in modern Europe have given its history, at least since 1871, a colour and direction as different as possible from those of the British Empire during the same time. Does all that history suggest no avenue to reconciliation between the great forces of liberalism and of nationalism which democracy has so powerfully enhanced and which seem, in their highest individual development to maintain so fatal an antagonism?

The answer surely is that both extremes have something to learn. Peace cannot be imposed upon the world by any one dominant national Power; for in the name of liberty some nations would always revolt. But neither can peace be attained by a liberalism which seeks to ignore all national ideals and to set up in their place a reconciling international council or concert; for in that event too, and in the same cause of liberty, some nations would at a crisis refuse to recognise the superior foreign will. The course of wisdom is most assuredly to learn by the failure of 1815 to recognise the forces which exist, and to seek to strengthen those effects of each which make for stability and goodwill.

The Smaller Nations.

The first step at least is plain. It is to secure in the settlement the fullest practicable recognition of the rights of nationalist minorities and small independent States. The maps and articles which follow on later pages illustrate how much this principle was still to seek in central and south-eastern Europe before the war. In the Balkans, in Hungary, in Galicia, in Poland, in Finland, in Posen, in Schleswig, and in Alsace-Lorraine nationalist minorities were being deprived of the elementary liberties of language, education, and in some cases religion; they were, in fact, denied all moral and political right. Some little nations, already independent in fact, were threatened with extinction or suffocation by greater Powers. Austria-Hungary had tried persistently to prevent the realisation by Serbia of any independent status as a free and sovereign government. Belgium was treated as though her territory should be open at German will to the passage of German hosts. If successful, the claim was bound to sap the independence of all other weak or neutral nations by offering them the equally immoral alternatives of ruin or subservience. The virus of suspicion and hatred which has poisoned the political system of Europe has come almost entirely from the fears or wrongs of these

unredeemed, oppressed or threatened nationalities.

After giving the fullest consideration to the many factors involved the writer sums up:—

On the one hand, all Europe must abandon the doctrine that any nationality has the right to denationalise or extirpate another: in other words, every nationality must have the right to use its own language, develop its own culture, and follow its own domestic way of life. On the other hand, it must be recognised that this interpretation of national right does not, in equity or of necessity, demand expression in a separate sovereign state. Liberty is the child of law, and law has no sufficient sanction except that exercised within its own borders by a sovereign government. Even such a government, moreover, must be strong enough to maintain its right against other governments; and many national States, if sovereignty were delimited by nationality, would never have that strength. It follows, therefore, that the British method of uniting nationalities freely within a larger State, which secures their common interests without denying their individual rights, is, in fact, the only sure road of progress towards a European polity in which the rights of nationalities will be securely fixed. English and Scotch in Great Britain, British and French in Canada, British and Dutch in South Africa, are all examples of the manner in which this may be achieved.

Not only liberty, moreover, but also peace, depends upon the growth of sovereignties of this kind. International law is weak at present because it lacks the only effective sanction of all law, a sovereign government. It cannot be imposed upon Europe by the triumph of a single national State; on the contrary, it must depend—until all Europe freely joins to establish a common European Government—upon the willing consensus of the separate sovereign States. Such a consensus must always be unstable in proportion to the number of sovereign States which it has to embrace. The larger the areas of Europe freely united under single sovereignties, the simpler the questions at issue and the mechanism for dealing with them, the easier the settlement of international differences, the surer the progress towards a common European system of international faith and right.

THE LITTLE NATIONS SHALL LEAD THEM.

THERE is a general recognition that the common interests of the peoples of Europe should be represented by a federation of the nations. In his article "The Healing of Nations," which appears in *The English Review*, Edward Carpenter writes:—

It is the little countries who have gone forward in the path of progress. In all their internal politics and social advancement, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Finland (until the paw of the Bear was on her) and Belgium (till the claw of the Spread-Eagle) have been well to the fore. It is they who have carried on the banner of idealism which Germany herself uplifted when she was a small people or a group of small peoples. It is they who have really had prosperous, healthy, independent, and alert populations. How much more interesting, we may say, would Europe be under the variety of such a *régime* than under the monotonous bureaucracy and officialism of any Great Power! And to some such scheme we must adhere. It would mean, of course, the alliance of all the States of Western Europe, large and small (and including both a remodelled Germany and a largely remodelled Austria) in one great Federation—whose purpose would be partly to unite and preserve Europe against any common foe, from the East or elsewhere, and partly to regulate any overweening ambition of a member of the Federation, such as might easily become a menace to the other members. A secondary but most important result of the formation of such a United States of Europe would be that while each State would probably preserve a small military establishment of its own, the enormous and fatal burden of the present armaments system would be rendered unnecessary and at last—after so many years of suffering—the threat of national bankruptcy and ruin, which has of late pursued the nations like an evil dream, would pass away.

That the world is waking up to a recognition of *racial* rights—that is, the right of each race to have as far as possible its own Government, instead of being lorded over by an alien race—is a good sign; and a European settlement along that line must be pressed for. At last, after centuries of discomfort, we at home are finding our solution of the Irish question in this very obvious way; and it may be that Europe, tired of war, may finally have the sense to adopt the same principle. Of course, there are cases where populations are so mixed, as, for instance, the Czechs and Slovaks and Germans in Bohemia and Moravia; or where small colonies of one race are so embedded in the midst of another race, as are the Germans among the Roumanians of Transylvania that this solution may be difficult. That is no reason, however, why the general principle should not be applied. It *must*, indeed, be applied if Europe is not to return to barbarism.

RUSSIA AS BANNER-BEARER.

THE British publicist has always despised Russia, but reflection may suggest that the politicians and preachers have made a sorry mess of the sacred cause of "Humanity and Progress" which presumably has been specially entrusted to their care. If reactionary Russia is a barbaric State, what of our own belauded democracy?

In sackcloth and ashes the nations must find a way out, and a writer in *The Round Table* gives a few particulars which show that Russian ideals may be copied to advantage and that even the Tsars have pointed the path which the nations must tread:—

The Russian people are tired of their interminable warfare and long for peace with a great longing. And here, as elsewhere, the Tsar has expressed the national aspiration in no uncertain fashion. In 1804, when Russia and England were fighting in company to overthrow the military domination of Napoleon, Alexander I. submitted to Pitt a scheme for a "Confederation of Europe" which should come into being after the triumph of the Allies. "Why could not one submit to it," he asks, "the positive rights of nations, assure the privileges of neutrality, insert the obligation of never beginning war until all the resources which the mediation of a third party could offer have been exhausted, until the grievances have by this means been brought to light, and an effort to remove them has been made? On principles such as these one could proceed to a general pacification and give birth to a league of which the stipulations would form, so to speak, a new code of the law of nations, while those who should try to infringe it would risk bringing upon themselves the forces of the new union." Ninety-four years later we find Alexander's successor, Nicholas II., still entertaining the same noble vision, and in the Imperial Rescript of 1898 inviting the Powers to an international conference to arrange for a general disarmament. "The preservation of peace," runs this historic and prophetic document, "has been put forward as the object of international policy. It is in its name that the great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances; it is the better to guarantee peace that they have developed their military forces in proportions hitherto unprecedented and still continue to increase them without shrinking from any sacrifice. All these efforts, nevertheless, have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent results of the desired pacification. . . . In proportion as the armaments of each Power increase do they less and less fulfil the objects which the governments have set before themselves. Economic crises, due in part to the system of *armaments à outrance* and the continual danger which lies in this accumulation of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing. It appears evident, therefore, that if this state of things continue it will inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, and the horrors of which make every thinking being shudder in anticipation." And if these pronouncements be regarded as mere attempts of a cunning autocracy to hoodwink the world into a false sense of security, perhaps the words of one who was possibly the greatest Russian who ever lived, and certainly *the* representative Russian of the nineteenth century, may go for something. I mean Feodor Dostoieffsky, who spoke thus in 1880 at the Pushkin celebrations in Petrograd:—

> The significance of the Russian race is without doubt European and universal. To be a real Russian and to be wholly Russian means only this: to be the brother of all men, to be universally human. To the true Russian, Europe and the affairs of the great Aryan race, are as dear as the affairs of Russia herself; because our affairs are the affairs of the whole world, and they are not to be obtained by the sword, but by the strength of fraternity and by our brotherly effort towards the universal union of mankind. And, in the long run, I am convinced that we—that is to say, not we, but the future generations of the Russian people—shall every one of us, from the first to the last, understand that to be a real Russian must signify simply this: to strive towards bringing about a solution and an end to European conflicts; to show to Europe a way of escape from its anguish in the Russian soul, which is universal and all-embracing; to instill into her a brotherly love for all men's brothers, and in the end, perhaps, to utter the great and final word of universal harmony, the fraternal and lasting concord of all peoples according to the Gospel of Christ.

These are not the words of an unbalanced sentimentalist; they are the utterance of one of the tenderest and most relentless souls which the world has yet known, the man whom Nietzsche hailed as master, who rivals Shakespeare in his profound knowledge of human nature, and in whose genius all the greatest qualities of the Russian people seem to have combined.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

WE extract the following table from *The Round Table*, which has been compiled by the writer of the article on "Nationalism and Liberty" to show the continuous expression of nationalism and the struggles of the nations since 1815. The writer emphasises the character of the principles which operated to produce the political events following the Franco-Prussian War:

EUROPE FROM 1815 TO 1907.

1815. Congress of Vienna. End of Napoleonic Wars.

1821–1832. War of Greek independence.

1830. Revolution in France.
Revolution in Belgium against Holland.
Constitutional revolutions in Brunswick, Hesse, Hanover and Saxony.
Revolution in the Papal States.
Revolution in Poland.

1832. Belgian neutrality guaranteed by the Powers.

1832–1836. Civil Wars in Spain and Portugal.

1846–1848. Rebellions or constitutional revolutions in France, Prussia, Hanover, Northern Italy, Naples, Galicia, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Switzerland.

1849. Independence of Hungary proclaimed.

1849–1850. War in Schleswig-Holstein.

1852. Napoleon III. declared Emperor of the French.

1854–1856. The Crimean War.

1859–1860. War of Italian Independence.

1861–1865. American Civil War.

1862. Creation of Rumania.

1862–1863. Rebellion in Poland.

1864. War in Schleswig-Holstein.

1866. War between Austria and Prussia.
Venice ceded to Italy.

1870–1871. Franco-Prussian War.
Proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles.

1875–1878. Risings in the Balkans.
The "Bulgarian Atrocities."

1878. The Russo-Turkish War.
Treaty of Berlin.
Creation of Bulgaria. Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro declared independent and sovereign States.

1879. Alliance between Germany and Austria.

1882. Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy.

1885. Union of the two Bulgarias.

1885–1886. War between Bulgaria and Serbia.

1889. Entente between France and Russia.

1895. Alliance between France and Russia.

1896. "Splendid Isolation" of Great Britain. War with France averted.

1897. War between Greece and Turkey.

1898. War between United States and Spain.

1899. Peace Conference at The Hague, on proposal of the Tsar.

1899–1902. South African War.

1902. Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

1904. Anglo-French Agreement.

1904–1905. War between Russia and Japan.

1905. War threatened between France and Germany.
Algeciras Conference.
Revolution in Russia.
Separation of Norway and Sweden.

1907. Anglo-Russian Convention.
Second Hague Conference.

1908. Young Turk Revolution at Constantinople.
Austria annexes Bosnia-Herzegovina.
Bulgaria proclaims her independence.
War threatened.

1909. German threat to Russia. War averted.
Declaration of London.

1911. The *Panther* at Agadir.
War with difficulty averted.

1912. Italy annexes Tripoli.
War between Italy and Turkey.
First Balkan War.

1913. Second Balkan War.

1914. General European War.

POSSIBLE PEACE PROPOSALS.

IN submitting the following for serious consideration there is no assumption that the end of the war is in sight, but there is the necessary presumption that the Allies will eventually be in a position to direct, if not dictate, the course of the ultimate settlement. It is of the greatest importance that there should be a consensus of opinion as to the direction in which permanent peace may be sought; failing this, the settlement will automatically fall into the hands of the very men responsible for the war.

We present no cut and dried peace treaty, but merely an outline of the essential principles which must be followed; the suggestions made herein are put forward mainly as a basis of discussion.

These proposals have already received the consideration of men who enjoy a reputation for clear thinking and who have shown their desire and ability to help their fellow-men irrespective of nationality.

In approaching the question of the terms of settlement it is most necessary to keep ever in mind that the establishment of permanent international peace is the only result worth having as the price of our present immense sacrifice. Any such consideration at the moment may be considered premature, but it may be safely said that now the war has definitely taken on a new aspect, for the Allies are engaged on the task of driving Germany back to her own frontiers. As the Germans retreat they will realise day by day that they have failed, and with that realisation will come the endeavour to redeem the price of their initial success. Therefore the Allies must be prepared in the not far distant future for overtures of peace from Germany. In order to deal with any such proposals, we must have clearly in mind the terms of peace which can be accepted. At present there are the very vaguest ideas afloat as to what such terms should be: the only definite demand that is universally advanced is that Prussian militarism shall be crushed. This in itself is but a theoretical proposition backed up by no practical suggestions as to how it shall be secured, besides being merely a destructive aim which, unless carried out in conjunction with a constructive policy, gives no guarantee that such another war may not break out in the future, preceded by a renewal of universal armaments. If that is to be the result of the war, then all the huge sacrifices will indeed have been in vain. What we must be determined to achieve is that such another colossal conflagration shall be rendered impossible; that wars will altogether cease is probably not within the bounds of possibility, considering the different degrees of civilisation which at present exist. We proceed to sketch briefly some of the broad lines on which to work in order to achieve this result. The terms of the settlement to be aimed at may be divided into three categories: (1) Material settlement, including all monetary and territorial compensations; (2) the readjustment of the internal political structure of Germany so as to eliminate her power of aggression; (3) the imposition of conditions between the Powers so as to prevent any one assuming the *rôle* of Germany in the future.

All these categories are, to a certain extent, interdependent, but it simplifies the treatment of the whole subject to take them one by one. With regard to (1), the first essential is the rehabilitation of Belgium and her compensation for the ruin in which she has been involved, this compensation to be exacted as far as possible in the form of an indemnity from Germany.

The benefits of inflicting a colossal fine are always doubtful; and since the raising of the enormous sum necessary to indemnify all the Allies would economically react most unfavourably on the rest of the world, the only indemnity exacted from Germany should be to repair the damage inflicted on Belgium.

All territorial readjustments to be made on the basis of nationality; and no district or State to be forced under the domination of a foreign Power contrary to its wishes, if they can by any means be accurately obtained.

This is essential, and has been supported by everyone in England who has considered the subject; remembering that one of the

reasons we took up arms was in defence of the smaller nations and nationalities. Further, practically all the upheavals that have taken place in Europe during the last fifty years owe their origin in one way or another to the unrest of States held in subjection by Powers of different nationality. There are, of course, States quite content under foreign rule, or who realise that for the time being they are better off under their present conditions than they would be either as independent States or under other rulers.

Following this rule, the only territorial changes that would take place with regard to Germany would be the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, of her Polish provinces, and perhaps North Schleswig.

As regards Austria, a complete break-up seems inevitable, followed by the formation of several independent States and the incorporation of her Germanic provinces into the German Empire.

As regards the German Colonies, this is a question which effects our own colonies chiefly, but some should undoubtedly be returned.

With regard to (2), this war is being directed against the Prussian military autocracy, and not against the German people as a whole, a large portion of whom have always detested the Prussian ascendancy, but who, owing to the undemocratic form of German government, have been unable to overthrow that ascendancy. The German nation is fundamentally pacific, but, owing to its docile and obedient nature, has been turned into a warlike nation by its rulers; and so, if judiciously led, they will revive the old Germany which won the world's respect. In overthrowing and crushing the Prussian militarism our best ally will be the German people themselves, and the achievement of this task from within will have infinitely more chance of permanent success than if obtained at the point of the bayonet from without.

The German people are now fighting as one man because, however much they may dislike the Prussian hegemony, they are convinced they have been brutally attacked by their enemies with the object of destroying them and of dividing Germany amongst the victors. In this we know they are absolutely mistaken; but, nevertheless, this is their belief, and it is only by fostering this belief that the Prussian military autocracy have been able to obtain the unanimous support of the entire nation. If it can be proved to them that they have been misled, then they may turn against those who have deceived them; but if we do anything to confirm their present belief, they will fight to the bitter end, and the crushing of Prussian militarism will involve the crushing of the whole of Germany.

Words will be useless to convince them that their belief is false; that can only be achieved by deeds. If our terms of peace show no aggressive desires, then they may be persuaded.

It is, indeed, essential for permanent peace that Germany should be democratically governed. We hope that she will set up such a Government herself when she realises the full extent of her disaster. The failure of the Prussian autocracy will be certainly followed by a reaction in a Liberal direction in favour of true democratic government, and this movement must receive our whole support; but it is difficult to give any active aid. By insisting that the terms of peace should be accepted by the Reichstag before they are ratified the non-Prussian forces would be given their full power, and the right of democratic control thus insisted on, would probably aid the rapid growth towards Parliamentary control of the Government which is so essential.

A democratic Germany will be very different to one autocratically ruled, and will never be the same menace to Europe; and to secure this would be about the most crushing blow that could be dealt Prussian supremacy.

A large portion of the German nation have been working for this for years and would probably welcome the opportunity, and as it is essential to any proper settlement it must be insisted on at all costs.

If these ideas were carried out, we should have a Germany not contented by any means, but still not so humiliated as to think only of revenge and determined only on recovering her military power so as to be able to challenge her conquerors some time in the future. With a seething and revengeful Germany the peace of Europe can never be assured.

As regards (3), all that has been said before, even if carried out, will not prevent another war similar to the present from breaking out in the future, nor will it in

any way conduce to the reduction of armaments which is so essential. We may insist on the destruction of the German fleet and the reduction of her army; but that will not prevent another nation coming forward to take her place, inspiring the other nations with fear, so that they will proceed to arm against her, and we shall be back again in the same vicious circle we were before the war.

The policy of preventive armaments and protective Alliances on the principle of the "Balance of Power" has failed to secure peace, and will fail again. So we must look to other methods to obtain that end.

Mr. Balfour expressed the opinion of all thinking people in his speech at Bristol when he said:

> To me, and, I believe, to all men of English speech, wherever they live, to whatever nation they may belong, it seems that the future of our race—the international future of our race—lies in as far as possible spreading wide the grip and power of international law, of raising more and more the dignity and treaties between States, of more and more striving that controversies between States, those small causes of friction which arise between different Governments as they arise in any community between individuals, shall be decided, not by the sword, but by arbitration. That is the ideal which we hold; that is the ideal which we wish to see grow in all parts of the world.—Report in *Bristol Daily Press*.

Though outwardly it may appear that this war has proved the utter worthlessness of all international agreements, yet the sanctity of international law has never been urged so strongly as at present. Germany, it is true, has disregarded all agreements, but as a result the rest of the world has insisted on their sanctity, and everywhere new agreements are being made. The Allies have bound themselves by a most solemn declaration that they will carry through this war with one mind. The United States has shown her belief by ratifying a number of arbitration treaties while the war is actually in progress. The action of Great Britain in throwing herself into the conflict in support of Belgian neutrality is the strongest indication that she could possibly give of her belief in the sanctity of international law.

Therefore it is certain that after the war still greater reliance will be placed in international contracts.

The machinery for the creation of such agreements is in existence in The Hague Tribunals; so we have but to make full use of these Tribunals.

As soon after peace has been declared as possible the third Hague Conference should be summoned to strengthen the present conventions and to produce others. The fundamental agreement to be entered into should be that of a guarantee to any nation of the combined assistance of all the remaining Powers against any aggressor. That is to say, that in the case of any dispute between two countries that dispute must be referred for settlement to The Hague Tribunal; and if one Power refuses, then all the Powers should declare that Power an outlaw and take combined action against her. This action should be peaceful at first; but if that were of no avail, then warlike action should be taken by all against the recalcitrant Power.

Thus any nation would be saved from the fear of an aggressive attack of a stronger neighbour, since all she need do would be to appeal to The Hague in order to be supported by the whole of Europe to the utmost of their resources, both peaceful and military. Any one Power would hesitate before challenging the whole of Europe; but even if it did so, the peaceful methods of coercion (*e.g.*, trade boycott, etc.) are so powerful when entered into by everyone, that they would probably suffice to bring that Power to reason. But it is not enough to trust to peaceful methods alone; there must be physical force behind.

This Concert of the Powers to restrain wanton aggression would form the nucleus of the United States of Europe. The military forces of the Powers would be transformed into a police force, and this would pave the way for a decrease in armaments, since the whole of the European armies would be at the disposal of any one Power.

This plan may not achieve the end for which it is designed; but even if it fails, it will not be any less successful than the other plans employed up to now.

There are, of course, great difficulties in carrying out these plans; and if the ideas of the nations have not been changed by this war, they would be impossible. But we hold that everyone is determined to prevent such another conflagration, and are prepared to abate prejudices which have up to now been fatal to compulsory arbitration.

The above is but a rough outline which we hope to develop more fully in the succeeding months.

MORE GERMAN CARTOONS

SIR EDWARD GREY is as prominent as ever in the German cartoons; he is shown as a blind leader of the blind Allies falling into a ditch, in which Belgium is already drowning; the other countries are represented by their rulers, but Grey takes the place of King George. There is naturally much rejoicing over the Chile battle and the blowing up of the *Bulwark*. The belief is expressed that the Turks inspire the Allies with much fear! Serbia is pictured as at the point of extinction, and great hopes were conceived of the result of De Wet's rebellion. Recruiting in England is the subject of comment, while the idea that the Allies are fighting for freedom is ridiculed. That England will lose her Asiatic colonies to Japan is yet another amiable suggestion of the German artist.



Der Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

Sir Edward Grey, the English Harpy.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Blind.

(*After a picture by Breughel.*)



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

A Holy War has also been declared in England.

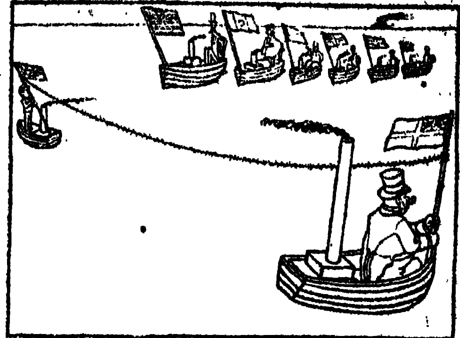
What Mohammed is to the Turk so is his purse to an Englishman.

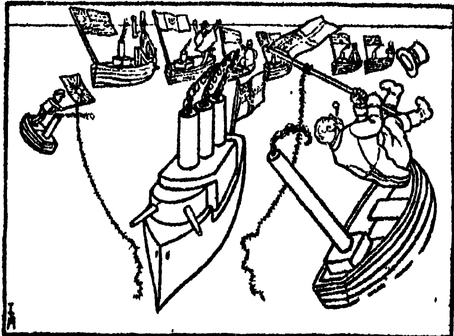


Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

After the "Bulwark" Disaster.

"A German submarine in sight. I am afraid our ship will explode of its own accord."





Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

England closes the Seas, but Germany bursts them open.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

"The Bulwark."

THE BRITISH LION: "How can I rule the world, when I am not even safe within sight of London?"



Simplicissimus. [Munich.

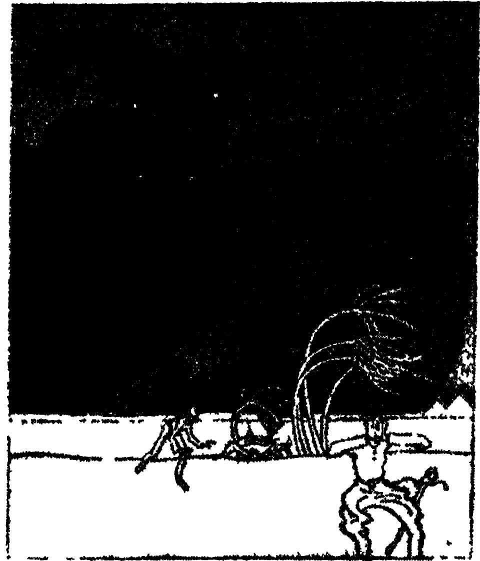
"Good Morning, Mr. Fisher!"

("Moderation in war is imbecility."—SEA LORD FISHER.)



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

The Allies Find the Turkish Crescent Uncomfortable.



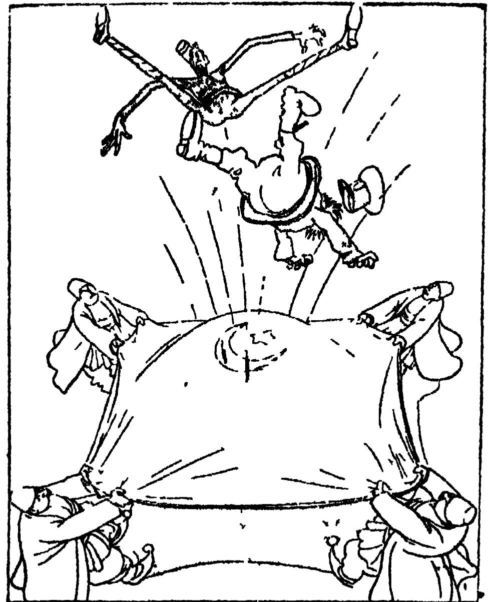
Simplicissimus.] [Munich

The Dust Storm.



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE: "Now, that does not suit us in the least."



Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin

One more throw and then we will let fall softly on the ground.



Der Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

The Legacy of Peter the Great.

"There lies Constantinople, and we must have it even if it costs us a hundred thousand men."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Howling Alliance.

FRANCE: "You wait till my friend gets you."
GERMANY: "He is coming at once, only he has a little engagement with a comrade of mine."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

KING PETER: "I intended that Greater Serbia should be very different from this."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Serbia.

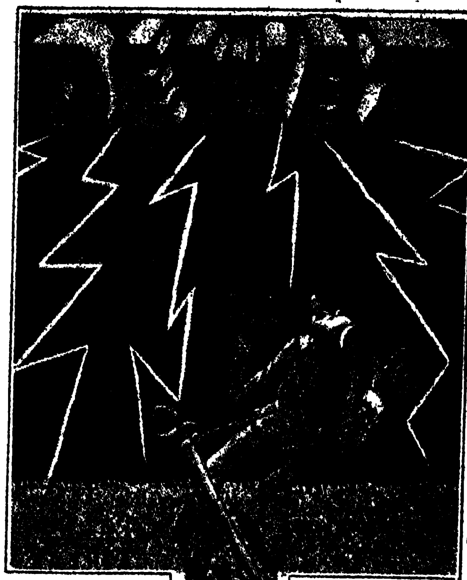
"Mother Russia, I bring greetings from a grateful people."
"Who are you, then?"
"I am the sole remaining Serbian."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

De Wet.

"Englishmen thought my deeds were a tradition, Mr. Applepie. We will give you a whipping and let you go, as we did with your father twelve years ago."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

New Anxiety.

The Old Thunderbolt Again.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

In John Bull's Shop.

A glance in the South African cash-book.



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Australia to the Front.

England's last hope.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

A Picture of an English Family.

In England each household is anxious to help the soldiers. The women are all manufacturing Dum-dum bullets.



Ulk.] [Berlin.

English Recruiting.

"Your King and Country need you; won't you *please* join the Army?"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Belgium to England—Only a Short Jump



Der Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

The Bards of Freedom.

NICHOLAS: "My Allies, we must sing the 'Marseillaise,' in order that the world may know we only fight to obtain freedom!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Gneisenau-Scharnhorst Redivivi.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Wicked Conscience.

"John Bull, that sun will rise in the East over your dominions as well."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Prince of Wales.

"How do we know who has won the battle, Mr. French? Where is the Umpire?"



Meggendorfer.] [Berlin.

The Triple Entente.

THE GOSPEL OF HATE.

In *The Fortnightly Review* E. C. Bentley attempts to analyse "The German State of Mind," and labels the superiority of German Kultur as a "grotesque hallucination." The world has listened to the claims of Germany as representing the highest development of civilisation, and can only answer that claim as "intolerably vain and ridiculous":—

And it is a prime psychological fact in the European situation that Germany is quite honestly unable to understand that answer, or to believe that it can be sincerely made by intelligent people. The idea of the brotherhood of mankind simply does not exist for the prophets of Germanism. To them it appears fantastic to deny the right of superiors to dictate to inferiors, at the sword's point if necessary; and equally so to deny that the German people towers above all others in Europe in every moral, as in every material, respect. When the directing mind of a nation has arrived at these conclusions, and is prepared to act upon them, bloodshed is as inevitable as anything in political affairs can be said to be. . . . But enough has been said above about the cult of Germanism. I do not think it unjust to speak of it as essentially tribal and barbaric, and to say that any people in which such a cult predominates is uncivilised in spirit.

With such premises it is easy to establish a condition of mind which gloats over military ruthlessness, regards war as a carnival of praiseworthy brutality, and eventually and quite naturally evolves a gospel of unrestrained hate:—

The most remarkable feature of German journalistic writing—and I may say that German newspapers have been brought, and are being brought, into England regularly—has been this undercurrent of lickerish delight in the sufferings which the conquering hosts of Germany have imposed, and are going to impose, on their enemies; especially, of course, on the English. The numerous and excellent minor poets of Germany have bathed their souls in blood and hatred; and so have the popular artists. When the comic journals are depicting the vileness and cowardice of all or any of the Allies, they will put for contrast a fine, clean-limbed young German soldier, looking stern and noble. When the idea is to suggest the hideous fate in store for the enemy nations when the German soldier has got the upper hand, he is represented as a leering, coarse-visaged lout, visibly capable of any atrocity. The whole volume of the stuff that has been written and drawn about Germany's airships illustrates this point. The quite undisguised notion behind it all is that Zeppelins, when they get to work, will murder civilian populations wholesale by bomb-dropping; and the wide-spread and whole-hearted rapture with which that notion is hugged, and the exultation over the imagined terror of the enemy nations, are among the most remarkable effects of German Kultur.

Commenting on the boasted possession of strong nerves, the writer compares Germany to a "bee in a bottle"; lacking self-control and discipline, the first essentials of a civilised State, Mr. Bentley finds it necessary to say that "it savours of injustice to describe as barbarous a failing which Zulus and Redskins have regarded as ignoble," and concludes:—

Germany has proved herself in the past a great nation, one of the greatest in the annals of mankind, judged by every test of greatness save one; and that one, strangely enough, the very test to which she has most confidently appealed—the test of civilised character.



The Victims.

This cartoon by the Russian artist Holarek represents the victims of war known as "cannon fodder" and the multitudes who sacrifice the produce of their labour. Both alike are consumed by the monster.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY.

THE current number of *The Round Table* can claim encyclopædic honours for the universal treatment of subjects which must be approached in a truly catholic spirit if we are to achieve a correct judgment of the world's affairs. Even the mask of anonymity imposed on the several writers cannot hide the striking features of their articles, which trace the whole trend of European politics as affecting the present crisis. A notable contribution dealing with "Nationalism and Liberty" attempts, with no small measure of success, the difficult task of presenting the workings of the leaven of democracy in moulding European civilisation. To many casual thinkers Liberalism, Nationalism and Democracy are interchangeable terms describing a general tendency, differently expressed by various peoples, and while the drift is in the main towards freedom, the following definitions suggest definite divergences. The writer thus outlines the refinements of these great causes :—

Liberalism is in its essence a moral power. It strikes spontaneously at injustice or oppression in any form ; it seeks to make individual conscience the free arbiter of all men's lives ; authority and discipline are repugnant to it, unless freely undergone ; it distrusts all large organisation or power, as inimical to free life and thought ; it is impatient of economic divisions, as implying some servitude in the less favoured parts ; and in its aspiration to redress all inequality in the world it has a passionate faith in the virtue of change.

This spirit of liberalism has moved upon the waters of life since human societies were first formed. It has overthrown tyranny after tyranny—religious tyrannies, political tyrannies, social tyrannies, economic tyrannies and it marches as firmly still, and will march to the end of time, against all the powers and potentates which rise in turn to challenge the free development of human life and ideas.

Nationalism has made the structures in which alone liberalism has hitherto taken practical shape. It provides the pillars of all existing systems of government, the only middle way between tyranny and anarchy which the movement towards liberty has hitherto found. It is also much more, for it is the mould in which all the highest civilisations have hitherto been cast. . . .

Liberalism is, however, as old as humanity, and nationalism as an instinct is equally old. Though in its present form it is a comparatively modern growth, its origin goes back to those elementary loyalties which bind families together and wed all human communities to their own plot of earth and vault of sky. What is it, then, which has given both forces so strong an impulse in modern times? All who look back on European history to the immediate origins of the period in which we live have observed a sudden expansion of both forces, which dates from little more than a century ago. All Europe seems from that time to have responded, in its varying peoples, to some new ozone in the air, which transformed both liberalism and nationalism and raised them to a higher power.

The nature of that new force can hardly be questioned. It was the democratic idea. No doubt history in reality makes no sudden starts. Democracy had been kindling as a force beneath the surface for a long period of years ; in England and America it had already shown its strength. But in Europe its emergence was, in fact, a sudden event. It transformed European history in the nineteenth century, and its power is both splendidly and terribly apparent in the vast struggle which has involved all Europe to-day.

The writer proceeds to trace the growth of these principles as expressed in European politics, and we give special prominence to this side of the question in the section "The United States of Europe" which precedes these pages. The whole article must be studied by the student of affairs, and we can only quote the general conclusions which point to the closer co-operation of the East and West in securing the peace of the world. The position is surely summed up in the following analysis :—

The greatest of human needs is the attainment of some principle of mutual respect and benefit, not of mutual contempt and extermination,

between the older and more backward civilisations and those of the West.

The larger systems of government now allied against the central European Powers are all in different ways examples of a consistent and not unsuccessful effort towards relations of this kind. Great Britain, France and Russia have all built bridges of sympathy and law between some lesser civilisation and their own, which their Asiatic and African subjects are as ready as themselves to defend. Not less significant is their close co-operation with an Asiatic ally, Japan. To view this wonderful phenomenon as a failure of civilisation is only possible for men who have never yet grasped the essentials of honourable intercourse between races and peoples of different character and origin. The alliance of the German Powers with Turkey, the last and worst example of that incapacity for change which has hitherto lain on all the East like ice, is typical of their views and aims. The new East is allied against them, and sees its surest hope, as we see ours, in the overthrow of Germany's present ideals. For the systems of government arrayed against the German Powers—the British, the French, the Russian and the Japanese—are seeking, not to widen, but to span the gravest fissures in the relations of human-kind; and they are thus the most essential element in any hope of progress towards an effective code of international law.

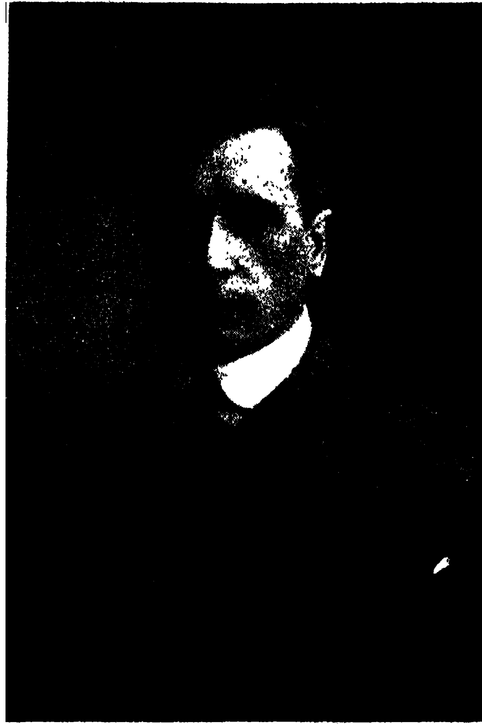


Photo by] [Chancellor.

Professor W. G. S. Adams.

Editor of "The Political Quarterly."

In all this the British Empire has been called upon to demonstrate the possibilities of reconciling conflicting interests, and her example must stand as the finger-post of progress:—

The call to us is therefore clear. Until the peril of this war was actually upon us, we did not realise how strongly we had built. The legal significance of the Empire was vaguely known, but not the unity of spirit and purpose underlying the legal frame. The war has shown that the allegiance uniting us transcends the narrow limits of nationality and race. It is an ethical kinship, sprung of common purpose, common interest, and common ideals; too broad in its range for nationhood, but based upon the same principle of unlimited devotion to a single State. Our Statehood is the essence of our strength and of our work. To save this great system now, and to maintain it afterwards, is the most effective contribution which we can make to international progress and the general peace of the world.

No sacrifice, then, can be too great to secure the triumph of our arms; for on the efforts which we now put forth there hangs, not only our success in the conflict itself, but our moral influence among the nations when the conflict is at an end. We are called upon to show that no form of public spirit can outdo our own; for our aim in the war is, not merely to defeat the German Powers, but to prove to them that neither now nor a hundred years hence can their system ever prevail.

A POET FOR FREEMEN.—Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fruition for America lies dimly in the future. ...Undismayed, buoyant with fierce conviction and unshakable faith, he moved amidst the thunders of ruin menacing the Republic and the later insidious threats of its decay, the bard of manhood, the chanter of democracy, the laureate of labour. The voice that lives in "Leaves of Grass" will never grow dumb; that tremendous inward fire will, in spite of all its soot and slag, burn on until, with changing conditions, the proper time arrive wherein the stalwart human bard may become a beacon at which men may kindle many torches.—HERMAN SCHEFFAUER in *The Fortnightly Review*.

COMMENTS ON THE CAMPAIGN.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEAS.

"SEA-STRATEGY in the World-wide War" is the subject of Carlyon Bellairs' paper in the *Contemporary Review*, and it presents the outstanding features of the naval situation with great clearness. The writer shows that the sending of the Expeditionary Force to France was the result of co-ordination under the direction of the Defence Committee, and advances the opinion :--

That larger forces were not at the front earlier in the war was due to the failure to contain or destroy German cruisers threatening the routes from India, and the temporary relief garrison for Egypt from Australia. The failure then, if failure there be, has not been at the Defence Committee, but has been at the Admiralty, which, under the Government, regulates our naval programmes and the distribution of the Fleets. The co-ordination achieved by the Defence Committee shows the advantage of the naval and military advisers of the Government meeting together with the most important members of the Cabinet under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister. I am inclined to believe that if the Admiralty had not been so jealous and tenacious of its power, and had recognised that the Foreign Office, Colonial Office, Board of Trade and the War Office must have an intimate knowledge and be satisfied with the provision made in the distribution of our Fleets, we would not have had to suffer as we have done in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

In his estimate of the strength of our Navy Mr. Bellairs outlines the circumstances which have actually made the naval task "only half as great as the one we had prepared for." This has been brought about by the blundering of the enemy :—

German diplomacy gave us Allies whose combined navies alone were superior to the united fleets of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Since our Allies deprived Germany of a supply of skilled labour that has been forced into the military sphere at the same time as they necessarily closed their own frontiers, the processes of a war of attrition have been rendered more severe than if we had been fighting Germany single-handed. There is this other consideration. German shipping is at an end. The Allies' shipping is not at her disposal. She can only tempt the limited amount of neutral shipping to bring cargoes to her ports by paying excessively, for the demand for shipping is abnormal and the risks of war are great in regard to anything carried to German ports. Bearing this in mind and the fact that Germany's North Sea ports are altogether closed, we may illustrate diagrammatically the open, partially open and closed sources of supply.

The diagram shows how immense has been the dislocation of Germany's industry in this war of attrition through the spread of the conflict to other nations besides Great Britain and Germany. It is easy to see that while our Army was faced with a task considerably greater than the standard under which its numbers were fixed, the Navy had to face one far below its standard.

GERMANY.

North Sea Ports blocked by British Navy and Mines.	Baltic Ports hampered by Russian Navy and Mines.	French, Russian, and Belgian Frontiers blocked by War.	Austrian Ports blocked by Allied Navies.	Black Sea Ports, Dardanelles, closed by Turkey, and blockaded by Allies.	Dutch and Danish ports hampered by British Navy and North Sea Mines.	Italian Ports badly placed for Germany's industrial areas, and exits from Mediterranean easily watched for search purposes.

WAR AND NATIONAL WEALTH.

J. A. HOBSON examines "The War in its Effect on Work and Wages" in a carefully compiled article which appears in *The Fortnightly Review.* Owing to the shortage of labour caused by recruiting and the pressure in completing Army contracts, employment and wages have not been affected to any marked extent, but the economic injury if not yet apparent is no less real:—

In any case, there must be a considerable reduction of true national wealth, the quantity of useful wholesome goods and services turned out by the economic system. How far this loss will fall injuriously upon the poorer working classes will largely depend upon the enlightenment and public spirit of the emergency measures to which the central and local government is having recourse. The problem is, in simple words, to make a smaller quantity of wealth go round, so that no class is reduced to want. For, if distribution of wealth is left to the ordinary play of economic forces, terrible privations would be inflicted upon the industrial victims of this war, through reduced money wages, unemployment or short time, enhanced prices of food and increased taxation. The prevention of these evils must involve drastic interference of various kinds with the "ordinary play of economic forces," interferences which must involve considerable pecuniary sacrifices among the better-to-do classes, reducing the share of the diminished volume of wealth which they will be able to enjoy, so as to safeguard the vital strength and industrial efficiency of the lower grades of workers.

The political changes in the world of labour as induced by the war are dealt with in a very interesting paper by J. H. Harley in *The Contemporary Review.*

THE FIGHT IN POLAND.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG is now in St. Petrograd, and his contribution to *The Fortnightly Review* gives the point of view of Russia and the conditions under which "Eastern Battle Deeds" are wrought. There is a tardy appreciation on the part of Britons of the colossal nature of the campaign in Poland, and our Eastern Allies ask:

If the Western Allies, faced by a third (so it is here counted) of the German hosts, can barely stem the flood, how can Russia, facing two-thirds, and three-fourths of the hosts of Austria-Hungary, once a week "inundate Posen," "surround General Hindenburg," and "move like a steam-roller" on Berlin? Not for nothing has the Staff issued a warning against the British Press. The battle for Poland is, as a fact, going much as competent men expected, the invaders reaping already discounted fruits of their technical preparedness, good discipline, and quick movements; and the defenders getting value for their great numbers, careful leadership, and the unexampled toughness of their peasant fighters.

Mr. Long gives many intimate glimpses of the character of the Russian soldier, who is "glad to go into battle"; of the Cossack he relates one interesting incident:—

As the army of General Brusiloff waited to cross the Tanewo river the Cossacks, already across, held a *djigitovka* under the enemy's nose. A pony race was run under conditions probably without precedent. When the race was nearly over, the enemy from a hidden trench poured in rifle fire. The pony of the leading Cossack fell with a bullet through its neck within some yards of the winning post. The Cossack by sheer strength dragged his dead pony past the judge, and was declared winner. Many such events indicate the cheerful, confident spirit of the troops and show that the war is being waged not in the panicky, hasty spirit which stakes all on immediate success, but rather in accord with national military tradition that resources, patience, and hard fighting wear down the strongest foe.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

In the (German) Restaurant.

ALBERT: "I say, waiter, how much will that soup cost me that I've just had—you know, the soup prepared by the English?" HEAD WAITER: "Your crown!"

COMMON SENSE AND THE CENSOR.

THERE is so little excuse for the many futilities of the Censorship Bureau that even its creators have ceased to believe in its infallibility, and, wonderful to relate, confess their error by appointing Sir Edward Cook and Sir Frank Swettenham, whose control should be a guarantee for normal sanity in its future activities.

The Editor of *The English Review* makes the very sensible suggestion that the telegraph should not be available for the purposes of reporting the progress of the campaign:—

In a word, my proposal is that the Press should revert to the conditions of pre-telegraphic times.

The advantages of such an arrangement would be many. To begin with, the necessity of sending all reports by mail (from the bases on the French coast) would *ipso facto* prevent the publication of undesirable news, for such reports would still be liable to military censorship; and though the news so imparted would not in the strict sense be up-to-date, they would at any rate be coherent, and, from the point of view of home consumption, invaluable. Such a scheme would ensure that only trustworthy and tried men were employed—a limited number only being permitted—no newspaper, for example, to have more than one representative; for the "story at any price" war correspondent would have no scope where sensation as such was automatically eliminated; and, indeed, only matter carefully and intelligently written would signify. It would revive the old type of war correspondent—the literary man. Incidentally, the Press would effect enormous economies, owing to the absence of telegraphic expenditure, which should be exclusively official.

Mr. Harrison points out the dangers of allowing the nation "to fight this battle in the dark," and administers a reproof to those who think they have the right to dictate to the public:—

There is altogether too much concealment. Why? Such an attitude in times like these is foolery. That is the question Demos is beginning to ask. There may come a time when it will put it with most peremptory insistence and inconvenience to the unknown powers who seem to think they are duly earning their imposing salaries by only letting the public know what they imagine to be good for its nervous system, with a sympathetic darkening of the streets of London just to keep Demos to the scratch.

GERMANY'S CONTRITION.

READERS of reviews are by this time saturated with innumerable quotations from German authors which indicate the froward and haughty pride which goeth before a fall. *The Quarterly Review* (Part I., December) contains yet another contribution, "The German Spirit," which submits still further overwhelming evidence of this untowardness, and concludes by asking when the German nation will make humble and contrite confession of its manifold sins and wickednesses:—

Upon illusion follows disillusion. How soon will the Germans awake to the truth of things? They know the Greek tragedies, and yet forget the penalty that befalls the overweening. Trained in history, they are acquainted with the rise and fall of Spain, of Louis XIV., of Napoleon, aiming at universal empire; and yet will not derive the due lesson. Napoleon they hate, as the cause of their long-suffering; and, admiring, would imitate. There are blots on the moral scutcheon of all the nations; but the Germans would deliberately and conscientiously accomplish, on the largest scale, that which other nations have done in the past, almost unconsciously, and as it were by hazard. Machiavellians, they reprobate the growth of the British Empire, and would fain use force to wrest it away for themselves.

On one occasion, at least, Treitschke deviated into moral sanity. "The future course of human history cannot consist in the creation of a single dominant power: the ideal we should aim at is an orderly society of peoples." But Treitschke no doubt meant that this orderly society should lie under the hegemony, the heel, of Prussia. In what way, then, and how soon, schooled by adversity, will they confess their error? "If the State," he says, "can no longer accomplish what it wills, it falls into ruin and anarchy." Will they, at less cost than this, repudiate that national egoism, that "will to Power," that instinct of domination which is the fruitful mother of illusion, confusion, and lies? Will they admit at length that there is a political as well as a commercial morality. . . "The Germans must be freed from within, the attempt from without is useless."

Meanwhile the friends without—lovers of liberty two of them, and the third well in the way of becoming so, friends made foes against their will—prosecute this war in order to end war, it may be; to break down the evil spirit of militarism which has beset a great people overwrought by pride, arrogance, infatuation, and megalomania.

FINLAND IN WAR-TIME.

THE January number of *Chambers's Journal* fully maintains its established reputation for providing sound and interesting articles. The war is dealt with in several papers, but does not unduly obtrude. Professor E. H. Parker contributes a timely paper on "Finland in War-Time," from which we quote :-

Finns of all classes, without making any secret of it, seem entirely out of sympathy with the Russian Government, which, however, in spite of political changes and raids upon the old Finnish Constitution made within the past twelve years, seems to leave the Finns as much to themselves and their own laws and customs as is possible in view of the political dangers which threaten or may threaten Russia on the part of Germany and Sweden.

Of course, the Finns are interested in the great war which is now going on: but this interest is chiefly an economic one, as their own trade is greatly interfered with. Trade sympathies are entirely with Germany, for there is very little commerce with Russia. Either Britain, France, or Germany would (negatively) be as welcome a master as Russia, with whose sovereignty the Finns have no great desire to quarrel; but they have never been a perfectly independent State, and seem to have lost any natural instinct to form one. What they do want is their own laws and customs, freedom of thought, and so on. They seem passionately fond of their beautiful country; and out of half-a-million Finns in America, twelve to fifteen thousand come home annually for the summer, or to stay permanently, in each case with a store of dollars saved.

The Finns are more than usually obstinate and stupid in the matter of language. Even in the case of Finnish steamers running between Hull and Helsingfors the female attendance is largely inarticulate; inland amongst the lakes the girls not only cannot speak a word even of Russian, let alone French, English, or German, but they show the most provoking slowness in guessing what the guest wants; on the other hand, the slovenly and ignorant Russian servant or cabman is extremely alert mentally.

The laws of Finland are based on those introduced by Sweden six or seven centuries ago, and Russia lets law alone. Senators are of two classes, the economic and the juridical; these are the highest civilian officials under the Russian Governor-General. Husband and wife have equal rights. A man can only leave to strangers what money he has *made* for himself; all inherited property must go to wife and children in equal halves; if no wife is left, then all must go to the children, and vice versa.

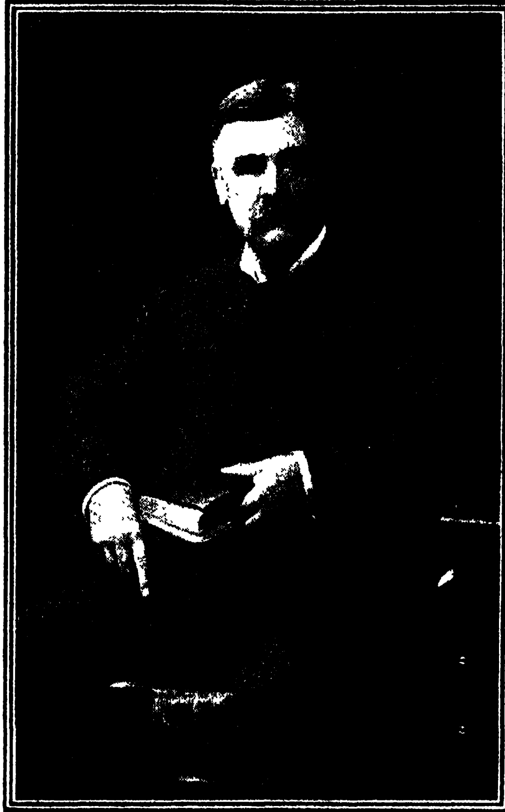


Photo by] [*Biograph Studio.*

Professor E. H. Parker.

A TRUE STORY OF A LONG RANGE.—Some of the ranges at which our heavy artillery has been firing in this war have been very long, and here again the presence of the aviator has been of the greatest possible advantage, for at such distances most targets would be invisible. But he indicates their position, describes their nature, and *rapidly* corrects the fire at them. On one recent occasion the first shell from a big howitzer was signalled (presumably by wireless) by the aviator hovering over the objective as 300 yards short. The next message to the battery was "50 yards left." The third, "Got the left gun." The fourth, "Got the same gun; try another." The fifth, "Got the other gun. Good!" These two guns were 11,000 yards, more than six miles, from the battery. SIR DESMOND O'CALLAGHAN, in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

WHAT THE WAR WILL SETTLE.

COLONEL HARVEY, in the course of his editorial survey in *The North American Review*, discusses the important issue of the war, and is of opinion that if Germany wins she must dominate the globe as the world Power, but in case of a victory by the Allies, neither Britain, France nor Russia will attempt the task of demanding superior recognition. The writer points out that Germany has won her position by aggression, and while her growth has been legitimate she has roused the distrust of other nations. Colonel Harvey continues :—

These feelings are declared by Germany to have had their origin in nothing but jealousy of that Empire's superior growth and prosperity. But those who entertained them attributed them to the fact that Germany alone accompanied her civil and industrial expansion with enormous and unprecedented preparations for military conquest. Mirabeau once said that war was the national industry of Prussia, and the same characterisation was applied in recent years to that German Empire of which Prussia was the head and heart.

Between the two views of the case we need not here attempt to judge. Neither need we concern ourselves with the much-disputed question of responsibility for the actual precipitation of the war. The salient fact is that most of the Great Powers took the view which we have attributed to them, and that the Allies are now acting upon it. There is and there has been no such feeling toward any other Power. Great Britain and France, for example, have developed their great colonial holdings in Asia, Africa and the Pacific without any thought that an armed clash over them would ever have to occur. Neither of them has suspected the other of aiming to become the sole world Power. Perhaps the feeling towards Germany is quite unwarranted. But it has existed, and it exists to-day ; and belief in its accuracy is so strong as to form the dominant motive in the war. Indeed, it is so strong that it will doubtless be regarded as a reality by whichever side may win.

If Germany wins, she will take the Allies at their word, and reduce them to a less than world Power rank, leaving herself the only world Power of Europe. If the Allies win, they will doubtless administer a similar reduction to Germany ; leaving themselves, however, all three world Powers. Which of these two results shall be achieved is perhaps the most important question to be determined by this war.

OUR STERN TASK.

AUSTIN HARRISON permits himself to be cheerful once more, and in *The English Review* he is hopeful enough to declare that "the latent *economy of forces*—time, money, *moral*, sea-power, and numbers—are all on the side of the Allies."

We must not, however, "hallo till we are out of the wood," and again Mr. Harrison expresses his conviction that we may have to resort to Conscription.

The article is entitled "Beating the Germans," and we may rest assured that we shall have to go all the way to win through :

Looking at the whole situation in the cold light of fact, we can say this. If the offensive superiority still rests with the Germans, the psychological superiority, which finally alone leads to success, hangs unquestionably on the will of the Allies. It is thus a problem of the will to win ; in other words, endurance.

The issue of the war will depend on that one quality, and the side capable of most endurance will win.

It is here that the Allies have to prove themselves worthy of the nobility of their cause ; it is here, too, that just appreciation of the German war spirit is indispensable to the Allied success. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that the goal is in sight : that the Germans are approaching the end of their tether, either in men, material or determination : that their philosophy of war will fail them. None of these things is true. If the Germans are driven into their own territory, on the one side or the other, they may be expected to fight on a ratio of every twelfth or even tenth male. Sooner than yield their soil, they are as likely as not to mobilise almost the entire male population, from boys of fourteen upwards. War, carried into German soil, would give the Germans the moral faith they have wantonly thrown away. To every German the Fatherland means something sacred. He will fight for it, to a man. To anticipate anything in the nature of a collapse of moral is to misinterpret the German spirit. If we are to beat the Germans—and failure to secure the conditions necessary to civilisation would amount to a negative victory, leading inevitably to the resumption of the war at no very future date —the Allies will have to destroy their armies, amounting eventually to some ten million men ; will have to crush a spirit of war never before known in history. That is the military prospect before us. To deceive ourselves is simply to court failure. The Germans will fight till exhaustion lays the male fighting forces of the Empire prostrate. Militarily, then, the war can only be said to have begun.

BREAKERS OF THE PEACE.

"And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd."—MACBETH.

IN his article "The Battle of the Diplomats" Dr. Dillon gives us one more chapter of Germany's conspiracy with Austria to upset the settlement in the Balkans. The paper forms a chapter in the history of intrigue and so-called statecraft (appearing month by month in the *Contemporary Review*) which constitutes the peculiar contribution of diplomacy to the misgovernment of the world. The peoples of the progressive nations are permitted to record their wishes at the polling booth, with many restrictions, but democracy must acknowledge the diplomat as supreme arbiter of peace and war—and in the ultimate issue these are the things that count.

Dr. Dillon has an easy task in proving his case that Germany has shown a "surprising lack of the moral and historic sense." He says:—

The present phase of the diplomatic contest abounds in glaring instances of this unwisdom, and unmasks itself as a crusade of recrimination on the one side against a sequence of plain unquestionable statements on the other. And in the conduct of this crusade German apologists, official and private, have drifted into a Serbonian bog of misstatements from which extrication is a sheer impossibility.

Stifled by an atmosphere filled with grim spectres of dead dreams and smarting from the sting inflicted, not by remorse, but by the consequences of grave blunders and monstrous crimes, Germany is now eager to shake off responsibility for the catastrophe for which she alone is answerable.

Among these "plain unquestionable statements" Dr. Dillon quotes the words of Signor Giolitti, ex-Premier of Italy:—

During the progress of the Balkan War, on August 9th, 1913, the Marquis di San Giuliano addressed to me the following telegram: "Austria makes known to us and to Germany her intention to take action against Servia, and she maintains that such action on her part cannot be construed as other than defensive. She hopes to bring the *casus fœderis* of the Triple Alliance into play, which I deem inapplicable under the circumstances. I am endeavouring to confine my efforts with those of Germany in order to hinder such action by Austria, but it is requisite that we should state clearly that we do not look upon this eventual action as defensive. Consequently we do not admit that the *casus fœderis* exists."

This premeditation should be fully explained by the German Press army to the neutral States.

Dr. Dillon makes it clear that Germany deliberately chose the moment as "propitious"; apart from other considerations, it was believed that Russia was prepared to march to the support of Servia:—

The Austrian Ambassador in Berlin informed his English colleague that he did not anticipate a general war, Russia not being in the humour *nor indeed in a condition to wage war*. And the same conviction was entertained by the German Ambassador in Vienna, and communicated by him to his British colleague and to many others. Yet when the war broke out Russia was accused of having caused and premeditated it.

It was a matter of supreme concern to Austria and Germany that they should lose no time in profiting by such a lucky conjuncture. It would allow Servia to be crushed once for all, and the other Balkan States to be cajoled or coerced into a league under Austro-German management. And the combined plan was outlined for that purpose.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The 42-cm. Gun Industrious Bertha."

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS PARTIES IN ITALY.

AN anonymous writer in *Le Correspondant* of December 10th, in an article on "Public Opinion and the Position in Italy," gives a lengthy sketch of the feelings of the different political and religious parties in Italy towards her policy with regard to the war.

Italy, says the writer, is naturally anti-militarist, and her war in Tripoli only served to strengthen her antipathy to war; her treasury is more or less exhausted after the expenses of the African campaign, and in many respects her army is not in a prepared state.

The business world, who dread the stopping of trade which would result from participation in the war, and welcome the economic advantages which would accrue to them from a policy of non-intervention, are staunch upholders of strict neutrality. Then the solid body of the Catholics—the "organised Catholics," as they are called—are very friendly to Austria on the score of religion, and hate the radicalism of France; as they are unable to drag their country into war on the side of their old allies, they energetically maintain Italy's neutrality. Socialists, or, at any rate, the heads of the party, have adopted the same attitude, but for different reasons, partly because of their pacific theories, and partly because they are bound up with, and more or less dependent on, the German Socialists. And, lastly, amongst those who serve to keep Italy strictly neutral must be counted the King; not that he is favourably inclined towards Austria, but his inactivity is due to a chivalrous impulse. It is said that at the time of the Turkish war some in power in Austria wished to attack Italy, who in this case would have been in a sorry plight, but the old Emperor Francis Joseph refused to allow it, and therefore, now, Victor Emmanuel does not wish to show himself less magnanimous.

Those in favour of armed intervention on the side of the Triple *entente* are several very active parties, such as the Nationalists, the Radicals, and the Socialist Reformers; in the other groups, Liberal, Catholic, and Socialist, there is a growing minority which is of the same way of thinking, and the writer affirms that, taken altogether, the Italian populace is more and more inclined towards the Triple *entente*.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE.

M. FINOT, in *La Revue* for December, in his article "France of To-day," denies that the difference between Germans and French is due to racial antagonism—that is nothing; it is the soul of the nations which differs. He defines the qualities which go to make up the soul of France as follows: Love of France and respect for human beings; altruism joined to an unconquerable courage and energy; an independent thoughtful personality, which willingly effaces itself before the interests of a whole community; a large comprehension of men and things, and a facility in adapting itself, due to an old humanitarian culture and to complex ethnological origins; an intelligence characterised by cleverness and clearness; common sense, fruit of comprehension and moderation; an exquisite sensibility, fruit of a social morality purified by currents of humanitarian solidarity.

M. Finot, in the course of his article, points out that the decadence of the French, at which other nations levelled a finger of scorn, whilst admitting that French genius—of the past—was a thing to marvel at, was only skin-deep, and that at the call of La Patrie the true old France shone through brighter than ever, and a patriotism sprang up which astonished those even who had never lost faith in its existence.

The writer maintains that the estimate of the modern French character was taken far too much from the newspapers, which, when their party passions ran high, were apt to give a foreigner an absolutely erroneous impression of the French mind. But with the clash of arms all this veneer disappeared, and the nation responded as a man to the call of France in peril. M. Finot concludes with an appeal to Frenchmen and women to fight against alcoholism, an enemy as deadly and as strong as Germany and more far-reaching; for, whereas Germany kills the men, alcoholism affects women and children, too, sowing the seeds of consumption throughout generations of men and women; and, as the writer pleads, alcoholism must be put down, for after this murderous war many children will be needed, and they must be healthy.

RUSSIA AS PIONEER.

To the average Britisher Russia has been the type of tyranny and the home of European reaction; now he is asked to revise his conceptions and regard that huge State as representing quite other qualities than those portrayed by a hundred impressionists, with Siberia as the dark and forbidding background. A writer in *The Round Table* approaches the problem with full sympathy, as expressed by his title "Russia and Her Ideals," and presents the facts in due perspective, which enable the reader to appreciate some of the characteristics of that wonderful nation. The writer takes as his text the services rendered by the Russian people to Western civilisation, and the argument is contained in an illuminating passage quoted from the great historian Kluchevsky:—

Fate set the Russian nation at the Eastern gate of Europe, to guard it from violation by the nomad brigands of Asia, and for centuries the nation spent its force in withstanding the pressure of Asiatic hordes. Some of those hosts it beat back (fertilising, in doing so, the broad steppes of the Don and the Volga with its bones), while others it admitted, through the peaceful portals of the Christian Church, to the European community. Meanwhile, Western Europe, relieved of Mohammedan attacks, turned to the New World beyond the ocean, where it found a wide and grateful field for the exercise of its mental and physical energies in the exploitation of untouched riches. Even with its face thus directed to the colonial wealth of the Far West and its store of cinnamon and cloves, Europe could still rest assured that behind it, in the direction of the Ural-Altai East, no danger was to be apprehended. Consequently Western Europe gave little thought to the fact that in that region there was proceeding a ceaseless struggle, and that, its principal bases on the Dnieper and the Kliazma abandoned, the defending force had removed its headquarters to the banks of the Moskva, where in the sixteenth century there was formed the centre of a State which at length passed from defence to

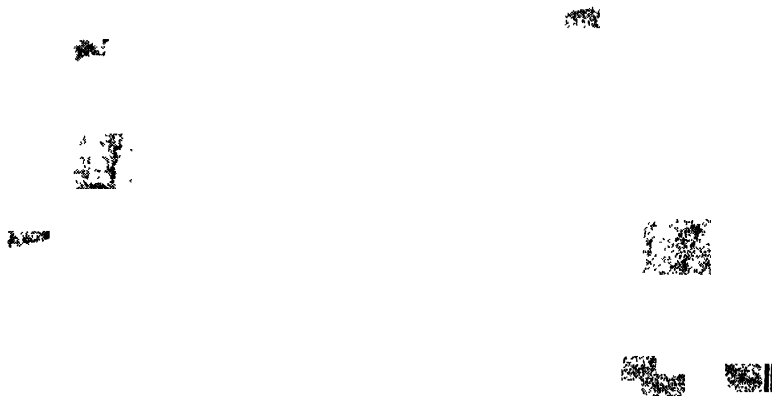


Photo by] [*Daily Mirror*

Moscow Society at Work for the Wounded.

A group of Russian Red Cross nurses rolling bandages.

attack, in order that it might save European culture from the onslaughts of the Tartars. Thus Russia acted at once as the vanguard and the rearguard of European civilisation. Outpost service, however, is everywhere thankless, and soon forgotten, especially when it has been efficiently carried out. The more alert the guard, the sounder the slumbers of the guarded, and the less disposed the sleepers to value the sacrifices which have been made for their repose.

How many readers will reproach themselves with so gross a misunderstanding of the conditions which have made Western progress possible ?

The writer comes to the conclusion that the evils under which Russia suffers are due entirely to the bureaucracy which

has become a Frankenstein, which the autocrat is powerless to control but for whose sins he is unjustly held entirely responsible. It took a Peter the Great to make the monster, perhaps another Peter the Great will be required to break it.

Apart from this class which has made the name of Russian government to stink in the nostrils of free men, there are the classes which are essential to the existence of a great State, but the trading class does not dominate the situation as in other countries. The following passage explains many matters which are obscure to the ordinary observer :–

The real line of cleavage in Russian society is that which distinguishes the educated from the uneducated. There are upwards of 170 millions of people in the Russian Empire, and of this enormous population about 25 per cent. can read and write. That 25 per cent. is the true aristocracy of Russia—an aristocracy of intellect. A very large proportion of the educated section pass, of course, into the bureaucracy, as most educated persons in the Middle Ages passed into the Church ; indeed, nearly every educated person is either directly or indirectly a member of the "official class."

Yet it is also from among the educated section that the revolutionaries—the extreme foes of bureaucracy—are derived. To understand this phenomenon it is necessary to grasp the importance and meaning of the so-called *intelligentsia*. The land of Russia is the richest in the world, her forests are as yet almost untouched, her mines have not been opened up ; she is virgin soil. The Russian people are in a state not unlike this also ; they, too, are, intellectually speaking, virgin soil. Now, when the mind of a people in this condition is suddenly brought into contact with an old and developed culture from some foreign source, as happened, for example, in Europe at the time of the Renaissance, there inevitably follows a sudden and wonderful florescence in the realms of thought, literature and art, which, however, is likely to run to seed, to become over-luxuriant in some directions. And if, too, there is a considerable difference between the native and the imported culture, there will probably arise no little confusion in the moral sphere. Renaissance and decadence are two branches of the same tree—"the tree of the knowledge of good and evil"—which is found growing at the cross-roads of culture. Russia has eaten of the fruit of this tree and the result is that strange national product, the *intelligentsia*.

The article should be read by everyone who is concerned to understand the national life-currents of the Russian people who are linked with us in a life-and-death struggle for the supremacy of ideals which we share in common. We make further reference to this article on page 31, and it will be seen that Russian autocracy has not always spelt reaction, and, as the writer emphatically says :—

Let us be certain of one thing at least, that whatever may be our personal views on the subject of autocracy, that institution still has a long life before it and much work to perform in Russia.



Tribune.] [Detroit.

Two New Combatants.

Winter and Misery.

RUSSIA AND THE RENAISSANCE.

NORMAN DOUGLAS waxes enthusiastic over Russia, and his optimistic notes of some "Aspects of Russia," as revealed in the pages of *The English Review*, suggests a far more desirable country than our prejudice will probably allow. Freedom is in the air, or should we say the landscape :—

There are no hedges in Russia. Natives will tell you that the sight of hedges, so familiar to lovers of our landscape, is irksome to their notions of liberty. They like to survey an unimpeded vista ; to revel in that all-pervading sense of spaciousness and yearning which haunts one like a melody and exhales from a country devoid of landmarks—from those dim plains over which the eye roams vainly seeking some point of repose, some steeple-crowned hillock or a range of distant mountains. They like to wander freely over boundless stretches of territory, nomad-fashion. For the Russians, unbeknown to themselves, have still much of the nomad in them.

For the rest we learn that Russians are less parochial than the Americans, and they have escaped certain restricting influences which, according to the writer, have afflicted the West :—

What facilitates Russia's task of assimilation, of engrafting the latest fruits of Occidental knowledge upon her sound barbarian stock, is the fact that she has never undergone the schooling of a Reformation or Renaissance. These movements were blessings of a kind, in their day ; but now, surely, we have pressed all the savour and nourishment out of them ? And still their odour hangs about us, tainting the air we breathe, and sticking in our throats. It takes a strong man to shake off the rhetorical virus of the academics : to see life in a "dry light," and not through the haze of mediæval scholasticism. We are stuck in a blind alley ; we fail to perceive that ideals, and aspirations, once honourable, are no longer mentors, but merely documents or milestones—milestones that we ought to leave behind, respectfully but promptly, instead of taking them up on our shoulders and allowing them to sit there, like the Old Man of the Sea.

Russians are luckier. They are not obliged to stagger along under a load of withered learning to which we attach a wholly fictitious (sentimental) value ; to puzzle over a thousand precedents that clog the free evolution of the artistic sense ; to digest, and re-digest, ten thousand dyspeptic moral maxims. They can be taught to understand these things without losing their sense of proportion and investing them with an absurd halo of reverence ; they can appraise them at their present-day worth. So they are carving out of Chaos certain values different from those of purely western origin, perhaps neither better nor worse—what is good and bad ?—but assuredly of a fresh complexion and with an exhilarating smack of wider spaces ; marching, in that curious brotherly spirit of theirs, to the discovery of new horizons in the world of morals and æsthetics. . . . I would give almost anything to feel really Russian for half an hour.

This is putting a period with a vengeance to one's convictions !



Photo by] [*Record Press.*

A Parade of Russian Soldiers in the Snow.

The Tsarina's Infantry Regiment at the Front.

TURKEY: THE LAST (?) PHASE.

TURKEY'S PRESTIGE.

THE Turkish Empire apparently exists in spite of the laws of cohesion and homogeneity, and, according to the writer of the article "Turkey in Europe and Asia," appearing in *The Political Quarterly*, she holds a charmed life and the dissolution may even yet be far off!

The writer explains that although Turkey is irredeemably bankrupt, yet she possesses "moral" assets of a peculiar kind. These, of course, include the protection secured by the mutual jealousies of the Powers, and the advantages of being a perpetual debtor to creditors who dare not foreclose. More interesting is the writer's appreciation of Turkey's prestige which underlies and accounts for her continued existence as an European and Asiatic Power. This prestige is part and parcel of her acquired inheritance:—

It is in part secular and in greater part religious. The first element is implied in that name *Roum*, by which the western dominion of the Turk has been known ever since he crossed into Europe. Apart from the prestige of their own early conquests, the Ottomans inherited, and in a measure retain in the Near East, the traditional prestige of the greatest Empire which ever held it. They stand not only for their own past but also for whatever still lives of the prestige of Rome. Theirs is still the repute of the imperial people *par excellence*, chosen and called to rule. That this repute should continue, after the sweeping victories of Semites and subsequent centuries of Ottoman retreat before other heirs of Rome, is a paradox to be explained only by the fact that a large part of the population of the Near East remains at this day in about the same stage of civilisation and knowledge as in the time of, say, Heraclius.

The Turks, be it remembered, were and are foreigners in a great part of their Asiatic Empire equally with the Greeks of Byzantium or the Romans of Italy; and their establishment in Constantinople nearly five centuries ago did not mean to the indigenous peoples of the near East, what it meant to Europe—a victory of the east over the west—so much as a continuation of immemorial "Roman" dominion still exercised from the same Imperial centre. Since Roum first spread its shadows over the Near East many men of many races, whose variety was imperfectly realised, if realised at all, by the peasants of Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia or Egypt, had ruled in its name, and the Ottomans, whose governmental system was in part the Byzantine, made but one more change which meant the same old thing. The peasants know, of course, about these Semitic victories; but they know also that if the Semite has had his day of triumph and imposed, as was right and proper, his God and his Prophet on Roum—even, as many believed, and some may be found in remoter regions who still believe, on all mankind—he has returned to his own place south of Taurus; and still Roum is Roum, natural indefeasible Lord of the world.

Such a belief is dying now, of course; but it dies slowly and hard. It still constitutes a real asset of the Ottomans, and will not cease to have value until they lose Constantinople. On the possession of that old imperial city it depends for whatever vitality it retains.

The writer surveys the extensive ground which the present situation reveals as *terra infirma*, and deals at length with the dangers of an Arab revolt both to the domination of the Turk and her probable successors.

THE JEHAD.

AT the dictation of Germany the Sultan of Turkey has proclaimed a Holy War; so far it appears to be a damp squib, and will apparently add no sparks to the perennial pyrotechnics of the Berliners. The reasons for this failure are adequately suggested by G. F. Abbott's paper, "A Revolt of Islam?" which appears in *The Quarterly Review* (Part I., December). The outstanding reason appears to be that the Moslem is no fool, and he admittedly has had some years of experience in which to mature his judgment. Mr. Abbott says:—

The average African and Asiatic has this fundamental quality in common with the average European—he knows on which side his bread is buttered. They have never experienced under Moslem domination the personal freedom, the equality of justice, the security of life and property, the protection against disease and famine, the commercial prosperity, which they experience now under the British and French flags; and they know it. One of the main arguments I heard advanced against the Italians by the leaders of the Arab resistance in Tripoli was not the religion of the invaders, but their poverty and their inability to do much more for the Arabs than their Turkish rulers had done for them. I am not concerned here to judge the soundness of the argument, but only to state it,

as being significant. And its significance was enhanced by the fact that the men who put it forward would then go on to contrast these shortcomings of the Italians with the wealth and administrative competence of the English and the French on either side of Tripoli. Indeed, a number of Tripolitans had appealed to France to take them under her flag.

This appreciation of material advantages, though keenest among Arabs of culture and substance, is just as noticeable among the most ignorant and indigent. One instance will suffice. On the Tripoli-Tunis frontier there is a rain-water cistern built by the French. On my return from the desert I pointed it out to my camel-driver, who was not aware of its existence. After quaffing some of the clear liquid—so different from the mud he was used to on the other side of the border—and making certain noises of satisfaction with his throat and lips, he said, "Praise be to Allah, and to the French Government. Ah, sir. The French can think; they are not like us or the Turks!" In addition to these practical advantages which it shares with ours, I found the French administration popular for a quality which ours lacks. The French appeared to me to have found their way to the Arab's heart, as well as to his head. I have found in Tunis a *camaraderie* between alien rulers and native subjects which, after some experience of Anglo-India and Anglo-Egypt, struck me as a most exhilarating novelty.

The writer proceeds to give the historical data underlying Turkey's usurpation of the Caliphate and the resulting schisms in the camp of Islam; he further emphasises the satisfaction felt by the Moslems at Mr. Asquith's assurance that the Holy Places would be adequately protected from foreign interference. What is needed, however, is the creation of an independent Arabian State.

A Power which would come forth with a programme of Arab independence, backed by the material means for carrying it out, would find its hands strengthened by an enormous accretion of influence throughout the world of Islam. The severance of the connection between Cyprus and Turkey, and the deliverance of the Cypriots from the millstone of the tribute they hitherto paid the Porte, is one of the good fruits which the Turkish move has already yielded to the British Empire. But it is quite an insignificant boon compared with the benefits, strategic, political, and moral, which the British Empire could reap by utilising that move for the purpose of creating a free Arabia, and thus giving to the call to arms issued from Constantinople a practical interpretation calculated to confound its authors.

THE SUDAN.

THE proclamation of a British Protectorate over the ancient land of Egypt gives special interest to the article on "The Administration of the Sudan," by Percy F. Martin, which appears in *The Quarterly Review* (Part I., December).

The difficulties of replacing the anarchy of Turkish and Arab rule by a more or less cast-iron system of honest dealing have been immense. The evils of the Eastern custom of making gifts to officials has had to be broken down, and the petty tyrannies exercised by the native chiefs have been almost entirely eliminated, but the ingrained instinct of the ruler to rob the defenceless is hard to kill. The control exercised by the Government officials must be absolute, and the mental strain involved is occasionally severe. Mr. Martin says:—

Sometimes a hundred miles or more will separate their headquarters from the nearest white man's habitation, and months may elapse before a friend's face is seen. The nearest telegraph office is possibly many miles distant, and the mails are but rarely received. A single officer placed in charge of a district covering perhaps some 6,000 square miles may have no more than twenty or thirty native troops to assist him in maintaining order among a population of, perhaps, 15,000 or 20,000 people, composed of several distinct tribes, some of which may be at enmity with others, and among whom petty larceny is a very common crime, demanding continual watchfulness and almost as continual punishment.

Occasionally a punitive expedition must, perforce, be entered upon in order to vindicate the authority of Government which has been defied; and in connection with such an undertaking the discretion of the officer in charge is put to a severe test. Headquarters would scarcely be pleased were any armed interference to be entered upon lightly; nevertheless probably any action, if taken at all, calls for urgency. An officer may entertain doubts concerning the subsequent approval of his superior, but prompt and vigorous measures may well mean the instant repression of a tribal disturbance which, if allowed to remain unattended to, even for a few hours, may develop into trouble of far greater significance and call for wider measures of repression. Herein comes the opportunity of the responsible official to show his powers of discrimination; and it speaks eloquently for the generally dependable character of the officials employed that so few of them have been found lacking in this essential.

DESPERATE REMEDIES.

ENLIGHTENED POLYGAMY.

AMERICA is the experimental garden of the world, but the Oriental scion of polygamy grafted on the stock of Puritan tradition did not produce a permanent plant, even in the chartered wilderness of the West. After the prophets of Utah, however, comes another who, daring much, announces his panacea in the pages of *The Forum*.

The author, Henry Walker, journalist and lawyer, announces that the true goal of the feminist movement is polygamy, "legalised, regulated by the State; respectable, and 'moral.'" The writer is not by any means apologetic, as will appear from his argument for "moral" polygamy:—

This may seem a paradox, and revolting. But its correctness will readily appear upon analysis, if the thinker will but divest himself of superficial prejudice, and will frankly admit the *fact*, patent to any clear-sighted observer, that the experiment of theoretically strict monogamy has never been a success. It has never existed as an actual condition at any period of the world's history, and does not exist to-day. The tragically familiar figure of the prostitute is, alone, a sufficient proof, although until recently she has been politely ignored. She will never disappear until mankind (and womankind) has been radically made over, or until there is a revival of some scheme of the relations of the sexes more rational and possible than strict monogamy.

There can be little doubt that the declining marriage rate gives rise to a number of unsolved problems which demand solution, but these will probably remain unsolved for many a long generation if polygamy is the only remedy. Mr. Walker deals with the demands of the feminist movement which have been aptly summed up as claiming "economic, mental and physical freedom," and in the course of his remarks points out that

The tendency towards freedom of divorce is marked already, in most countries; the rational measure of such freedom can no doubt be attained by progressive legislation, and will be, wherever desired, without any other radical revision of marital custom and law. The State is properly interested in divorce only in so far as the rights of children are concerned; but here it is very greatly interested, and must intervene to forbid injury or loss to them. No other restrictions upon divorce than those necessary for the protection of children are logical or likely to remain long in effective force. The feminist ideal of "freedom of choice" as to divorce is comparatively easy of attainment, but it would still leave the larger and more vital problem unsolved. It may be predicted, plausibly, that the re-establishment of a system of legitimate polygamy would go far towards lessening divorce by relieving some of the unnatural tensions due to the present monogamous ideal with its faulty workings.

The really dynamic demand for the feminists is that other cry for "freedom of choice" coming from the "extra" women. This cannot be met by "free love" nor by any form of polyandry, since nature has decreed that if a child results from the union it is the woman who bears it. In this greatest of all tasks she needs and is entitled to have the sustenance, protection and care of the father; furthermore the child is also entitled to this. The State is here concerned; uncertainty of paternity cannot be permitted for many obvious reasons. There is no form of polyandry or group-marriage conceivably adapted to modern civilised conditions. Moreover, the women themselves do not want it; their demand is not primarily for any form of "free love," for the normal woman is naturally monandrous. Where she is not, the cause is apt to be accidental or pathological; and we are here concerned solely with the normal, healthy persons of both sexes, and may disregard the diseased or abnormal. The reason for the monandrous tendency in women is plain; its roots lie in the facts of child-bearing.

The writer recognises two main objections—the sentimental and the economic, and disposes of the latter in quite a reasonable way; but is he on sure ground in saying that "the sentimental objection may be lightly regarded"? The "other side" will assuredly have something to say, if only by way of horror-struck prejudiced preference for the family life as practised by succeeding generations of men, even though they be "very imperfectly monogamous."

WOMAN'S FIGHT IN AMERICA.

IN *The North American Review* Ida Husted Harper discusses "The Recent Elections and Woman Suffrage," and explains the many difficulties which must be surmounted before women win the privilege to which they are entitled:—

Women have conducted between thirty and forty of these State campaigns, have given to them their very hearts' blood for three generations; they expect to struggle through many more and not take up the torch or the hatchet, but they do intend by legitimate means to make life miserable for members of Congress until they obtain the submission of a national amendment which will relieve them from the most cruel and unequal contest that ever was waged. There are arrayed against woman suffrage all the reactionary and vicious forces in the country, all of them enfranchised and unlimited as to finances. It is the only reform movement in existence whose strongest supporters cannot cast a vote in its favour, and the only one that could ever make a gain with this handicap and the opposition of the still controlling forces in American politics.

In addition to the political machines, the peculiar forces of capital are arrayed against any attempt to obtain "clean" government.

EDUCATION AND MOTHERHOOD.

IN *The Socialist Review* S. H. Halford challenges the oft-repeated statement that there is an excess of marriageable females over males. Writing under the title "Sex and Statistics," he says:

In Vol. VII. of the Census Report of England and Wales for 1911 the number of women between the age of 15 and 45 is given as 8,988,745, that for men at corresponding ages is stated as 8,325,710. The difference thus shown is a surplus of women totalling 663,035. It equals a percentage of about seven. Now if this percentage were real, and not merely apparent, it would not amount to much, and would be very far below the "three women to one man" idea that obtains even in the minds of people who ought to know better. When, however, we bring into consideration the fact that the census returns do not include the very large number of Englishmen absent from the country in the Army, Navy, merchant service, Colonial and Indian civil service, and as settlers in the Colonies, it will be evident that even this apparent surplus disappears. It is sufficient to quote the fact that in Cape Colony, although the total white population is only given as 579,741, there were 57,000 more men than women to prove how fallacious is the idea created by even the small surplus of women shown by the English census.

Mr. Halford traces many of the evils to the "practical abolition of early marriage," and adds:—

Yet we are encouraging with all our might those influences of education and so-called emancipation which tend more and more to make women unwilling both for marriage and child-bearing. Note these statistics from the report of the Registrar-General of England and Wales, and this will be demonstrated:

TOWNS WHERE HIGHER EDUCATION OF GIRLS IS GENERAL.

	Population	No. of births 1910
Dulwich	14,975	201
Hampstead	85,510	1,269
Hornsey	84,602	1,377
Stoke Newington ..	50,683	915
Total	235,770	3,762

TOWNS WHERE HIGHER EDUCATION FOR GIRLS IS RARE.

	Population	No. of births 1910
Audley, Staffs ..	16,107	480
Chester-le-Street ..	78,595	2,825
Canning Town ..	82,261	2,756
Poplar	56,327	1,740
Total	233,290	7,801

It is very generally asserted by psychologists that education beyond certain limits necessarily produces in women an asexual condition. If this be true, then it will be reflected in the birth and marriage statistics in proportion to the extent of female education. Those people—they are many—who are angry with the psychologists might ponder the figures just quoted.

It might be asked that if the contention be correct that it is to education that we are to attribute the growing unwillingness to marriage and childbearing that characterises our women, then, as education is continually extending, a difference will be seen not only between the working-class town and the well-to-do, but also between the figures for the higher-class town at different periods. Here are the figures:

	Year 1901		Year 1910	
	Population	Births	Population	Births
Stoke Newington	51,247	1,117	50,683	955
Hampstead	81,942	1,4[illegible]	[illegible],510	1,269
Hornsey	72,056	1,626	84,602	1,377
	205,245	4,[illegible]18	220,795	3,601

A PREHISTORIC AVIATOR.

THE *Aëronautical Journal* contains an interesting paper, "On the Flight of Pterodactyls," contributed by Dr. E. H. Hanken and D. M. S. Watson, from which we make the following extracts :—

It is perhaps unfortunate, from the point of view of aviators, that the extinct flying reptiles known as "pterodactyls" or "pterosauria" no longer exist. There can be no doubt that in the case of the more highly evolved members of the group the organisation was more specialised for flight than that of any other animal of which we have knowledge. Other flying animals can walk, run, or swim, besides fly. But in the case of the higher pterodactyls their structure is such that it is difficult to understand how they can have had any other means of progression than flying. With a body little larger than that of a cat they had a span of wing asserted in some cases to have reached 21 feet or more. These huge wings were so constructed that it was impossible for them to be furled against the body as happens with the wings of birds and bats. Only the outer half of each wing could be bent backwards in the direction of the body. With such partially furled wings it may be asked how they could possibly swim if they ever alighted on the water over which they flew.

That pterodactyls were incapable of progressing as quadrupeds is proved by the fact that, as will be further explained below, the fore limb was incapable of movement in a fore and aft direction at either the shoulder or elbow joints.

If they ever walked on their hind legs they could only have done so with the wings extended, as otherwise the wing-tips would have trailed along the ground.

Perhaps the most feasible method of progression for them when on land is that, having alighted on their feet, they fell over on their stomachs and pushed themselves along, after the manner of penguins, by means of the hind legs, perhaps with an occasional slight lift from the wings for surmounting an obstacle. . . . There can be no doubt that they were fully adapted for life in the air. Throughout their organisation weight-saving has been carried to an extreme. The hollow air-filled wing bones of vultures were heavy columns compared with the delicate empty tubes that supported the wings of pterodactyls. These tubes were made of hard bone material scarcely thicker than a visiting card. At the two extremities the bones were strengthened internally by delicate struts and bands of bone of paper-like thinness. The bones of the hind limb, the vertebræ, and even the phalanges of the wing-finger were hollow and filled with air. Striking illustrations of these facts may be seen in the specimens exhibited in the British Museum (Natural History), South Kensington.

Remains of the larger pterodactyls are found in some cases in strata of marine origin under circumstances that make it probable that they habitually flew at some such distance as a hundred miles from the nearest land. They seem to have been mainly fish-eating in habit.



Pteranodon Gliding and about to commence a Flight.

(Reproduced by courtesy of "The Aeronautical Journal.")

The conclusions of the writer are made very clear by the excellent diagrams which accompany the article, which is followed by a special description of the "Wing Adjustments of Pterodactyls" by Mr. G. Howard Short. We reproduce one of the illustrations, which is an attempt at a complete restoration of the species pteranodon in the normal gliding position and also when about to commence a flight by jumping from the edge of a cliff. It is probable that they started usually by jumping from some high object and possibly they resembled certain birds in not being able to rise from flat ground.

It should be remembered that although the wings could doubtless be used for support on the ground, as shown in the figure, the animal could not walk with them as there was no power of fore and aft movement at the shoulder and practically none at the elbow.

The most feasible way in which it could have alighted appears to be as follows : After gliding along with speed gradually decreasing and angle of incidence increasing, owing to adjustments described above, the speed would be abolished within about two feet of the ground; then it would suddenly flex its wings, throw forward its legs, and alight in an attitude somewhat similar to that shown in the illustration.

DISRAELI.

"PLEASANT rather than revealing" is Mr. Escott's comment on the new volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," and his article in *The Contemporary Review*, entitled "Dropped Stitches in Disraelian Biography," supplies some of the missing threads :—

After all a biography ought to be not merely a history but a portrait. In it a place should be found for episodes and details, insignificant perhaps to the chronicler of State affairs, but often calculated to bring out into effective relief characteristic features of temper and person, as well as not only to heighten effect but to ensure truth.

Of such episodes Mr. Escott refers to Disraeli's earlier impecuniosity and later wealth :—

As a youth of five-and-twenty, when electioneering in Buckinghamshire, he had been pressed for money, but was financed out of all his troubles by a Conservative millionaire. Much later than this he received from Mrs. Brydges-Willyams sixty thousand pounds, with cash tributes from other, and, in some cases, anonymous quarters. He owed his first Parliamentary start as Member for Maidstone to the good-will of the Borough's sitting representative, Wyndham Lewis. His marriage with his former colleague's wealthy widow placed him for ever above money anxiety. Master of a fortune and a handsome establishment, he carried thrift near to the point of meanness. The squire of Hughenden was the most considerate of employers; the master of Grosvenor Gate set a pattern of economy and self-denial for all Mayfair. Except at his State dinners he never allowed the gas to be lighted in the hall; he forbade fires to be kept up in unoccupied rooms; he allowed himself only the lightest and cheapest of red wines that he might give important guests choice claret, with what he called the "flavour of the violet."

Disraeli's earliest and chief backer, who secured him his first real start in politics and society, was not Lord George Bentinck, but the man whom Bentinck detested, Lyndhurst. By that time Disraeli had begun to escape from the professional moneylenders, some of them Jew usurers in a small way. Of the two men who put him financially on his feet neither belonged to the Hebrew race. Andrew Montagu, the Yorkshireman (the "little squire," the good genius of the Carlton Club), had helped him from time to time as liberally as he was always ready to help any individual or institution of whom he thought the Conservative Party had need.



Photo by] **Signing the Treaty of Ghent one hundred years ago.** [Swaine.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

MOWRY SABEN possesses the rare gift of convincing without the adventitious aid of argument. In *The Forum* he replies to Professor Beyer's article on "The Art of Everlasting Life" and his own interpretation of "The Problem of Immortality" is one which will commend itself to the catholic reader as a reasonable approximation to the truth. The writer avoids dogmatism:—

I do not flatter myself that I am capable of solving this problem. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question that I am no more able to answer than was Job. If I believe in immortality (as I do), it is not because I have ever been able to demonstrate its truth, but because I have found belief in immortality essential, if one is to discover a meaning in Man, or even in the universe itself.

Professor Beyer believes in a kind of qualified immortality. In his view some are immortal and others mortal. Whether one be immortal or not depends, in his opinion, upon whether one succeeds, or does not succeed, in this life in acquiring a soul, and he finds no evidence of soul below Man, and none in human babes. "Briefly resuming," he says, in the course of his argument, "the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul; the human embryo and the babe at birth probably have not developed a soul; and finally there is very slender reason to suppose that all children of four years have attained it." And he believes, too, that "Consistency requires another step—the possibility that a man may travel through life without finding a soul, and with no prospect of any sort of life beyond." Soul, then, is something that he must acquire in this life, if he would be a citizen of the Eternities.

And who are they that acquire a soul, and thus achieve immortality? According to Professor Beyer, only the good are so fortunate. He says that "the soul begins when a man actively, though perhaps unconsciously, chooses righteousness as against iniquity, decides to cleave to the good and despise the evil; the soul grows only if he stubbornly maintains that course to the end." "Man is a soul-hunter," he says. "For this end was he born, nor to shear sheep on the hills, or lambs on the Stock Exchange, but to win an immortal soul." He avers that he "cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity," so he does not believe that the bad man will have a chance.

Mr. Saben does not consider this "immortality by competitive examination" very inspiring, nor is he allured by the rigorous definitions of life as expressed by Haeckel, Spencer and others; his own feelings may be gathered from the following extracts:—

What Man is, it is more difficult to say, for Man is an aggregation of individuals, each of whom is, in some measure, unique. But the reality of any individual lies in something that does not appear on the surface. Every individual, as sensuously apprehended, is a phenomenon of a deeper self, and this deeper self we may call the WHOLE SELF, or SOUL.

And so, instead of saying, as Professor Beyer does, that Man is a soul-hunter, that he is in quest of a soul, as if he were only a hermit-crab of the spirit, seeking for self-protection a soul, instead of a shell, like his lesser brother, I should say that Man is a soul, and, being a Pluralist, that every individual is a soul seeking to realise itself. And I would go still further, and assert, in place of Professor Beyer's contention, that "the plant has no soul; the starfish has no soul; the dog has no soul," and the like, that every animate thing is a soul, trying to realise itself, and that, if all animate things were not souls, they could not function at all. A living creature must be either a soul or a mechanism, and, from this dilemma, Professor Beyer, when he takes time to retrace his mental steps, will discover that there is no avenue of escape. If, at the time of his birth, a man has no soul, then he is only a machine, and, if he is only a machine, his chances for obtaining a soul are *nil*. No fountain can rise higher than its source. If Man is born in corruption, he will end in corruption. But if his ancestral home were among the stars, he may reach the stars again. . . .

Immortality is the golden dream of poets and sages. It may be baseless, but it is a dream that gives dignity to life, that makes the heart to sing for joy, that illumines the path of all human experience. The humblest person takes on a new meaning when he conceives of himself as immortal; he is now bathed in an ocean of ineffable glories. Belief in immortality brings the music of the spheres to our door: it opens up all the vistas of infinitude. If the lower orders of existence are immortal no less than humanity, it does not prove that Reality is generous. If my dog is immortal, as well as myself, I shall be glad, for he has kept me faithful company, and if, in mystic realms that lie beyond these voices that babble here their wisdom or their lack of wisdom, it should transpire that the fragrance of the lilies shall evermore be sweet, and that the tall pines shall evermore be tall, I shall find, in the realisation of the immortal hope, a fairer vision than any that has ever been vouchsafed me in ancient creeds and musty tomes. I have no desire to play forever on a golden harp, or forever to sing the psalms of deliverance and rejoicing, but if "Nature's social union," which Burns divined and sang, broken so often here by the hand of rude necessity, is one of the inspirations of the Choir Invisible, as it well may be, then the music of the Celestial Choir will indeed be the gladness of the world for evermore.

MILITARISM MAKES WAR.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, the celebrated author, has been too many years in America to worship the image of Moloch which Europe has set up. His article, "Smashing the War-Machines," which appears in *The Forum* is devoted to an elaboration of the old saying, "Where there's smoke, there's fire." The writer is hopeful that the fierce struggle will at least impair the deadly machinery of war prepared with such lavish expenditure of thought and wealth. He says:—

It has long been my conviction that peace was out of the question while those machines remained unimpaired, and that the great war now under way had to come in order that they might be disposed of. First of all, it seems to be a law of nature that whenever life creates an instrument of any kind its mere existence makes the use of it inevitable. The presence of an organ, says the biologist, implies a demand for its functioning. The war machines of the great modern nations are such instruments or organs. Being created at enormous cost for a certain emergency, they have tended irresistibly to produce that very emergency. The greater their perfection the greater has been their pressure in direction of circumstances that would bring that perfection to proof.

So the machines fulfil their destiny, and in the collision and consequent destruction peace may be evolved, for it is not to be considered that the nations will deliberately set to work to sacrifice the savings of generations to rebuild the Juggernauts. There will be more pressing demands which must be met:—

Think what sums will be needed to rebuild a hundred wasted towns. Think what time and thought will be required to revive a million ruined enterprises. Think of the debts to be faced by nations and by individuals. Think of the host of cripples and invalids that will be left behind by the war to burden the greatly reduced army of active workers. Think of the orphans and widows and childless parents who will look in vain for the supporters on whom they depended before the war. Think of the demand that will be made on a country like England, which will no longer permit the distress of the individual to be overlooked by the nation as a whole. If we keep all these drains on the national resources clearly in mind, whilst also remembering that resources already reduced to a fearful extent by the war may become still further reduced by famine in several countries, how can we possibly think men willing to spend what little is left them on more machines of the kind that has put them in such a plight? . . .



Photo by] [*The Sphere*

A Ward in the Drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Singer's House at Milton Hill, Didcot, Berks.

Each cot is provided with eiderdown light and warm.

Militarism, with all that it implies, cannot be wiped out at a single stroke. The instinct for fighting is too deeply rooted in human nature. But during the last century it has been raised to a sort of religious creed, particularly in Germany, where they have even given this new cult a national temple in the form of a monument commemorating the Battle of the Nations. This kind of militarism, claiming absolute ascendancy over every other form of national expression, will be doomed for ever by this war, I think. And, if such prove the case, no sacrifice demanded by the war—whether it be of life or of money—will have been made in vain.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

A "PRISONER OF WAR" AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WITH the issue for December, *Wild Life* (London: 55, Bank Buildings, Kingsway) completes its fifth volume and the second year of its existence. It is satisfactory to learn, from an editorial announcement, that although caught unawares by the war, and having risked a reduction in its pages, the magazine has not lost a single reader or subscriber on that account. To which we may add there is no reason why *Wild Life* should not continue its successful career, for it is a unique publication, splendidly produced in all ways, and capital value for the half-crown charged for it.

The present number contains valuable articles by such well-known and reliable authorities as the Rev. D. A. Scott, Mr. F. Russell Roberts, Mr. C. H. Pattison, Mr. E. Eykyn, Mr. Alfred E. Tonge, and Mr. E. G. Boulenger. Numerous illustrations are supplied by, in some cases, the writers of the articles, and in others by leading men in natural history circles.

"Notes from the Zoological Gardens" is always an interesting feature, and from Mr. Boulenger's article we quote as follows:—

Our unrivalled collection of Apes has been augmented by the arrival of a four-year-old partially trained Chimpanzee. "Percy," as the newcomer is called, has already been taught to smoke, to walk in an upright position, and to eat more or less like a gentleman. He is, in a sense, a "prisoner of war," as he had already been purchased by some German showmen, and was to be sent to Hamburg, where he was to be trained for the music-hall stage.



Copyright] [D. Seth-Smith.

Chimpanzee.

By courtesy of *Wild Life* we are enabled to present our readers with a picture of this odd-looking creature, who, if he could, adds Mr. Boulenger, "would no doubt express pleasure at his escape from German 'culture,' being much more comfortable in his concentration camp at the Ape House."

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

THE NEW BIRTH OF RUSSIA.

It is an accomplished fact. The average Briton will find difficulty in admitting it. He has always conceived Russia as a vast and barbaric Empire, ambitious to extend her frontiers, especially at the cost of Great Britain. Russophobia has been a national disease. One of the weightiest reasons for the widespread distrust of the late W. T. Stead was that he championed Russia, that he was its apologist, and the advocate of an *entente cordiale* with what he regarded as the one empire in Europe with which we ought to be on the friendliest possible terms. He would have rejoiced to see this day. He had a profound faith in its national and political destiny.—W. Ll. Williams, in *The Sunday at Home*.

INDIA AND THE WAR.

India has taken her place in the Empire, and has been warmly welcomed as worthy of it. There can be no going back. The future can never be as the past. What it will be cannot now be determined. But our present duty seems clear. There must be no slackening of the Christian message, no dimming of the Christian ideal now. The pouring out of India's wealth of sacrifice demands in return an ever-increasing sacrifice from us in order that the ideal she upholds with us in Europe may be firmly planted on her own soil.—E. H. M. W., in *The Church Missionary Review*.

FIRST AID IN FRENCH.

In view of the large number of men who are likely to join the Expeditionary Force within the next few months, the study of French and German assumes additional importance. In the mobilisation camps the Young Men's Christian Association have adopted a scheme for giving what may be termed "First Aid in French" lessons. No attempt will be made to teach grammar, but rather simple phrases in everyday use—nouns, numerals, money values, etc.—*Y.M.C.A. Review*.

THE NEED FOR THINKING.

The ambitions of some working-class mother for her children, the divine discontent of some solitary workman, the shy yearnings of a mill boy for knowledge, of a lonely little factory girl for refinement and beauty—these desires, which have led to effort in the minds of a few scattered people who have thought for themselves, have spread and gained power till they have resulted in the great progressive movements of the workers to-day. It is the thoughts of single individuals which have crystallised into a frightful war in the one case, and into university education for working people in the other. And so it is the duty of every man and woman in these days to think out for themselves, not only the causes which have led to this calamitous war, but the possibilities that lie in the reconstruction that must follow. Think, inquire, learn, but above all *think*.—Carol Ring, in *The Highway*.

"TIPPERARY."

Of all the numerous songs that have acquired vogue during war-time, surely "Tipperary" is the most remarkable. In the first place, the words have absolutely nothing whatever to do with war, and sound no patriotic note: they reflect simply a rollicking, inconsequent jocularity and naïve wistfulness, and unlike far too many of the songs we suffer in music-halls there is no taint of vulgarity in the verbal expression, no silly attempt at phonetic representation of what is supposed to be the special pronunciation of the masses, and no affected bad grammar (many fairly educated people are capable of "has fairly drove me"). An Irishman in London plaintively gives vent to his hankering to get back to his beloved Tipperary, and especially "to the sweetest girl" he knows. The sentiment is "Home, sweet Home" and "The Girl I left behind me" combined, "A touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."—*Musical Times*.

Not poetry by Kipling, or martial strains by Elgar, do we hear on all sides as our

soldiers and recruits swing along, but a strange jingle about "Tipperary," and a mongrel rhyme about "one man, two men, three men, etc., going to mow a meadow." Where are you, budding composers, who may now make fame and fortune at one stroke by writing a real soldiers' song, which will fly from mouth to mouth like Greek fire?—*The Monthly Musical Record.*

THE VALUE OF POTATOES.

POTATOES are valuable raw material for the manufacture of potato flour, dextrine, dextrose, and potato starch, as well as potato spirit. But the Germans took the opportunity which we rejected, and their annual production has risen to about a quarter of the whole potato crop of Europe and the United States, and it is Germany which has monopolised the world's market in potato spirit, potato flakes (cattle food), sago, cornflour, starch, macaroni, etc., and found for all her products a ready market in England. Now is the chance to recover something from her, and it may well be that a path towards that goal is by way of co-operation.—*Agricultural Economist.*

HELIGOLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

THE most important lighthouse at the present time, so far as actual operations are concerned, is the light of Heligoland, from the fact that it is centred in the very heart of the naval war zone. Heligoland was ceded by Great Britain to Germany in 1890, in return for concessions made to Britain in East Africa. . . . The Heligoland light is an electric one, and the most powerful in Germany, and is claimed by the Germans to be the most powerful light in existence. The light consists of a cluster of three revolving lights, having a lighting power of 40,000,000 candles, a magnitude of light which from figures alone is hard and difficult to realise. The lights are on the searchlight principle, and the cluster is surmounted by a single light of the same kind and size, that can be revolved independently and three times as fast as the three lights. The single light is put into use in case of accident to the cluster of three. The electric power is generated by two steam-engines, and boilers, running belt-driven electric generators.—J. W. O., in *The Millgate Monthly.*

"EYE-WITNESS" IDENTIFIED.

WHEN the descriptive articles by "Eye-Witness" began to come out of the war, people asked who the author of them might be. The name "Eye-Witness" suggested that possibly it was Colonel Maurice Grant, who in the South African War wrote that brilliant book, "The Words of an Eye-Witness." He, however, informed one of the evening papers that he was not the "Eye-Witness" of the present war. The new "Eye-Witness" turned out to be an officer who has written some quite fine military stories in *Blackwood's* and elsewhere, Colonel Ernest Dunlop Swinton, D.S.O. He belongs to the family of Swinton of Swinton in Berwickshire.—*The Book Monthly.*

READING IN WAR-TIME.

WE all feel the pre-occupation of the war; and yet, as we grow somewhat accustomed to the terrible strain of it, we find relief in what for a time fixes the mind on other thoughts. "I find that, while I am awake, I can sometimes not think of it for an hour," said a great scholar to me the other day, "and I have found it a great relief to lecture on Homer." We do not wish to forget the war. Our thoughts, our hopes are with those who are in danger for their country. But in order that we may help them to the best of our strength and wisdom, we must keep our minds fresh and sane. And this rest from useless worry we may find in reading something which is remote from the associations of the war.—Dr. M. E. SADLER, in *The School World.*

AFFORESTATION IN WALES.

THERE are many thousands of acres of barren mountain land in North Wales on which trees could be profitably grown. Some forty years ago the son of a quarryman there bought with a small sum of money he had scraped together a piece of practically worthless upland about ten acres in area. This he planted with larches. Fifteen years later he had to thin his little forest. The thinning proved so remunerative that he got back all the money he had spent on the buying and planting of the land. Three or four years ago the whole harvest was reaped and the timber sold realised over £7,000.—*The Welsh Outlook.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

THE *Bibliothèque Universelle* for December has an article by Virgile Rossel ón the rôle Switzerland has to play in this war. He starts by warning his Swiss readers against their tendency to give credence too readily to tales of atrocities from both sides, saying that until the end of the war it is impossible to get a correct view of such things. But apart from this he does not regard it as a breach of neutrality to say that Switzerland views with horror and apprehension Germany's rapaciousness and ruthless breaking of treaties where small neutral States are concerned; for is not Switzerland a small neutral State?

Passing from this protest to the actual rôle Switzerland is playing and must play in the war, the writer notes that this little country has been of inestimable use to prisoners of war on both sides by transmitting letters from and to relatives. In the space of a month the Swiss post office transmitted more than 20,000 of these messages—9,227 from Germany to German prisoners in France and 11,400 from France to Germany. Switzerland has also stretched out a helping hand to the refugees who have fled from their devastated homes.

The writer ends with a warning to the Swiss that they must be united: whatever happens, they must not allow the prejudices of French or German Switzerland in favour of one or other of the combatants to divide their unity, for in that unity lies their strength.

In *Le Correspondant* of November 25th M. d'Aunet gives his second article on "The Economic Consequences of the War." As he pointed out in his last article, France will have spent vast sums during the war, and there is very little prospect of it being refunded by indemnity money. Germany is wealthy; indeed, before the outbreak of war she was the wealthiest country in Europe, and after the United States the wealthiest in the world; but for some years past her military expenses have swallowed up her profits, and in her bid for the world's trade she staked rashly. However, in spite of this, she has great reserve resources which she can draw upon; but, as M. d'Aunet points out, one of the objects of the Allies, if victorious, will be to divide Germany once more into small States; therefore it will be impossible to press these too hard; for, as the writer again explains, a powerful neighbour is a menace, but a poor one is a hindrance. Although the territorial acquisitions in after years will be a certain source of wealth, they will not be of use immediately.

France will, at the end of the war, find herself in financial straits. What is to be done? To commence with, M. d'Aunet maintains that when this war is finished another will begin—that of commerce, and France must fight to hold her own. To do so the State must help and the banks give credit for industrial enterprises. The State and the banks in Germany both assisted industry with great success. What is needed, as the writer points out, is that public money should remain in France to help her commerce, rather than, as has been the case heretofore, go abroad in loans.

M. d'Aunet is confident as to the result of the war. The Allies are superior in numbers by nearly ten to seven, or by more, as their losses have been inferior to those of the enemy; their financial position is infinitely stronger, and they, having command of the sea, are easily provisioned, whereas Germany is boxed in without an outlet. All these things inspire confidence as to the future.

In the same number, in an article on "France and Alsace," M. Paul Albert Helmer points out what a very delicate matter it will be for France when Alsace-Lorraine is given back to her. No one doubts that Alsace has loved France staunchly

and loyally during the forty years of separation, but, as is so often the way when a thing is beyond our reach and much desired, we idealise it, and such was the case in Alsace. The German domination, with the everlasting cry, "Deutschland über alles," had the effect of driving the Alsatians into the arms of France—not the France of to-day, but the France of their fathers, a wonderful country which granted freedom to all her States.

Throughout M. Helmer's article, breathing though it does an ardent desire for reunion with France, there runs an undercurrent of anxiety, as of one who has expected so much, that when his hopes are on the eve of realisation he fears a disappointment. In his article he gives some maxims as a guide to France in her treatment of Alsace which, if they were followed, would no doubt smooth away many difficulties.

In the mid-monthly number M. S. Mey, in his article, "A Voice from Poland—the War and the Poles," draws a vivid picture of the state of anxiety in which the Poles are living at the present time. He maintains that the Poles are loyal to Russia and are not "internal enemies," as they have often been called. The proclamation of the Tsar granting autonomy only strengthened this sentiment and did not create it. Poles are ready to do their part, and have already shared the hardships and trials of the Russians; but while fighting and helping loyally they wonder if the proclamation is likely to be carried out, and if it is why has no move been made in that direction up to now? It is true that things are in a disturbed state, Poland is invaded, but it would surely be possible to make some small reforms in the critical questions of education, or land tenure, as earnest of greater reforms to come.

M. Mey fears the Russian Nationalist who spreads the idea that the treatment of the Poles up to now has resulted in their loyalty, therefore it is the method to be followed in the future, and who is always preaching the danger of the "internal enemies." The Nationalist has the support of the small officials by whom Poland is flooded, and the writer fears that once the pressing need is past the proclamation will be forgotten and affairs slip back into their old ways. He cries, "We want no special privileges; we ask only to be governed as are the other governments of Russia."

DUTCH.

A WRITER in *Vragen des Tijds*, summarising the more recent events of the European war, says that we cannot yet see the beginning of the end, but that as a matter of fact we can scarcely yet see the end of the beginning. Neither side can really be said to be gaining the victory. If the struggle be fought out solely on military lines, the fight will be a long one, but other factors than men and munitions may exert influence. Economical considerations are to be reckoned with, and, in this case, Britain and her Allies will have the better chance. The naval battle off Chili was injurious to British prestige, but the South Atlantic engagement has restored confidence. We may look for naval battles rather than great land fights during the next few weeks; it is not unlikely that the German fleet will make a move. How will such a naval engagement affect Holland? The battle may commence beyond the recognised limits of territorial waters, but may finish within those limits. Will the Dutch coast suffer? The Dutch Navy must be ready, just as the Dutch Army must be on the watch, lest one of the belligerents finds it of strategic importance to encroach on the territory of the Netherlands. The geographical position of Holland is unfortunate in that respect, but it is satisfactory to remember that neither side will be anxious to have Holland inimical. Then there is the question of mines; Holland has a grievance against both Germans and British for mining the North Sea, but it must be said in favour of England that she has given a warning to neutrals. However, in avoiding the English mine-field, neutral shipping runs risks from the German mine area. With reference to the entry of Turkey into the war, the writer says that the idea of preaching a holy war is absurd; it is not a war against all Christians, but only against those which Turkey regards as enemies! It is a political war, not a religious one, and it is doubtful if the cry will have the desired effect. Finally, what will happen when peace negotiations are discussed? Russia will want the Dardanelles and Constantinople; England has always barred the way in the past, so there may be trouble between them at the finish.

ITALIAN.

UNDER the title "Finis Germaniae?" Prof. Bodrero, of Messina, contributes to the *Nuova Antologia* perhaps the most philosophic explanation of the war that has yet appeared in the Press. According to him the war marks the close of the Germanic hegemony over Europe. For one hundred years—since 1813—and with a marked increase of power since 1870, Germany has imposed her civilisation on the world—her science, her literature, her marvellous organising spirit, her method and discipline. All nations have modelled themselves more or less closely upon her, and have assimilated what they needed from her "culture," to their own great advantage. To-day the revolt has come, hastened by the crushing demands of Germany's triumphant militarism, but mainly because Europe has no longer any need for her leadership, and desires the expansion of individual nationalities. In conclusion, the professor writes:—

Let us salute the great civilisation in its decline. It will leave a deep mark in history, for it has given to humanity many distinguished men, and conferred marvellous benefits on human progress. . . . After the great war, when the moral equilibrium of humanity is re-established, Germany will still be powerful, but she will no longer be the dominant nation. Fate has decreed otherwise.

To the same number V. Fago contributes a singularly interesting sketch of Enver Pasha, that redoubtable intriguer who is the sole leader of the Young Turk party to survive the revolutionary events of recent years, and to whose extraordinary personal influence is due much of the Mahommedan unrest throughout Northern Africa. Enver Pasha, declares the author, has been the enemy equally of France, of England, and of Italy, and to-day he has thrown the whole weight of his iron will and his boundless ambition on the side of Germany. He is the evil genius who pulls the strings of Ottoman diplomacy. Quoting from Jean Finot in the *Nouvelle Revue*, the *Antologia* retells the story how W. T. Stead's advocacy of the "two keels to one" policy was the cause of German influence preventing the bestowal upon him of the Nobel Prize for Peace.

E. T. Moneta, writing in the *Vita Internazionale*, views with grave concern the return of Count von Bülow to Rome. His presence will mean a continual pressure on the Italian Government to remain neutral indeed in name, but in reality bound by invisible chains to her earlier allies.

The *Rassegna Contemporanea*, in editorial comments on the ministerial declarations in the Chamber on December 3rd, enthusiastically supports Salandra's affirmation of a neutrality that shall be based on "the calm and unfettered judgment of all that is required for the custody of Italian interests." More important still, however, they consider the further phrase in which the Prime Minister declared the intention of the Government "to affirm and to support" Italy's "rightful aspirations," for these clearly open out a fairly wide field for military intervention at any moment that Italy might think necessary.

SPANISH.

How will the participation of Turkey in the present war affect Anglo-Russian relations? That question is exercising the minds of Spaniards as much as those of the people of other countries, neutral or belligerent, and *La Lectura* calls attention to this important matter at the conclusion of an article on the European struggle. Turkey is to cease to exist as a Power; both England and Russia have declared so much. Is Russia to have Constantinople? She has always wanted it, and Great Britain has always asserted that she shall not have it. What will happen in the near future? It is an interesting problem, and there may be considerable trouble in finding a solution. In another article a well-informed writer deals with the subject of making Spain more of a self-contained nation. The war at first restricted to a great extent the importation of cereals and other things; Spain could grow more grain and raise more stock, thus making her less dependent on outside conditions. Statistics are given of the importation of skins, wool, silk, and other products, as well as the areas of districts under cultivation, with the population per 1,000 hectares. If Spain would give more attention to cultivation and stock-raising, various industries could be improved and the whole country would benefit. If the war makes the Spaniards realise all this, it would be well for the country.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

"THE DYNASTS."

THERE is material for half a dozen stage plays in Mr. Thomas Hardy's drama of the Napoleonic wars, but one might well stand appalled at the difficulties of selection and representation involved in making even one adaptation which could pass muster in the theatre. Mr. Hardy himself has said that "The Dynasts" is intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage. In projecting his vast picture of Europe in the melting-pot, stirred feverishly by the hand of the genius that was Napoleon, he held himself untrammelled by considerations of the dramatic unities. For the better execution of his aim he could legitimately introduce supernatural spectators of the terrestrial action—Spirits Ironic and Spirits Sinister, Spirits of Pity and Spirits of the Years, the interpreters of that Immanent Will who rules all things and in whose eyes a century is as a breath of time. He could range at will from London to Moscow, from Leipzig to Coruña. All facets of all the happenings of the ten most momentous years in Europe's history were his to set down in his masterly epic: Pitt battling for England in the teeth of failing health and a virulent Opposition; the Wessex peasant watching by the beacon-fires which at a touch were to flame into the message that Napoleon had come at last; Napoleon himself on the battlefields where he climbed to his dizziest heights and crashed to his catastrophic fall. It was nothing to him, nor to his enthralled readers, that although he cast his tremendous story into the form of a play, it assumed proportions which rendered it impossible of presentation on any stage. Three parts, nineteen acts, one hundred and thirty scenes, must exhaust the most avid of playgoers, unless enacted on the Chinese serial plan; and in any case much of the play is quite outside the scope of the theatre.

There remains, however, very much that can and should be acted at a time when England and Europe are engaged in a struggle incomparably greater than that of the fateful years 1805-1815. Mr. Granville Barker is obviously the man to have been entrusted with the very difficult task of adaptation, and he is greatly to be congratulated on having risen to the height of his opportunity. He has limited himself as far as possible to England's share in the gigantic contest; thus at the Kingsway Theatre we have nothing of the Russian campaign, nothing of Ulm, Wagram, Austerlitz, nothing of the intrigues of the European States, nothing of Josephine or Maria Louisa. What Mr. Barker has taken he has grouped under three heads—Trafalgar, The Peninsula, Waterloo; and happily these three heads include some of the most splendidly exciting things in the whole play.

Having decided what scenes to present, the next, and more difficult, problem was how to present them. Absolute realism was, of course, out of the question. Stage realism—by which I mean the false realism that introduces a horde of supers supported by fireworks and gun-noises "off," and asks the audience to transmute them into armies—is bad at the best, and would be detestable if applied to a play like "The Dynasts." Mr. Granville Barker, as was to be expected of him, has abandoned both these methods without a pang, and has paid his audience the compliment of crediting them with a little imagination. At the Kingsway Theatre there is a very minimum of scenery and stage effect, and we are all allowed to see and feel for ourselves what our individual imaginations permit us to see and feel.

In the front of the apron-stage, directly facing the first row of the stalls, sits Mr. Henry Ainley, the Reader, whose task it is to link together the various episodes by a running commentary founded mainly on Mr. Hardy's own stage directions. On either side of him are throned the Chorus, Miss Esmé Béringer and Miss Carrie Haase, who intone in strophe and antistrophe the magnificent verses which in the complete drama are spoken by the Phantasmal Intelligences. On this triple thread of Reader and Chorus is strung a series of detached scenes, each complete in itself but bearing little or no relation to the whole. To quote the author once more, in "The Dynasts" "No attempt has been made to create that completely organic structure of action and closely webbed development of character and motive which are demanded in a drama strictly self-contained." If this is true of the original drama, it of course applies with greater force to an abridgment, and the name which best describes the Kingsway production is "a panorama show."

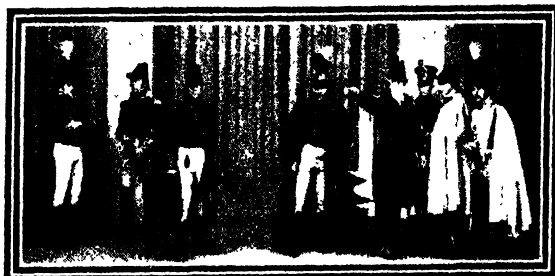


Photo by Daily Mirror.

Wellington in "The Dynasts."

Thus in the Trafalgar act we are shown the preparations on the Wessex coast against Napoleon's daily threatened invasions, scenes in which Mr. Hardy's Wessex folk from the "Mayor of Casterbridge" and the rest move with as much reality as any people who have ever lived. Next we are alternately on board the *Victory* and Villeneuve's ship, the *Bucentaure*, during the fight at Trafalgar, until Nelson dies in the cockpit of the *Victory*, a scene made profoundly moving by the excellence of the acting of Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Nelson and Mr. Herbert Ross as Hardy. In the next act the scene shifts to the Peninsula and a cellar in a house near Astorga filled with deserters from the retreating British Army and their women, again admirably acted and most horrible in its grim realisation of the horror of war. Then come Coruña and the death of Sir John Moore, which loses something of effectiveness from its resemblance to Nelson's death-bed scene. Here, too, we first see Napoleon and Wellington, the Man of Destiny and the man destined to bring him low; and the rest of the play is the story of the duel between these two which culminated on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815. Mr. Hardy's sure touch has made clear, as much Napoleonic literature could not do, the vital difference in temperament and character between the Emperor and the Duke which inevitably weighted the scales against Napoleon: the one indubitably a military genius of the first order, a man gifted with the supreme personal magnetism which alone can command vast armies and reluctant peoples to work his will, yet filled with a megalomaniac obsession, an insane determination to be a world-conqueror, which involved a dispersion of his great energies and his downfall; the other a man of far less ability than his great antagonist, but possessing solely one idea in life, the crushing of Napoleon's power. The acting of Mr. Sydney Valentine as Napoleon and of Mr. Murray Carson as Wellington was most notable. As the drama heightens to its tremendous climax no Englishman can fail to be thrilled to the core with a sense of what his country has done in the past and will do again. That is the keynote of "The Dynasts," not shrilly insisted upon, but striking a deep chord which pervades the whole noble production.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

THE BAIRNS' MAGAZINE.

With the January number this penny illustrated monthly for children of all ages commences its second volume. Encouraging words from various sources have reached the editor. A Head Master in Wales writes:—"Allow me to congratulate you on the December number. It was great!" From Warwickshire a Head Mistress sends a cheery note, saying:—"The magazine has been read aloud during needlework lessons, and the stories have given great pleasure." The *English Mail* says:—"The *Bairns' Magazine* is a wonderful pennyworth, and the editor, Miss Estelle W. Stead, can be warmly congratulated on its production."

The January issue maintains the high standard aimed at, and contains a budget of interesting and instructive articles. These are fully referred to in an advertisement, and here we need only call attention to a chatty account, with a striking portrait, of "Lord Fisher: Britain's First Sea Lord," in which Miss Stead says:—

Lord Fisher is a short, clean-shaven man, with square shoulders and strong arms. He is full of life and fun, and loves dancing, and tells the most excellent stories. But he is a demon for work, and believes in early rising; indeed, I have heard it said he is up every morning, winter and summer, by 4 a.m. He is full of enthusiasm, and says the British sailor is the best man in the world, and the finest material ever produced by a great people.

The editor provides her readers with a charming picture of Marie José, the popular little Belgian princess, who is now in England. We reproduce this portrait.



"The B.-P. Girl Guides" is the subject of an appreciative article by Mr. H. H. Sanguin, who says that "the aim of the Girl Guides' Organisation is to develop good citizenship among girls by forming their character." The training of Girl Guides is of a most useful character, and they can earn badges for a vast number of subjects. The writer says:—

In rendering first aid, for instance, Girl Guides can often be most useful. Annual tests in first aid and ambulance work are held, and girls passing such are entitled to wear the Guides' First Aid Badge, which consists of a red cross worn above the elbow on the left arm. Any Girl Guide who has the St. John's or Red Cross Society's Ambulance Certificate is entitled to wear the First Aid Badge without passing any further examination.

It is satisfactory to learn that *The Bairns' Magazine* is rapidly winning its way into the schools and homes of Great Britain; not only that—its circulation abroad is also extending, and now subscribers receive copies in India, South Africa, New Zealand, France, Canada, British West Indies, United States of America, South America, Egypt, Colombo, Faroe Islands, Straits Settlements, Holland, China, Smyrna, and other places. This world-wide circulation is not to be wondered at, for the small sum of one shilling and sixpence ensures the delivery of the magazine anywhere for twelve months. If any of our readers would care to see a specimen copy, the manager will gladly send one. Address a postcard to "*Bairns' Magazine* Office, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London."

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK.

THE French Yellow Book,* the last as yet of the official series to be presented to the public, rather confirms and supplements the Government papers of the other States than offers much fresh matter. But its perusal has one curious effect: it presents the Kaiser somewhat in the light of a victim—a victim of his own, brooding, haughty pride, should we say? Communications sent to M. Pichon, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, in 1913, by M. Jules Cambon and others, reveal the change in the Kaiser brought about by advancing age and its accompanying circumstances. He is represented as overwrought and irritable; Germany had suffered defeat over the Morocco question, the interests and privileges of the landed nobility were affected by the growing tide of democracy, the Crown Prince was acquiring too much popularity because he was flattering the passions of the Pan-Germans; and so if, in his lifetime, Germany was to assume her "rightful place" as the Arbiter of the World's destinies, then he, the Kaiser, must at once become in reality a War-Lord and throw off the Peace mantle. France was getting too uppish and must be reduced to impotence for a century. Now, or never! would seem to have been his cry, and surely echo answers, Never!

The first paper is a report from Berlin to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated March 17th, 1913. M. Jules Cambon sends his own report, and those of the naval and military attachés, upon the new military law and the probable financial measures to be taken to meet the cost of it, which it is supposed may take the shape of a property tax. This will not be opposed because "the future belongs to Germany," and France, though a second-rate nation, has yet dared to hold her own. The Military Attaché writes: "It is constantly proclaimed that Germans desire peace and the Emperor more than any other, but they do not mean peace based upon mutual concession and balance of armaments. They want to be feared, and are now making the necessary sacrifices." The Naval Attaché continues, "The German people is at the present moment a very dangerous neighbour: as many of the 140,000 additional men are to be placed near our frontier as will raise the army corps stationed there as closely as possible to a war footing, with a view to a sudden attack on us, with greatly superior forces, on the very opening day of hostilities. Further, some newspapers state that the amount of the tax, 40 millions, is to be paid in full by July 1st, 1914!

The next paper, dated April 2nd, encloses an official and secret German report upon the steps to be taken to ensure success in the coming war, the date being March 19th, 1913. It contains such sentences as:—

Neither the ridiculous clamours for revenge of the French jingoes, nor the English gnashing of teeth, nor the wild gestures of the Slavs, will turn us from our end, which is to strengthen and to extend Deutschthum (German power) throughout the entire world.

The people must be accustomed to think that an offensive war on our part is a necessity . . . . things must be so managed that under the weighty impression of powerful armaments, of considerable sacrifices, and of political tension, an outbreak shall be considered as a deliverance, because after it would come decades of peace and prosperity such as those which followed 1870. . . . disturbances must be stirred up in Northern Africa and in Russia. . . . we should get into contact with influential people in Egypt, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, in order to prepare the necessary measures in case of European war. . . . the small States must be forced to follow us or be cowed. In certain conditions their armies and their strong places could rapidly be conquered or rendered impotent—this might probably be the case with Belgium and Holland—so as to prevent our enemy on the West from obtaining a territory which might serve as a base of operations on our flank. . . . we must forestall our principal adversary immediately there are nine chances in ten that we are going to have war, and we must start without delay, in order brutally to crush all resistance.

Belgium and Northern France show how thoroughly these plans have been carried

* *The French Yellow Book*. *Times* Office. (London. 2s.; British Governmental issue, 1d.; French original, 50 centimes.)

out. Anarchist-fashion, the Germans seem to believe their "civilisation" will be such a boon that it is worth while for the nations to suffer the Germans to tear them up root and branch, to annihilate them, in order to receive it!

Moreover, France must be reduced to impotence for a century. . . . when the war comes Germany ought by every means to force France to attack her.

But France remained obstinately peaceful, therefore July 2nd, 1914, we find M. Dumaine, the Ambassador in Vienna, reporting:--

The enquiry into the origin of the outrage (Serajevo) which is to be demanded on conditions intolerable to the dignity of the Belgrade Government would, in case of a refusal, provide the excuse for proceeding to military execution.

M. Dumaine, like the rest of the world, was in ignorance of the attempt of Austria a year before to impose the same sort of "intolerable" conditions without an excuse, according to Signor Giolitti. The favourable moment had arrived!

Of course, Austria had strong grounds for her accusation of Servia. The Yellow Book contains the full act of accusation, which occupies ten pages. This, however, was only handed to M. Martin a few hours before Austria's declaration of war. In connection with this is the curious fact of the denial of Herr von Jagow that the Berlin Cabinet knew of the terms of the Servian note before it was communicated to Belgrade, whilst the Bavarian Prime Minister had been informed of it; a manifest --ahem! The interview between the Chancellor and the French Ambassador is most amusing reading. M. Cambon expressed his surprise that Berlin should approve of the Austrian ultimatum without knowing its terms! Three days later Herr von Jagow told M. Cambon that he had received the Servian reply, indeed had it in his pocket but had not had time to read it! Naturally, M. Cambon asked whether Germany wanted war?

Page after page shows a Wolf to Red-riding-hood sort of action on the part of Germany and amplifies our own Blue Book.

The Yellow Book should be as widely read as our own statements which it emphasises. For example, July 31st the German Minister in Luxemburg, asked to declare that his Government would undertake to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg, replied "*Cela va de soi.*"

On that same day the countries which had some reason for fighting, Russia and Austria, were agreeing to a discussion about Servia! And also on that day Germany, fearful that war might be prevented, sent her ultimatum to Russia.

A GAY YOUNG SPARK IN PARIS.

CAN the doings of a special ambassador in a time of great stress be entertaining? Yes! if they are related by his son after the passage of a hundred years, and if that son were a gay youth with uncommon humour of his own. The title-page of the volume before us* bears the name of a great peacemaker, Albert Gallatin, who, after amazing difficulties, succeeded in persuading the Governments of Great Britain and the United States to agree upon a basis for further negotiations and signed a Treaty of Peace between the two countries at Ghent, December 24th, 1814. Viscount Bryce writes the introduction.

Count Gallatin tells how in 1875 his grandfather, James Gallatin, handed him a large sealed packet containing his diary of the years between 1813 and 1827 telling him that he was not to publish any part of it until 1900. The parcel lay forgotten until last year. We are apt to forget that in 1812 war broke out between the two countries, though we may have a hazy remembrance of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. That we claimed the right to stop American ships and impress such men who were aboard as we chose to call British subjects still fewer remember, but in this volume we find what is even less known--that it was one of Bonaparte's tricks to suppress a document which, handed to the proper recipients, would probably have prevented war. This book, whilst filled with political interest, owes its amusing side to the fact that when Albert Gallatin was despatched to Europe on his peace mission,

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* *A Great Peacemaker.* Edited by Count Gallatin. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

he took with him as his secretary, his son, James, then a youth of seventeen, who was so beautiful that the great David painted him as Cupid. The boy did not seem impressed with St. Petersburg, and the journey from Newcastle, U.S.A., to Russia was a dreary one, taking about two and a half months. Later on, father and son went to Paris and were in touch with most of the remarkable people of that remarkable period. After the signing of the treaty, the Gallatins returned to America, remaining until 1816, when Albert Gallatin was appointed Ambassador to France and went there with all his family. James rapidly acquainted himself with the by-ways of Paris, and his adventures are told so naïvely that we scarcely take them as seriously as his mother would have done. She was strictly puritan and would not attend Court functions on Sunday. James, however, always attended his father when he went to Court and seems to have been a favourite there, so one can understand his dismay at the event recorded here – one out of several as it would seem: –

I had rather an unfortunate adventure some few nights since, but it I hope will never get to father's ears. After going to the opera, a charming little *danseuse*, whose acquaintance I had only just made, asked me if I would sup with her at her apartments. Much to my surprise I found the greatest luxury—some personage evidently in the background. A round table with *couverts* for two. We had just commenced to sup when I heard a noise in the antechamber. My charmer exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu, je suis perdue, cachez-vous.*" I rushed behind a curtain. The door opened, and to my dismay I recognised the voice of the Duc de Berri. He said, "So mademoiselle has an *amant?*" Clare tremblingly answered, "*Non, Monseigneur,* it was only mamma who I was giving a little supper to as you did not arrive." He asked, "What has become of her?" "She has gone, Monseigneur, as she was not properly dressed to receive your Highness." By bad luck I had left my hat on a chair. The Duke picked it up and said with a laugh, "So, madame, *votre mère* wears a man's hat, which she has forgotten."



Three Views of Madame Patteson Bonaparte.

From a Painting by Gilbert Stuart.

(Reproduced by permission of Countess Moltke-Huitfelt [née Bonaparte] and Messrs. Heinemann.)

I felt it was time for me to discover myself, no matter what the consequences might be. I stepped out from behind the curtain, saying, "Monseigneur, it is my hat; I am mademoiselle's mother." He broke into fits of laughter, poor Clare into tears. He laughed so heartily that I could not help joining him; he then became serious and in the kindest manner said, "Young man, you have acted in a most honourable manner not to play eavesdropper. *Tout est*

pardonné. Let us sup together." Clare rang and ordered another *couvert* to be laid, and we had a most cheerful supper. When he rose to leave he begged me to accompany him, which, of course, I did. Going down the stairs he took me by the arm and said most kindly, "I am really the one to blame; here we have met as Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones," adding, "in fact, you have unknowingly done me a great favour, as I was most anxious to get rid of Mlle. Clare: you have given me the opportunity. I am your debtor, but do not forget I am Mr. Smith." He always speaks English to me, even at Court

Mr. Gallatin was descended from a famous French family, though born in Switzerland. He was cousin to Mdme de Staël and took his son to Coppet to see her. Some of her anecdotes, as retailed by James, have the true flavour, and as, either at her house or at those of the numerous cousins, the guests were such as Benjamin Constant, the Duc de Broglie, Joseph Bonaparte, Mdme Patteson Bonaparte, and so on, it is vexatious that want of space prevents further quotations.

The reader who wishes relief from our present troubles will revel in the stories—pretty, naughty and serious—which are to be found in a book which has the added value of appearing at a time when the records presented must have an especial value. James was at the opera when Napoleon returned from Elba and says, "The house yelled, and I yelled, too." He was in London when the victory at Waterloo was proclaimed, and says, "All London went mad, and so did I." The Duc de Berri was assassinated at the opera in Paris, and James heard the commotion and was required to help keep guard. He married on his return to America, and it would be interesting to hear something of his family life in later years, though it could scarcely be of such public interest as are these years of his youth.

A GREAT LYRIC POET.

MAYBE, if the martyrdom of Belgium had not been daily before our eyes and in our ears, to the majority of us, the great Belgian poet* would have remained a name only, for few of his poems have been rendered into English, and their pantheism, their rough strength and turbulence, do not at first attract us. *La Belgique Sanglante*, however, found an echo in every heart, and makes very welcome this translation of his life and description of his work which appeared simultaneously in French and German four years ago. The English translator, Mr. Bithell, speaks of the author as a fervent disciple of the philosopher-poet, but this book proclaims it even more loudly. Emile Verhaeren was born, nearly sixty years ago, at St. Amand, a little village on the Scheldt. Educated at Louvain his first lessons were learnt in the College of St. Barbe at Ghent, where if his teachers had had their will he would have remained as a priest. But the priesthood and that virile creative spirit were not akin; his temperament and his genius have made him the bellringer of Flanders who, from his watch-tower, has summoned the whole land to the defence of its will to live. Verhaeren represents all the contrasts of the Belgian race. Bubbling over with life, in his youth intemperate in all things, his biographer says there was ever in him a love of the brutal, the harsh, the rough, the angular. He began the study of jurisprudence but threw it aside, and his first poem, *Les Flamandes*, appeared just as Zola's realistic novels had become a subject of discussion. Verhaeren's book, palpitating with life, Rabelaisian almost in its descriptions, brought terror to his strictly orthodox family and horror to the critics, but immediately compelled interest. His poems have never been composed at the writing table but when striding along the fields, so that they are charged, as it were, with a positively physical force; they are not the poems of the closet, nor are they love stories. Belgium is Europe in miniature, and Verhaeren in his works sees Europe already united in one common energy moulded in peace into a new intellectuality. Appreciated in Germany more even than in his own land, how bitter is now his disillusionment when, their weapons covered with blood, they are using their intelligence to paralyse the world by their work of death.

* *Verhaeren.* By Stefan Zweig. (Constable. 6s. net.)

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY IN FAR CATHAY.

FEW people are able to realise whilst still in full possession of their powers of enjoyment a dream of childhood which seemed but a dream castle-in-Spain. Mrs. Gaunt was fascinated as a child by the curios brought home by a sailor grandfather; her father was, by virtue of his office as warden of a gold field, protector of the Chinese, so when Dr. Morrison invited her to come and stay with him and his wife she gladly agreed to start for China in the end of January, 1913. One result is this admirable volume,* dealing often with trivialities, but so dealt with that commonplace things have a glamour shed over them. Carrying her camera with her, she has been able to enrich the book with over a hundred and twenty illustrations. The Chinese not counting a woman as having any importance, it needed a brave soul to venture alone into the heart of the country, accompanied only by her Chinese servant and carrying with her the money needed and other valuables. Pekin alternately disgusted and enchanted her, but her journey in a Pekin cart over mountain passes and across interminable plains has made her forswear that means of transit for ever. It is pretty well known that she thinks missionary labour wasted, but her testimony to their unselfish, wonderful work is stronger than appears on the surface.



Entrance to Lamaserie.
(Reproduced by permission of T. Werner Laurie.)

Mrs. Gaunt seems to have penetrated into many places which even men have not reached. In Pekin she went to the Forbidden City, in Jehol she explored the Imperial Park of the Manchus and the Lamaserie—a monastery built in imitation of the Po-Ta-La, in Lhasa—with its treasures of cloisonné, figures inlaid with gold leaf, and the chair of the Dalai Lama. But the dirt! Men, animals, and things seem to have been incrusted with it. Mrs. Gaunt herself must give you all her merry anecdotes, her wise speculations, her natural fears, and odd encounters, for the book is so full of them that it is impossible to make a choice.

*A Woman in China. By Mary Gaunt. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

WHEN Miss Arabella Kenealy sets out to tell a story we may be sure of entertainment rich and deep, for, like some of the older writers, she always has an aim beyond mere amusement. *The Way of the Lover** has but a simple plot when you come to define it, though it is original and with the element of uncertainty always there to keep up the interest: certain of the usual coincidences have to occur in order to secure the only possible ending, but her readers will not grumble at her for that. Jeffrey Rockingham, a landowner not too rich, has, in conse-

* *The Way of the Lover.* By Arabella Kenealy. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

quence of family troubles, studied medicine, and has lit upon a theory that electricity is the one and only force which, held in poise, constitutes matter; the negative being Mind, the positive Matter, the preponderance of one over the other constituting character. (In *Jekyll and Hyde*, for example, that abnormal being was a consequence of one force or the other being in abeyance for a time.) He lives near Bungalow Town, which has for one of its residents a distant relation of his, a widow whose personality is so pictured that her charm seems to remind one of all the charming elderly women one has ever met. To her comes her daughter for a rest-cure. She is the wife of a fashionable doctor, and herself runs a nursing home. Married quite young, pushed at once into a position of hard work and responsibility, her gradual development in her enforced leisure is not only a triumph of delineation but affords the author the chance of insisting upon her own theories about women, and men also, who suffer from starvation of their natural instincts. Phillida Ramsden has some exciting times. She does not fall in love with Jeffrey, for he is commonly considered a murderer, but Bungalow Town is almost effaced by the sea and she and her mother are carried off to his house as the only place of safety. His cousin, however, makes such violent love that, to save her soul, Phillida has to hurry back to London, her husband, and her work. She is loth to leave Bungalow Town with its beauty and odd inhabitants, amusing and otherwise, just the people who may be found in such places. Then comes trouble with her husband, followed by a vivid description of a still more terrible sea-raid upon the cottage, leaving utter desolation behind. Jeffrey again comes to the rescue, and we are presented with some quaint descriptions of his house and its inhabitants, and further hints of its hidden mystery. The book closes with an avowal of love, which is satisfying and leaves a happy certainty that whatever happens to the hero and heroine love will never fail them and duties will be happily fulfilled.

Socrates, by R. Nicol Cross (5s.), and *The Theory of Beauty*, by E. F. Carritt (6s.), both published by Methuen, give in pleasant form studies of Socrates, Plato and their modern disciples.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

THESE records* of the holder for thirteen years of the highest purely judicial office in the country must be a treasure to law students, showing, as they do, the value of a diligent study of details and a mastery of technical matters, as well as giving direct advice. But they are also interesting to the general reader—though Lord Alverstone's terse conclusions do not always make clear to the unlearned which side in a dispute won.

Two anecdotes refer to the power of the imagination. At the first exhibition of the Bell Telephone to a public audience at the Institute of Civil Engineers the Earl of Caithness was requested to come and speak through the new instrument to an assistant stationed in a cellar. After thinking some moments he put his mouth to the transmitter and said in a loud voice, "Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle." Then he put his ear to the instrument and exclaimed, "The cow jumped over the moon," as if that were the answer of the assistant. Mr. Bell, who was exhibiting the instrument, thought this odd and went down to ask the assistant if he had understood the message. The man said he had not understood a word, and had simply asked the gentleman to repeat the message! Sir Benjamin Baker told Lord Alverstone that a similar freak of imagination had happened to him.

Another of his caustic statements refers to the lengths to which a person may pursue a theory, and shows a doctor solemnly affirming that one small-pox patient could not only infect millions of people, but the distance to which the infection could travel would be in proportion to the number of small-pox patients gathered in one place.

Lord Alverstone, then Sir R. Webster, was the Crown Prosecutor when Mr. W. T. Stead stood his trial in the Armstrong case. His judgment is that Mr. Stead "was a thoroughly honest man whose zeal often outran his discretion!"

One of his most singular cases was the Whalley Will trial, when an alleged will was proved to be a forgery through lead pencil

* *Recollections of Bar and Bench*. By the Right Hon. Viscount Alverstone. (Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

showing itself under the ink three or four months after the opening of the case.

Amongst matters brought before the Lord Chief Justice was the trial of Colonel Lynch for High Treason—the first in this country for sixty years. Referring to a former trial, it is remarked how desirable it is that the prisoner should know that a death penalty *must* be passed.

Amongst criminal trials are the Crippen and Bennett murders, for instance, and the kidnapping of Dr. Sun Yat Sen by the Chinese Embassy will be in many minds; Lord Alverstone, however, does not give the name of the Chinese he helped.

Two strong professional opinions are stated —one against the fusion of the two branches of the profession, barristers and solicitors: the other, for the permission to a defendant to give evidence himself.

SOME WAR LITERATURE.

The Diplomatic History of the War. Edited by M. P. Price, M.A. (George Allen, 7s. 6d. net). This collection of records is made for fear they may be covered with the cobwebs of time; it is a study of the contrivances of the great European diplomats and contains a diary of the negotiations, the various official statements, manifestoes, Press correspondence, etc., etc. Unfortunately in, presumably, an attempt to be severely impartial, our own case is somewhat understated, and thus that of Germany obtains the more favourable position.

Fighting in Flanders, by E. A. Powell (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net), who, being an American, was allowed even by German officers to see what was going on, tells one awful story of lust and barbarity in such fashion that, reading, one would expect him to be describing mediæval warfare in its worst aspects.

Conan Doyle in *The German War* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net) gives his impressions as one who trusted the Germans were friends and his disillusionment. Harold Begbie in *Fighting Lines* (Constable, 1s. net) supplies us with stirring verses to sustain our spirits.

The author of several war poems, C. J. Arnell, has published a volume of fugitive verse (County Press, Newport, 2s. 6d.) of unequal quality, but full of fervour when describing the beauties of his native island.

A WORLD-WIDE TRIBUTE.

King Albert's Book (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s.) is surely unique. Initiated by *The Daily Telegraph, The Daily Sketch,* and *The Glasgow Herald,* in conjunction with the publishers, it has the double aim of paying tribute to a hero and bringing help to his country. It would be impossible to enumerate here the contributors, for surely no one of eminence outside the little ring of the enemies of Belgium has omitted to send at least a word of greeting. The Introduction is by Hall Caine, the contents include Art, Music, and Literature of all kinds. Two contributions contain the essence of the sympathy shown. Sir John Jellicoe's message is: "That even as Belgium has shown her heroism in deeds, whilst her sufferings are too bitter to express in words, so those of the Grand Fleet trust to show their sympathy in deeds, knowing that silence becomes them best at all times." Mr. Thomas Burt writes: "Heartily do I associate myself with you in the expression of appreciation of the Belgian people and their heroic King."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Southern India (A. & C. Black, 20s. net). An exquisite volume, the result of an effective collaboration. Lady Lawley, with the eye and hand of an artist, supplies 50 full-page illustrations in colour of the varieties of native life in Madras. Mrs. F. E. Penny provides the letterpress which aptly completes the picture, so that the untravelled reader may revel in Lady Lawley's own picturesque surroundings and gain information in pleasant fashion.

The Path, by Edmund White (Methuen, 6s.), portrays, in a series of vivid scenes, the story of the Indian reformer, Sayyid Ali Hussain. *The Ruby of Rajast'han*, by R. E. Forrest (East and West, 6s.), tells of the wooing by the great Akbar of the only daughter of the house of Nadri.

The Training of a Sovereign (John Murray, 5s. net), edited by Viscount Esher and published by authority of the King, is a selection from the diaries of Queen Victoria, with an Introduction by Lord Esher. No more charming gift-book could be devised. The unabridged edition was too costly for the majority and therefore this book will be eagerly welcomed.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A RECRUIT, fresh from the plough, had been billeted at a nice, up-to-date little villa on the outskirts of a country town. The master of the house was an amateur electrician and proud of his handiwork. It was with mixed feelings that just about the coldest hour of dawn, he was awakened by a veritable fanfare on an electric bell. He rushed to the room whence the agitation appeared to come and found the recruit in question with a brawny thumb fixed on the bell push and a clasp knife in the other hand. "What is it, my man?" he asked. "Are you ringing?" (a somewhat superfluous query, by the way). "I dunno," replied the ex-farmhand sheepishly. "It's like this, 'ere, zur. I've lost me ole collar stud and I was a-tryin' to dig this little 'un out o' the wall!"—*Pearson's Magazine.*

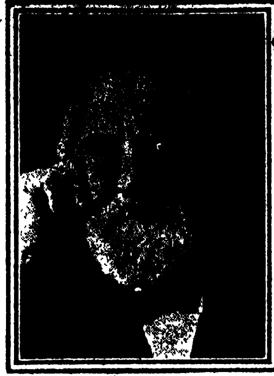
THE Sunday School teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and, as an aid to understanding, she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing. He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question: "And, now, can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was quickly shouted with one voice: "Bait!"—*The Bairns' Magazine.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the war, good American book stories come over the Atlantic. Here are two, for it is best to bracket them together and swallow them at one gulp. "Dobbins, the critic," said an author, "has roasted my books unmercifully." "Don't mind the fellow," said the friend, "he has no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what the others say." The other story brings in a judge, who said to a man arrested for drunkenness, "What is your business?" "A proof reader," was the reply. "Ah," said the judge, "I will send you to a house of correction."—*The Book Monthly.*

THE hostess asked the solid man of her company to take a young and talkative woman in to dinner. The lady did her best to keep up the conversation, ranging from Fleet Street to the Baltic Fleet, and back by a different route. Only once did the solid man desert the unfailing affirmative for "No, Miss Thomson." "Do you like Beethoven's works?" she asked. "I never visited them," he replied, with a show of interest. "What does he manufacture?"—*Organist and Choirmaster.*

MRS. KILGORE was the pretty young wife of the elderly village pastor. One day she went into the city with a friend, and among other things bought a new frock. "Another frock, my dear?" said her husband. "Did you need another?" "Yes," said the wife hesitatingly, "I do need it; and, besides, it was so pretty that the devil tempted me." "But you should have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Have you forgotten that?" "Oh, no; but that was what made the trouble, hubby, dear. I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he did, but he whispered over my shoulder, 'It just fits you beautifully in the back!' And I just had to take it then."—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

"NOWADAYS bein' a bachelor is a speeyal privilege granted to picked men because iv their good-nature an' their resoorcefulness an' courage in moments iv danger in th' spring iv th' year whin th' moon is shinin'. But in th' days to come like as not th' authorities will compel perfick spicimins iv manhood like mesilf to hobble down th' centher aisle. I'll be settin' here playin' a game iv ca-ards with a few frinds an' hummin' a chune iv contint an' happiness, an' a plain-clothes man'll step in an' tap me on th' shoulder an' snap on th' come-alongs. 'I want ye,' says he. 'What f'r?' says I. 'Ye are charged with bein' a confirmed bachelor,' says he. An' th' nex' day th' judge sintinces me to hard labour f'r life with a lady I niver met befure." "Did ye iver hear iv two people makin' a eugeenic marredge?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I did," said Mr. Dooley, "but they got a eugeenic divorce."—*Nash's and Pall Mall Magazine.*



"There is one, and only one, plea that can be urged in favour of conscription, and that is that the conscript does get a certain measure of physical training. But to establish the blood-tax in order to teach gymnastics is something like burning down one's house in order to roast one's pig. The decision of the House of Commons last month in favour of universal medical inspection of school-children and of holiday schools; will do more for the physique of the nation than conscription. Conscription, at its best, leaves one-half the nation entirely untrained. To reach the population through the barrack does nothing for the girls, who need physical training at least as much as the boys. Only by approaching the problem through the school-house can we hope really to reach the whole population."

In "Progress of the World," "Review of Reviews," August, 1906.

William T. Stead



By courtesy of] [*Stanley Paul & Co.*

VOICE OF HEAVEN: "Our LAW knows no necessity."

From "Kultur Cartoons," by Will Dyson, *see p. 115.*

No. 302. Vol. LI.] [February, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *Feb.* 1, 1915.

How the War Wages in the West—

Though it is no longer the custom for armies to retire into comfortable winter quarters and suspend operations until the spring, yet in this war practically the same result has been forced on the combatants by the vagaries of the weather, and along the whole line, with one or two notable exceptions, activity has been confined to artillery duels. On the West the armies have remained stationary during the past month, except in Alsace, where the French have made considerable progress, and on the sea coast, where the Belgian Army is creeping towards Ostend. But, in spite of this apparent deadlock, the tide has distinctly turned in favour of the Allies, and all actions that have taken place are due to their offensive and not to that of the enemy. The German success at Soissons was not due to any bold initiative on their part, but was brought about by a vigorous French attack, which, at first successful, had to be abandoned owing to the flooding of the Aisne, which swept away the bridge and cut off their reinforcements and supplies; the enemy, however, were quite unable to follow up their advantage.



Minneapolis Journal.]

Here's Hoping.

—and in the East.

On the Eastern front, in Poland, the armies still hold the same lines, and, after the repeated failure of German assaults to break through, these attacks have considerably diminished in number and intensity, and Warsaw is now quite free from any immediate danger. The usual winter weather has quite failed to materialise, and the ground is in as bad a condition as in Flanders. In spite of winter conditions, the Russians have achieved notable successes: Bukowina has been invaded and most of the Carpathian passes have been seized, and the Hungarian plain is once more threatened. Fighting in deep snow, the Turkish advance on Kars has been checked in two disastrous battles, which resulted in the annihilation of two army corps at Ardahan and the complete rout of the third later on at Kara Urgann and the flight of the remnants to Erzerum. In other directions the Turks have accomplished little, or

nothing. They have invaded Persia and occupied Tabriz—with what object it is difficult to see; but they have not succeeded in diverting one regiment from Poland, as the Russian victories were obtained by the army already installed in the Caucasus. Russia is all-powerful on the Black Sea and commands the enemy's communications by water. The threatened attack on Egypt is developing and preliminary skirmishes have taken place on the Suez Canal with the Turkish advance parties, but the main advance



The Ne

Where Cousins John and Jonathan Clash.

is still held up by the desert of the Sinai peninsula.

The Human Element.

The most interesting incident—and in some ways most significant for the future—which has taken place in the theatre of war is the fraternisation of the rival armies on Christmas Day. Such incidents were quite common in the Peninsular War, but are of deeper import now, showing that, in spite of the atrocities alleged on each side, and of the "Hymns of Hate," there is little personal hatred between the combatants. There is no need to exaggerate the incident, but it is a hopeful omen for the future, since one great bar against the final settlement will be the enmity induced between the belligerents. The existence of hatred is natural, and one of our great tasks after the war will be to eradicate it as soon as possible.

Our Navy and Neutrals.

Britain's naval predominance is responsible for the friction with neutral countries, who naturally object to interference with their shipping. This is a condition common to all wars in which fleets play their part; and, as it is an inevitable consequence of our supremacy on the high seas, such remonstrance causes no surprise. The most marked protest has come from the United States as the chief exporting neutral. Happily the American Note is in substance no more than a friendly remonstrance against our methods of conducting our right of search. The preliminary British reply was equally friendly, and there seems every prospect of a mutually satisfactory settlement. The

United States does not raise any points of International Law, but merely disputes our procedure. The difficulty of preventing the shipment of contraband amongst a large assorted cargo necessitates a thorough search, which can only increase in exports of copper justifies the conclusion that a large quantity of this finds its way to the enemy. It is to be hoped that in the full reply Great Britain will give the details of each ship which has been held up and the reason for so



A Christmas Truce.

(Drawn by A. C. Michael.)

The Pope had suggested to Europe a Christmas truce. The Governments, tied to the dismal torture-wheel of war, had failed to agree. But when Christmas Day actually arrived, then the deep Christian spirit of Europe asserted itself in a striking and momentous manner. There was a human revolt of humanity. The men in the trenches on both sides brushed aside all the authorities that had brought them there, and themselves decided that there should be a brief relief from their yoke of hatred. In face of this resolve, military discipline was powerless. Hundreds of thousands of men stepped out from those gloomy caverns to which war had condemned them, and mingled as friends on the fields of Belgium and France. HAROLD SPENDER, in *The Contemporary Review.*

be done in port, involving considerable delay. Hitherto the methods used to guarantee any cargo have not worked well in practice, but these can be readily adjusted. The further point of contraband to neutrals raises the question of ultimate destination, and the United States must recognise that the very large doing; this will clear the air and narrow the region of complaint.

No Question of International Law.

It is fortunate that no question of International Law has been raised, as might have been the case. Owing to the non-ratification of the Declaration of London, the whole question

of contraband was left undetermined at the outbreak of war. Great Britain has, however, stated that she would act as though it had been ratified with certain reservations. Since then further modifications have been introduced. It would not, therefore, have been surprising if the United States had protested against these limitations. But Mr. Bryan, in his reply to the protests by German-Americans, as to the alleged bias towards Great Britain on the part of the United States, points out that the Declaration has not been ratified and that British policy is in accordance with U.S.A. policy as determined before the Declaration of London, and therefore on the question of International Law there is no ground for complaint. This outspoken declaration has done much to clear the air in the United States on the whole question of contraband. We could have wished that the Government had stated more clearly the reasons for its actions, because at present the enemy is given the gratuitous opportunity of accusing us of following their justification of "necessity." Not that it matters what they say, but we should naturally avoid anything that suggests that we are adopting the practices which we have so strongly and rightly condemned. It is unfortunate that this war should have prevented the ratification of the Declaration of London, and with its loss goes the International Prize Court. We have always believed that the Declaration was a fair compromise between the various interests which are always antagonistic on the question of contraband. But apparently it has proved unworkable owing to conditions which have developed since its last consideration. However, we sincerely hope that a revision will be possible, for it is emphatically a question on which there should be general agreement amongst the Powers.


World.] [New York.
"Obstructing Traffic, Your Honour."

German Tactics in America.

There is no doubt that the German element in America is making the most of this matter in order to create strife between the United States and this country, hence the purchase and despatch of the *Dacia*. That boat, if she ever sails, will be seized and condemned in the British Prize Court, since it is impossible to prove that the transfer was *bona fide*. Most Americans recognise the justice of this proceeding, and the promise to buy her cargo of cotton or despatch it to its destination, Rotterdam, has created a very good impression; but undoubtedly a loud outcry will be raised by certain sections including, of course, the German, who have all along urged the American Government to take a very strong line in these matters. The question of the purchase of the German vessels by the American Government is a very different matter, and may lead to considerable friction. In this case there is no question of the *bona fides* of the transfer; and the British Government will probably not consider this an unneutral action, but it will certainly create feeling in Great Britain prejudicial to the States. However, the Purchase Bill has



[L. E. A.

Captain Loxley.

His last words to his men before the *Formidable* sank were: "Keep cool: be British."

raid on the English coast, and this reverse will be a strong deterrent to a continuance of that policy. Again the battle-cruiser has been vindicated and the supremacy of the British Navy demonstrated, while the idle boasts of the Germans that it is cowering inside its ports have been proved false to the whole world. The German squadron was handicapped by 3 to 5 in fighting weight; but as this is a more favourable proportion than if the main fleets join issue, many naval experts declare that it is highly questionable whether Germany will attempt to risk a general action, preferring to retain the political advantages of "a fleet in being."



Photo by] [Histed

Vice-Admiral Sir D. Beatty.

In command at the brilliant action in the North Sea when the *Blücher* was sunk.

not yet been passed, and, as there is strong opposition, it may fall to the ground. We feel convinced that whatever happens there will never be the slightest chance of the United States being arrayed against us; she recognises too well that her interests are identified with our success. There will always be minor points of disagreement arising, of which the very most will be made by the German section, whose power must not be underrated: but in spite of that we are certain that all differences which arise will be amicably settled.

Destroying the German Navy.

The German Navy has received another blow by the loss of a valuable cruiser, and her attack on undefended coast towns has brought just retribution. The victory was all the more satisfactory in that the German squadron was evidently bent on another



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

William's Nightmare.

The Ghosts of his lost cruisers.

Submarines and the Blockade.

The New Year started badly with the sinking of the *Formidable.* The exact circumstances are not known beyond that a submarine was responsible. Considering the conditions, the exploit must rank as one of the most notable deeds performed by a submarine. Otherwise the German submarines have not displayed their earlier activity. Admiral von Tirpitz has practically admitted that they are unable to interrupt the supplies between England and France or to do appreciable damage to our Fleets, when he threatens that they shall be used to sink merchantmen off our ports. What an ignoble *rôle* to be played by the naval arm which was hoped would soon reduce the British Fleet to impotence! We can afford to ignore von Tirpitz's threats, which obviously show that the British blockade is being severely felt. More and more frequent are the references in the German Press to British determination to starve the German women and children; which endeavour is held to justify any retaliatory action on the part of Germany, such as the Zeppelin raid on Norfolk.

The Raid by Zeppelins.

This raid has been hailed with wild delight in Germany, though its military value was *nil*, except from the point of view of an essential trial trip; but that end could have been accomplished without dropping bombs and murdering non-combatants. Germany seems fated to commit deeds in her hatred of Britain which do us little harm and simply raise a storm of protest and disapprobation from the neutral world, and all the ground she has gained by months of propaganda is lost in a day by some wanton and futile act. But what a difference between promise and fulfilment! Fleets of fifty to one hundred Zeppelins were to terrorise and destroy London, and six at most manage to reach England and succeed in killing four people! The mountain has indeed brought forth a mouse. Nevertheless we have not heard the last of the



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Song of the German Minelayer.

"We wind the wreath of mines around you."

Orkneys

Naval Base

To Scapa Flow 530 miles

Naval Harbour

NORTH SEA

To Edinburgh & Rosyth 440 to 460 miles

Note The distances are all from Heligoland except where indicated as from Cologne. Borkum would reduce the Heligoland distances by about 50 miles

To York 360 miles

To Dublin 570 miles

To Chester 440 miles

To Pembroke 540 miles

Yarmouth

To Harwich 320 miles

To Sheerness & Chatham 350 miles

HARWICH Destroyer Base

Cologne to Harwich 250 miles

SHEERNESS

DOVER

Cologne to Portsmo

PORTSMOUTH Naval Base & Chief Dockyard

Cologne to Devonpo to Portlan

PORTLAND Naval Base

PEMBROKE Dockyard

Army Headquarters

ENGLISH CHANNEL

Headquarters of Regimental Districts written as LICHFIELD

Military Commands YORK

Principal Towns possessing private Dockyards are underlined

The British Isles at the Mercy of German Airships.

(Reproduced from 'The Review of Reviews' of two years ago.)

Zeppelin, and shortly we may confidently expect another raid with London as its objective. London looks forward to the visit with equanimity. Whether the airships will reach their objective without being destroyed is open to very strong doubt.

The Decision of Roumania.

Roumania has definitely made up her mind to join in the conflict; the Russian invasion of Bukowina and the threat on Transylvania have hastened her decision, and as soon as her army is fully equipped she will join forces with Russia and Serbia. Bulgaria has no claims similar to Roumania and Serbia on any territory now held by Austria, and has no intention of fighting without getting some recompense, and therefore constitutes a stumbling block to the re-formation of the Balkan League. If, as she is now endeavouring, she can secure territorial concessions from these two Powers she will certainly join in. It is highly desirable that the League should be re-formed, as Serbia will be in need of assistance against the fresh advance Austria is planning against her. Italy and Roumania have always stated that they would act in common, but Italy has not moved towards intervention. Though the results of the disastrous earthquake engage all her spare energies and resources for the time being, Italy will probably move when Roumania does. In this event the downfall of Austria will be even more rapid, but we must not expect that it will have much effect on Germany, as Italy and Roumania will merely seek to possess those parts of Austria which they have long coveted, and when this has been achieved will cease from taking any further active part in the war. So that their intervention will probably not materially hasten the end of the war. Meanwhile Italy is consolidating her influence in Albania, which is in its normal state of anarchy, and after the war she will be found firmly established in that country.

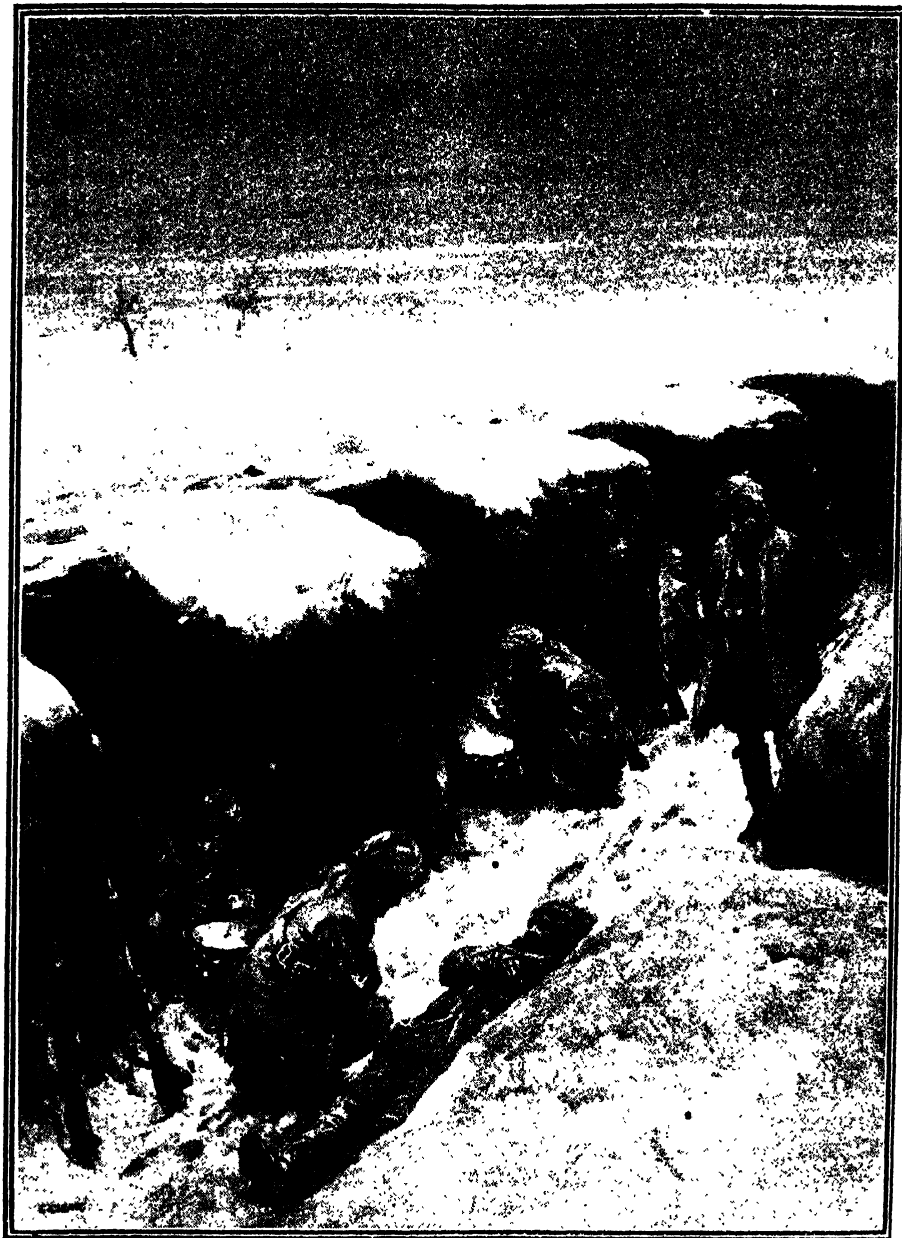
Advance, India!

Little has been heard of India beyond the wave of enthusiasm which has swept over the country, intensified by the gallant doings of the Indian troops in the field. The Indian National Congress has been sitting at Madras, but as yet no reports are to hand, but undoubtedly the proceedings should give us an insight into India's ideals and hopes that have been inspired by this conflict. India to-day occupies a higher plane in the Empire than ever before, and has materially advanced her claims towards self-government, and it is inevitable that after the war her outstanding demands should receive the most sympathetic consideration. We have made promises of self-government to Egypt, and it is inconceivable that we should deny the same privileges to India. At present India is not pressing her claim, but patiently awaits her just due—not as a reward, but as a right which her conduct has shown her worthy of possessing.

Smothering the Indian Press.

The methods of the Press Censor are always foolish, as we now have good reason to know, therefore we are not surprised at the suppression of the two leading Mohammedan papers, the *Comrade* and the *Zemindar*; but the danger is considerable when we realise that the participation of Turkey must have a disturbing influence in India. Surely it would have been better to show a greater leniency if possible. As far as can be ascertained, neither paper was uttering any disloyal sentiments. Mohammed Ali, editor of the *Comrade*, certainly made som pungent remarks on the treatment of Turkey by Europe in the past few years in the article which led to the suppression. This is only legitimate criticism; but as to the duty of the Indian Moslems he said:—

That is a simple question and presents no difficulty. We have of our own free will and as



Indian Soldiers in the Trenches.

This picture shows the braziers with which the Native troops keep themselves warm.

(Drawn by C. Clark from a sketch made by an Officer.)

masters of our destinies chosen to remain in this country as the subjects of our King and Emperor and the fellow citizens of our neighbour. . . . Every other consideration is foreign to the subject, and whether we fight the Turks or the Russians, our services we must place at the disposal of our Government and our souls we must commend to God.

The article ended with a remarkable declaration :—

But let us repeat that whatever England may do to Turkey or Egypt our anchor holds. The chapter of civic controversy with the officials is closed. Whatever our grievances, whatever reforms we desire, everything must wait for a more seasonable occasion. Even if the Government were to concede to us all that we ever desired or dreamt if, for instance, the Moslem University were offered to us on our own terms or the Press Act repeal were to be announced, or even if Self-Government were to be conceded to us, we would humbly tell the Government that this is no time for it and that we must for the present decline such concessions with thanks. Concessions are asked for and accepted in peace. We are not Russian Poles. We need no bribes!

This can hardly be said to be in any way disloyal; in fact, quite the reverse. Such suppressions are bound to cause unnecessary dissatisfaction among a portion of the Indian population, which has shown a wonderful loyalty under distinctly trying circumstances.

The Lords' Farce.

The greatly increased work of Ministers may justify the infrequent sitting of the House of Commons, but the attempt to remedy that necessity by summoning the House of Lords is not likely to be repeated. The breach of precedent could only be justified by a real benefit to the nation, but no one can say that Great Britain is any the wiser or has gained anything from the three days' sitting of the House of Lords. That Chamber refuses to admit that it represents nobody but itself, and by such sittings obtains an unwarranted and fictitious importance. Certainly the Government gave the experiment little encouragement, and we do not think the farce will be re-staged.

Are Present Prices Justifiable?

The price of bread has risen enormously of late. This is not due to bad harvests, but simply to the great increase in freights. Owing to the German boats being swept off the sea, and the Government requisition of vessels, the number of ships available has been largely decreased; hence the rise in freights. An increase of over 500 per cent. is out of all proportion to the shortage of vessels and other increased expenses, and we have the uncomfortable feeling that the shippers are using the opportunity to increase their profits at the expense of the British consumer. Various suggestions have been made for Government intervention, which will probably take place in some form or another. In any case the Government has realised the gravity of the situation and has appointed a Committee of the Cabinet to enquire into the matter. The question of increasing the wheat resources of this country is most urgent in the possible event of a prolonged campaign, and an increased yield in this country during this year may have a very beneficial effect on the price of wheat.

The Problem of Pensions.

It is to be hoped, however, that this Committee will act more rapidly than that appointed two months ago to examine the question of soldiers' pensions and allowances. It is vital that it should report soon. The number of killed and permanently disabled soldiers is increasing every day, and if they are treated badly there will certainly be a falling-off in recruiting. At present it looks as though the old policy of neglecting those who have fought our battles as soon as they can fight no longer is still to be pursued. Is it possible that the Committee cannot see its way to recommend adequate provision and hesitates to confess that it is satisfied with the old scale? Great Britain will be for

ever disgraced if she does not deal justly with those who have given all to defend her, and any such Committee should include men from the ranks. We can imagine the outcry if the shippers were not directly represented on a Committee dealing with their interests; in this case the disabled soldier should have a very distinct voice. Sham democracy has had a long innings: it is time we got down to business.

Side Issues!

How much the whole outlook of the nation has been changed by the war was significantly illustrated last month. Occurrences which in ordinary times would be of enormous interest are passed over with practically no remark. The awful earthquake in Italy, accompanied by the destruction of several towns and the loss of over 30,000 lives, obtained some notice, but was forgotten in a few days. In England there have been railway accidents which in the ordinary course of events would have called forth strong comment on the running of our railways, but nobody takes the slightest interest. At sea there have been numerous wrecks from ordinary causes, with a large loss of life, which are dismissed with a bare line or two. It is but natural that, when we are contemplating the sacrifice of thousands of lives a day, we should grow callous to the loss of an extra score or so, but it is a sad thing to reflect how soon war makes us treat human life as of little or no account.

The Central Powers.

As to the internal conditions of Germany and Austria little is known. The most outstanding event is the commandeering of all foodstuffs by the German Government, though



Photo by] *[Lamp.*

The Italian Earthquake: A Scene at Avezzano.

this may be merely a foreseeing precaution to provide for shortage in the future, and in no way implies present shortage. Yet this act coupled with the continued outcry against Great Britain for her wickedness in trying to starve women and children indicates that the pressure is beginning to be felt, and that the calculations as to Germany's food supplies have been at fault. In Austria the Hungarian element is steadily increasing its power. Count Berchtold has resigned, and his place has been taken by Count Burian, a Hungarian. The resignation is not of great significance, as the Foreign Minister has for some time past been anxious to throw up his position, permission to do so having always been refused till now. But Count Burian's appointment has certainly strengthened the hands of the Magyars, and in future they will dominate the councils of the Empire and strengthen Austria's determination to resist to the end, since the Magyars have more to lose by the complete overthrow of the Empire than have the Austrians themselves.

Matters in Mexico.

In the world-conflict the minor troubles in Mexico have been forgotten, but the state of that unhappy country is worse than ever. President Wilson's policy cannot be said to have been crowned with success. One devil (Huerta) having been cast out of the country, three devils worse than the first have entered into possession, and what was almost universally anticipated outside the United States has taken place, and we now have Carranza, Villa and Zipata all fighting for supremacy, with the possibility of other claimants to the Presidency arising at any moment. The only place where there was anything approaching a state of law and order, was Vera Cruz, under American occupation, but since her withdrawal, in accordance with President Wilson's promise, there is no part of the country where any ordered rule may be said to exist. We have always maintained that the wisest policy was to have supported Huerta, as being the most likely person to restore some kind of order; and certainly it does not seem as though any of the other three has the slightest chance of imposing peace. President Wilson has made no pronouncement as to what steps he intends taking; but, since he is responsible for the present state of the country, he cannot now abandon his task.

The Safety of Travelling on Sea.

After the *Titanic* disaster a Committee was appointed to investigate the question of the subdivision of ships. Now after over two years it has published its first report on bulkheads and water-tight compartments. The results of this prolonged labour are indeed disappointing. There is little in the recommendations to make travel by sea any more safe than before; and it is extremely doubtful if these suggestions had been in force whether either the *Titanic* or the *Empress of Ireland* would have been saved from disaster. Practically the report contains nothing new and only suggests an increased number of bulkheads and methods of strengthening them. One thing, however, is clearly admitted, and that is that bulkheads never have been and never will be capable of creating absolute security, and that no such thing as an "unsinkable ship" exists. All that can be said is that when the recommendations have been enforced a vessel which has been badly holed like the *Titanic* will probably go down somewhat more slowly than she would have done before, but go down she most certainly will. The report has scarcely been noticed, and even if its proposals are embodied in an Act, nothing really vital will be done until there is another disaster at sea, to be followed by another Committee. One absolutely despairs of any drastic improvement ever being introduced.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Dec. 27, 1914.—Sentence of two years' imprisonment passed by Court-martial on the captain of the German cruiser *Yorck*, sunk by German mine near Wilhelmshaven on November 4.

Dec. 28.—Destruction of eight vessels in the North Sea by drifting German mines reported.

Dec. 29.—Note to Great Britain from the American Government on the right to search ships at sea and the detention of American cargoes.

Dec. 30.—Attack on Dunkirk by German aeroplanes; many killed and wounded.

Communiqué issued by the South African Government stating that men would be commandeered for service in German South-West Africa and the Union under the Defence Act.

Re-occupation of Walfisch Bay by Union troops on December 25th announced.

Dec. 31.—Steinbach taken by French troops.

Acceptance by Germany of British proposal to exchange prisoners physically unfit for further military service.

Combined losses of the Austro-German armies in killed, wounded, and prisoners stated to be 300,000 in three weeks.

Death sentence passed by German Court-martial on Private Lonsdale, British prisoner at Döberitz, for assault on his superior officer; sentence afterwards altered to twenty years' imprisonment.

Occupation of Bougainville, one of the Solomon Islands, by an Australian force on December 9th announced.

Full text of the American Note to Great Britain on contraband published.

Jan. 1, 1915. H.M.S. *Formidable* sunk in the English Channel by a German submarine; nearly 600 lives lost.

Army order issued announcing the formation of six new armies.

Jan. 2. Agreement of the belligerent Powers to an exchange of prisoners of war no longer fit for military service announced by the Pope.

Turkish transport *Peik-I-Shefket* mined and sunk at the entrance to the Bosphorus.

Jan. 4.—Landing at Las Palmas of the crews of four merchant vessels sunk by armed German liner, *Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

Jan. 5.—Arrest by Germans at Malines of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium.

Occupation of Schuit Drift by a South African Union force.

Jan. 6.—Total defeat of the Turkish Army in the Caucasus officially announced in Petrograd.

Jan. 7.—Interim reply to the American Note on the searching of ships carrying American cargoes to neutral ports sent by Sir E. Grey.

Jan. 8.—Perthes village taken by the French.

Order issued to German soldiers forbidding them to fraternise with the enemy.

Bombardment of Sinope by the Russian Fleet reported.

Jan. 9.—Two Turkish transports sunk, one by a mine and the other by a Russian warship.

Capture of a small gang of rebels by the Union forces near the Bechuanaland border reported.

French victory in the Cameroons announced.

Jan. 10.—German aeroplanes sighted over the Channel.

Decision of the French Government to place German prisoners on the same footing as that accorded to French prisoners in Germany announced.

Russian occupation of Bukowina reported.

Text of Sir E. Grey's reply to the American Note on British interference with American shipping published.

Jan. 11. Declaration of loyalty to the British Government by the Sultan of Selangor.

Jan. 12.—Two hostile submarines reported to have been sighted off Dover.

German aeroplane raid on Dunkirk; 6 killed.

Jan. 13.—Occupation of Tabriz and Selmas in Persia by Turkish advance guard.

Jan. 14.—German success near Soissons reported.

Occupation of Swakopmund by Union forces.

Jan. 15.—Sinking of Turkish transports engaged in conveying troops to Anatolia by the Russian Fleet reported.

Jan. 16.—H.M.S. tug *Char* sunk in a collision with steamship *Erivan*; all hands lost.

French submarine *Saphir* sunk near the Dardanelles; part of crew rescued by Turkish vessels.

Annihilation of the Turkish 11th Army Corps at Kara Urgann by the Russians reported.

Jan. 18.—Withdrawal of the Turkish garrison from Adrianople reported.

Jan. 19.—German aircraft raid on the East Coast of England; bombs were dropped on Great Yarmouth, Sandringham, King's Lynn, Cromer, and Sheringham; 4 killed.

Ground gained by the Allies near Pont-à-Musson

Jan. 20.—Artillery duels along the Western front reported.

Jan. 21.—British steamer *Durward* torpedoed and sunk off the Belgian coast by a German submarine; the crew took to the boats and landed at Rotterdam.

Major-General Wild von Hohenborn appointed to succeed General von Falkenhayn as Prussian War Minister.

Jan. 22.—German aeroplane raid on Dunkirk; 9 killed.

British aeroplane raid on Zeebrugge.

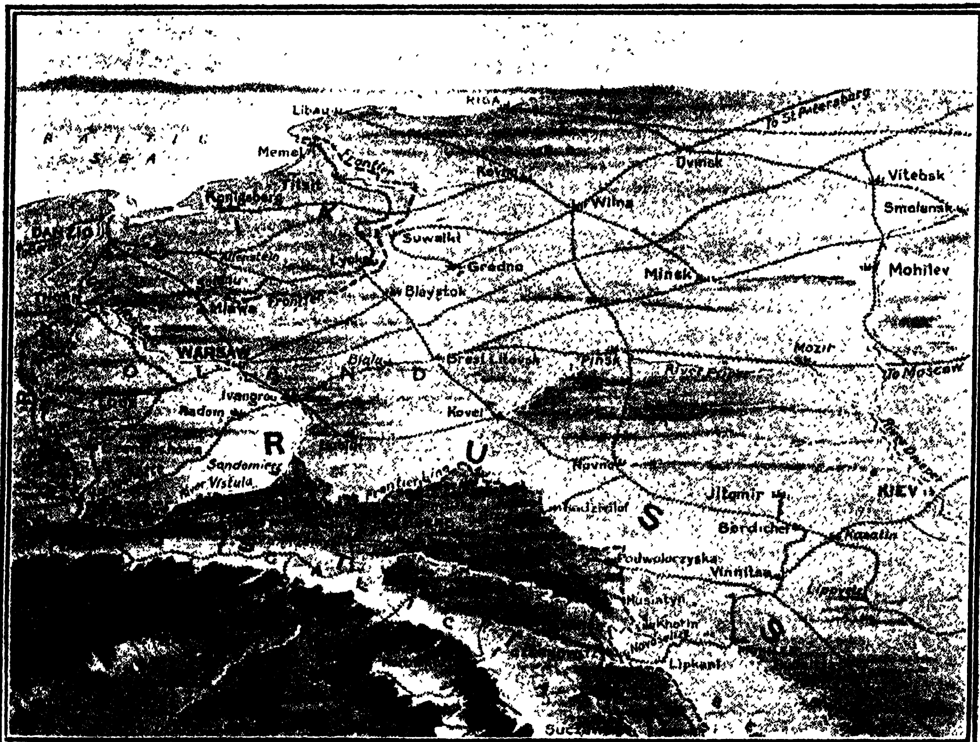
Jan. 23.—Continued fighting in the Argonne region reported.

Jan. 24.—German armoured cruiser *Blücher* sunk in an engagement in the North Sea between a German battle-cruiser squadron and a British patrolling squadron.

Sinking near Sinope of Turkish steamer *Georgios* freighted with the entire Turkish aerial fleet by Russians reported.

Defeat near Upington of an African rebel force, under the leadership of Kemp and Maritz.

Jan. 25.—Complete destruction of St. Mihiel bridges by French artillery reported.



Copyright] [G. F. Morrell.

The Austro-Russian Frontier.

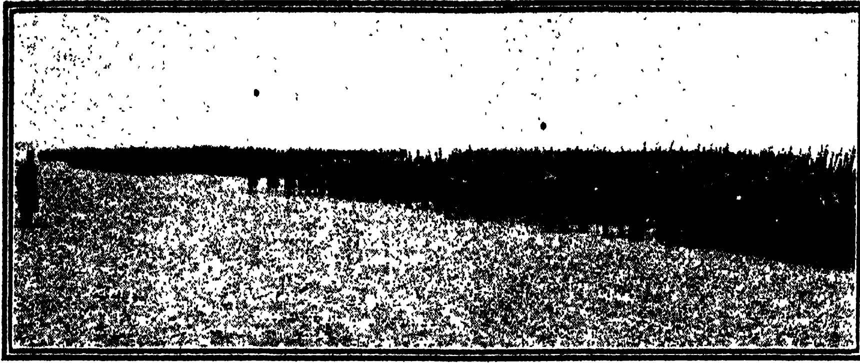


Photo by] [*Central News.*

The King of the Belgians Inspecting His Troops

Having retreated all the way from Antwerp, accompanied by their beloved King, this army of heroes, war-worn and sadly weakened, drew up along the river Yser, and, there entrenching themselves, made preparations to defend the last strip of Belgian territory not in the possession of the enemy. No more inspiring subject for the painter of the future could well be conceived than is provided by this great episode of the war.—" Notes on the War," by " L. L.," in *The Dublin Review.*

WITH THE BELGIAN ARMY ON THE YSER.

By EMILE CAMMAERTS.

A WRONG impression has been created recently in England by some reports stating that the Belgian Army " was resting " in France. I am in a position to say that the Belgian Army has never left the Yser. Neither is it true that King Albert has spent some time in Paris. The King has never left his troops.

In face of the German concentration along the coast, in October last, the Belgians, after defending alone the line of the Yser during a ten days' battle, were reinforced by French troops, which helped them to clear the left bank of the stream of the enemy whilst the English were so brilliantly defending Ypres. Even now, the French are still co-operating with the Belgians along the sea and have taken the place of the English at Ypres, but the whole line from Nieuport to Dixmude and further south is defended by Belgian troops only.

After the fall of Antwerp and the terrible losses suffered whilst holding the Yser, the field army, numbering 120,000 men at the beginning of the war, was reduced to 35,000. Thanks to reinforcements, mostly drawn from the new recruits, this number has been considerably increased. At the time of my visit some of these men had not enjoyed one full day's rest since the mobilisation on August 2nd. They had seen Liége, Haelen, Malines, Antwerp and the Yser, and they were still eager to fight and to reconquer, foot by foot, the dear old country's soil.

It is true that, barring the action towards Lombartzyde and in the region of Dixmude, the greater part of the Belgian Army, though constantly exposed to the enemy's fire, does not see much severe fighting at the present moment. The floods which have so efficaciously stopped the German advance would stop also any attempt to progress in this region. But it would be a mistake to think that soldiers who are not actually taking part in a battle are not enduring great hardships. Some people imagine that most of the soldiers who are not mentioned in the official *communiqués* are leading a pretty comfortable life, billeted in towns and farms and made much of by admiring civilians, whilst it requires, perhaps, more courage to sit quietly in a wet trench, with wet feet and

cold hands, in the wind and in the rain, than to rush forward carried away in a bayonet charge.

Whilst danger threatens there is no time to feel all the miseries and physical discomforts to which one is submitted. Sleeping in wet clothes becomes a habit, walking in cracked boots an unavoidable necessity. As long as one escapes the fatal blow one does not mind these little things very much. A wound, after all, would be much worse, and as a young boy was telling me, "You cannot imagine how good life seems when you have to face death."

But, especially after the strain and excitement of battle, the subsequent lull is most trying. "It leaves you time to think," as they say. And of what should they think if not of the dear ones left at home, mother, sister, bride, wife or children? It is the sight of these dear faces, of these smiling eyes shining in the smoke of their fires which weakens the heart of the soldiers. Some are playing cards, others sing for a while; but the greater number sit silent around the flame with fixed eyes and set lips. Do not ask them what they are thinking of!

Here, again, the position of the Belgians is particularly cruel. They have no news from home. They know that their people are there, beyond the German lines, in a country downtrodden by the jackboot of a pitiless enemy. They have heard of the massacres of Louvain, Aerschot, Dinant, Tamines. Some of them come from these places. They know that the Germans, who have so often murdered their wounded, will not hesitate to starve the country if their interest prompts them to do so. Most of them are peasants or workmen. Their family was not rich when they left. It might be hungry now. And they are kept here powerless before these devastating floods, with nothing to look at but wrecked villages, a few reeds bent by the wind, dark grey clouds rolling threateningly along the horizon, and, from time to time, the carcase of a cow or of a dead enemy driven by the stream along the lines.

I wish all pessimists, all misanthropes would visit the trenches. They would see to what severe trial the human soul can be submitted without losing for one moment its hope of salvation. They would be humbled by the unconscious heroism of these simple people. They would be put to shame by the triumphant smile which the least comforting word can awake on their lips, by the new courage which the mildest joke can kindle in their eyes. I wish that all those who have slandered human nature would be able to witness the splendid comradeship which binds together these men so sorely tried, the good temper with which they receive any new misery, the cheeriness which, in spite of everything, reigns in those small shelters all along the trenches.

They would never, never more despair of human nature.

What are we who *write* about these things beside those who *do* them? What is the value in such a war as this of all the intellectual luggage we might have gathered along the road? No book, no poem, no picture will give us back the old country. But these mud-stained, simple-minded heroes will do it. The Germans can wreck Ypres' Cloth Hall, they can wreck, if they choose, every building in Belgium. They cannot destroy the pluck of these little soldiers, their willingness to sacrifice their life for their country, their steadfast resolution to obey the orders of their chiefs for the defence of the noblest cause which it has ever been given to a man to defend in the whole course of history.

The stray bullet which strikes a German in Belgium is worth to us the highest work of art, for no Belgian work of art of the past would preserve any spiritual meaning if the country were ever to lose her independence; no genius would ever visit her in the future, she would remain barren and desolate as she was during the eighteenth century.

There are two things which Belgium will have learnt when this war is over: the vanity of speech and the virtue of silent discipline.

Talking with the men one understands the moral danger of a retreat. The closer they are to the enemy the happier they feel. The same soldiers met at Furnes or on the front look different. Once in the lines they have the hope of advancing, of gaining ground, even a little, of getting closer to the heart of the country and to all their people, there behind the wall of the German positions. They are told that they are not alone in the field, that their front extends all through France as far as Switzerland, and that far away, on the eastern frontier of Germany, their Russian Allies are pressing steadily forward, but these things do not concern them directly. They are only interested in their section of the battlefield. The least advantage in their quarter is more important to them than the most brilliant

victory won at the other end of Europe. Even officers are able to blind themselves by considering only what happens before them. War has become a tremendously specialised business, and the last place where you can get a complete and well-balanced image of it is at the front.

When we hear of the work of the snipers leaving their trenches at night in order to kill the enemy's sentinels, we are filled with admiration for the indomitable spirit of these bold soldiers. When we hear of lives given in order to catch a rabbit or to secure an oil-stove, our hearts bleed with pity for these men who do not hesitate to pay such heavy price for such small comforts.

Our pity and admiration are fully justified, but we are misconstruing the psychology of trench life. Most of these bold expeditions are only undertaken, most of these hazardous wagers are only made, in order to break up the tediousness and the monotony of the military routine. A time comes when inaction becomes impossible, and as useful actions cannot be undertaken, useless ones will be invented. Some will smoke a cigarette with their heads out of the trenches, others will start for a paddle on a raft at night, simply because they are tired of losing pennies at cards and want to play a more exciting game. I asked one officer who told me some of these anecdotes why such things were allowed and received the following characteristic answer: "Why should we stop them? It teaches them to scorn danger."

This officer was right. A life lost in that way is not wasted. It stands as an example. If one man does it for a rabbit or for a stove, why should another hesitate to do it for his King and country? A lady of the Belgian *noblesse*, engaged in Red Cross work, used to go and take her lunch every day in Nieuport, when the town was bombarded. The soldiers knew it and admired her for it. They were not only grateful to see a woman share their dangers, they were happy to see her despise the shells. There is nothing like laughing at danger once you cannot avoid it. I noticed the same feeling amongst the men when the Minister of State Vandervelde visited their trenches. He had been with them at Malines and on the Yser. Here was a civilian who did not hesitate to come and talk to them and comfort them, not heeding the threatening shrapnel. As for King Albert, I need not say how important his example has been. Some of the men have only seen him from afar. Some have only heard that he was with them, but the moral influence of his presence has been invaluable, quite apart from his action on the decisions of the General Staff. He also despised danger, and was seen unconcerned under fire - as a true chief should be.

Some people will tell you that individual heroism cannot have any effect on the result of this war, that it will be merely a question of numbers and of equipment. These people have never been under fire.

If they had, they would understand that the effect of artillery in open field aims mostly at shaking the nerves of the men who are exposed to it. The heaviest bombardment cannot annihilate a long line of men occupying narrow trenches. It can only occasion some casualties amongst them and shatter the spirit of those who remain, in order to weaken their defensive action when the subsequent attack takes place. A well entrenched position, held by sufficient numbers, would become nearly impregnable if one could ignore the effect exercised on the "moral" of the men by the sight of the wounded and dead who surround them and by the crashing noise of the explosions. If this factor could be ignored and if the survivors could face the enemy's bayonets as if nothing had happened to them, it would be practically impossible to dislodge them. So that, if we consider at least the problem of the defensive, all the progress in armaments, far from diminishing the importance of the moral factor, has increased it considerably. There are fewer occasions, at present, for charges and bayonet attacks because, unless the adverse artillery has been first silenced, such operations have become very difficult to undertake. But there are plenty of opportunities for the soldiers nowadays to submit to bombardment without leaving their positions, "to sit in the trenches and turn up the collar of one's coat," as one man put it to me. And there is perhaps more courage needed for this prosaic inaction than for the great dashing assaults which have been the subject of so many pictures.

The great characteristic of the modern battle is that you cannot paint it. The little *tableau* suggested above could scarcely inspire the brush of our artists. Neither could they find much interesting material in the engagement which I witnessed from an artillery observatory near Nieuport-Bains.

French forces were occupying trenches in the dunes, two hundred yards in front of us, over which the enemy's shrapnel were seen bursting from time to time, like puffs from a gigantic pipe. Far away we could see our shells bursting over the enemy's lines, after the house had been shaken by the deafening detonations of our guns. Through the telescope we scarcely distinguished, two miles off, some dark shadows. We were told that these were German troops moving from their trenches. They might as well have been a wood or a patch of grass. This was all.

Not a soul could be seen above the ground, though more than twenty thousand men were burrowed there, within a radius of two miles. From time to time a group, on our side, crept along sheltered by a dune. But this faint apparition soon vanished underground. We saw one German, which is more than many men can say who have followed the campaign for months (excepting, of course, prisoners). He was shown to us—again through the telescope—buried on the top of a dune, only his helmet showing. Very likely an officer watching the effect of the firing through his glasses, and connected by telephone with the German batteries.

So that I am able to draw what can be seen of the German Army in Belgium; the round curve of the crest of a dune and, right on the top, the point of a helmet. It might have been a stick planted there by a child, the ears of a rabbit emerging from its hole, or those of a donkey grazing on the other side. But it was really—so we were assured by the officers who occupied the post—it was really all that could be seen of the German Army in Belgium. The sketch might delight Futurist painters, who may discover in it some hidden symbols, but it will certainly seem rather dull to the less advanced artists who have not yet been able to "follow the leader."

As the Minister Vandervelde visited one of the general quarters in the rear of the Belgian Army, a few men who had been recently decorated were presented to him. The story of their heroic deeds would be too long to tell here, though it would make good and comforting reading. I cannot, however, forget the faces of two of these humble and modest heroes.

One was a man of thirty-five, a telegraphist. As he was repairing a line which had been destroyed he was discovered by the Germans, who fired at him repeatedly. His officer warned him and gave him leave to cease his work, but he refused obstinately, saying: "I cannot leave the job like this." By that time a mitrailleuse was turned upon him. He escaped, however, with a slight wound.

The other soldier was much younger, scarcely 22, very shy and reserved. He had been made corporal on the battlefield. He was a teacher in a school near Malines when the war broke out, initiating the young Malinis into the mysteries of Latin grammar. He had been ordained a priest the year before, and had offered his services as a stretcher-bearer. How he left the cassock for the "capote" and the "tricorne" for the "képi" is a mystery which he would not explain. He simply stated that "he had seen too much of it, and could stand it no longer." I am told he is a good shot. The stripes have taken the place of the red cross on his sleeve.

As I am re-reading these hasty notes, a last picture comes before my eyes. It is the tomb of a soldier at the corner of a small road—if a mud-stream deserves this name—leading to a Belgian advance post, a large farm, half wrecked, emerging from the floods.

We had crossed already a good many so-called "cemeteries." Some fields without even a cross to show the place where "hundreds" had been buried. We had seen also a few abandoned tombs, with a crooked cross and some small token of remembrance and regret. We had heard how the soldiers take great trouble to give to their comrades *tombés au champ d'honneur* a burial worthy of them. But here, along the Yser, the fight had been too terrible, the number of dead too great. There was no time to be spent on special offerings. Most of the men fallen on the same field had been buried together and a short service read on the common tomb.

So I wondered, looking at the neat little square of red bricks and grey stones, carefully set side by side in a regular pattern; I wondered still more at the small flower-pot placed in the middle, and I simply stopped dead when I saw that a chapel close by had been forced open, and that the Virgin in china, which formerly stood above the altar, was standing now on the soldier's tomb, smiling and rocking her Babe in her arms.

Who could have done it? Who could have had this strange inspiration of violating a chapel the better to honour a man? Who could have kept the square so neat, in spite of the splashing mud? Who could have

planted this flower there, the only flower I saw on the Yser? Who could have arranged this little garden, the only garden which remains on Belgian soil?

And as I was wondering, I heard a voice singing in a house close by, the fresh voice of a girl, and, at the same time, the officer who walked beside me said: "Is it not strange? It is the only house untouched in these parts. The people will not leave. They have been more than once advised to do so, but they simply will not hear of it. There is a girl there, too. Do you hear her sing? I never pass here without hearing her."

And I thought I guessed who had looked so well after the soldier's grave. The voice was distant now, but I guessed the meaning of the song. It must have sung of the hope of salvation for the dead, and of the hope of victory for the living. It must have said: "Let them do. For every church wrecked you will have a cathedral, for every house a palace, for every dead a blessed martyr, for every living a patriot. For God himself will stand on this land and pour His blessings upon it, as the china Virgin stands there on the side of the road, for the ground of this country has become the holy tomb of her children, and has been sanctified by their sacrifice."


A Farm on the Banks of the Yser.
Belgian Outpost near Ramscapelle.


Artillery Observatory near Ramscapelle,
Showing Yser Floods in the distance.

TO AID OUR ALLY.

AFTER the retreat from Antwerp the Belgian Army was for some time utterly lacking in practically all the necessary stores of clothing and equipment with which to withstand the awful conditions in the trenches. This has now been remedied, but still the soldiers lack the comfort of extra clothing and such items as cigarettes and chocolate which have been supplied our soldiers by the British public. These things make all the difference to the comfort of the soldiers, and it is only right that the Belgian Army, to whom we owe so much, should enjoy the same benefits as our own men. They have no friends or relations who can supply them, so M. Emile Vandervelde is appealing for funds to make good the deficiency, and we heartily endorse his appeal. We owe a debt of gratitude to Belgium that we can never properly repay, and this appeal gives us a further opportunity of discharging a small part of our indebtedness. Contributions should be sent to Minister of State Emile Vandervelde, Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue; while clothing should be sent to the Depôt, 23 City Road, London, E.C.

THE DUTY OF NEUTRALS.

THERE is a wide belief, both in Great Britain and in the neutral countries, that the violations of The Hague Conventions should not pass unchallenged, and the authority of the United States of America in particular is directly invoked. Mr. Roosevelt has strongly urged this view in the *New York Independent*. He writes:

> Either The Hague Conventions meant something or else they meant nothing. If in the event of their violation none of the signatory Powers were even to protest, then, of course, they meant nothing; and it was an act of unspeakable silliness to enter into them. If, on the other hand, they meant anything whatsoever, it was the duty of the United States as the most powerful, or at least the richest and most populous, neutral nation to take action for upholding them. . . . I authorised the signature of the United States to these Conventions . . . on the theory, and with the belief that the United States intended to live up to its obligations and that our people understood that living up to solemn obligations, like any other serious performance of duty, meant willingness to make effort and to incur risk. If I had for one moment supposed that signing these Hague Conventions meant literally nothing beyond the expression of a pious wish, which any Power was at liberty to disregard with impunity in accordance with the dictation of self-interest, I would certainly not have permitted the United States to be a party to such a mischievous farce.

Many other similar expressions of opinion have appeared. There is no doubt that if a vigorous protest had been made immediately the neutrality of Belgium was violated the moral effect would have been very great. It was the only breach of International law that had taken place and there was no doubt as to the facts. Now, however, so many breaches have been committed, many of which would need careful investigation before they were established, that the difficulties of a considered protest have been enormously increased, and it is almost impossible to draft any adequate line of action.

There are several reasons which weigh with neutrals when it comes to official protest. In the first place the signature of The Hague Conventions gives the signatories the right to protest, but does not impose this course as a duty. Thus, in the case of Austria's seizure of Bosnia-Herzegovina and of Italy's seizure of Tripoli, none of the signatories to the Treaty of Berlin who had guaranteed Turkey's integrity intervened, nor in the case of the atrocities committed in the Balkan Wars was there any intervention, nor practically any protests by the neutrals, though The Hague Conventions were most flagrantly violated. The custom is for neutrals only to protest when their own interests are directly concerned. This is not a very high standard, and is a constant reproach to all nations concerned.

Then again a protest places the neutral in a very awkward position if the offending party ignores the intervention, and unless prepared for hostilities the neutral must undergo the humiliation of being treated as nothing by the Power against whose action she has protested. Few of the Powers and certainly none of the smaller Powers desire to be placed in this predicament.

The United States certainly lost a magnificent opportunity of upholding International Law and the rights of nations by not immediately protesting at the beginning of the war when the violation of Belgium was the only question.

Sir John Macdonell has dealt with the present attitude of the neutrals in an article in the *Contemporary Review* for January. He shows the change which has taken place in recent years and also the difficulties of taking action which will yield useful and practical results. Sir John says:—

> In past times it was rarely contended by the most sensitive belligerent that true neutrality was incompatible with the free expression of opinion as to the merits of disputes between belligerents, as to their conduct, and as to their observance of the rules of warfare in which neutrals are interested. True neutrality has not meant silent neutrality; silent in the presence of offences against laws and usages, part

of the common stock of civilisation. Nor has it meant silenced neutrality; neutral Powers dumb spectators, because afraid to speak of momentous controversies the ultimate decision of which may affect the lot of every nation. It would be a misfortune if this were not so. International law has its main origin in impulses proceeding from the consciences of men. But its only effective sanction in the technical sense is the public opinion, the collective moral influence, of the world, the open disapprobation of those who are impartial.

What effect can these forces have if, from motives of prudence, the authoritative organs of national opinion are dumb? The general basis of international law is common consent. What avails such consent, what proof is there that it exists, if breaches of rules which are said to have received it are ignored? The history of neutrality is, in the main, the story of resistance, often ineffectual, but gradually successful, to the exorbitant claims of belligerents. There is a great reaction, if the lips of those who could speak with impartiality and authority are sealed. It has not been so in the past. I do not refer merely to the expressions of private persons, the subjects of neutral States; I have in mind the action of Governments. It is the aim of those who would moralise the relations of nations that they should act towards each other as honourable and truthful men act in their private affairs, that the gulf between private and public morality should be bridged, that between nations as between individuals, veracity, mercy, and courtesy should be observed. This separation will not disappear, the gulf may be widened, if neutral nations keep silence in presence of great wrongs and violations of principles in which they are all concerned.

The writer goes on to point out the danger which this attitude involves:—

Upon some of the many charges against the Germans as belligerents it is right to suspend judgment. But wrongs, flagrant and incontrovertible, have been done. If there is no protest these things are sure to be repeated, and international law or some part of it may become a memory or a dream. If the representatives of States meet together, and, after much careful discussion, solemnly sign conventions and then, when they are wantonly broken, neither seek to enforce them nor protest against their violation, men with any sense of realities will turn away from those conferences as too prolonged mummeries and will look elsewhere for the advancement of international law. There would have been a new era in the history of neutrality and of international law generally if neutral nations collectively or individually had spoken firmly as to the abuses of force and the violation of conventions. In his dignified reply to the Kaiser, President Wilson said that history would pass judgment upon the true authors of the war. It may not be wholly silent as to the bystanders.

As to the suggested action that should be taken, Sir John comments thus:—

How could the influence of neutrals be exercised in times like the present, how could reprobation of wrongs such as have been done to Belgium be expressed? Some persons with pure motives and high ideals have urged that neutral Powers should form an organisation to provide for this emergency. There were the organisations known as the armed neutrality of 1780 and 1800; it is urged that similar organisations should be formed to preserve interests far more important than those then in peril. There have been proposals that the neutral States which were parties to The Hague Conventions, should meet in conference; that they should express collectively condemnation of the violation of treaties and of the undoing of the work of 1907. Some have even urged that neutrals should intervene with force. The last is an impracticable suggestion; and no more feasible myth is the suggestion that the neutral Powers should institute an inquiry into the truth of the charges of breaches of international law, and should act according to the findings of the tribunal of inquiry.

Sir John does not, however, suggest what should be done beyond the appointment of a Commission by the Carnegie Endowment, similar to the Balkan Commission.

We print some of the letters we have received on the matter:—

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

No, I do not see how the U.S.A. can be expected to make a pronouncement about the violations of The Hague Convention. Any such pronouncement would land her in both practical and logical difficulties.

(1) There are masses of accusations flying about on either side, and it would be illogical to take one or two without the others. The violation of Belgian neutrality is no doubt the greatest and clearest of all. But it is impossible now to pronounce about Louvain or Malines or Rheims or the various atrocities which are freely alleged on both sides. Again, certain practices on both sides appear to be against the letter of the Convention—*e.g.*, the dropping of bombs from aircraft.

(2) Again, I think such a pronouncement would be a little foolish if not followed up by action of some kind. So I do not think that the U.S.A. ought to plunge into the controversy unless she wants to join the war, or at least to take some non-neutral action.

SIR EDWARD FRY.

I think that a protest by the neutral nations against the lawless behaviour of Germany might be useful, if it were really spontaneous, and not started at the instance

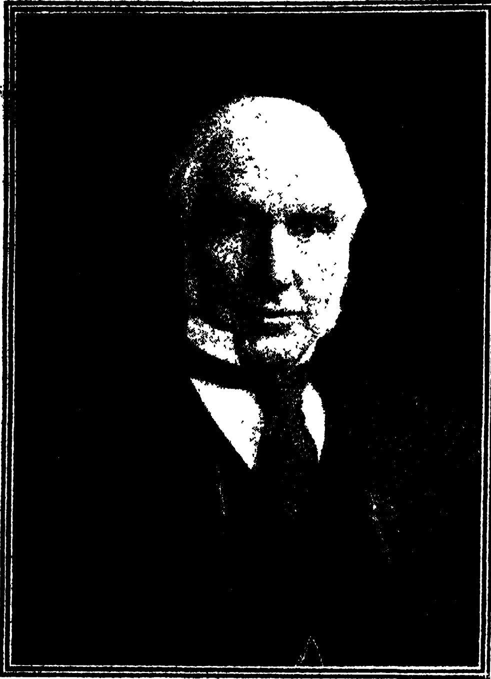


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

Sir Edward Fry.

of Great Britain; but I do not think that the smaller neutral nations, like Holland and Switzerland, could be expected to run the risk of incurring the displeasure of Germany by joining in such a protest.

It appears to me that the best course to take would be to procure the preparation of some trustworthy and succinct statement of the case in question. It should refer specifically to such clauses in The Hague Conventions as were agreed to by the belligerents, and are now alleged to have been violated by Germany. It should give the authorities which are the evidence of the several outrages alleged, and should be widely circulated, both in the original and in translations amongst the neutral nations of the world.

The pamphlet ought also to contain those statements made by German statesmen, officers, lawyers, and divines which assert the right to commit any acts of lawlessness or cruelty which may be thought to lead to success in arms.

[A committee on the lines suggested by Sir Edward Fry has since been appointed by the Government to draw up a list of Germany's violations of International Law as regards Britain.—EDITOR.]

LORD BRASSEY.

The law as affecting neutral Powers was fully considered at the two conventions held at The Hague, and also in London, when the Powers met, and the questions involved were fully discussed.

It is not easy to say what action should be taken by neutral Powers. It is not to be desired that the United States should take

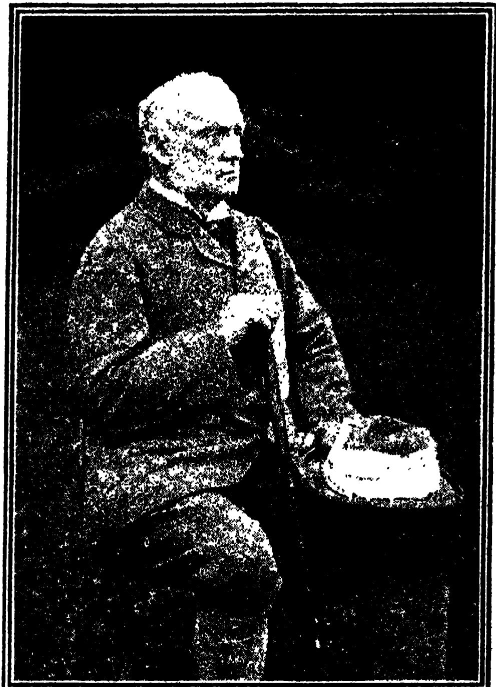


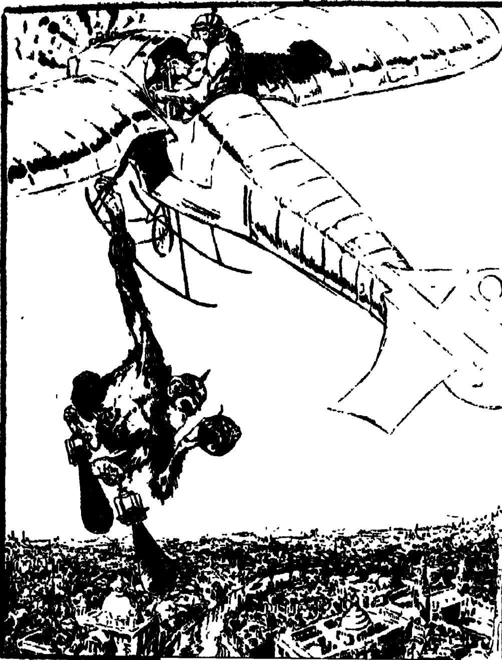
Photo by] [*Blomfield & Co.*

Lord Brassey, K.C.B.

part in the present war because the rules of international wars have been disregarded. For ourselves to vindicate the law by the strong arm is the only course at this time. We are doing our utmost by sea and land.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

**"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.***



Kultur Cartoons.]

Wonders of Science!

BRITAIN is peculiarly poor in powerful caricaturists, and this is probably due to the great gulf fixed between art and politics. In the work of Mr. Will Dyson that gulf is bridged with unusual success, and his many admirers will be glad to know that Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have issued an artistic portfolio containing twenty mounted *Kultur Cartoons* which give an excellent conception of the range of idea, brilliancy of conception, and powerful technique of Mr. Dyson's art. We are privileged to reproduce a telling cartoon as our frontispiece this month and give in miniature two representative examples of clever caricature. The Portfolio is published at 2s. net and contains an introduction by Mr. H. G. Wells, who, speaking of Mr. Dyson's motive, says: "He perceives in militaristic monarchy and national pride a threat to the world, to civilisation, and all he holds dear, and straightway he sets about to slay it with his pencil, as I, if I could, would kill it with my pen. He turns his passionate gift against Berlin."



Kultur Cartoons.

Modern Science and Prehistoric Savagery.

THE PROFESSOR: "Together, my dear Herr Cave-dweller, we should be irresistible!"



Portugal's Help.

It is small, but it is offered with the readiest will.

Portugal, though not involved, is quite prepared to fulfil her treaty obligations to England. *De Amsterdammer* compares the censorship to a burglar. *Pasquino* shows the enemies firing presents at each other—the unfulfilled hope of the Pope for Christmas Day. While even *Ulk* shows the combatants exchanging food.



Liverpool Courier.]

A Qualified Success

THE MAD MONARCH: Splendid, splendid! I have only one fault to find with your magnificent raid.

ZEPPELIN: And what is that, Sire?

THE M.M.: You certainly ought to have killed some children.



Pasquino.] [Turin.

Christmas Day

What the Pope hoped to see.



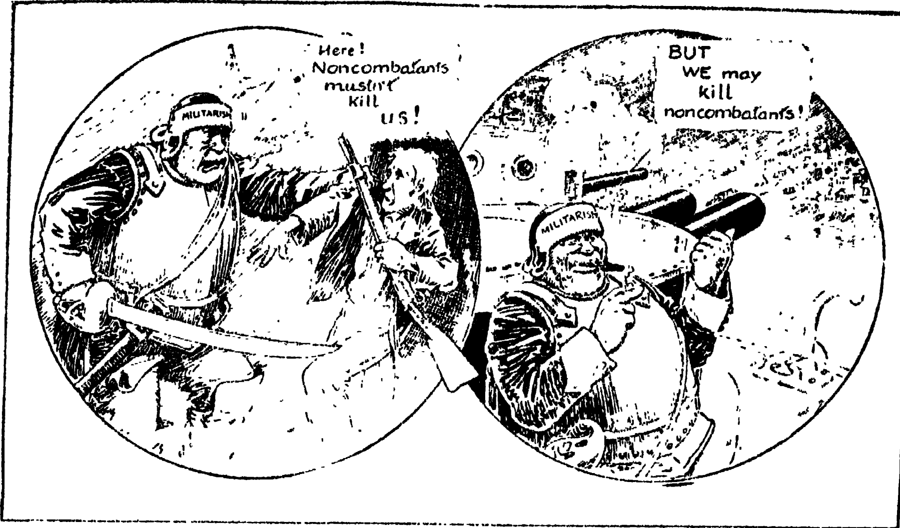
Ulk.] [Berlin.

Christmas in the Trenches



De Amsterdammer.]

Who can blame the Post Office when burglars misuse the strip of paper "opened by Censor"?



The News.] [Chicago

Curiosities of Military Law.

The *Chicago News* presents a neutral view of the bombardment of the English coast towns. *Nebelspalter* is satirical over the sad fate of the Angel of Peace.



Mucha.] [Warsaw

Before the Kiel Canal.

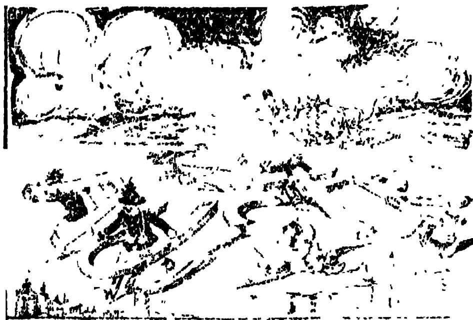
"Come along out of your hole, William, or I shall not be able to destroy your fleet."



Nebelspalter.] [*Zürich.*

Interned!

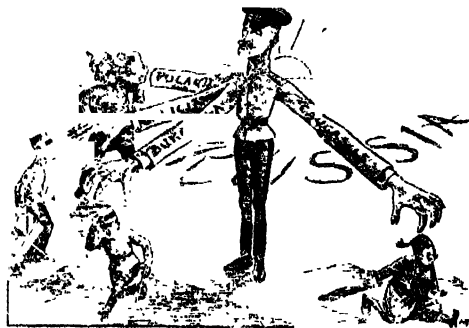
Since there is no occupation for the Angel of Peace, she is being preserved in spirit and guarded in the laboratory of the Peace Palace.



L'Uomo di Pietra.] [Rome.

The Break-up of Austria.

Each country takes what it wants.



Westminster Gazette.]

Arms and the Man.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies.

The Italian paper shows the break-up of Austria, with Italy, Roumania, Russia taking various portions. *The National Review* represents China restraining herself from participation, while other neutrals are with difficulty kept back.



Liverpool Courier.]

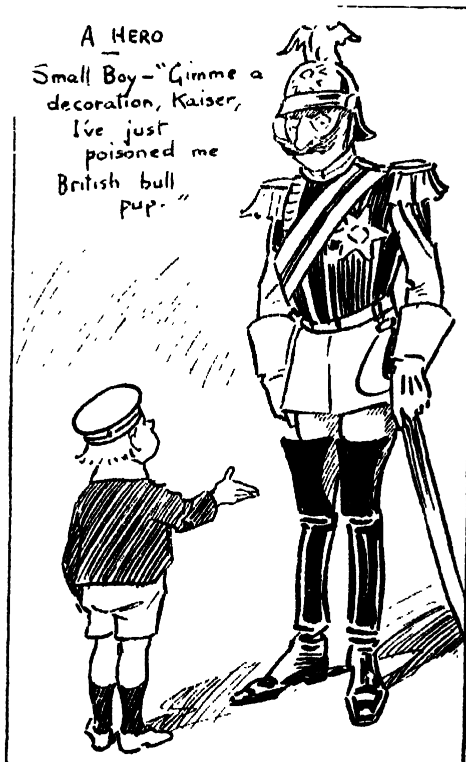
A Double-Edged Retort.

WILHELM: "Grinding something for us Bellona?"
BELLONA: "Yes—it's for you all right!"



National Review.] [China.

Hounds in Leash.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

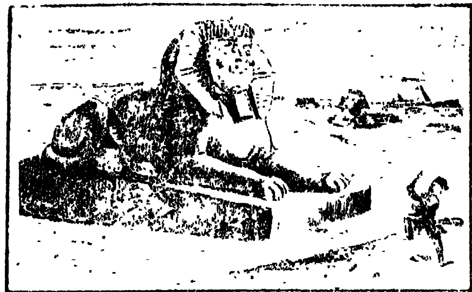
An Australian View of the Kaiser.



Le Cri de Paris.]

The Third Ally.

" Look out, somebody is shooting ! "



Hindi Punch.]

The Silent Sphinx Speaks Out.

YOUNG TURK ENVER : " Now then, get up and take to your heels ! My German master says I mustn't allow you to be a fixture here for all times ! "

SPHINX (British Lion) : " Gr-r-r-r ! Fools rush in where angels fear to tread ! "

[The British outposts are in touch with the Turks in Egypt. In a brush with the Bikanir Camelry the Turks lost heavily.]

The unfortunate Turk is represented as very unwilling to obey his allies. *Hindi Punch* supplies a reply to the German cartoons which have represented the Sphinx as about to crush the British. *Le Rire* suggests one of the motives which led Turkey to intervene.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Tempter.

" That Empire shall be yours."



Liverpool Courier.]

On the Brink.

WILHELM : " Well, go on— what do you think I gave you the Cross for ? "

[It is reported that the Turks are advancing in force towards the Suez Canal.]

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

• Old Europe is dying on the battlefields of Belgium, France, Poland and Galicia, and it is in the power of every citizen, even the lowliest, to help in the constitution of a New Europe which shall reflect the best and not the worst features of civilisation. Before this consummation each nation must be prepared to abate its lust for domination. Each citizen must forswear some measure of his personal greed. Many writers and even thinkers seem to regard the State as an entity apart and superior to the citizen, but the State is but the expression of national will, and each individual in his degree may mould the destinies of the race and direct the course of government.

IS THERE A LAW OF HUMAN PROGRESS?

WHATEVER may be the barriers between the peoples there is an ever-increasing approximation to the ideals of liberal thought, and these are common to the whole world. The forms of government vary, but the conditions of progress are identical in every land, and the article in *The Hibbert Journal* entitled, "The Unity of Civilisation" by F. S. Marvin, enables one to appreciate the essentials which emphasise the necessity of preserving the progress already achieved. The writer submits his argument in convincing language:

A time of fierce and widespread animosity, of immeasurable destruction by multitudes of men of the lives and possessions of others, "the greatest war since the Roman Empire," makes one turn eagerly, but with some apprehension, to those ideas of the progress and growing unity of mankind which have been the inspiration of so much work and hope for the last hundred and fifty years of European history.

Are we to give them up? Are we to dismiss them to the region of beautiful but practically unattainable ideals? Or should we restate them with increased emphasis on neglected factors, and with warning to ourselves and others against dangers that are now apparent, and an optimism which will increase the danger, if our faith is not active, well-grounded, and forearmed.

To the present writer the choice seems clear. The disasters which are upon us are largely due to the fact that the idea of the underlying unity of interest, of culture, and of ultimate aim between the nations of Europe has not yet sunk deeply enough into the Western mind. Rather than discourage us or upset our faith the conflict should be seized upon as an opportunity for reasserting strongly the grounds on which the faith rests. Let the Great Fire clear away some at least of the causes of the Great Plague, and enable us to *rebuild* more firmly and more healthily on the site which fate has given us and where we needs must live together for worse or for better. That Europe, especially its western portion, is essentially a commonwealth; that, though our acts may for the time savagely contradict the truth, yet the common forces are permanent and must steadily grow and subdue the disruptive passions of envy, suspicion, and dislike—this is the thesis which it behoves us now above all to proclaim and to establish.

It is not only that vast bodies of men believe in and desire this unity, though this is a fact of the highest moment. The fundamental truth beneath and above this is the growing unity of the process of human evolution itself. Fuller individuality in the *members*, closer unity in society as a whole—these are the two aspects of progress which, since Kant first clearly discriminated and connected them, have been seen to sum up a multitude of historical particulars which the human mind has somehow to arrange in an intelligible order. And a considerable part of our present troubles must be attributed to the fact that the historians, those who know most about the particulars have, as a rule, set their faces against the introduction of the great governing ideas which alone can reduce the multitudinous particulars to that order which any purpose in the world, either human or divine, must imply.

Kant gave us in 1784, with all the certainty of his philosophical insight and the cautious reservations due to the complexities of the problem a first sketch of such an ordered sequence in human affairs. He started from the essential dualism of the process. The powers of man can

only be developed by individual striving, and this striving involves conflict both between single members of every community and between communities as units. But, on the other hand, the fulness of man's powers can only be attained in community-life, and the communities themselves are completed by a community of the whole. The life, therefore, of every individual, and of every short span of human history, finds its meaning and purpose in a conception of the whole which Kant treats as a plan of Nature or Providence. Such is our necessary conclusion when we consider the nature of man *à priori*. When we turn to history, we can detect the plan at work, but only in snatches, with frequent set-backs and by obscure bypaths, leading in the end to the great common goal, but often lost to sight in the tangle of conflicting motives. But "even in the play of human freedom Nature does not proceed without a plan and end in view: and though we are too short-sighted to detect the mechanism of her transformations, yet the conception of her plan must be our clue, which will reduce the aggregate of otherwise purposeless actions, at least in the mass, to a system. So starting from the Greeks, who preserve and make credible to us all earlier and contemporary history, we pass on to the Romans, who incorporated in their larger unity the city-state of the Greeks, and we regard the invasions of the barbarians and the history of later nations as episodes in the regular constitutional progress of our western European world, which to all appearances will govern the development of the rest of human kind. . . . If we add to this political development the progress in arts and sciences which on a broad view may be seen to accompany it, we shall gain not only an explanatory clue to past history which would otherwise be a confused and disconnected tangle, but also some confidence that in the future all the germs of good which Nature has implanted in mankind may at last find their earthly realisation."

A little span, Kant admits, of the great course of human evolution, which unfolds itself before us as the course of the heavenly bodies, has been unfolded; but though a little just as the movements of the solar system are infinitesimal compared with the mass of the material universe of which they are a part it is perhaps enough to establish a law which if true, would be the strongest possible support to a humanity dreaming of strength and happiness in unity, and yet constantly cast down by apparent contradictions and temporary reverses.

Mr. Marvin passes deserved censure on the limited horizon of the historians, who seem fated to view the least vital of the many factors which express the life struggle of the races and, ignoring the sociological aspect of man's activity, always contrive to distort the true inwardness of things.

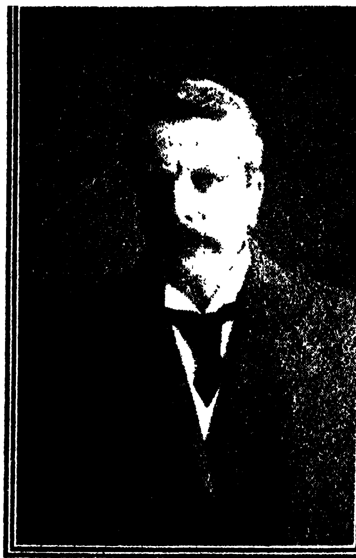
We need encouragement such as the historian could give, as the writer points out:—

There has been for the last two hundred years infinitely more science, more service to mankind, more internationalism, in engineering than in diplomacy; yet the former, which is a perfect example of ordered development and of the collective capacity of mankind, is completely ignored by the general historian and by superficial critics who deny any evidence for laws of progress, while the latter is studied in every detail, enshrined in countless volumes, and passes for the history of international relations.

As we get the perspective a little nearer right in this and similar cases, our outlook alters both towards the past, the present, and the future. Looking to the past, we feel a closer kinship with the myriads of early generations who built up the first structure of civilised life through the activity of the same forces which are still at work in their developed form. And in the brief span of historic centuries which intervenes we trace with quite another interest the lines of communication which have ensured that the heritage of knowledge, sympathy, and collective effort has come down enlarged to our own day. History is seen as progress as soon as the growth of the common factors in humanity is realised. That this growth is real - has taken place and will continue is as demonstrable as any other fact in the world of life and things. That we may delay and obstruct it, is equally patent, when men deliberately spend life and wealth in manufacturing hatred and means of destruction against other me . But towards the future this juster estimate o the social forces of the present and the past will give us an unconquerable hope. We shall see that beneath the turmoil of conflict, the outbreaks of savagery, and the just certainty of heavy retribution, there are uniting forces still at work, stronger than ever in the world, and a closer texture of international unity in science, commerce, and the arts of life, which may be torn but cannot be destroyed We shall no more believe that a great war can permanently or even long delay the onward march of the common cause and collective strength of mankind than we can think that the loss of one or two great ocean liners will seriously check communication and transport round the globe. Science will grow and fellowship will spread. The temporary losses, the check to certain causes in certain places, will make the mass of men set their faces more firmly towards the light, and they will see that what man has achieved in the millenniums of his growth, often unconsciously, or against the odds of a hostile nature or a perverted human will, is a permanent and supreme thing guiding and ruling us above the impulses of the individual agents or the passing hour

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE SMALL NATIONS.

IF Europe is to achieve peace it behoves thinking men and women in every country



Mr. H. Dunlop.

to exert themselves *now* towards educating public opinion to the nature of the crime which has plunged the nations into bloodshed and to point the way out. We are pleased to know that steps are being taken in Holland to assert these principles, and below we print extracts from a remarkable "Appeal to the Anglo-Saxon World," which appears in the *Haagsche Post* from the pen of Mr. H. Dunlop, of Delft:—

At the Mansion House Banquet on November 9th, 1914, the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland declared, amongst many other matters of great importance, that the British Empire would not sheath the sword until the rights of small Nations were set upon an unassailable foundation.

Of this weighty utterance Holland was officially informed by the British Consulate at Rotterdam, my native city also by the British Legation at The Hague.

The more I looked at this "Official Communication," of which I append a facsimile, the more I became convinced of the extreme importance of these words.

The rights of small Nations. . . .

Now, if the existence of the small Nation generally is a *sine qua non* to the cause of civilisation and progress, something will have to be done which must be totally different from what has been done before. Otherwise we shall have endless repetitions of past and present horrors and fruitless indignations.

It has been stated by many men of learning that war is a necessary evil, and that, in order to eradicate it, the very foundations of human nature will have to be altered, which is hopeless. To this I answer: In the Middle Ages nobody except a Nobleman had any rights. The poor people who did not live in walled cities, and who were the property of the nobles, used to walk about with a rope round their necks so as to be always ready for being strung up on the nearest tree; if they killed a hare or a deer they risked being fried to death over a slow fire. I really am not exaggerating. That *was* the position in those days. But in the long run all that has changed. The people simply would not stand it. So they went and strung up the others, and they kept on doing so until the others behaved themselves. At last it came about that every man became a citizen of the State, and, broadly speaking, possessed the same rights as the nobles, who were only allowed to keep their titles and some prerogatives, which were mostly harmless. I hold that it is impossible to imagine a more stupendous change in human affairs generally than this. But would anybody be prepared to say that the very foundations of human nature have been altered since the Dark Ages? You might as well declare that gravitation has changed. *Human nature has not changed, but its most brutal instincts have been driven together, like wild beasts, behind a fence, and that fence is the Law, and it is held by the power of the Law, which is the Police.*

Now, if the rulers of the mightiest States in the world earnestly desire to "place the rights of the small Nations upon an unassailable foundation" they will have to drive the brutal instincts of the large States together behind a fence, they will have to build that fence out of International Law, and they will have to enforce that International Law by an International Army. *They need not perform such a wonderful operation as changing human nature.* But by using common sense they will succeed in protecting the Human Race against its own destructive instincts. Society, within individual States and communities, felt that Might without Right was an evil. Therefore it abolished that evil. Mankind felt distance as an evil. Therefore they abolished that evil, and for the transmission of thought through the sky, through oceans and mountains, they simply annihilated it. *Distance ceased to exist.* For the transmission of matter, man has already reduced it by over 90 per cent. Mankind felt disease to be an evil. So they annihilated several epidemic diseases and will annihilate

them all in time. In Europe the plague, that scourge of the Dark Ages, has been simply abolished. If that species of Vertebrates which is called the *Homo Sapiens* is capable of performing such wonders as all these, it is capable of achieving almost anything. And so I do not believe those who say that war cannot be abolished, and that it is a necessary evil. I hold that there is no such evil. I hold that like many other evils it will have to be reduced and vanquished, and ultimately annihilated. It has been said that war is the sport of kings, the game of diplomats. If that is so, kings will have to invent other sports—for instance, that which secures a Maximum of happiness to a Maximum of people—and if they do not see it they will have to go altogether. Diplomats will have to follow their kings, if they can think of no better game than war.

Again, it has been said that the various nations and States have conflicting interests. I deny it, and I hold that they have, instead of many conflicting interests, One Great Common Interest. I hold that that interest is the conquest of Nature by the study of its eternal laws, and that this will bring a Maximum of happiness to a Maximum of people. I hold that that conquest will be achieved, not by strife, but by the united efforts of all mankind; mankind, for the sake of sentiment and convenience, and no doubt for the sake of utility and progress, divided up in States, bound together by International Law, policed by an International Army.

Hitherto the nations of the civilised world, and especially the Christian Nations, have followed two moral Codes. The one, the Christian Code of morals, does not seek self, abhors vanity, praises meekness and bids its followers love their enemies and bless those who bitterly hate them. That is the moral Code for the individual and for the family. But the other moral Code is the one adopted by all large conglomerations of individuals and families, called States. That Code is exactly the other way round. It praises the most egocentric ideals, it pours the madness of its ridiculous vanity into so-called national anthems, it denounces meekness as contemptible cowardice, it hates its enemies, uses its utmost ingenuity for their destruction, and, so far from blessing them, it kills those who love them. I defy anybody to deny that this, and this alone, is the real state of affairs.

It is evident that either the one or the other Code of morals must be wrong. This is, indeed, generally felt to be the case. When the war-fury is upon the nations they try to murder each other as much as possible. But they cannot get rid of one of their Codes of morals, so they send ambulances along to try and cure those whom they murdered only half. They feel that in killing one another they are committing the most frightful sin. And yet they do it. They worship their kings and emperors, who wish to live a life of luxury and ease and power at their expense, and who swindle them by flattering their stupid vanity into attacking their neighbours, and subsequently drive them mad with the ferocious fear of having their sins visited upon them by their enemies. . . .

And yet, *if an old-fashioned peace is concluded, there will be no choice.* The beaten nations will hate and detest the victors. They will become worse demons than they were before. Their mob will forget the blood and the mire and the beastliness of war, and will only see the plumes and the feathers and the prancing horses. They will make worse engines of destruction. Not only small countries like Belgium will be devastated, but large ones like England, Canada, Australia, the United States of North America. All the Anglo-Saxon countries will become so many Germanies; perhaps somewhat modified in accordance with their racial characteristics. But if they wish to avoid or even to oppose destruction, they will be forced to adopt ultra-militarism. They will have to protect their mothers, their wives, their daughters, their houses, their *all*, against the fate of Belgium. And this brings me back to the point from which I started: The rights of the small Nations. *When the Prime Minister of Great Britain declared that these rights would be set upon an unassailable foundation and that France must be adequately secured, he knew that this cannot be achieved unless war between civilised States is rendered practically impossible.* He knew that an old-fashioned peace would make war quite as unavoidable as hitherto, and perhaps more so. *And it is this which gives fresh heart to those who plead the establishment of the United States of Europe;* a Union of independent States, free to manage their own affairs, but treating all their foreign affairs in an International Parliament; independent States, liberated for ever from the maddening fear of invasion and aggression, policed and defended by a great international army. Let each country furnish a quarter of the men required for its territory, and let the remaining three-quarters be recruited from the other countries. Let each country send its best sons. The International Army will then become a wonderful instrument of education. This splendid world, which fools have made into a Hell of hatred and misery, will be open to millions of young men. Europe will save at least 300 millions sterling per annum on armaments. Free trade will become possible, the working classes will obtain better wages, the State will have plenty of wealth for old age pensions, *destitution and poverty, like distance, famine and pestilence, will be things of the past.*

Mr. Dunlop addresses his Appeal directly to the Nations of the Anglo-Saxon Race; but the work is one affecting the happiness of the whole world, and therefore demands the co-operation of all peoples.

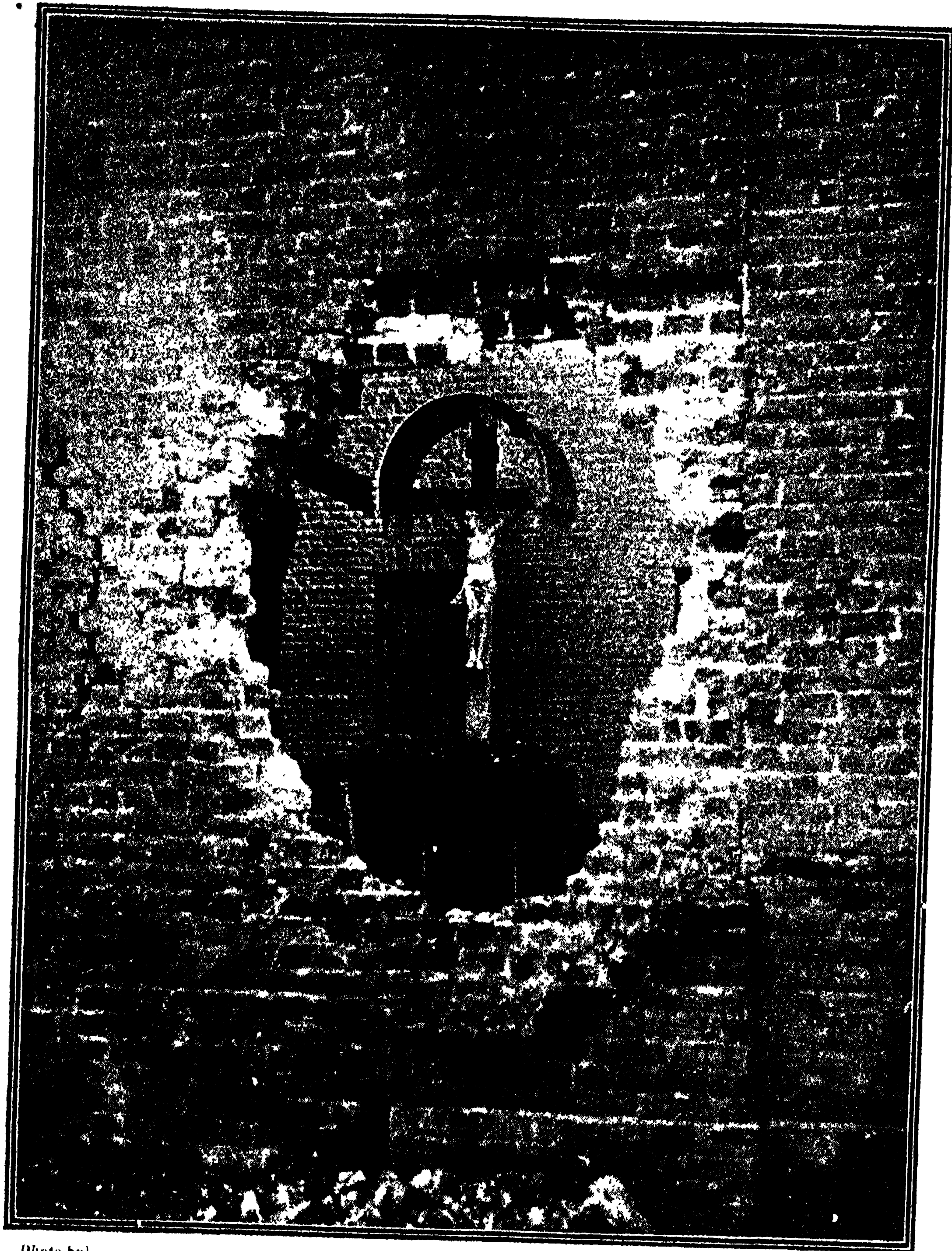


Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations*

THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE POOR AT NIEUPORT.

The outer wall demolished by a German shell.

CHRIST OR CAIN?

THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR.

The challenge of this query has commanded widespread attention, and we print a further selection of opinion from those charged with the responsibility implied by the profession of religious faith, or who are moved to interpret the present upheaval as the fusing of elements destined to leave only the fine gold of a fuller life for humanity passed through the fire of affliction.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

I do not wonder that your Father's strenuous and unflinching efforts to make the world a better and more peaceful place inspire you with a great desire to make a living memorial of him by a continuance of the same work in what may seem less hopeful times. I use the word "seem," for it may be that we shall move faster along this way of terrors.

You ask, "Is Christianity upon its Trial?" It is, as it always has been, and always must be. But it tries those that try it. What this means will be understood by one who reflects that its "success" started from Calvary, and that the Cross of failure has constantly been the sign of its truest achievements.

Certainly "Christianity" has not for long had such a vindication as that which it has received from the open view of the results following from the abandonment of its principles and the substitution of such as may be strictly called "anti-Christian": of force for right, of selfishness for material consideration, of violence for mercy and forbearance.

We see now far more clearly than before what is meant by saying that Christianity has the secrets of a true civilisation, and that the best European civilisation is Christian.

Perhaps, however, what is meant by your question is to ask, "Are *Christians* upon trial through the war?" The answer cannot be doubtful. Yes, each and all of us, and the Christian nations so far as they claim the name. *Our* Christianity ought to have kept the nations out of this war if it had gone deep enough into the roots and springs from which the war has come. Our Christian fellowship ought to have supplied just that controlling check on patriotism which is needed to keep it modest as well as devoted, and respectful of other nations in maintaining its own. There were glimpses in the relations of Christian men to one another, across the national boundaries, of what, if it had been more general and as strong in its own spiritual strength as the "children of this world" are strong in the purs of their objects, would have made war impossible. We have learnt our weakness. But no Christian doubts his faith because he discovers afresh his own failure or that of his fellows to live up to it and be worthy of it; nor is he more than saddened if in some great clash of worldly forces, some "hour of darkness," the spiritual and



The Bishop of Winchester.

Christian forces seem proportionately powerless or feeble.

I hope that this may be some reply, very slight but quite sincere, to the question which you put. You will see, I am sure, that the last thing which it is intended to do is to encourage Christians in self-satisfaction, though it resists any suggestion that what they believe is ineffective or superseded.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Socialism, in which some would trust as more powerful for peace and good than the Christianity from which it has sprung, has suffered a similar experience in being unable to bend to peace the mighty forces of national rivalry; and this though it had at its back the weightiest material and economic arguments.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Men are asking themselves how this war is likely to affect the faith that we profess. Jubilant and defiant voices cry out that it is the bankruptcy of Christianity. Converts to Christendom in the heathen world are asking, "How can Christendom be plunged into so horrible a war?" Troubled Christian hearts are asking, "When it is all over, when the Son of Man cometh, will He find faith on the earth?" This question is not answered by the present evidences, remarkable as they are, of a deeper seriousness, of larger and more attentive congregations, of the readiness of those who have enlisted to receive religious instruction. What will the end of it all be?

It is not for us to prophesy, but I make bold to say that it is for us to regard the War, however justly we have entered upon it, as being, for all that, a visitation of God. I am not able to find myself looking forward to a time anywhere in the near future when wars shall be impossible. Wars are the direct outcome of national sins. We cannot, indeed, in all cases connect the specific sin with the specific punishment. But we can say quite emphatically that if there were no sin there would be no war, and that as long as there is sin there will be war. We can also behind this impersonal law trace the will and action of Him who is the living God. Further we say that war is a national rather than a personal visitation. In it the innocent suffer with the guilty. The hand of God is upon the nation as a whole. But we may well question whether this truth has yet penetrated the national consciousness.

We may yet doubt whether any sign has been manifested of a national repentance. We may envy the Russian nation for the simplicity of the action by which it has put away the strong drink, and for the readiness with which this putting away of a national sin has been accepted. We are not able to imitate this directness, this Old Testament directness of procedure. But the doubt which I suggest is whether the conscience of the nation has been reached in such a way as to affect public opinion and public action. We have, indeed, suspended certain controversies. We have made national efforts to relieve distress. But have we suffered God to say that which He has to say? Have we heard the prophetic "Thus saith the Lord"?

It is not our Christianity that is bankrupt, but it is our sentimental substitute for the teaching of Christ that this War has exposed. There is nothing in the Gospels to lead us to believe that God will not visit sin, that He will interfere to prevent mankind from reaping that which it has sown. Years of luxury and self-confidence have led the popular mind to travesty the revelation of God that is contained in Holy Scripture. Christianity, if we had taught it faithfully, would have prepared us to expect such a visitation as this. The war will not have done its work till it has taught us the fear of God, and revived in us what I had almost called the lost consciousness of the character of sin.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

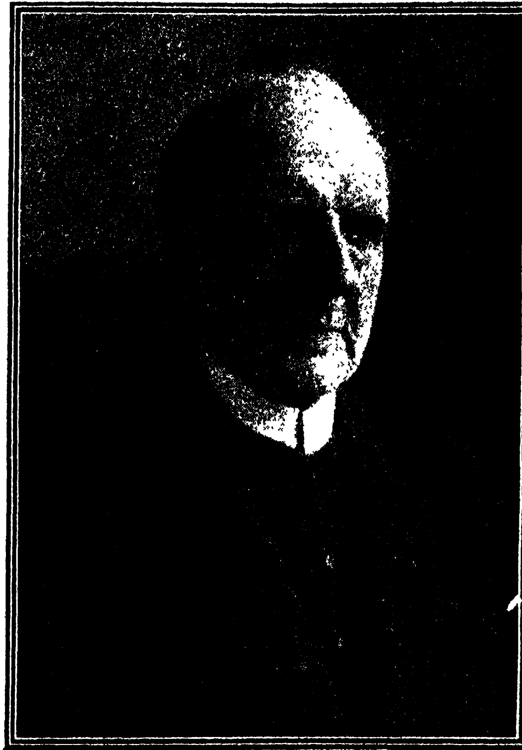
"Christianity," that is a conventional code of ethics based upon the sayings of our Lord, is a failure.

When men and nations realise that the mystic meaning of the Christ revelation is the divinity of humanity, and that the teaching of the Christ was the utterance of the *ideal* to become the real by gradual evolution, war will cease, because the essential solidarity of humanity as an expression of the Infinite Mind will be perceived and known.

REV. F. B. MEYER.

In a booklet, written from the extreme peace standpoint, this noticeable admission is made: "We can rightly use force to catch a child falling into the fire, or capture and shut up a lunatic, or to stop a drunkard beating his wife, or a mad Malay running amok. We can act as police, so far as we can

use force to bless men. . . ." Now, that precisely defines what we are doing at the present hour. We are using our accumulated force and treasure for the blessing of mankind. Our country is engaged in war to arrest a carefully organised attempt to substitute the tyranny of force for the rights of the people, to appropriate neutral territory for purposes of selfish aggrandisement, and to flout international pledges and obligations. Certainly moral means would be far preferable, but what are you to do, when the moral nature of the wrong-doer is dethroned or drugged? Such is the present condition of the German people. They have been drinking, for a generation at least, deep draughts of an appalling and soul-destroying philosophy. Nothing else can account for their insensate hatred of Great Britain. It is useless to reason with it -- to appeal to moral sanctions—to advocate a neutral tribunal. These things may have time and place presently; but when a passionate child threatens injury to itself and the other inmates of the home it must be constrained by strong arms till the frenzy has expended itself and it has again become amenable to reason and kindness. Would it not have been justifiable if, at risk of his life, a Roman senator had arrested by force the hand of Nero when in the act of setting fire to Rome? Even John Bright supported the forcible suppression of the Indian Mutiny and the slave-owners secession in America!



F B Meyer

(*Photograph by Lafayette.*)

But so soon as peace is in sight we must set ourselves to inspire Europe with high ideals, amongst which will be the following: (1) That the German people must be assured of our frank goodwill, and that we recognise their contribution to the common good as essential to the well-being of Europe and the world; (2) that, though war may remove an obstinate obstructor to a mutual understanding, the problems which await solution must be solved, not by force, but by goodwill and common consent; (3) that there must be no retaliation of the atrocities which German soldiers may have committed; (4) that the heroism and sympathy which the war has evoked between the various classes of our community shall be equally expended in the removal of social wrongs, so that every life may have its fair chance; (5) that we must carefully guard against the spirit of militarism becoming enthroned amongst us, lest we, too, perish by the sword; (6) that frugality, self-denial, reverence, sympathy, virtue, patience are as good for days of peace as amid the exigencies of war; (7) that the Cross is the true symbol of man's ascent.

Some of the points which have been mentioned may be conceded under the pressure of the war, but withdrawn when the skies are again clear. Then will be the testing hour, and we may be called on to suffer for the great principles we have learned from Christ. It will be well for us to settle in our own minds what we are prepared to stand for; to begin to disseminate our ideals by voice and pen, but especially to *think* them deeply and strongly, remembering that each thought is a permanent contribution for good or evil to the great aggregate of moral and spiritual force. There is no doubt as to the ultimate issue. The morning of a new age is already on the sky; and we hear the voice of the Almighty declaring: "Behold I make all things new."

IDEALISM: THE ONLY WAY.

THE editor of *The Forum* takes up the cudgels and belabours the practical man who only believes what he can weigh and whose vision is limited to the world which revolves no farther distant than the end of his nose. Writing under the title "The Dream and the Deed," the editor launches his attack on the pachydermatous host:—

It is too often assumed, by those of little imagination and less faith in their fellow-men, that the world is doomed to its recurrent periods of splendid hopes and sorry disappointments. Because a few idealists, in the early years of the nineteenth century, dreamed of a regenerated Europe and found their dream illusory, therefore now, in the early years of the twentieth century—and a hundred years from now, and a hundred centuries—similar dreams must be unrealised, and the same traditional selfishness of the nations and the rulers of the nations must continue to plunge the world into cataclysms of slaughter. . . .

Idealism is not a jest, or an effeminate affectation, as some of our robust blusterers assert: it is the moving force of the world and the remoulder of the world. What we need is more visionaries, and fewer of the so-called practical men. A man of the world has been defined, justly, as one who in every serious crisis is invariably wrong. He is wrong because he has no imagination: he relies upon old experiences to carry him through new conditions, and he merely repeats the old mistakes. That is what our Roosevelts and similar practical men are perpetually doing. They have not realised that it is possible for conditions to change, and therefore they have not perceived that conditions *have* changed.

In the first place, although the multitudes—men, women and children—read as the multitudes have never read before, the power of the Word, the Idea, has not yet been fully grasped by our practical men. They will point to the marching hosts of soldiers and ask if an idea can arrest those armies. It can, just as an idea gave birth to them—the idea of nationalism, of power, of efficiency. But it is the people who constitute the armies, and the people are rapidly assimilating the new idea—that nationalism and efficiency must be a means, not an end. It is not because the masses of the peoples of Europe have hated each other that they are now fighting, but because they had not learnt to trust one another. The worst results of over-confidence could not have been more terrible than the results of lack of confidence.

In the second place, our practical men, though they talk of democracy and occasionally make slight concessions to democracy, have not realised that this is an age of established democracies, which have won through the weaknesses of the experimental stage and reached maturity and strength. Now they are learning how to apply that strength, not only to their own improvement and the devising of governments that shall be really representative, but to the general welfare of all other countries with which, through ties of commerce or sentiment, they are intimately connected. The world-idea grows steadily; and though the difficulties still to be surmounted are understood and in no degree underestimated, they are known not to be insuperable. The federation of the world is no vain dream: ignorance, provincialism, bigotry alone stand in the way. Those who wish to fight for ignorance, provincialism and bigotry will of course do so; but let them at least acknowledge the banner under which they are serving the devil.

In another passage the anti-pacifists are treated to a satirical scourging:—

It seems to have occurred to several people that the present time is exceedingly opportune for the publication of pointed remarks addressed to all pacifists in general, and to Mr. Bryan in particular. The English language, which is sufficiently copious, has been ransacked for pleasant epithets; and it has been intimated with cultured precision, by no less an authority than Colonel Roosevelt, that those who have worked for the inauguration of an era of elementary common sense are merely moral and physical weaklings. War, we are told, is rooted in the necessities of human nature: it has existed, exists, and will exist, *in secula seculorum*, pre-historic, post-historic and pan-historic; and nobody but a lunatic would make any real effort to avert it.

It is undeniable that war, on a large scale, is now bringing its vaunted blessings to the European nations, and especially to little Belgium, which has much cause for thankfulness that strong, virile militarists have been able to overrule the effeminate pacifists and prevent the horrors of a peaceful harvest-time, of an undesolated country, and a winter not linked irrevocably with such slaughter and starvation as the world has never yet witnessed.

In the face of this unique exposition of the virtue and value of militarism and militarists, it is indeed extraordinary that Mr. Bryan, or any other statesman or publicist, should be foolish enough to indulge pacific tendencies, or to imagine that the peoples of the world, amazed, nauseated, shocked into the full realisation of facts, will highly resolve—and will keep that resolution—that the dead shall not have given their lives in vain, and that the future shall be free from the intolerable curse that has lowered over the past, and brought us now to the supreme abomination of desolation.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Thank you for the copy of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS with Sir Oliver Lodge's address at Browning Hall.

The whole address by Sir O. Lodge is well worthy of perusal, especially in the complete form published in the little volume on "Science and Religion," containing other addresses by eminent men of science.

The latter part of Sir O. Lodge's address alone deals with the question of survival after death, and it has been somewhat unfairly taken from its context by newspaper reporters. I admire the courage and it needs very great courage in a man holding the high position which Sir Oliver Lodge occupies —to avow so explicitly his firm belief in the fact that discarnate human beings can, and do from time to time, communicate with us here on earth. One would have thought that among Christians and Bible readers such a belief would be very natural and inevitable, and that courage would be needed to *deny* it. It is not so, however, as in spite of their professed Christianity most people are either Sadducees at heart, or invest the unseen world with a grotesque unreality.

You ask if I think belief in life after death has been advanced by Sir Oliver Lodge's statement? When a scientific man, known to be a careful critical and honest investigator, makes the assertion that his researches have led him to a certain conclusion, his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect, and cannot be disputed by those who have never made similar prolonged investigations. Hence the wide publicity given to Sir Oliver's assertion of the definite conclusion he has arrived at, from the evidence he has obtained during very many years of psychical research, must have considerable influence on public opinion.

A natural desire has been expressed by many for the evidence on which this conclusion is based. Abundant evidence will be found in the volumes of the Proceedings and Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, and, further, as yet unpublished evidence will be forthcoming. But it is probable the written records will not create the same conviction in all readers, and certainly will not be as impressive as it was to those who took part in the investigations.

Moreover, it is extremely difficult to convey to another person the conviction we possess of the identity of any particular individual even on this earth, and when such an individual is stript of his material body and environment, it becomes almost impossible to convey to a stranger or outsider the conviction of his identity. For the presence and personality of a friend excites a definite emotion within us, and emotions are incapable of translation into articulate language.

I, myself, have not had the opportunities for obtaining at first hand such conclusive evidence as Sir Oliver Lodge has had, and hence I cannot go further than assert my absolute conviction that life, intelligence, and personality exist in the unseen. Further, the evidence shows that the communicating personality is more like the deceased person it professes to be than that of any other we can imagine. There is certainly an attempt at intelligent co-operation between certain disembodied minds and our own. If I may refer your readers to my little book on *Psychical Research*, published in the Home University Library, they will find in the concluding chapters a brief *résumé* of some of the evidence which has led me to this conclusion. It is probable that our own limitations, and also, it may well be, difficulties on the other side, render it impossible for the evidence to convey to many enquirers, such as myself, the conviction that we are in touch with the *full* personality of those we knew on earth who have now passed into the unseen.

In conclusion, perhaps I may be allowed to add what I have said elsewhere, that psychical research, though it may strengthen the foundations, cannot take the place of religion, using in its widest sense that much-abused word. For it deals with the *external*, though it be in an unseen world; and one of its chief values lies in the fact that it reveals to us the inadequacy of the external, either here or hereafter, to satisfy the life of the soul.

Yours faithfully,

W. F. BARRETT.

Kingstown,
Co. Dublin.

"CULTURED" CARTOONS
"MADE IN GERMANY."

THE object of reproducing the German cartoons every month, crude and in questionable taste though they may be, is that they give briefly and pungently the German view on the various current events; and it is often most valuable to know your opponents' point of view. This month there is not quite so much rancour expressed against England, and there is a tendency to deal with other subjects. The belief in the overwhelming victories of Von Hindenburg is expressed in the lonely and dejected figure of Grand Duke Nicolas. This indicates the retreat to Siberian wastes, while the spirit of Russia weeps in the background. The Allies are shown as waiting for one another to make some progress.



Ulk.] [Berlin.

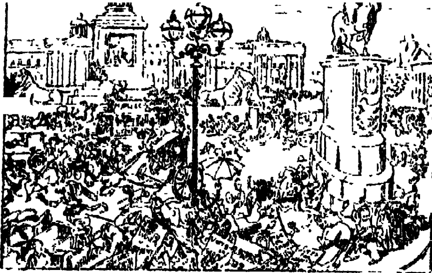
La Belle Alliance.

EACH (privately): "I am very anxious, but the man in front of me will soon do something."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Back again to Asia.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Arrival of a Zeppelin over Trafalgar Square.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Hartlepool.

These wicked Germans, I declared war on them and they have the cheek to shoot at me.

The suggestion that Japanese troops should be employed in Europe leads the *Lustige Blätter* to represent the Allies as grovelling before the Mikado. The idea of Germany offering Home Rule to Ireland is quaint, as is also the representation of the Irishman.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Audience with the Mikado.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND RUSSIA: "Oh! honourable Ally, lend us your troops that we may free Europe of Militarism."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Welcome Dish.

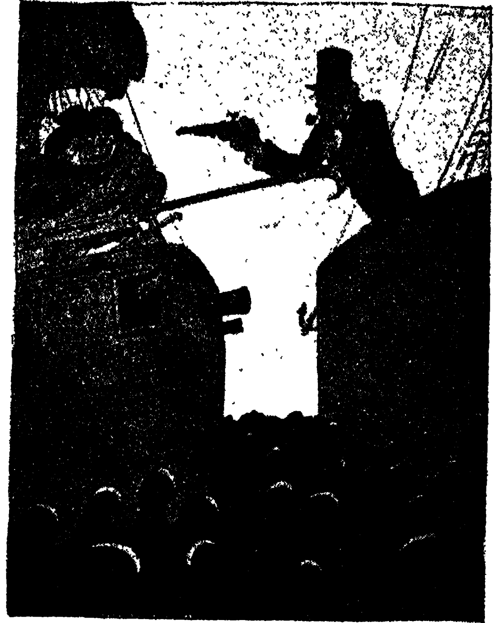
IRELAND: "I have long wished for that fish" (Home Rule).



Ulk.] [Berlin.

America's Protest.

"Say, John Bull, I guess you can't go on here just as if you were in your own house."



Jugend.] [Munich

The Major Business of John Bull & Co.

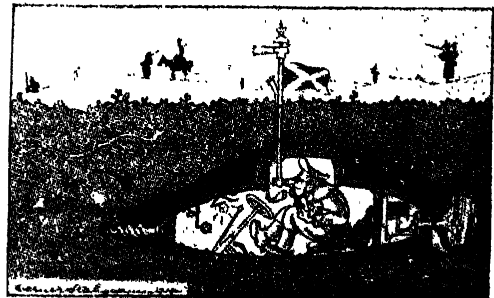
"What? I may not rob on the sea? Then what is the use of my world power?"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The New Flight from Egypt.

Germany naturally rejoices over the American Note to England. *Lustige Blätter* reiterates the speedy expulsion of England from Egypt, with a picture of an exodus of sportsmen and tourists. It is a cardinal belief that the Tsar dare not appear at the front, so *Kladderadatsch* suggests a subterranean boat.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Tsar at the Front.

The Tsar inspects his troops from a subterranean boat.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Star of Malmo.

The Three Kings from the North.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Three Kings in the North.

At present we can do nothing; let us wait until it thaws.

The meeting of the three Scandinavian Monarchs suggests a desire for Federation to *Kladderadatsch*, while *Die Muskete* maintains that it was abortive. It is rather strange that Germany should claim Winter as her ally especially against Russia. *Lustige Blätter* insists that the Triple Entente is powerless to alter Italy's course of independent attitude

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Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

General Winter: Our New Ally.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Salandra—Odysseus.

In vain the syrens of the Triple Entente endeavour to lure Italy to destruction.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

Reviewer's Note.

If the Editors of the magazines are true judges of public interest no subject save the Great War is worthy of discussion or consideration. Consequently the reviewer finds it impossible to present any summary of the month's press which is not overweighted with reference to the campaign, and the only variety available is still charged with the deep feelings and passions of this great world event.

The Dublin Review is a case in point: the contributors to this organ of Catholic thought are usually animated by an other-worldliness which is a marked feature of this, one of the most readable (having few typographical rivals) of all the serious journals. The current issue contains 175 pages of special articles, of which 125 are devoted exclusively to war subjects. The Editor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, achieves a masterpiece of impartiality in presenting "The Conduct of the German Soldiery" in due relation to the ascertained facts; and in another article, "The Interpretation of Treitschke," we have a scholarly estimate of the unscrupulous theories the application of which leads to the "total destruction of international faith." Canon Barry writes on "The Lesson of Louvain," Stephen Phillips contributes a notable poem "Revenge for Rheims," and "The Economics of War" are faithfully dealt with by Hilaire Belloc. The specific war articles by Lancelot Lawton are arresting in form and comprehensive in their scope. Now if *The Dublin Review* is so tinged with aspects of the war, the general reader may imagine the total immergence of the normal political magazine into this absorbing topic; but we have attempted to call attention in our pages to problems arising out of the struggle which are in great measure of domestic concern.

THE GREAT DISILLUSION.

LORD SYDENHAM indulges in some trenchant criticism of Norman Angell in an article, "War and Illusion," which appears in *The Edinburgh Review*. The writer says that "Mr. Angell has allowed his mind to become obsessed with cash considerations," also that he "deals copiously with history, which he ruthlessly misinterprets," and Lord Sydenham is especially moved to show the continuous power of national feeling expressed apart from and often in spite of immediate self-interest:—

Among modern forces which Mr. Angell ignores, or regards as in process of dissipation under economic pressure, is the ideal of nationhood. The sense of power and of dignity, even more than the material advantage that may result from the impulse given by a strong central government, possesses increasing attractions. Citizenship of the German Empire is more inspiring than that of Baden or Bavaria, and Saxons and Hanoverians quickly forgot their defeat in 1866 in the larger outlook which resulted from their absorption by Prussia. Germany, united by war, is now giving the strongest proofs of national patriotism. When the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, tore up the Treaty of San Stefano and created the two new States of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, an experiment was attempted which was foredoomed to failure, because the principle of nationality was violated. The Serbian War of 1885 instantly brought the two States together, and the idea of Bulgarian nationality helped to bring about the first Balkan War, while the second showed the two young Slav nations in violent conflict in spite of racial affinity. The growth of nationalist ideas in Ireland has proceeded in absolute disregard of economic considerations; for the present prosperity of the Irish people is due entirely to the closeness of the British connection which the Nationalists seek to weaken or to dissolve.

In India, of which Mr. Angell writes with evident ignorance, we have seen in recent years the uprising of the national ideal in spite of a far greater incongruity of race, religion, language, and sentiment than exists in any other country. It is an ideal that we should not discourage; but it can never be realised except under British Government. The whole prosperity of India must continue for many years to depend upon British credit and British guidance. In the present war the national factor is exerting a powerful influence, and in any European settlement in the days to come the principle of nationality must be carefully safeguarded in the interests of a lasting peace. It is this principle, far more than Mr. Angell's economic self-interest, that appears likely to mould the destinies of mankind.

Turning to the illusions of Germany the writer says:—

War is the supreme dissolvent of illusion, and already the German people are beginning to realise that they have been led to the brink of an abyss. Even the calculations of a great General Staff, held up to the admiration of the armies of the world, have proved worthless; and the reason is plain. Cool thinking is not possible when the imagination is blinded by the hatred inculcated by prophets like Treitschke and von Bernhardi. The German generals made pictures which corresponded to their own desires, and trusted to estimates of the strength of their opponents which had been framed to suit the exigencies of Pan-German aspirations. Every effort that cunning could devise and gold could support has been made to deceive the German people and neutral nations; but the time of disillusionment is at hand, and the effect will be far-reaching.

In a concluding passage Lord Sydenham extracts the redeeming features of war:—

As world conditions now stand, I do not believe that all causes of war can be eliminated, and I am not sure that the total abolition of war would benefit mankind. There is an element of truth in the words of Aristotle:—"War compels men to be just and moderate; but peaceful ease tends to make men insolent."

National and personal self-sacrifice is still an ennobling force, and amidst the enormous evils of the present war we can discern redeeming features In this time of supreme trial, much that is small and mean has disappeared from our public life. The imagination of all classes has been profoundly touched by the devoted gallantry and endurance of our splendid sailors and soldiers and by the sufferings of Belgium. The sense of shared duty in face of a common danger has united the whole Empire, and sympathy with the bereaved and the suffering has inspired all hearts. We cannot estimate the moral and spiritual effects of these impulses upon the life of our nation. And yet the historian of the future may decide that this war ought to have been impossible, though he will surely trace its real causes to the deep-seated and artificially stimulated illusions of a great people—illusions which threatened the liberties of the world, and which war alone could dispel.

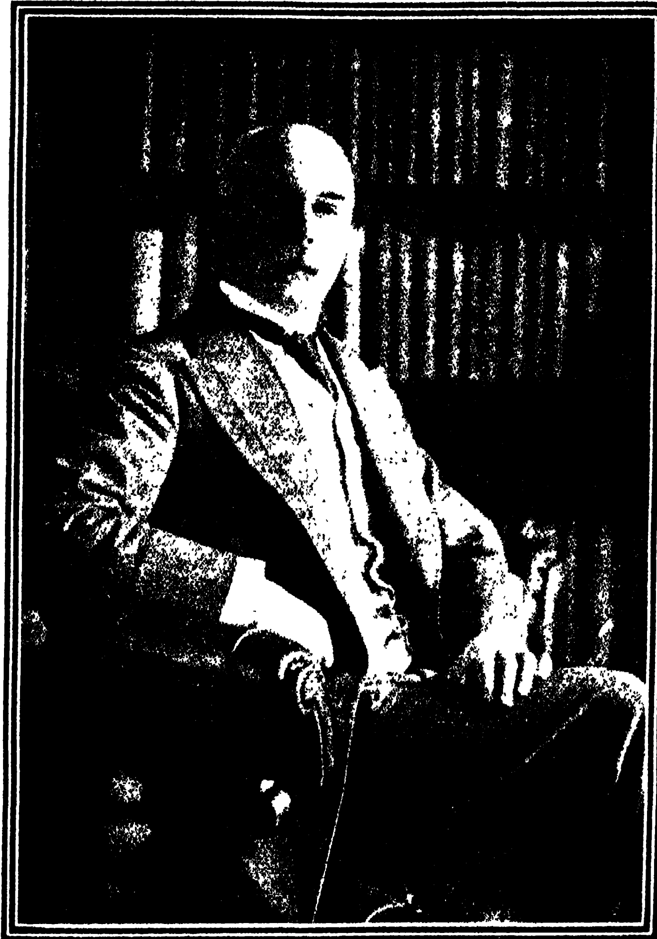


Photo by] [*Lafayette*

Lord Sydenham of Combe.

The writer seeks to correct yet another illusion when he says:—

It is a mistake to assume that the present war is the result only of militarism as the term is generally understood. The instructors of youth and the military caste, in dangerous co-operation though with motives differing in some aspects, have acted and re-acted upon each other; but the causes lie deeper than the militarism which Prussia, since 1871 was able to impose upon the German States. Inherited characteristics, centuries of history, economic wants, and dynastic ambitions have all combined to produce nationalism in the extreme form which Germany has come to represent.

THE CASE FOR THE CITIZEN.

HAROLD COX is nothing if not critical, but he possesses the rare quality of impartiality which gives weight to his judgments: as Editor of *The Edinburgh Review* he modestly places his contribution "Militarismus: Abroad and at Home," at the end of the volume, but it is easily one of the most important articles to be discovered in the magazines. After making an effective contrast between the types of British, French, and German soldiers, Mr. Cox points out that:

The militarismus of Germany is a combination of national temperament with universal military discipline. It must be remembered that in Germany there has never been a general and successful revolution of the people against their oppressors, like the revolution in England against the Stuarts and the French revolution against the Bourbons. The conception of individual liberty never seems to have taken hold of the German people as it has of the other peoples of Western Europe. Instead we find German professors and writers devoting themselves persistently to the glorification of the power of the State and to the task of persuading the German people that their main duty is to devote their lives to the expansion of the German Empire. When to these national and intellectual influences is added the influence of a rigid military discipline, enfolding the whole people, it is not surprising that the German nation should be infected with the worst form of militarismus, the mere desire to dominate.

It is hardly less surprising that Germans should come to believe that any methods of diplomacy or warfare which contribute to the attainment of German ambitions are legitimate. Men who have been accustomed to the brutal discipline of the German army are not likely to shrink from acts of brutality when stirred by the passion of war.

The writer then passes to a consideration of the Censorship, and while admitting its usefulness from the military standpoint puts in a strong disclaimer against its use to screen Ministers who

are so puffed up by the arbitrary powers conferred upon them by various statutes hurried through Parliament, and by the cessation of ordinary political criticism, that they act as if they believed that a Cabinet minister can do no wrong.

If the danger here indicated were merely domestic, there would be no need to feel much anxiety. The English people have successfully resisted a good many tyrannies in the past, and are not likely to succumb to the newer forms of tyranny now being tried upon them. The real danger is that the people themselves may become infected with the desire to dominate, even as their ministers have been.

Mr. Cox joins issue with the conscriptionists, and points out to those irascible gentlemen that our present position and friendships are largely due to the absence of the dangers which conscription involves, and we agree that "as a nation we have good reason to be satisfied both with the sound principle on which our system of national and imperial defence has been based, and with the actual results achieved."

Improvements, of course, are possible, and in regard to the training of our youth the writer makes a very considerable concession when he suggests that there is no reason why part of a boy's school training "should not be based upon military experience and partly directed to military ends.' These words are modified by the preceding sentence, which we hope is a prophecy of early educational reform. Mr. Cox says:—

Slowly the nation is awakening to the fact that the curriculum in our elementary schools has long been too exclusively based on the conception that education consists of book-learning. That we could build up a better race of men if less time were devoted in schools to the study of books, and more to the development of the body and the training of the hand and the eye, is certain.

Through all the citizen (the unit of the State) must come first, and this is emphasised as "the most important lesson of the war":—

Still more has this war demonstrated that the military point of view is not the only factor that has to be considered in the supreme problem of national defence. That is the great blunder that Germany has made. Her statesmen assumed that it was only necessary to have the army strong and ready and they could sweep all before them. But scarcely had they begun the war, cynically, wantonly, and without provocation, before they woke up to the fact that moral as well as military forces still count in the world. They then set to work with frenzied haste to try to persuade neutral countries, and their own people, that Germany was fighting in a righteous cause and defending herself against the unprovoked aggression of her neighbours. This implicit confession by the German apostles of militarismus that their creed breaks down in practice is perhaps the most important lesson of the war.

PARTY POLITICS A DISEASE.

It is not often that the scientist troubles the politician, and when he does it is not surprising that blame rather than praise is the portion of the latter. A writer in *Science Progress* examines "Militarism and Party Politics" and finds neither good. The paper seems to favour conscription, although avoiding the precise recommendation of that course; but in any case the politician must for his sins of omission be judged equally guilty with the militarist commission in respect of the present mad tragedy. Then follows a condemnation of the party politician :-

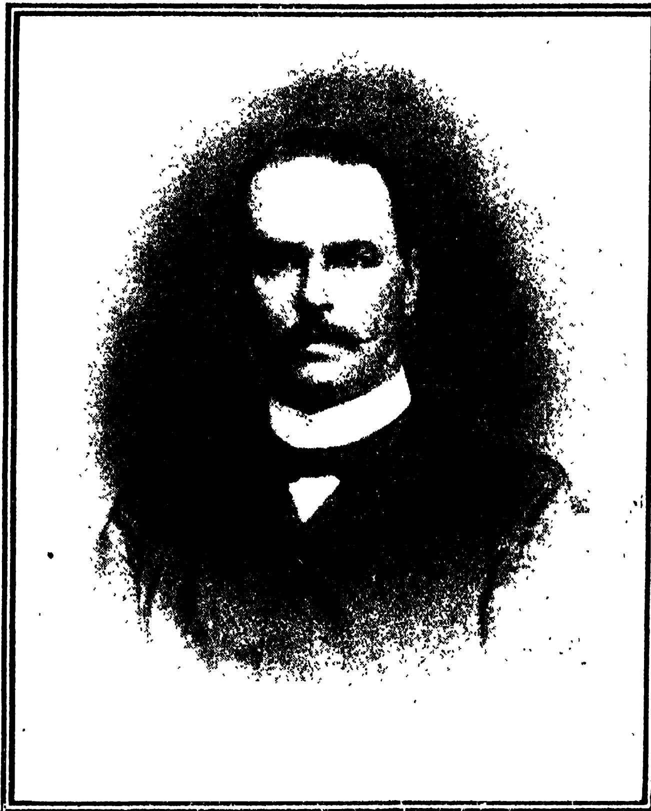


Photo by] [*Ed. Bowton.*

Sir Ronald Ross,

Editor of "S ice Progress

Aggressive militarism is a disease of aristocratic government and party politics is a disease of democracy. Neither is essential to the form of government concerned. Democracy is government by free discussion; but free discussion does not necessarily imply party discussion -on the contrary, it excludes it. As every man of science knows, in order to reach the truth, free discussion must first consider all the related facts and then form an unbiased judgment. But the very nature of party politics is that the final judgment should be trammelled by the exigencies of the party. Thus party politicians seldom judge honestly, and therefore seldom reach the truth. It is absolutely allowable that two parties may form themselves in the discussion of a single question; but in the discussion of two independent questions there should therefore be four parties, and in the discussion of three independent questions there should be eight parties. How comes it then that, however many independent questions there may be before the country, only two parties exist? Because the politicians throw over some of their convictions in order to keep well with their side. Thus truth is never reached, and the utterance of a party politician is utterly worthless on any question which is touched by his politics. We cannot trust him, for we never know whether his professed opinion is genuine. It is useless for him to declare that his allegiance to his party cannot compel him to vote against his own opinion in great matters: for, if he is false in small matters, he may also be false in great ones. The very nature of party means that the partisan shall be false in some matters; how, therefore, do we know that he will not be false in all?

The writer does not think adequate precautions were taken to assure Britain's military prestige and accuses politicians of enriching themselves instead. The nation must share the blame, and if we win "it will be due not to the nation as a whole, but to the individuals who have fought for us."

Then follows an explanation of the conditions which permit the growth of the disease of party politics :-

Neither aggressive militarism nor party politics are found to the same extent throughout the

world as in Germany and Britain, and anyone who is capable of independent thought must be convinced that they are both pathological manifestations -bad habits of nations like alcoholism and sloth among individuals. Neither is essential, either for autocratic or for popular government. They exist among our two allied races owing to a certain hebetude which attaches to us as peoples; and the average German and British minds tend to differ in the following way. The German is industrious in reasoning as in all things, and, being fond of it, is apt to reach his conclusions prematurely, before he has acquired enough facts to reason upon. On the other hand, the Briton is perhaps not too laborious, and hates above all the arduous process of impartial analysis, unless compelled to it by his own business; but this very dislike of thought allows his mind to lie fallow to the reception of many more data, so that when he is forced to come to a conclusion it is more likely to be a right one. Generally, however, he is intellectually so lazy as to prefer to mould his opinions upon those of others; and this explains his love for parties, sects, dogmas and fads. . . On both sides the error lies in inadequate reasoning. We persistently refuse to look on matters in the true scientific spirit, which seeks only for the truth. The mass of men and of their governments still live in the obsession of dogmas, the scorn of knowledge, the worship of images, and the hatred of God which the prophets of old denounced. So, too as of old, aye in the self-same lands where during untold æons our naked ancestors ran fighting and shrieking under the dripping forests, there we, the children of the Light which our great men gave us, still run shrieking and fighting and blowing each other into fragments by means of the science which they created. We have witnessed the greatest crime ever perpetrated upon humanity. It is due in the first place to the wickedness or incompetence of those by whom the mass of men allow themselves to be ruled the prince who pretends to possess the mandate of God, or the politicians who pretend to possess the mandate of the people; and, secondly, to the fact that, however far civilisation has progressed the mass of men still remain intellectually in but little better condition than they were in when they smote each other with sticks and hammered each other to death with stones.

IS PEACE POSSIBLE?

ARCHIBALD HURD is evidently no believer in the saving graces of human reason, and in his article in *The Fortnightly Review*, "Will the War End Militarism?" criticises the editor of that Review for his idealism and prophetic yearning for a better way than progress by diplomatic trickery and periodical bloodletting. There is, of course, a spice of truth in Mr. Hurd's estimate of The Hague Conference when he says:

The peace conferences became war conferences. The Hague became the inspiration of the new movement in armaments. The delegates came away full of suspicion one of the other. A new contest for force began. It was realised that the nations were antagonised and that each looked for safety not to treaties, but to its own armaments.

His statement that the "political pacifists" worked for peace because it was "cheap" does little credit to his own judgment of men and movements. Unfortunately the idealist faced with a nation of shopkeepers and taxpayers is forced to use arguments which will appeal with the greatest force, but Mr. Hurd cannot dismiss with a sneer the sincere convictions and deep feelings of the worthy men and women who regard war as an abomination, and to them the building of the Palace of Peace was as the dawning of a new day.

Mr. Hurd evidently seeks to annihilate his peaceful enemies by an overwhelming quotation from Admiral Mahan, who once said:-

I believe with full intensity of personal conviction that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than material desires, there will be no war, and coincidently therewith better provision of reasonable bodily necessities to all men.

The truth still remains, as stated by Jesus Christ twenty centuries ago, that between material and moral motives men and nations must commit themselves to a definite choice, one or the other, not both. So far as the advocacy of peace rests on material motives of economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better.

This is presumably "the epitaph on the peace movement of The Hague, with all its shams and deceptions and evasions." Idealism must be expunged that man may worship Mammon in sincerity and truth! "Oh, ye of little faith!"

Mr. Hurd continues his article in the current number and permits himself the privilege of prophesying that the war may give birth to a real peace movement, "which will seek to prepare for the dawn of an age in which war will indeed be no more." So Saul is, after all, to be found among the prophets, and confesses to sharing a desire for an elusive Utopia.

THE NATIONAL ISSUE.

IS COMPULSION NECESSARY?

No sane Briton thinks that Conscription is desirable, but at this crisis in our affairs many are prepared to sink their prejudices and accept the hated thing "during the period of the war." This sacrifice amongst the rest may be inevitable, but Colonel Maude's article in the *Nineteenth Century* should give the quietus to those who are anxious to hand us over to the tender mercies of the drill sergeant, and, worse still, to the control of officers who, with thousands of men at their disposal, have been unequal to the task of draining a camp or securing decent meals for their men.

That we have failed to encourage the Volunteer is true, as Colonel Maude admits:

I may add that it was actually through my intercourse with German officers, some of them on the Kaiser's personal staff, that my eyes were first opened to the extraordinary potentialities existing in the Volunteer force, both in its officers and men. I recall a further testimony from the pen of a distinguished French officer who had served all through the campaign of 1870 and was afterwards military attaché in London. Lecturing on his return to France before the Cercle Militaire in Paris, he described the British Volunteers in terms of extraordinary praise, at a time when they had, in their own country, hardly emerged from the sea of good-natured ridicule so lavishly poured on them by that most genial artist John Leech. The lecture can be found on the shelves of the Royal United Service Library, which will be again available after the war is over. I did not find it myself till many years after it had been given and published, and with the experience I had gathered during eleven years of a Volunteer command I was simply astounded at the genuine insight of the writer, and could only marvel at the blindness of our own people in not discerning sooner the invaluable material lying ready to their hands.

Referring to the flood of enlistments under marked restrictions amounting to 30,000 a week, the writer says:—

Setting aside the unreported numbers of the Territorials, this gives us up to date about 2,500,000 men enrolled out of a total male population between the ages of 19 and 35 (according to the Census), in round figures, of 4,600,000 only! That is to say, well over the half of the males between these age limits are actually enrolled at the present moment; and raising the age limit to 40—it is still only at 38, but I allow the extra two years as a set-off against uncounted Territorials and old soldiers up to 45—gives us only an additional 1,200,000. But even this does not exhaust all that we have done. Between the years 19 and 40 are included all the pick of the trades required for arming and equipping our ships, troops, &c.; all the railwaymen, who certainly cannot be spared, the merchant seamen (for the most part more indispensable than ever), the police, the fire brigades, and so forth; and after careful inquiry I cannot put the total number of these men at anything less than another million, leaving, out of the male population up to 40, only 2,300,000, which number includes doctors, Civil Servants, heads of many businesses, clergy, and those sick, crippled and blind who under no conditions could be counted in the fighting strength of the nation. And the supply has not yet shut down by any means. Indeed, since the Scarborough incident recruiting has again boomed.

For the moment we can leave out of account the further enlistments of older men for Home Defence and the men of the National Reserve detached for special duties, for the age, under 40, is the essential feature of all armies, and within these limits we ha[ve] already drawn within a fraction of two thirds of the total men available—*i.e.* almost exactly the same proportion as the French law of compulsion, the strictest in Europe, would have given us and one-sixth more at least than the Germans have been taking out of their annual contingents.

The other side is presented in the same review by George A. B. Dewar, who states his case with great moderation:—

The Prime Minister has declared a very great design: the country is not to stay its hand till the German war machine is destroyed. There is to be no compromise, no patched-up peace. It is to be Berlin or Nothing. He has pledged us irrevocably to this; and certainly Chatham never conceived nor Pitt carried through a more masterful design. Can anyone really doubt—with Belgium to-day *one great entrenched German fort growing stronger every day*—that the Prime Minister's is a design which necessitates a British Army *on a European scale*? To secure such an army we shall clearly have to disturb the trades and occupations of the country

equally whether the men volunteer or whether the men are called up by an Act. Therefore, assuming we are to have the army for the Prime Minister's design, assuming we are to win the war, trade will eventually suffer not less through the voluntary method than through an Act. If trade is to be hit, it will be hit as hard by voluntary enlistment as by obligatory enlistment. The difference between the two methods is that the latter will (*a*) spare the nation from a festering sore of reproaches, taunts and rancour, and (*b*) secure to the nation that quiet, even and continuous flow of recruits which we so greatly need.

The same view is presented in yet another article by G. G. Coulton.

In the February number some of Colonel Maude's figures and conclusions are challenged by Colonel T. A. Cregan, who advocates "The Middle Way," which is a resort to compulsion to finish the war, a step which the writer thinks can be taken "without impairing the tradition of our Volunteer Army." The subject is also treated with great fairness by D. C. Lathbury, who discusses "Right and Wrong Recruiting Methods," criticises the reticence of the Government, and also the crude "bullying" methods of the recruiter. The pros and cons are well weighed, and the conclusion is if we must, we will.

RECRUITING.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is too versatile to achieve a supremacy in any one department—that is, to have it acknowledged by a discerning public, who are suspicious of an abounding mentality which comprehends both horses and men. Mr. Graham's short story "Brought Forward," which appears in the *English Review*, is a picture and record of the times. We are projected into the workshop of a Scotch foundry and we are privileged to listen to the dialogue of the men discussing current events:—

Jimmy and Geordie hammering away in one end of the room, took little part in the debate. Good workmen both of them, and friends, perhaps because of the difference of their temperaments, for Jimmy was the type of red-haired, blue-eyed, tall, lithe Scot, he of the *perfervidum ingenium*, and Geordie was a thick-set, black-haired dour and silent man.

Both of them read the war news, and Jimmy, when he read, commented loudly, bringing down his fist upon the paper, exclaiming, "Weel done, Gordons!" or that "was a richt gude charge upon the trenches by the Sutherlands." Geordie would answer shortly, "Aye, no sae bad," and go on hammering.

One morning, after a reverse, Jimmy did not appear, and Geordie sat alone working away as usual, but if possible more dourly and more silently. Towards midday it began to be whispered in the shop that Jimmy had enlisted, and men turned to Geordie to ask if he knew anything about it, and the silent workman, brushing the sweat off his brow with his coat sleeve, rejoined: "Aye, ou aye, I went wi' him yestreen to the headquarters of the Cameronians; he's joined the kilties richt eneugh. Ye mind he was a sergeant in South Africa." Then he bent over to his work and did not join in the general conversation that ensued.

Days passed, and weeks, and his fellow-workmen, in the way men will, occasionally bantered Geordie, asking him if he was going to enlist, and whether he did not think shame to let his friend go off alone to fight. Geordie was silent under abuse and banter as he had always been under the injustices of life, and by degrees withdrew into himself, and when he read his newspaper during the dinner-hour made no remark, but folded it and put it quietly into the pocket of his coat.

Weeks passed, weeks of suspense, of flaring headlines in the Press, of noise of regiments passing down the streets, of newsboys yelling hypothetic victories, and of the tension of the nerves of men who know their country's destiny is hanging in the scales. Rumours of losses, of defeats, of victories, of checks and of advances, of naval battles, with hints of dreadful slaughter, filled the air. . . .

Then came a time of waiting for the news, of contradictory paragraphs in newspapers, and then a telegram, the "enemy is giving ground on the left wing"; and instantly a feeling of relief that lightened every heart, as if its owner had been fighting and had stopped to wipe his brow before he started to pursue the flying enemy.

The workmen in the brassfitters' shop came to their work as usual on the day of the good news, and at the dinner-hour read out the accounts of the great battle, clustering upon each other's shoulders in their eagerness. At last one turned to scan the list of casualties. Cameron, Campbell, McAlister, Jardine, they read, as they ran down the list, checking the names off with a match. The reader stopped, and looked towards the corner where Geordie still sat working silently.

All eyes were turned towards him, for the rest seemed to divine even before they heard the name. "Geordie, man, Jimmy's killed," the reader said, and as he spoke Geordie laid down his hammer, and, reaching for his coat, said, "Jimmy's killed, is he? Well, someone's got to account for it."

Then, opening the door, he walked out dourly, as if already he felt the knapsack on his back and the avenging rifle in his hand.

IS THE PUBLIC "TIED"?

THE "tied house" has inevitably induced a decline in the prosperty of the great brewing interests, and for very obvious reasons. The time is now ripe for a step in the direction of temperance reform, not of the abolition order, but of converting the public-house into a social centre serviceable to the whole community. With a little imagination the teetotaller could serve the State and save the drunkard; but while he insists on the "touch not, handle not" attitude, what he considers "the devil's work" goes on practically unhindered. There is a way out, and the encouraging details gained by actual experience may be learned by perusing the article by Mr. Alexander F. Part—"Licensing Reform: A New Policy"—which appears in the *Nineteenth Century*. Lord Grey contributes a preface in which he says:—

I earnestly commend his article to the serious consideration of all who wish to divert to useful purposes a large portion of the huge annual unproductive expenditure of £160,000,000 in alcoholic drink. This expenditure is not only unproductive, but tends to the deterioration of our national manhood, and to the impoverishment of our national resources which, depleted by war, it is more than ever necessary that we should vigilantly conserve. The policy described in the following article will be welcomed by the increasing number of Temperance Reformers who believe that the substitution of Disinterested for Tied House management in the public-houses of the United Kingdom will tend to increase the happiness of the people without injuring their morals or their health, and, by causing a gradual change in manners and habits, will help to make attainable a higher standard of National Life.

The "New Policy" advocates the imposition of the licence duty upon the drink sold and not upon the house. This would directly encourage the sale of non-alcoholic refreshments. Further, clubs should be placed upon exactly the same footing as licensed houses.

These proposals are modest, and should hardly arouse the antipathy of "The Trade"—notoriously sensitive of legislation aimed at improving the drink traffic out of existence.

Mr. Part's experience as a Director of the Home Counties Public-House Trust, Ltd., should convert the preacher to the paths of practice:—

It is a company limited by shares with a nominal capital of £150,000, of which about £120,000 is paid up. The annual turnover is at present about £150,000, and the net profits earned during the last three years average more than 10 per cent. upon the paid-up capital. The maximum dividend is paid to the shareholders, substantial reserve funds have been accumulated, and a considerable sum paid over to the trustees for objects of public utility.

The company employs approximately 900 managers and assistants, and during its ten years' existence has served more than eleven millions of customers. During the whole of that period not a single employé has been convicted of any breach of the Licensing Acts or in respect of any other offence.

This immunity is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the company's houses are in many cases situated in very rough districts, that they have most frequently been acquired upon the failure of their previous occupants, and that they consist to the extent of one-half of houses acquired from the Trade and purchased in the open market. During the period of ten years the non-alcoholic receipts have risen from less than 10 per cent. to more than 48 per cent. of the whole.

Games and music have shown themselves to be a powerful counter attraction to drink, and interesting experiments in cinematograph entertainments have also proved most successful. All classes of the public frequent the houses, and in one house alone 150,000 working men are catered for every year.

"The whole atmosphere of these Trust Houses," says an independent observer, "where flowers, pictures, and good taste in decoration have been substituted for vulgar and tawdry displays, is essentially different to that of the average Trade house." Every house contains ample accommodation for the provision of non-alcoholics, and each contains an entrance separated from the bars. In several cases bars have been entirely swept away, and refreshment rooms substituted.

The current issue of the *Nineteenth Century* contains two replies to Mr. Part's article; one, by C. H. Babington, "A Reply from a Brewer," points to the improved conditions induced by education, and is willing to rely on that factor for future progress. Robert B. Batty writes as a Prohibitionist, and will have none of the reformed public-house; the sale of alcohol under all circumstances must be suppressed, and "no tinkering with surroundings can remove the evil." Admitted that alcohol is a poison, we question the wisdom of belittling efforts to reduce its sale, and to hope for the total abolition of drink is crying for the moon. Mr. Batty forgets that this is not Russia. Alas!

CONSULT THE COLONIES.

IN "The March of Events," which is so readable a section of *World's Work*, we are pleased to see the prominence given to the suggestion of an Imperial Committee. The writer asks:

Can it be right that the Dominions should not be openly and formally represented at the table where peace is settled? Putting aside the fact that they have given men and money and priceless moral support to the cause, can it be proper that a population numbering over a quarter of the King's white subjects should be excluded from a voice in so important and long-enduring decision? This is to express the question in quite its lowest terms.

Between now and the end of the war, we have an interval in which arrangements may be made. Busy as we are, there is not the slightest reason why this particular work should not be undertaken. The time is, indeed, specially suitable. The intermission of party conflicts in all quarters is a kind of godsend for the purpose. Half the difficulty of the matter normally arises from party prejudices here and there, all of which now lie hushed, and, as we have observed before there is no man living better fitted than Mr. Asquith to preside over the necessary negotiations His very defects fit him for the delicate task, and it needs a lawyer at this moment above all else.

The everlasting difficulty about an Imperial constitution is the fear of each federating unit for its future freedom. We allow that this fear is so strong that the only constitution we can now expect is such as could be described as consultative rather than imperative. We cannot have a legal process by which Canada, for instance, might be required to submit to a decision reached by British and Australian votes. But there is no need for any such thing.

Let us have a consultative arrangement, but let it be open, formal, permanent and regular. Let each Dominion Government, on taking office, send a fit representative to London to be a member of an *Imperial Committee of the Privy Council*. The term is new, and very natural. The British Premier, we should hope, would represent the United Kingdom on that Committee. And then let the King, on the advice of his Ministers at home or in any Dominion, impose questions upon the Committee as they are now submitted by the King's subjects to the Judicial Committee.

The Committee's answer would bind no one, for it could be overruled by the King upon the advice of the Ministers of the Dominion specially concerned. And in practice it would, of course be overruled or confirmed by the Dominion Ministers in each case. No one would be a penny the worse or a degree less free. But there would have been an expression of Imperial opinion formally registered. It would be a beginning.

OF BLACK SLAVES—AND WHITE.

IN the editorial survey of the hundred years since *The North American Review* was first published we are treated to an interesting if not flattering comparison:—

No lesson of history, no deduction from principles of human nature, had been clearer than the fatality of slavery upon public morals, upon politics, upon industry, upon development, and progress; and yet it took four years of the most devastating warfare ever known and the desolation of half a continent to make convincing what all of the wisest men in the world had been saying for a century. That it could have been done in no other way is generally admitted now but it was not conceded then. The terrible war was waged under pretexts of human making, but for a purpose now realised to have been divine.

May it not be so with this greatest of wars? Our struggle liberated the blacks of America: may not this be designed to free the whites of Europe? What are the millions of German, French, Austrian, and Russian boys in the trenches to-day but slaves? What have they ever been but slaves? Taken almost from the cradle and gripped by a system which held them as in a vice to become—what? Cogs in a machine, a fighting-machine, constructed with ruthless energy and superlative skill to beat down another fighting-machine; nothing less, nothing more. Patriotism? Faugh! Their words are but prattle drilled into minds forbidden to think and taught only to obey. Our blacks were at least inferior by nature, but these whites—the splendid youth of the most virile of peoples now being killed by thousands—are inferior only by enforcement, by decree, by an irresistible and unbreakable bond from the cradle to the unmarked grave. Slavery? Compared with theirs ours which we abolished by war was beneficent and kindly; compared with ours, theirs is ghastly.

The outcome God alone knows; it looks to us afar off. And we care not for what are called the *causes* of strife if the *purpose*, the *divine purpose*, shall prove in the end to have been the extinguishment of slavery from the face of the earth, the freeing of mankind, the making in Europe of a democracy, however limping and stumbling, so it have at least the privilege in common with our own to grope and seek, as a child in the dark, for the light of a better day.

RACIAL APPRECIATION.

THE PROMISED LAND.

THE *English Review* includes a notable contribution on "Russia and the Jews," by Stephen Graham, who is endeavouring to enlighten the British public in respect to Russia and Russian institutions. The Jews are in the unenviable position of fighting one another under the flags of the various belligerents (and only in the case of Britain as volunteers). Justice to the Jew is still to be sought, as may be gathered from the following quotation from Mr. Graham's article :-

The question of what Russia is going to do for the Jews was put to me lately by one of our most distinguished British Jews, the Lord Chief Justice. I give the conversation. Imagine the glittering, clear-cut features of one who has been eminent in law, politics and finance. I find myself sitting next to him at dinner. We talked of Russia, of the optimism which prevails in Russia, of the poor state of Russian finances. We talked of the prospects of Poland's autonomy, and then at last. . . . "There is one question I should like to ask you especially," said my neighbour ; "that is, what do you think is likely to be the position of the Jews at the end of the war ? Do you think anything will be done for them ?"

"Not very much," I answered. "They will not obtain freedom to go where they wish in the Russian Empire. The Russian Church without wavering is against the Jews ; and, as you know, the Court itself not only has no tolerance for the Jews, but is ready to believe anything against them : anything like the ritual murder, for instance. One thing I gather from a conversation I had with M. Sazonof : they are likely to be excused military service."

"As a privilege ?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, as a privilege ; not as a new deprivation. The Jews are strongly against military service."

Then the conversation dropped for a few minutes, to be taken up later. I turned to my neighbour and asked :

"Is the Government likely to ask for special clauses in the treaty of peace safeguarding Russia's treatment of the Jews ?"

"We shall not have to conclude peace with Russia, who is our ally, but with Germany," was the answer.

"But the Jews are making a great deal of propaganda just now. They are sowing a great deal of distrust of Russia, and they evidently intend raising the question in a very formidable fashion when once peace is in sight."

"I think, perhaps, America may put forward some proposition."

"What do you think can be done ?" I asked. "The Jews cannot realise themselves as a nation in Christian Russia ; they don't seem very much pleased with what I wrote in the *Times* about their realising themselves as a nation in America. Have you any personal belief in Zionism ?"

He did not seem to think it likely that the Children would return to Palestine.

The writer, however, says that "the air just now is full of prophecy about the return," and with the fall of Turkey it should be possible to establish a Jewish Government in Palestine, and Jews all over the world would be offered the option of becoming subjects of this new Government.

M. FINOT ON THE ANGLO-FRENCH PEOPLE.

IN his article on the Anglo-French people in *La Revue* for January, M. Finot gives a most interesting account of the influences which the two countries have exercised on each other.

He deals first with the debt which England owes to France, and points out that England owes all her civilisation and culture to the French influence brought to bear by the Normans after their conquest of this island. It is possible that M. Finot rather exaggerates the brutality and uncivilised condition of the English previous to the Conquest, and in the same way magnifies the blessings that accrued to them afterwards ; but, be this as it may, there is no doubt that the mingling of the two races has been the cause of the fine English character of to-day. He also points out that William the Conqueror, having the land in his own hands, granted it to his barons with many fewer privileges than was the case in France, where in many cases the barons were of more ancient growth than the monarchy itself. The result of this limitation of their power was that whenever the English nobles wished to revolt against the King they were unable to do so unaided, and had to call in the help of the citizens and middle classes, this being the first step towards democratic liberty.

M. Finot also points out that the earlier English authors were all indebted to and influenced by French writers, and it is curious to note, whilst reading the article, the fact that whereas the influence of French literature is felt most strongly in England

from the thirteenth century down to the seventeenth, after that the tables are turned and the French writers—Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, and others—frequently turn to England as their model. This, M. Finot says, was largely due to French Huguenot refugees who, flying to England for shelter, found there a splendid literature, which up to then had been almost unknown to the French, who regarded the English as little more than barbarians. The refugees translated and spread about many of the best English books, with the result that they served as a model for many famous French works.

Leaving literature and turning to politics, the writer says the example of England, always to the fore where political liberties were in question, undoubtedly helped and encouraged the French when they rose in revolt against their oppressors in the great Revolution. The two peoples have always had much in common, although frequently quarrelling, and the growth of neither would have been so splendid without the help and influence of the other; whereas, on the other hand, the writer points out, although Germany owes everything to either England or France, the latter would have been equally splendid had Germany never existed.

M. Finot ends with a plea that, although the times be not yet ripe for the founding of the United States of Europe, yet a beginning may surely be made by the deep friendship of England, France, and perhaps of Belgium as well, a friendship cemented by the blood shed for the furtherance of a common cause.

OUR ANCESTORS.

The Modern Review (Calcutta) contains a very readable article on "Popular Ethnology" from the pen of Syamacharan Ganguli, who is clearly possessed of a critical spirit which enables him to read history for himself. The following extracts suffice to show that he is not satisfied to adopt the usual labels which serve to direct national feelings in the wrong direction. He says:—

Where a conquering people settle among a conquered one, the descendants of the conquerors, pure and mixed, and the descendants of the conquered who are assimilated to the conquerors, are, under a natural impulse of vanity, led to wish to be considered as descendants of the conquerors. This impulse seems to have operated strongly in England.

The teaching of anthropology, and of history too, should dispel the English superstition that the English are a Teutonic people, and dispose them to value the Celtic element in them, which, on the intellectual side, has good claims, as will be shown further on, to be considered a superior element to the Teutonic. A recognition of the antecedent Iberian element, of African affinities, should have the effect of weakening their race-pride, and making them more sympathetic than they now are towards races of men whom they consider inferior to their own. . . .

A just recognition of their partial descent from Teutons should dispose the French to cease regarding themselves as the inheritors of the ancient feud between Celt and Teuton and to feel a regard for Germany as the land of their Frankish ancestors, who gave their name to the country they conquered and to the nation they created in the country conquered. Again, if the French are proud of the large Celtic element in their composition, the fact that South Germany is predominantly Celtic in blood, though Teutonised in speech, should make them see that they have racial affinities with the Germans on both the Celtic and the Teutonic sides. Politically, the Teutonic northern part of France has been supreme in France. It drew to itself the non-Teutonic *Langue d'Oc* area. It is unjust that the French should consider all the qualities of body and mind which have made their history so brilliant to have come from their Celtic and none from their Teutonic ancestors. Even valour, which the French have ever valued highly, was possessed by the Germans in a larger measure than by the Celts, with the exception only of the Helvitii in Cæsar's time and also when they overran the land of Latinised Gaul, though "there was formerly a time when the Gauls excelled the Germans in prowess."

South Germany can claim to be the original home of the Celtic or Gallic race. At the beginning of the historic period they were found settled there, and from there they spread in all directions as conquerors.

As the writer concludes, "the fact is, there are no pure races in the world."

A People's Man, by Phillips Oppenheim. A novel, striking on account of the portraits of such various types which it contains. The arrival in London of an agitator from America is being eagerly awaited by many people—with joy by Whitechapel workers, with fear by the Prime Minister. He decrees a universal strike, only to find that in so doing he has become the dupe of a German Socialist, whose patriotism has made him a traitor to the friends who trusted him.

HOPE FOR RUSSIA.

IN present events Dr. Rappoport sees the promise of a brighter future for Russia, and in his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "Russia and Liberalism," he claims that "misfortune and oppression are due to the continual foreign influence - Mongolian, Byzantine and Prussian - and to the consequent estrangement of Tsar and people." Now these interests will be crushed and a democratic and tolerant spirit will rise supreme. The writer values the association of the Allies as of the greatest moment:—

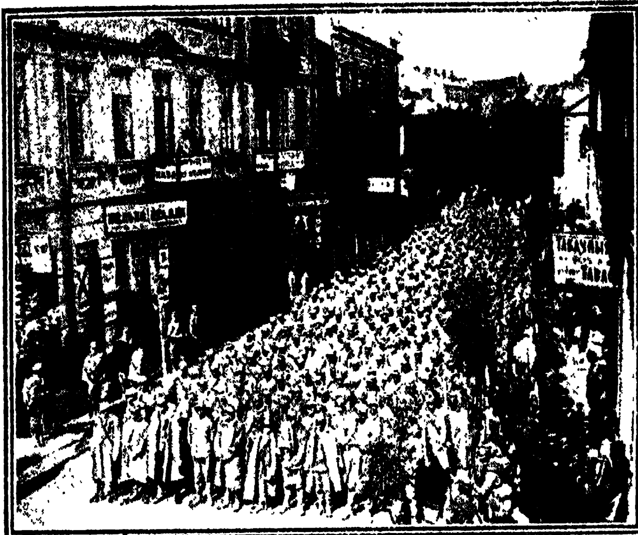


Photo by] [*Daily Mirr*

Austrian Prisoners taken by the Serbians.

These fill a whole street, and are some of the ten thousand taken.

A *rapprochement* between constitutional England and Russia cannot but mean emancipation, individual liberty and progress. It means peace and prosperity for the Russian millions, civic rights and commercial advantages. The Russian moujik, too, will soon reach a high degree of self-reliance and self-sufficiency, of initiative and individualism upon which commerce is based, and which constitute England's—the modern Phœnicia's—strength. And thus the great and cruel war which Hohenzollern and Germany have launched upon the world will have served as the explosive ferment of a moral grave, whence a new political organism will emerge for Russia. Among the corpses covering battlefields and filling ditches, among the torn limbs and maimed trunks there will also be found the dead body of Russian oppression. On the grave of fear and suffering the ghost of the past will hover for a while; sad and desolate it will haunt the ancient premises of the Kremlin, and then disappear for ever. And when peace again reigns over Europe the Tsar will shudder when he casts a glance into the black abyss which once separated him from his people, and which has now been bridged over. Old Russia, Russia of oppression, Russia of massacres and pograms, will soon be a memory only, a nightmare of the past. From the mist of carnage will arise a regenerated Russia, inspired, animated by the Slavonic spirit of democracy, of tolerance and freedom, a Russia who will be the true friend and ally of Constitutional England and of Republican France.

Sarabande, by Gertrude A. Bell (Greening, 6s.), is the story of two girls decoyed by white-slave traders. Happily neither was successfully ensnared, and the story of the younger gives occasion for some details about the Pyramids.



Star.] [*St.*

The Greased Pig.

THE ETHICS OF WAR.



Plain Dealer.] [Cleveland

Awaiting the Dawn of Peace.

THE LIGHTNINGS OF GOD.

IN *The Hibbert Journal* Edward Willmore contributes a reply to the article by Sir Henry Jones entitled "Why We are Fighting." Referring to the claim that the strongest State may claim to be the arbiter of morality, the writer says:—

State worship is an idolatry profitable to its professional ministrants, but comparable with the church worship which in its decadence our ancestors flung off in the name of God, and for the sake of the highest values, the values essential to a *human* life. Treitschke is but the Machiavelli of a debased Protestantism, and Prussianism is but the Teutonic analogue of Jesuitism.

And, in fact, the world-tragedy which we are witnessing to-day is *the death of Protestantism.* Not for a moment do I imply by this any rejuvenescence of Catholicism. I mean that the great world-phase which began with the Reformation is nearing its end—in unspeakable holocaust; in vast dissolution; and yet, like the labouring ocean in the sublime image of Schiller: "as if striving *to bring forth another sea.*"

After dealing with the attitude of the pacifist and non-resister Mr. Willmore presents the case of the average Christian who is faced with the issues raised by the war:—

My friend is a labouring man, who enlisted (as a Territorial) long before the war. His turn of mind is religious, and some twelve months ago he began to have doubts as to the moral rightness of war. Though by no means a text-worshipper, and though acquainted with some broad results of modern Biblical criticism, he dwelt much on the text, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." These thoughts continued after the outbreak of the war. His condition as an enlisted man was difficult. At length the regiment was sent to guard a British possession oversea. He wrote to me for papers and particulars about the causes of the war. I supplied them. As to his doubts, I advised him—but it was always a common maxim between us—simply to look to God. Later he wrote to me that he had read about the atrocities in Belgium, and had learned something of the nature of German philosophic Atheism. He conceived it was necessary to take up a position about it all. To do nothing was to act. Consequences flowed from every attitude. The surgeon takes the line of least evil. He wished now to fight, and to go to France. "Vengeance belongs to God," he wrote; "then we are God's instruments." A storm had occurred over the Eastern seas where he was, and the whole sky over the enormous spaces flamed and worked like a furnace. "The Kaiser's artillery," he wrote, "is nothing to the lightnings of God."

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"—

"UNLESS THOU THINKEST THOU MUST."

MANKIND's adhesion to the qualification in preference to obedience to the absolute command is dealt with in *The Forum*, by William Miller Collier, one of America's leading authorities on International Laws. The limitations imposed on belligerents by The Hague Conventions are summed up by the writer as "laws of war, made to be obeyed, not to be set aside at pleasure." Dealing with the prohibited methods of warfare, Mr. Collier says:—

As a rule the warrior may use whatever methods the situation requires. Assault, bombardment, siege, are all permissible offensive operations. Yet there are restrictions. Bombardment, in particular, is subject to limitations. While undefended cities cannot be bombarded either by land or aerial forces, this does not mean merely "unfortified" cities, but cities entrance to which is not prevented. Nor can undefended cities be bombarded by naval forces unless it be to enforce a reasonable requisition for supplies made by the enemy, but not to enforce a money contribution demanded by him. By the usages of war notice of the bombardment ought to be given so that private citizens may seek safety. Generally they are allowed to leave the city. The Germans gave such permission to the French women and children when Strassburg was bombarded in 1870. But when a place is besieged, that is, when the enemy invests it and seeks to cut off its supplies and starve it out, there is no obligation to let any of the inhabitants out, not even women and children. To do so would

indirectly be to increase the supplies of the forces that are holding out. The Germans, therefore, were within their rights in 1871 when they refused to let "*useless mouths*" leave Paris, to which they had laid siege. The harshness of the procedure is somewhat mitigated by the fact that starvation and even hunger and extreme privation can be avoided by surrender.

War on the sea is governed by the same fundamental principle as that on land,—the force that is used must not exceed that which is necessary to overcome the enemy. But the conditions of conflict are so different that there is practically a different mass of rules of an even more technical character than those that apply on land.

Pondering on the rules that nations have made to regulate war, even while bearing in mind how much of the world's history is the record of war, it is impossible to refrain from the question:

Why cannot the nations make rules to prevent war?

Are we sufficiently advanced in the ways of reason to consider such a startling proposition, or shall we not continue to qualify for Bedlam?

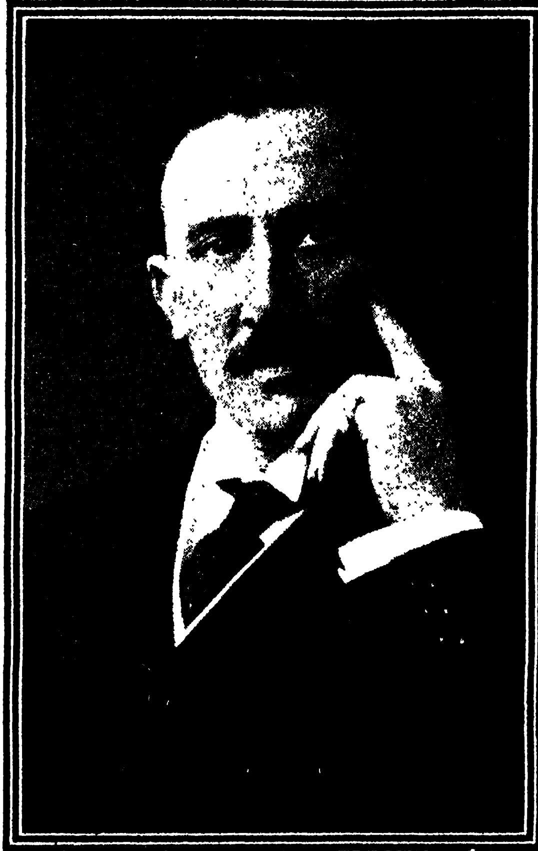


Photo by] [*Barratt*

Mr. Theodore G. Chambers.

IS WAR BENEFICIAL?

THERE are many who hold that fighting improves the race and that its obvious evils are outweighed by a virility which cannot be secured by peaceful methods. In *The Eugenics Review* the subject is submitted to careful analysis by Theodore G. Chambers, and he gives very patient consideration to the claims of the militarist, who honestly believes that peace is "disastrous to the moral and physical development of the race." The writer does not ignore the inevitability of war under given circumstances, but concludes:

A condition is produced which is not conducive to the perpetuation of the best of the race. War is shown to be an agency—under social control—which tends to impair the racial qualities of future generations physically and mentally. The middle class, from which it is most desirable that the largest number of children should be born, is, by the economic conditions arising out of the war, crushed down and dissuaded by circumstances from reproducing its kind. Still further cause to restriction of families is given. Bred from a race gifted with taste to enjoy in reason the intellectual and physical standard that requires a certain income to maintain, this class will struggle to keep its place, and to do so will sacrifice marriage and parenthood. Criticise this if you will; it is what must happen. This blow struck at the middle classes of this country is a great calamity, and every possible step should be taken to reduce it. It is upon this class also that the burden of taxation will fall after the war. One may quote Southey:

"Satan gave there his tail
A twirl of admiration,
For he thought of his daughter War,
And her suckling babe Taxation."

War may be glorious in prospect. It may be inevitable. It may be justifiable. While it lasts we may suffer, but the excitement is intense. Every nerve is strained to bring to it but one conclusion—victory.

But war has to be paid for and the payment comes after the war. The loss to the nation in lives, in wealth: these will be felt for many years. The present war will be more costly in men and in money than anything the civilised world has known before. Let us recognise this and be prepared.

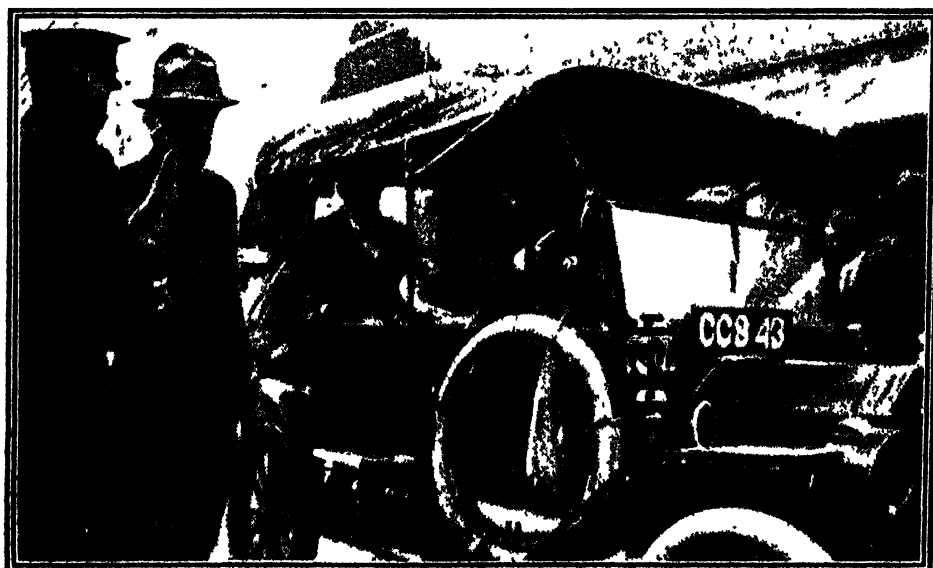
WHY GERMANY WAGED WAR.

FOR the mid-monthly number of *La Revue de Paris* Charles Bonnefon, discussing the economic causes of the war, says that those who maintained that Germany was over-populated, and therefore declared war in order to secure an outlet for her surplus population, were too precipitate. So far from being over-populated, every year sees 700,000 Slav labourers emigrating into Hanover, Brandenburg and Eastern Prussia for the harvest, the German farm labourers having deserted the country for the towns.

This, the author says, is due to the fact that farming, in order to carry it on at all, has to be done on such a large scale and at such expense, that the majority of the large properties are financed by bankers, who treat them as they would a factory, and pay little attention to the labourers, who therefore emigrate to the towns.

The industrial towns are no better off. German industry has made enormous strides of late, it is true, in her bid for the world's commerce, but such a speedy advance cannot be made without huge expense, and to the greater part of German industrial concerns, already heavily in debt, a slack season meant practically ruin, and to the workmen starvation. For the last two years in Berlin there have been 100,000 unemployed, owing to the sudden successful competition of English and French industries.

M. Bonnefon asserts that the reason for the war was the following: The towns were growing restive under the high protective tariff, which was, on the other hand, warmly supported by the Junkers, on the score that without it the countryside would be depopulated, the population having flocked to the towns, and this they said would be the ruin of the army, bringing out figures to prove that the percentage of men sent to the army from Pommerania, an agricultural province, was far higher than that of Berlin. In reality they, as landed proprietors, were jealous of their privileges. However, they were threatened by complete ruin owing to Russia's determination to forbid the emigration of Russians into Germany at harvest time; and, added to this, in the towns factories were shut down owing to the impossibility of keeping up in the race for industrial supremacy, and the result was a threat of famine amongst the workmen. The only remedy for this was to procure more outlets for the industries; if it were impossible to procure these peaceably, they must be obtained by force; therefore, as a solution, and they maintained the only one, the Junkers declared war.



General De Wet leaving Vryburg as a Prisoner.

(From a Drawing in the "Illustrated London News.")



Cape Times.]

The Victim.

THE OLD MOSLEM: "And a fine mess he's made of it!"

KAISER AND SULTAN.

IN *The Quarterly Review* Sir Valentine Chirol traces the intricacies of the Kaiser's policy in the near East and the methods adopted to place "Turkey in the Grip of Germany." It is a significant combination, the Crescent and the Mailed Fist, and the auguries are not happy for the strange allies. Sir Valentine gives Abdul credit for many natural gifts:—

He had remarkable powers of fascination when he chose to exercise them, and, like some medieval Italians, whom he in many ways resembled, he was capable of genuine and almost tender kindliness as well as of extreme cruelty and treachery. Unlike most Ottoman rulers, he was a very hard worker, and had an extremely shrewd notion of the value of money. He was, perhaps, more cautious than bold, but with indomitable tenacity of purpose he combined an alertness of mind and a versatility of resource which enabled him to adapt his methods to the exigencies of the hour without ever losing sight of the end he had in view.

The wily Sultan had too few friends in Europe not to make good use of the Kaiser's proffered friendship, and under that patronage intrigue and massacre flourished in spite of the frown and idle protests of Christian Europe:—

What exactly passed between Abdul Hamid and William II. during that first visit has never yet been told, but host and guest parted mightily pleased with each other. The old Chancellor did not approve of the visit before the Emperor started. He approved of it still less when the Emperor returned full of the visions he had seen on the Bosphorus. Bismarck looked upon Constantinople as a profitable field for German statesmanship, in the service of a policy which was confined, on the principle of "beati possidentes," to a maintenance of Germany's hegemony in Europe. For William II. Constantinople was already the bridge over which Germany was to pass out of Europe into Asia and enter upon a vast field of splendid adventure. In the following year Bismarck was dismissed, and the Emperor was free to steer his own course. The famous "Re-insurance" Treaty with Russia was dropped; and, though various circumstances delayed a good many years the outbreak of acute antagonism between Austria and Russia and at times even produced a temporary *rapprochement* between them, Austrian ascendancy in the Balkan peninsula and an ultimate advance upon Salonica became part and parcel of William II.'s great scheme for the creation of "a Germanic wedge reaching from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf."

Now we have the Holy War "made in Germany," and it remains for history to show whether Abdul's deposal foreshadows the Kaiser's fate.

THE *British Review* for February appears with a pleasing coloured plate reproducing an unpublished pastel portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Editor announces that this is only the first of what should prove an attractive series. The Poetry section is especially strong this month, the contributions by Herbert Heron, G. M. Faulding and Katherine Tynan being particularly noticeable. "German Soldier Songs," by Anna Bunston, is very timely and interesting. "The True Story of the War," by G. W. Redway, gives the clearest idea of the conditions at the front, and will be widely read.



Guerin Meschino.] [Milan.

England and the German Submarines.

SNOBBERY.

THE CLAIMS OF CULTURE.

VISCOUNT HARBERTON goes a-tilting in *The English Review* and pierces the harness of the select who are panoplied with "The Arrogance of Culture." We especially admire the opening challenge:—

Is there any use or merit of any kind in culture? Is a man who knows a Botticelli from a Sassoferrato without a catalogue in any way superior to a man who knows a Rolls-Royce from a Mercédès as it passes, without stopping it, and who is on nodding terms with a good deal of the machinery? Is there any real reason why intellectual culture should be considered preferable to proficiency in golf, bridge, mechanics, fishing, or anything else? And, if so, why so? Yet people who attend antiquated plays, such as Shakespeare's, and patronise classical concerts, such as those at the Bechstein Hall, and who simply love any old painting by any old master, seem, for no very obvious reason, to be convinced that their whole nature must therewith breathe an ambrosial excellence and shed around them an atmosphere of incomparable charm.

Matthew Arnold, in the *Golden Treasury Series*, is quoted as saying that the greatness of a country is not to be measured by its wealth, but by its soul. He continues: "The use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery." This is one of the golden coins in the book of golden thoughts in the *Golden Treasury Series*. The inference is that, should a man specialise in culture, or add culture to his vocation, the results would be productive of soul-wealth.

The writer shows up the hollow pretence of the artist's superiority to the artisan, and turning to political problems, points out with forceful logic that "the primary requisite is not erudition, nor culture, nor a massive intellect, but a sense of justice." Justice, aye, that is the touchstone!

The gallant Viscount occasionally falls foul of windmills, but the onslaught, if not real war, is excellent jousting; for, after all, it is impossible to claim that all recent legislation has inflicted a real injury on the citizen, as the following suggests:

There is a basis of right and wrong obvious to everyone, educated or uneducated—*i.e.*, that no man should be punished until he has been proved in a court of law to have done an injury of some kind to someone else. There is a true criterion of right and wrong; by injury proved and not by political decree; by common sense and not by culture. Until some such limitation to our legislature has been placed on the statute book, no one is safe; and even the best of men is in danger of finding his vocation forbidden and of being prosecuted as a malefactor, as is being done to-day under Education Acts, Vaccination Acts, Shop Acts, Factory Acts, Public Health Acts, Building Bye-Laws, and that peculiarly poisonous measure, H. Samuel's Children's Act. To put a stop to this injustice would, indeed, be the Magna Charta of English Liberty.

Opponents (if any) of compulsory education will read this article with especial comfort if not hope.

LO THE POOR CLERK!

EDWIN PUGH's analysis of "The Mind of the Clerk" in *The English Review* is very bitter, and does less than justice to a large class of the community condemned betwixt the millstones of commerce.

Mr. Pugh traces his victim's career from school—the County Council school, of course—and compares him with that paragon of all the virtues, the public school boy, cataloguing a list of petty vices which suggests a human monster *in petto*:—

For hypocrisy comes naturally to him as to all weak, under-vitalised, down-trodden creatures. If he has any guiding principle at all it is contained in that ordinance which exhorts him to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters—his betters being, of course, the better-clad, better-housed, and better-nourished people, whom he secretly admires and envies, and openly flouts and derides—from a safe distance.

Deep-rooted in his mind, and in the minds of his parents, is the conviction that all the poor people were created for the convenience and comfort of all the rich people. . . . His ignorance is part of his heredity. It is in his blood. It is as much a part of him as his features, the colour of his eyes, his hair, the texture of his flesh. He is born to that particular form of ignorance as more gently-bred children are born to certain traditions, certain conventions, a certain sustaining class-consciousness. It is an ignorance that he can never hope to overcome, no matter how he strives or what he achieves. It is an ignorance that cripples and blinds him, warps and stunts him. For it is the ignorance of the serf. It is that worst ignorance of all: ignorance of the art of life.

GOD OR MAMMON?

THE GREAT LESSON.

WE are all striving to read the lesson of these disastrous days, and Edward Carpenter's homily, "The Healing of the Nations," in *The English Review*, is entirely worthy to be read, learned, and inwardly digested. Poet and thinker, Edward Carpenter has a deep-seated quarrel with commercialism—and has his quarrel just. We printed, last month, his conviction that the United States of Europe would eliminate the endless bickerings of rival States, and most will agree with his indictment of diplomacy, even if they cannot agree with his conclusions:

But the burning and pressing question is: Why should we—we, the "enlightened and civilised" nations of Europe—get involved in these senseless wars at all? And surely *this* war will, of all wars, force an answer to the question. Here, for the last twenty years, have these so-called Great Powers been standing round, all professing that their one desire is peace, and all meanwhile arming to the teeth; each accusing the others of militant intentions, and all lamenting that "war is inevitable." Here they have been forming their *Ententes* and Alliances, carrying on their diplomatic cabals and intrigues, studying the map and adjusting the Balance of Power—all, of course, with the best intentions—and lo! with such a result! What nonsense! What humbug! What an utter bankruptcy of so-called diplomacy! When will the peoples themselves arise and put a stop to this fooling—the people who give their lives and pay the cost of it all? If the present-day diplomats and Foreign Ministers have sincerely striven for peace, then their utter incapacity and futility have been proved to the hilt, and they must be swept away. If they have not sincerely striven for peace, but only pretended to so strive, then also they must be swept away, for deceit in such a matter is unpardonable.

And no doubt the latter alternative is the true one. There has been a pretence of the Governments all round—a pretence of deep concern for humanity and the welfare of the mass-peoples committed to their charge; but the real moving power beneath has been *class*-interest—the interest of the great commercial class in each nation, with its acolyte and attendant, the military. It is this class, with its greeds and vanities and suspicions and jealousies which is the cause of strife; the working masses of the various nations have no desire to quarrel with each other. Nay, they are animated by a very different spirit.

After emphasising the need that women must have a voice in questions of peace and war, we approach the real gist of the matter as it affects our own personal responsibility for the overthrow of the decencies of existence:

And through the women I come back to the elementary causes and roots of the present war—the little fibres in our social life which have fed, and are still feeding, the fatal tree whose fruits are, not the healing, but the strife of nations. In the present day—though there may be other influences—it is evident enough that rampant and unmeasured commercial greed, concentrating itself in a special class, is the main cause, the tap-root, of the whole business. And this, equally evidently, springs out of the innumerable greed of *individuals*—the countless fibres that combine to one result—the desire of private persons to get rich quick at all costs, to make their gains out of others' losses, to take advantage of each other, to triumph in success regardless of others' failure. And these unworthy motives and inhuman characteristics again spring obviously out of the mean and vulgar ideals of life which still have sway among us—the ideals of wealth and luxury and display—of which the horrors of war are the sure and certain obverse. As long as we foster these things in our private life, so long will they lead in our public life to the embitterment of nation against nation.

What is the ruling principle of the interior and domestic conduct of each nation to-day—even within its own borders—but an indecent scramble of class against class, of individual against individual? To rise to vulgar power and influence, and to ill-bred wealth and riches, by trampling others down and profiting by their poverty is—as Ruskin long ago told us—the real and prevailing motive of our peoples, whatever their professions of Christianity may be.

Small wonder, then, if out of such interior conditions there rise to dominance in the great world those very classes who exhibit the same vulgarities in their most perfect form; and that *their* conflict with each other, as between nation and nation, exhibit to us in the magnified and hideous form of war the same sore which is all the time corrupting our internal economy.

The brutality and atrocity of modern war is but the reflection of the brutality and inhumanity of our commercial *régime* and ideals. That being so, it is no good protesting against, and being shocked at, an evil which is our very own creation; and to cry out against war-lords is useless, when it is *our* desires and ambitions which set the war-lords in motion. Let all those who indulge and luxuriate in ill-gotten wealth to-day (and, indeed, their name is legion), as well as all those who meanly and idly groan because their wealth is taken from them, think long and deeply on these things.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT.

DR. SHAILER MATHEWS' article on "Generic Christianity," which appears in *The Constructive Quarterly*, is a clear indication that in matters theological Chicago breathes a less restrained atmosphere than does Oxford. Dr. Mathews does not indulge in generalities, and his precision is rational rather than dogmatic, as when he writes :—

Strictly speaking, there is no history of Christianity in itself; there is only a history of Christians. There is no history of Christian doctrine as such; there is only a history of people who hold doctrines. For Christianity as a religion is not an abstraction. It is concrete, existing in people's lives. As they develop, it develops. Abstracted from human experience, it eludes us as the life of plants eludes us in a herbarium.

Christianity as we know it to-day springs from no single source, but has gathered up within itself material from the various environments in which it has existed. Its elements are concrete —decisions of councils, theological treatises, rituals, orders, sacrifices, morals, customs, political adjustments, and above all the experience of actual men and women who built states, married, grew old, fought, loved, thought and acted.

This suggests a much fuller responsibility than the average Christian is prepared to admit, no less for the past than for the future. The recognition of the individual's influence on faith and morals would induce a more catholic spirit than is possible with present-day discussions based on secular privilege. Dr. Mathews is inspired by the growing adaptability of Christianity to the needs of the modern man. Here is the lesson which we may all take to heart :—

As one thus comes to see that there is a divine, vital Christianity at work in the world, morally fructifying social evolution, satisfying its religious needs, saving men's souls, and transforming social conditions, he will also see that the different Christian groups, despite differences in their doctrines of polity, possess this generic Christianity. Doctrinally developed in different degrees, they are effective in proportion as they embody and apply phases of this generic Christianity to their own environment. Such an observer will be filled with something nobler than tolerance. He will feel that as a Christian nothing Christian is foreign to him. that while he may believe certain forms of Christian thought and organisation are less developed and even inferior to those which satisfy him, he will also believe that through them all is beating the gospel and the spirit of Jesus Christ. And, after all, is it not as true now as in the days of the apostles that creeds and sermons, organisations and holy days, are the shadow of Him who is the substance ?

Inasmuch, then, as God has made of one gospel all varieties of Christians, we should not think that He is separated from those Christians whose church life differs from our own. . . . As Christians we are possessed of the same Bible, the same Lord, the same essential, howbeit differently or imperfectly developed, faith. With this sense of brotherhood we can pray for one another, share our best experiences with one another, bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

AMERICA'S PRAYER.

"WE must prove to the nations that ours is not a sinister neutrality. Let us pray, rather, that in this hour the soul of America may at last be revealed. Then the peoples of the earth will understand that ours is the warfare of peace, the warfare for freedom, for the rights of men, for generous rivalry in expanding opportunity. They will see that it is our dedication to the principle of human rights that makes us disinterested. As a nation we believe in the right to live and grow according to an inner and divine destiny of all sorts of races and peoples. We do not desire to Americanise the world. We believe in variety in unity; in diversity of life within one spirit of freedom and love. This principle accounts for our open-door policy in China, for our restoration of Cuba to the people of the island, for our promise to the Philippines, for our method of dealing with Mexico. To fight for one's own rights is to be strong. To fight for the rights of others is to be invincible. Let us ask God, then, to keep us as a people on this high level of disinterested faith in the right of every people to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' to the end that when the hour shall strike the nations will trust us; for they will know, as our President has said, that 'America puts human rights above all others, and her flag is not only the flag of America, but the flag of humanity.'"— EDITOR OF *The North American Review*.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

MISS ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH contributes a most interesting paper on this subject to *The Church Quarterly Review*, from which we make one or two extracts:—

Not long ago a lady, in whose house some soldiers were billeted, observed one of them picking two of the gilt buttons from his tunic, and substituting new ones for them. When asked why, he replied "To send to my young lady, to make into hatpins." "But," it was objected, "would it not be much better to send her the smart new ones?" "Oh, no, that wouldn't do at all. She wants something I have really worn." There are probably hundreds if not thousands of men of whom similar stories could be told; but a little incident like this turns our thoughts to the women, and how they are affected by the war.

Owing to the dislocation of trade, many women, especially those who minister to our pleasures—dressmakers, florists, singers, actresses, those who frequent the humbler walks of journalism, and many who in more prosperous times earn a precarious living by art or literature—have, in addition perhaps to the sorrow for those they love, to face the hard prosaic fact of poverty and almost destitution, while even the never-failing woman's comforter, the cup of tea which solaces so many, both sick and well, can only be had at the present moment for a sum enhanced by at least 12 per cent. above its usual price!

It is well known that a very large number of bank employes have enlisted. Why should not women be trained to do at least the more mechanical and subordinate offices among banking clerks? A good many are already employed in some departments of the Bank of England, and of course in the Post Office, and as typists in houses of business. One does not see why more women should not be occupied in this way, even at a time when there is less than usual doing in the financial world. Considering the enormous exodus of German waiters from almost all our hotels, we cannot but hope that the number of waitresses may be largely increased.

Fewer candidates than usual are coming forward for Holy Orders. Of course the gaps thus caused cannot be directly filled by women. But some parts of the work usually performed by the clergy—teaching, visiting the poor, perhaps assisting to prepare candidates for Baptism or Confirmation—might very well be assigned to them; and a thorough training in theology would in such cases be most valuable.

The old saying is still true "A man is what a woman makes him," and if this war leads more women to teach their children to say their prayers, to read their Bibles, to prize their Church and her services, and to hallow their Sundays, the great sacrifices it entails will not have been made in vain.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT MOTHERHOOD.

IT is high time that professors stopped talking about the future welfare and training of children. No theory is of the slightest value until we are prepared to give women a real chance to devote themselves to this all-important mission.

In his article in *The Forum* on "The Babies who are not," Dr. Donald B. Armstrong entertains no theory; he simply records the results of his extensive experience among the working population of New York:—

Young girls, when they should be starting on a career as wife and mother, and home maker, are entering industry or commerce, to wear out the best years of their life in service to trade, when they should be giving the truest womanly service to the State. If they bear children at all it is under the greatest and most unnatural social and economic stress and, old women at forty, no longer useful either by training or physiologically for motherhood, cast aside as unfit by trade, they pass down the remaining years "through the cold gradations of decay" as monuments to the short-sighted imbecility, the ungodly wastefulness, the unpardonable ingratitude and selfishness of mankind.

The mother is rendering a service which should be recognised and for which remuneration must be given. She must receive payment and protection for the great service she renders, and it must be recognised as a service and as a life work for which she should be prepared and to which she should be allowed to devote her best years and finest energies. The attainment of the economic freedom of womanhood will do more to decrease infant mortality than will probably any other measure.

From every point of view we cannot but see the necessity for the immediate recognition by the State of the worth to society of the healthy mother. Furthermore, this recognition must be of a substantial emancipatory kind. Lack of education and inefficient, misapplied methods of education are the causes, directly or indirectly, of much disease and many deaths among the infants. It is obvious that the training of woman for motherhood is practically not at all recognised as an essential part of the general plan of her education. The greatest function of womanhood the business of being a mother, has been classed, from the standpoint of organised preparation, with the work of the dock hands and street labourers, for it is looked upon, by the State and by the individual, as the most casual and haphazard of occupations. Proper training for and the endowment of motherhood are essential in the reorganisation of human society.

CITIES AND WARFARE.

THE January number of *The Geographical Journal* contains the text of Hilaire Belloc's recent lecture on "The Geography of the War." Among the hundred and one writers on the campaign, Mr. Belloc easily holds the premier position, because he knows what he knows, has few theories, and is content to forget them in his arduous task of explaining the facts.

Mr. Belloc can invest a ditch with all the glamour of a first-class fortress; and the reader who can follow this marvellous leader over his beloved hills and appreciate the living character of the long roads, has substantial ground, in more senses than one, for an intelligent outlook on the battlefield of Europe. Of the importance of the great towns to an army Mr. Belloc says:

It is not only the political importance of a town as an objective—the fact that when you have captured a capital you have put political pressure upon your enemy—it is also that the town is a *depôt*. The great town contains resources of provision which an army can use: shelter, which is very important; the rolling stock of railways, petrol. More than that, the great town provides you with all sorts of opportunities for obtaining every commercial necessary. It is a market: it is an economic centre with the machinery for controlling currency as well. Notice another very interesting point. The great town has never been destroyed even in this campaign. It has not *paid* the enemy to destroy it.

There is one further point this campaign may develop before it is over, and that is whether the great modern town can resist. We have had no test of that, and I think opinion is still wise to be in doubt, holding its judgment between two extreme theories.

As we are living in a very large town it is just as well to know what those theories are. One theory is that your very large urban agglomeration is an easier prey to an organised army than a smaller one. Being chaotic, unco-ordinated, a dust of humanity, an unprepared target of large size, it is an easy prey. The other theory is the exact opposite of this, the extreme view that a large modern urban population, really determined to prevent occupation by an enemy, though it would suffer enormously of course, would yet probably succeed in preventing such occupation.

I incline to the first of these two, because I do not see what your great modern town is going to do against long-distance artillery. It seems to me you could reduce it just as you could a smaller place and just as thoroughly, and it is morally weaker than your smaller town for it is less co-ordinated. At any rate, towns not only mark the line of advance, but they also are those depôts by which armies must march.

THE BROKEN HEART OF THE BELLS.

THE spirit of regret and a haunting melancholy animate the verses by Grace Hazard Conkling in *The Atlantic Monthly*, which will affect all those who have been privileged to listen to "The Chimes of Termonde":—

The groping spires have lost the sky,
  That reach from Termonde town:
There are no bells to travel by,
  The minster chimes are down.
It's forth we must, alone, alone,
  And try to find the way;
The bells that we have always known,
  War broke their hearts to-day.

They used to call the morning
Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
  Like seraphim betrayed:
God must have heard their broken prayer
  That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
  And what is left to say?
It's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
  To try to find the way.

They used to call the children
To go to sleep at night;
And then their songs were tender
And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain
  Within the empty tower.

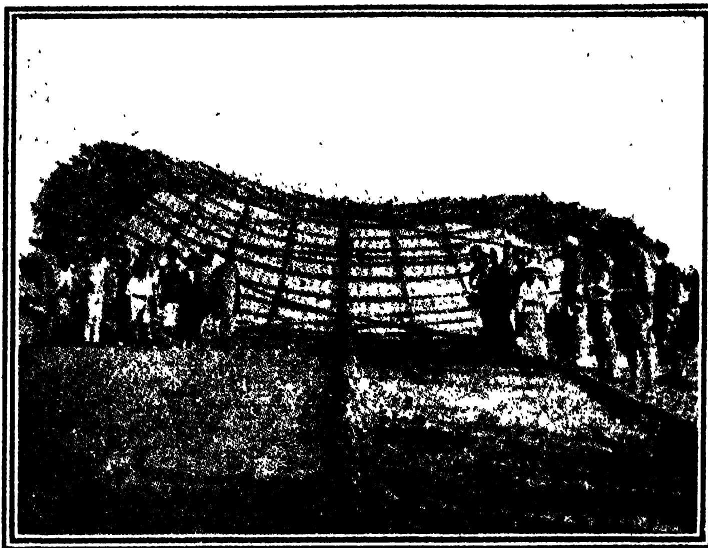
They used to ring at evening
To help the people pray,
Who wander now bewildered
And cannot find the way.

The Taste of Brine, by Mrs. Hubert Barclay (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), tells in interesting fashion the story of a youth who, in a moment of madness and despair, pledged a piece of furniture belonging to his grandfather and was imprisoned. The advent of an unknown cousin, who claimed his estates, released him from a duty which was truly a penance, and set him free to win love and happiness.

KITE FIGHTING.

The Japan Magazine gives an account of the sport of kite-flying, which arouses as much interest as horse-racing and yachting in other countries :—

The kite-flying associations are divided up two and two, and each pair must enter and fight together. There are two umpires and two supervisors. The umpires are in supreme command of the battle. The duty of the supervisors is to keep the multitude in order, for quarrels are not infrequent. At the command of the umpire two kites of the same size are sent up together. As the kites attain a sufficient height the men try to play the kites against each other. Each party wants to bring its kite into touch with its opponent and to bring the latter down. It is the ambition of each party to keep its kite in the air as long as possible. The kite that stays up till the wind ceases or until all the others are vanquished is victorious. This requires the strength of many men working a long time ; and the art of fighting one's kite well is not easily acquired. Thus fifty or sixty men labour until exhausted.



Starting a Giant Kite.

Some of the kites used in this contest are things to see : huge circular structures about ninety feet in length, including the tail, and having a width of fifty or sixty feet.

The fighting kites of the locality mentioned are round, and thus quite different from the ordinary shape. The frame is made of unsplit bamboo about three inches in diameter, and all the cross pieces of the frame are made of the same material. The spaces between the framework are about two or three feet wide.

The ropes for the fighting kites are made of strong hemp, and are more than 2,000 feet long, and above an inch in thickness.

In the vicinity of Muya there are some 20 or 30 kite-flying associations, and each association has a gigantic fighting kite of its own. Only in this way can such huge kites be supported, for it costs no little money to construct one. The cheapest fighting kite of this kind would cost at least fifty *yen*. The people take such interest in these contests that there is no difficulty in getting subscriptions to the associations, each one of which is zealous for the victory. People who complain of high taxes demanded by the government do not appear to have any hesitation in paying money to their favourite kite associations.



Minneapolis Journal.]

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

THE NEED FOR POLICEWOMEN.

At the present time a service of policewomen would be especially useful in the vicinity of the training camps of the New Army. Not only, unfortunately, are women of notoriously bad character hanging about them and doing harm, but foolish girls, anxious, in their own vernacular, to "get off" with one or other of the young soldiers, lead these to waste time that might be better employed, running the while dangers of which they realise little. Policewomen could have exercised a most salutary check on the temptations set by the former, and with the latter could have shown them that their presence was wanted by no one at that juncture, and was undesirable from every point of view. As it is, certain societies are doing what they can through an organisation of women patrols, who, however, lack the authority that the accredited policewoman would have.—*The Girls' Own Paper and Woman's Magazine.*

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

Two races are predominant in Belgium. They have common interests and aims, but are plainly distinguishable in language, form and temperament. The phlegmatic, calm aspect of the frequently blonde Fleming is clearly marked. He lives in Flanders, the provinces of Antwerp, Limburg, and in Northern Brabant. He is of Germanic extraction, and speaks Flemish, which is Dietsch (lower German). The Walloon is distinguished by vivacity, lithe active form, and a dark piercing eye. His native abode is in the provinces of Liége, Namur, Hainaut, and in Southern Brabant. The majority of Walloons are of Celtic origin; they are very likely descendants of the Gauls. It is generally believed, however, that the darker type of Walloon belongs to a pre-Aryan race, which found an early abode in Middle and South-Western Europe. The Walloon speaks the Walloon idiom, a tongue almost apart, but he corresponds in French, and it may be fairly stated that the French spoken at Liége and "het Nederlandsch," spoken in the province of Antwerp, is good indeed. There are, as one knows, elements of Saxon and Spanish blood, too. — Dejonghe-De Smet, in *The Highway.*

PICTURES FOR CLASS-ROOMS.

The present appears to be an opportune moment for British publishing firms to make an effort, by means of the products of British craftsmanship, to compete with the numerous pictorial reproductions of German manufacture which at present embellish the walls of many of our school class-rooms. A movement inaugurated some eight or ten years ago by the leading publishing houses of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and Dantzig resulted in the flooding of the English market with a series of lithographs and auto-lithographs, some of them admirable, many of them otherwise, covering an extensive range of subjects. A wide advertisement was obtained for these publications through an exhibition organised by the London County Council, which stated in an introduction to the catalogue that "the object of the Education Committee in holding this exhibition is to encourage the production of pictures of a distinctly English nature."—F. M. Carter, in *The School World.*

[With reference to this, we may be permitted to remark that a series of coloured lithographed portraits of famous poets, issued at a cheap rate from Stead's Publishing House, and produced by a British firm, have had an extensive sale, and are in use in many schools throughout the country. Ed. R.R.]

WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

Somehow the cheap reprint seems to have suffered a little on account of the war, perhaps because many of the intelligent, not over-rich men who buy it have gone fighting. The reprint reader of good physique would certainly be an admirable recruit for Kitchener's New Army, if only for the reason that his devotion to the reprint is evidence of his intelligence. At the other end of the string there has been a slump in expensive books, and the reason for that is sufficiently obvious. The rich folk who usually buy them as furniture have been giving the money to war charities, or perhaps they have not had it to give, and while the book trade has suffered from this, it cannot be said that literature has suffered. The war has given us a burst of poetry, some of it new and of very varying quality; most of it old, in the form of anthologies. These have been almost too numerous

to mention, and if you went into a bookseller's shop and asked for one, the poor man would probably be able to offer you a dozen. You might then, unless you had more than a passing acquaintance with martial verse, be driven to the expedient of the woman novel-reader who chooses her stories according to the covers. Red is her favourite colour in fiction.—JAMES MILNE, in *The Book Monthly.*

A PROTEST FROM SCOTLAND.

THOSE who have been reading the literature of the war must have been struck with the almost universal use of the term "England" for "Britain." This is not surprising where the authors are foreigners, for they have adopted the designation commonly used on the Continent without taking the trouble to verify their references. British authors, however, ought to have been more familiar with the facts. The mis-application of the name of the country, especially in the case of international references, betrays not only historical ignorance, but culpable disrespect.—*The Scottish Nation.*

MISSIONARY SERMONS CRITICISED.

How often the missionary sermon of twenty or thirty minutes is for three-quarters of the time occupied either by a homiletical discourse such as the parochial clergy can give, or else by a defence of the theory of missions. Now missions are like the Bible, of which C. H. Spurgeon said, when asked to join a society in its defence, "No, as soon would I join a society for the defence of a lion; let it out, it will defend itself." Missions want the eloquence of facts, not theories. It is an ordeal to preach to English schoolboys, not least in Rugby school chapel, where Dr. James, the headmaster, told me the best missionary sermon he had ever heard began thus: "Opposite to the house I occupied for many years in East Africa stood the whipping-post." Instantly every eye was riveted on the preacher, no doubt because his words had awakened a personal reminiscence in many of the leading members of his congregation.—Rev. SAMUEL BICKERSTETH, D.D., in *The International Review of Missions.*

EDUCATION FOR PERSONALITY.

EDUCATION has for its business to make each individual born into the world an heir of all the ages. Each is born naked and incapable of speech; rich, if rich at all, only in possibilities. Each begins at the very commencement of social progress. Some advance only a little way in their three score years and ten. Many are moulded in youth by contact with those who are not bearers of the ripened culture of the ages. The character of society to-day and its possibilities of progress depend upon the degree to which the social store becomes the possession not of a few fortunates but of all.—*Educational Review* (America).

GILT-EDGED STOCK.

THE investor in gilt-edged stock finds his stock depreciated in price, but he has reason for considerable self-gratification at the smallness of the decline, whilst the value of the stock itself remains sound as ever. Amidst all the turmoil and welter some of the gilt has been temporarily knocked off the gingerbread, but he has excellent reason for believing that the depreciation is but for a short period. Provided he can "hold on," there is little reason for supposing such stock will not soon regain its former price. Meanwhile his dividends are secure.—E. DOCET, in *Cassell's Magazine.*

STORING COAL IN WATER.

THE advantages of storing quantities of coal under water, where deterioration is much less than in the air, are appealing more and more strongly to engineers. It has been generally recognised that the gases concealed in the pores of the coal—oxygen in particular—are responsible for both heating and deterioration, and their escape should be prevented as far as possible. Coal immersed in water is practically sealed, and little oxidisation takes place. Experiments have shown that coal kept under water for the space of three years lost less than 3 per cent. in efficiency, while supplies stacked in the open often show a decrease in value from 5 to 8 per cent. in a single year. In tropical countries the decline is greater than in the temperate zones.—*The Colonial Journal.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

M. Joseph Bédier's article in *La Revue de Paris* of January 1st on the German atrocities, taken from German sources, is rather terrible but extraordinarily interesting, being extracts from diaries taken from German prisoners, and giving their account of the terrible deeds committed. M. Bédier says that until he read these extracts he was a little dubious, when reading the French, Belgian, and English accounts of the atrocities, as to how much they might be exaggerated, and there are, no doubt, many people who felt the same way. But after reading these extracts, all of which have the name of the writer and his regiment attached, and seeing the callous and often cynical way in which the murdering of old men, women, and little children is spoken of, all doubts as to the truth of the statements disappear. Amongst forty diaries, only three men are found who express shame and disgust at the conduct of their compatriots; that in itself is surely sufficient comment.



Mucha.] [War

German Tactics.

The Chancellor: "Your Majesty is seeking new routes to Paris?"

The Kaiser: "It is too late for that. What I must find is the quickest route by which to get home."

Colette Yver, counting up the profits of the war in *Le Correspondant* of January 10th, gives pride of place to the disappearance of the pursuit of money and the abolition of class distinctions. These latter, before war broke out, were very bitter, and the gulf between the bourgeoisie and the people was widening every day. The outbreak of war put an end to this immediately; for what woman, be she rich or a peasant, but would share in another woman's sorrow? And the men—there you may see them in the trenches, a philosopher and a manual labourer side by side, comrades and friends, drawn together by the common danger and the common cause. The writer pleads that with the end of war an effort may be made to keep things from slipping back to their old bad ways, and hopes that the brotherhood born of adversity may not be forgotten.

In the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for January there is to be found a clear and reasoned explanation of the Swiss point of view in connection with the war in an article by Carl Spitteler, a German Swiss, who, while having all his life lived on terms of intimate friendship with his German neighbours, being drawn to them by ties of blood and a common tongue, has nothing in common with France or the French. After having clearly explained in which direction his personal inclinations lie, the writer proceeds to draw out a temperate unbiassed scheme for the guidance of neutral Switzerland. He, in common with other writers, begs the Swiss to remember that politically they are one nation, although of different races and speaking different languages, and entreats them to reflect while their sympathies may draw them to one side or the other in the mighty struggle, yet, after all, the people over the frontier are only neighbours, even if dear ones, whereas the Swiss are brothers. He also pleads for stricter neutrality of the Press, and says that the duty of neutrals towards all those fighting is pity for the loss of life, respect towards brave men dying for their country, and above all they should treat the war seriously, and not mock when one side suffers defeat or exult when the other gains a victory, for this, as the writer points out, is the thing most calculated to cause division amongst the Swiss themselves.

DUTCH.

De Tijdspiegel has an interesting article, entitled "Constantinople," which is a review of a book recently published in Paris, *One Hundred Plans for the Division of the Turkish Empire.* The very title of the book shows the efforts that have been made from time to time to carve up the territory of the Turks. The first plan is that of Hertzberg, promulgated about 1772, according to which Russia was to have the Black Sea Coast as far as the Danube, Galicia was to be given to the Poles, Austria was to be content with Moldavia and Walachia, Prussia was to have Dantzig, Thorn and Posen, while Turkey was to retain (presumably for a time) the remainder of her territory. The plan did not commend itself to the Emperor of Austria, for various reasons, one of which was that he regarded the King of Prussia as his enemy. Talleyrand and many others had plans. Napoleon I. is stated to have said that he who held Constantinople possessed the key of the world. International fears and rivalry have maintained the Turk in possession of that famous city, but he looks like losing it now.

"The Disease Affecting the Learned Men of Germany" is discussed in *Vragen des Tijds.* The writer speaks of the pamphlet *It is Not True*, issued by German professors and others, wherein efforts are made to prove that the war was forced on Germany, etc., and says that similar pamphlets have come from England, France, and Belgium, as was to be expected, all endeavouring to prove the justice of "our" cause; but the Germans overdo the thing, while the others are dignified in their statements. At the beginning of the conflict, the Germans seemed to think that the Dutch were not well informed about what was happening, so they sent newspapers and brochures into the Netherlands for the enlightenment of the people; but as those sheets contained only such tidings as were pleasing to Germans, the people of Holland found that they were better informed than the Germans would have them be. The statements made by such men as Professor Lasson have raised a protest from the more sober-minded professors and learned men of the Fatherland; those extremists are proving too much. The writer then gives some examples of the remarks made by the extremists about German culture ("high culture," as some of them now term it) and reproves the men who make such absurd claims.

Elsevier contains an article on Belgian architecture, illustrated with pictures of many buildings in Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Ypres, and other towns.

SPANISH.

IN *Nuestro Tiempo*, Sr. Mariano Marfil, an astute observer of international politics, writes on "The European Conflagration." The war has lasted many months, and the only result, so far, has been the pouring out of blood and treasure, the depletion of the human and material resources of the European continent. "What does each side hope to attain?" he asks, and then proceeds to answer the question after this wise: The Allies do not expect to march in triumphant procession down Unter den Linden; they only expect to clear France and Belgium of the Germans. What does Germany expect to do? She, no more than her opponents, expects to stab the very heart of her enemies' countries; in the words of one of her writers, she does not desire French provinces, but an extension of coast line, so that that coast line includes Calais. What Russia expects is not stated. It is for each one to form his own conclusions after reading Sr. Marfil's remarks.

La Lectura deals with the position of Spain. At the present time Spain is not much affected by the war; she can continue trading with the cities on the shores of the Mediterranean without trouble, while doing a fair business, especially by parcel post, with Italy and through Italy to certain other countries. If Italy joins the Triple Entente, the position will remain much the same, but if she should join Germany and Austria, the aspect of affairs would be much changed, as the interference of the Italian fleet in the war would tend to make trading difficult. Suppose that Spain were to take part in the war? She could send troops to North or Eastern France, to Egypt or elsewhere, were she to join the Triple Entente, and thus, by the aid of her military and naval resources, shorten the duration of the conflict now raging. With Italy and Spain both joining the English, French, and Russian group, matters would become serious for the two Central European Empires.

ITALIAN.

THE *Riforma Sociale* of Turin, most weighty of Italian economic reviews, publishes a series of solidly impartial articles on various economic aspects of the world's crisis. Giuseppe Prato discusses the economic position of Germany, and discovers various inconsistencies between the official assurances concerning limitless wealth and invincible power and the anxious injunctions to save every morsel of bread, etc. In spite of her prodigious growth in wealth the author discovers signs of economic weakness. He thinks it at least a question whether Germany, aiming at world-wide industrial supremacy, has not already fallen a victim to over-production on a gigantic scale. For such a condition universal peace offers the only way of escape from economic catastrophe, but it is remarked that "nations frequently serve their passions better than their interests." In an eloquent conclusion he points to the treatment of Belgium as proof positive of Germany's moral decadence. In another article the editor protests against the hasty overthrow of previously accepted economic principles—in favour, for example, of free trade—owing to unsuspected difficulties due to the abnormal conditions of a gigantic war. He points out, *inter alia*, that maritime supremacy, thanks to a powerful fleet, affords a far better preservative against famine than the most complete protective tariff.

Political parties and journalists seem for the most part to support Signor Salandra's recent declaration of neutrality, but they are beginning to discuss at what point the "vigilant armed neutrality" may have to give place to military intervention. In the *Rassegna Nazionale* the Deputy F. Nunziante declares that not only must Italy devote herself to military preparation, but also to the enlightenment of the national conscience in case war should become inevitable. E. Vercesi, writing from Vienna and emphasising how completely Germany and Austria are responsible for the war, describes the official efforts made in Vienna to make believe that Italy was at one with her Allies, and how bitter was the popular disappointment when the fact of Italian neutrality transpired.

The *Rassegna Contemporanea*, however, of which that very able political writer, G. A. di Cesarò, is editor, has come out boldly in the New Year in favour of Italy's armed intervention. In order to "train the national energies to this noble end," in which "Italy's legitimate rights coincide with her most sacred aspirations," the *Rassegna* has decided to appear tri-monthly, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of every month, and to carry on an active campaign in favour of war with Austria. Concerning the presence of von Bülow in Rome, Signor di Cesarò asserts that he is by no means a *persona grata* at the Court of Berlin, and was only sent to Rome in obedience to the overwhelming demand of public opinion which it was deemed unsafe to ignore.

It will not be the fault of *La Vita Italiana All' Estero* if Italians do not awake to the peril of German penetration in their midst. Month by month the hidden workings of this scientifically planned movement are laid bare. According to the author:

"The phenomenon of the Germanic penetration of Italy is of impressive seriousness; indeed, far more serious than even clear-sighted Italians imagine. The aims of Pan-Germanism range from financial domination, and from the gradual destruction of our industries, to our political enslavement, to domination, to annexation. As once before in the Middle Ages, Italy is to become a vassal state of the Germanic Empire; maps are already in existence in which she is marked as forming part of the German Confederation. War has broken out for us in a fairly favourable moment, in so far as we are not already completely subjugated by Teutonic despotism."

In the same number E. Vaina urges the necessity for a speedy understanding between Servia and Italy, and suggests that in the post-war settlement Italy should content herself with Trieste, Friuli, and Istria, which are predominantly Italian, and leave the long Dalmatian coast to Servia, without which, he declares, Servia will never sheathe the sword. The Editor of the Review, however, formally dissents from this proposal, holding that part of Dalmatia at least must fall to Italy.

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore. Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."

IT is interesting, and perhaps not wholly unprofitable, to speculate on the vagaries of fortune which have achieved for Mr. Thomas Hardy's stupendous war drama at the Kingsway Theatre merely a *succès d'estime*, while crowning "The Man Who Stayed at Home" at the Royalty with popular triumph. To dismiss the subject lightly by quoting "The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give" is easy, but is by no means the conclusion of the whole matter. Why does the playgoing public decree that the same "House full" notices which gladden the hearts of Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Mr. Terry shall not be vouchsafed also to Mr. Hardy? The embittered critic may exclaim: because the playgoing public on principle prefers a bad play to a good one; but this is not true in the particular instance, nor, I am optimist enough to think, in general. "The Man Who Stayed at Home" is not a bad play. Its joint authors—one at least of whom is a critic as well as a writer of plays would certainly be the first to admit that it does not bear comparison with "The Dynasts;" but, judged by plays of its own class, it has nothing to fear, and it certainly provides an amusing evening's entertainment. This, perhaps, is the real reason of its success; it is amusing and makes practically no demands upon our intelligence or our emotions. The authors have been clever, or fortunate, enough to hit the mood of the hour.



Photo by] [*Foulsham & Banfield.*

Mr. Dennis Eadie as "Christopher."

In ordinary humdrum times, when the only public excitement centres in a political crisis or the latest sensational divorce, we go to the theatre to have our emotions titillated. External life proceeds on a basis of such calm routine that it is good for us to be lifted out of ourselves by a tragedy or set thinking by a problem play. But when, last August, life itself became for most of us one vast drama fraught with hopes and fears and tragedies keener than were ever presented on any stage, the theatre suddenly lost its chief purpose. The morning paper is now a drama daily renewed. Stageland rapidly adjusted itself to the new conditions; its mission now is to still, not as heretofore to arouse, our emotions. A play, therefore, which, while contriving to be topical, makes no attempt to probe uncomfortable depths is almost certain to succeed provided it is amusing, neatly written, and well acted; and all these

conditions are fulfilled by "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

Nothing could be more restfully exciting. It is a version in modern dress of the heroic drama, which the most superior of us in his heart of hearts loves. Now more than ever, when our whole thoughts are bound up in our own heroes in France, it is somehow comforting and consoling to see, even if only on the stage, just such a man as our brothers, husbands, and sweethearts stroll imperturbably through three acts of horrific dangers at German hands into the safe haven of his lady's arms.

It falls to the lot of few to know intimately a boarding establishment, whether on the East Coast or elsewhere, six of whose ten occupants are spies, which conceals in its drawing-room fireplace a complete wireless telegraphic apparatus, where priceless maps, plans, and despatches are thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, and which is on equally familiar terms with German submarines and English cruisers. That is the beauty of plays like this. One accepts these phenomena without a qualm. It is impossible within the allotted space to do justice to all the ramifications of an enthralling story, but the plot may be briefly if inadequately summarised.

Christopher Brent is "high up" in the English Secret Service. He is stayihg at the select boarding establishment of Mrs. Sanderson, in September, 1914, because he has reason to suspect that the estimable lady is a spy in the pay of Germany—suspicions which are confirmed by his discovery of a wireless apparatus in the drawing-room fireplace. Being a competent young man, he taps the wireless, and finds he has to deal with very dangerous people indeed. There is a plot afoot for a German submarine attack on a number of British transports which are to leave for ——— that very night. It is a busy day for Christopher. Not being too anxious to advertise his business to the world, he naturally wears a monocle and lounges about in flannels asking silly questions of the soldiers, proceedings which impel an earnest-minded young woman to present him with a white feather in the presence of Molly Preston, whom he loves, and who loves him. Before lunch he fences with Molly's rather awkward questions, discovers the wireless, learns that Mrs. Sanderson is the widow of a famous German general and that her son Carl, who is in the Admiralty, knows a good deal more than he should of matters which do not concern him, and lays his plans accordingly. After lunch he shoots the "Dutch" waiter Fritz's last carrier pigeon, which was winging away with a map of the harbour stolen by Carl, arranges for two British cruisers to be in attendance on the submarines in the evening, steals some important letters from Fritz, convicts the harmless, naturalised Fräulein Schroeder of being in the conspiracy, quarrels with Molly and her intolerable old father, and fills in the intervals by talking a good deal of pleasant nonsense. But it is not until after dinner that he gets really busy. By now the acute Sandersons have begun to suspect that Christopher is not as innocent as he looks and that Mrs. Leigh will also bear watching (she, too, was in the Secret Service, and a great help to Christopher, though a source of considerable uneasiness to Molly). Their wireless disconnected, their pigeon dead, they are reduced to their last emergency signal to the submarines—to burn the house down, with its sleeping inhabitants. So they steal forth at dead of night, leaving Carl to set the fuse to the incendiary bomb. But once again England is equal to them. The debonair Christopher outwits Carl, the spies are captured, and to the booming of the cruisers' guns Molly rushes into her lover's arms, and Curtain! The man who stayed at home is triumphantly vindicated.

This is the merest imperfect skeleton of the plot, but enough has been said to show that there is no lack of thrills, which are agreeably tempered by the certainty that everything will work out all right. Altogether the play is just the thing for these darkened nights.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

THE following question was put to some young pupils in a well-known public school: "There is a family of five children. The mother has only four potatoes to divide among them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?" Silence prevailed in the class-room; every pupil was calculating diligently. Finally one boy put up his hand. "Well, Sammy, what would you do?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, ma'am."—*The Bairns' Magazine.*

SEVERAL farmers were sitting around the fire in the country inn and telling how the potato pests had got into their crops. Said one: "Them pests ate all my whole crop in two weeks." Then another spoke up: "They ate my crop in two days, and then sat around on the trees and waited for me to plant more Here a commercial traveller for a seed house broke in: "Well," he said, "that may be; but I'll tell you what I saw in our own warehouse. I saw four or five beetles examining the books about a week before planting-time to see who had bought seed!"—*The Boy's Own Paper.*

"WHY do you feed every tramp who comes along? They never do any work for you." "No," said his wife, "but it is a great satisfaction to me to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."—*The Royal Magazine.*

MISS TOMKINS had held forth eloquently to her Sunday School class, and the youngsters had been beautifully quiet and attentive (though there certainly *was* a perceptible odour of peppermint). The subject of her dissertation had been the parable of the Prodigal Son, and at its conclusion she put a few questions to test their comprehension of her discourse. "Now, children," she asked, "who was sorry that the prodigal returned?" Alf Huggins promptly raised a chubby hand. "Please, miss," he eagerly replied, "the fatted calf."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

MRS. FLORIN had a new maid, and one morning as she entered the library she was somewhat surprised to find the girl seated in one of the chairs with her hands folded. "What!" cried the mistress. "Here you are sitting down! Why you were sent in here to dust the room!" "Yes, ma'am," was the girl's reply; "but I have lost the duster, and so I am sitting on each of the chairs in turn." *Harper's Magazine.*

IT was at a country school that a small child said to her teacher: "Father says he is going to send you a piece of pork." The meat, however, did not materialise, so the teacher ventured to remind the child of the promised present. "Please, miss, the pig got better," was the answer she received. -*Windsor Magazine.*

DURING a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he got so fidgety, standing first on one foot and then on the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was. "What's up, Jock?" he whispered. "Hae ye lost the ring?" "No," answered the unhappy one, with a woeful look, "the ring's safe enough; but, man, I've lost ma enthusiasm."- *The Canadian Magazine.*

"PATIENCE and perseverance will accomplish all things," was a favourite saying of an old miller. He had made this remark in a train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the corner turned to to him crossly and said: "Nonsense, sir. I can tell you a great many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish." "Perhaps you can," said the miller, "but I have never yet come across one thing." "Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?" "Certainly." "I would like to know how." "Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze."—*The Choirmaster and Organist.*

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

HERE AND THERE.

Of two sunshiny books just published, one, *Progressive Portugal*, by Ethel C. Hargrove (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), is a delightful armchair companion for an imaginary journey into Portugal, and a capital guide for a real one. The author was one of a party of international journalists who had received an invitation to visit that country. Landing at Oporto, they travelled thence through the country in all sorts of vehicles, occasionally hoping that the authorities would turn their attention to road mending! The reader gets a glimpse of the places interesting to English folk because of our early connection with Portugal, translations of folk-lore and certain romantic episodes, a *résumé* of educational and philanthropic agencies and much information especially valuable to the traveller. Miss Hargrove is emphatically a believer in Portugal as being a progressive nation; our illustration shows the Dom Luiz Bridge over the Douro, built in 1886. She says the wealth of flowers recalled to her some words from an old Japanese play: "Flowers only seen in dreams from which to wake is to regret."



Dom Luiz Bridge.

(Reproduced by courtesy of Werner Laurie.)

The Nightside of Japan, by T. Fujimoto (Laurie, 7s. 6d. net), has truly more to do with the moon than the sun, but the moon in Japan seems to be as brilliant as is the sun in some countries. Written by a Japanese, not, as are most books on Japan, by a foreign observer, the first sensations of the reader are rather of bewilderment until it is realised that to a Japanese sex-hunger and hunger for food and drink are upon the same level, the gratification of either being equally sinless. Forty illustrations in colour and tone by Japanese artists give force to the Oriental atmosphere; they are principally pictures taken in Yoshiwara, the district of the licensed women. Naturally the position of Japanese women appears in a very different light to that painted by a Lafcadio Hearn; so reading on one wonders less that men take their wives with them when they go for a walk in that district. The publishers decided not to alter the quaint wording of the original, and the book gains by that method. Telling about the public bath-houses, for instance, and the way in which bathing makes even labourers poets, Mr. Fujimoto continues: "Coming home from the bath-house they drink by attendance of elves and, soon falling into sleep, become the men of the peaceful paradise." *The Nightside of Japan* includes a description of the fearful fires that obtain, of the different theatres, the cherry blossom gardens, and, in short, the whole street life



Open Floor on the River Karno.

(Reproduced by co rtesy of We Laurie.)

of Japan. Told by an artist in words, it leaves the reader with a far fuller comprehension of the home life and city life of our notable allies than could be given by ever such a painstaking description of an observer of another race. Our illustration shows a favourite resti g p'ace on a hot summer evening when "Glittering of the stars scattered throughout the sky are now enfeebled by the silvery light of the full moon, which has risen above the hill Higaohijama."

THREE CONTRASTING NOVELS.*

WHETHER the American merchant service is usually manned by such a crew of incompetents as Jack London puts into the fine sailing ship in which his hero sails from Baltimore to the Golden Horn is not for us to say, but it is fine to see the change in the character of John Pathurst which was brought out by the necessity of mastering the bullies, prison spawn, and raganuffins who mutinied soon after the death of the captain. Pathurst had taken a passage on the *Elsinore* because he was too *blasé* to do anything else. He had stipulated that the captain should not bring his wife, but did not happen to know that the captain had a daughter, so when she came on board he sulked. Comically enough, he complained of irritating bumps and was dosed by her with cream of tartar for "hives" when really insects were the cause, such insects being unknown to the wealthy young man. The crew are pictured with but a phrase for each, yet they live before the reader like the phantoms of delirium. The

* *Mutiny of the Elsinore.* By Jack London. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)
Young Earnest. By G. Cannan. (M. Secker. 6s.)
The Unholy Alliance. By Violet Tweedale. (John Long. 6s.)

captain is an American Samurai, the first-mate "an old stiff" who can "down" two men at a time, the second mate is a murderer, the bo'suns spineless and spunkless, the men the sweepings of hell. The voyage, taking months, was a nightmare; the description of the happenings when attempting to round Cape Horn more awful than even Masefield has given us; the least array of terrors being the mutiny itself. So it may easily be seen that the novel is not one to read aloud to a Sunday afternoon class; but Pathurst and Margaret gain their harbour at last, and, in spite of all, the reader will have felt to the full the vivifying breath of sea and wind and action, depression being impossible.

At the opposite pole is Gilbert Cannan's *Young Earnest*. Literary skill at its finest we perceive, but surely it is wasted. The intent is to present a scheme of life consonant with the spirit of modern philosophy, and this apparently cannot be done without a merciless analysis of the ordinary relations of human life, which leaves them sickeningly and hideously naked. We are not quite sure whether he means to satirise the ordinary commonsense household where love rules in general and mutual giving and yielding make for sweetness; or whether his satire is chiefly directed upon the woman who, having become the wife of a bad man, finds in religion her solace until the glamour of the man turns her aside again, and she weakly yields to him, again to be deserted; or maybe he intends to advocate easier divorce. The son of the pair, René Fourmy, is outwardly much as other clever boys, wins scholarships and becomes a lecturer, but is full of "feelings" which are vague and which he cannot express in words. His elder brother's marriage appeared to him as a coarseness not on the same plane with his own sentimental liking for a young neighbour. He does not marry her, but a rich girl who has marked him down and from whom he runs away because she is not sufficiently spiritual, joining himself to a factory girl and living as a taxi-cab driver in a London slum. The girl is nobler than he, and, when she realises that he has tired of her, betakes herself and her unborn child to Canada, leaving René free to join himself this time to his first love, who has "emancipated" herself and thinks life to two people who have thoughts in common too beautiful to spoil because of a defective marriage tie—for René's wife considers her status as a married woman without ties is too comfortable to spoil by divorcing her husband. Fortunately, Mr. Cannan's hero, always in extremes, is not often to be met with in real life. He is not heroic, and probably Mr. Cannan would scorn the title for him, though he evidently is divided between admiration of and pity for the man he has painted.

The Unholy Alliance is a strange story with oddly contrasted characters. Supposed to be a convincing proof of the reality of demon government and for this giving statements to show that the Bible insists upon the reality of a devil as upon the reality of angel helpers, yet it leaves the reader uncertain whether Mrs. Tweedale is but playing with a theme because it has a strong fascination for many. The man who enters into the unholy alliance is supposed to have been abnormal from birth. His father, the heir to an earldom, married in secret and died before he could acknowledge his wife, and his grandmother, herself allied to a demon, hid the marriage certificate, though not depriving the wife of the annuity left to her in her maiden name. The boy is well educated and becomes a clergyman, whilst his whole soul is dominated by the desire of revenge upon those who have deprived him of his rank. To obtain his desire he calls for demon aid, and Pan responds amongst others. His mother has always placed her allowance at his disposal and acquiesced in his de[illegible] that [illegible] should remain with him as his paid housekeeper. A haunted house is naturally part of the piece. Canon Gilchrist's curate is just his rector's opposite, as good as the other is evil; his love story is the pleasant element of the book. The Canon and his visitors talk a great deal of the decadence of England—how the democracy and plutocracy together work evil, and so on, which from the mouth of a man demon-possessed sounds peculiar. The tale has this good quality—that it tells of holy influences as well as of demoniac.

The Yellow Ticket, by Frank Harris (Grant Richards, 6s.). These short stories are mostly as clever and original as they are cynical, and with a plethora of unpleasant characters. But the cleverness is streaky; for instance, the chief actor in "The Vale of Tears" devotes time to bewailing that he did not marry Marie ten years earlier; but as she would at that time have been but ten years old, his grief is ridiculous.

SIDELIGHTS ON GERMANY.

THE extraordinary difference between the theory and practice of our enemies in the present war is exemplified by Professor Morgan's translation of the authoritative *Usages of War on Land*, the book of rules to be followed by German officers issued by the *Great General Staff* of the German Army. The text of this occupies about two-thirds of the work; it is introduced by a masterly study, by Professor Morgan, of German diplomacy, politics and academic teaching since 1870.

The text supplies a cynical comment upon the action of Germany in Belgium and on the East Coast of England. For instance, officers are told that "the territory of neutral States is available for none of the belligerents for the conduct of its military operations." Again, "Property, whether it be public or private, so far as war allows it, is declared to be inviolable . . . there can exist no right to the appropriation of property - *i.e.*, a right to booty and plundering," or, "A prohibition by international law of the bombardment of open towns and villages . . . was put into words by The Hague Regulations, but appears superfluous, since modern military history knows of hardly any such case"!

The German *practice*, however, is provided with an excuse in another part—the "Usages"—which says: "A war conducted with energy cannot be directed merely against the combatants of the enemy State and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual (frightfulness?) and material resources of the latter; or, again:—

Bribery of the enemy's subjects with the object of obtaining military advantages, acceptance of offers of treachery, reception of deserters, utilisation of the discontented elements in the population, support of pretenders, and the like, are permissible; indeed, international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy. . . . The ugly and inherently immoral aspect of such methods cannot affect the recognition of their lawfulness. The necessary aim of war gives the belligerent the right, and imposes upon him, according to circumstances, the duty not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive, advantages to be gained by such means.

It would be tiresome to multiply instances; the work needs to be read as a whole.

It is somewhat different with regard to the revelations of a governess lately published.* She supplies a similar indictment against our German foes, in that she shows for how long and how keen have been their preparations for war; but there is no authority for her statements, inasmuch as she herself and her princely employers are anonymous. Moreover, there is no revelation. What this lady writes is chiefly an echo of what we now know *i.e.*, evidence of intent. Setting this aside, her story supplies plenty of interest. Who were her employers? Which of the Kaiser's relatives has a French wife and a country abode within a dozen hours' walk from Coblε The lady was five years with her pupils, and shut in from ordinary intercourse—as a governess in such a family would be—she does not appear to have observed more than that the word English seems to have been like a red rag to a bull (she was American on the father's side). The first odd fact she records is that the favourite game of her pupils and their tutor was a costly and perfect model of various towns, such as London, St. Petersburg, etc., and the purpose of the game was to drop bombs accurately on the chief buildings. That the Zeppelins were perfect goes without saying, for they were the gift of Count Zeppelin, and he himself would occasionally be an onlooker—the Kaiser also.

The lady's pen pictures of famous people are very clever. That of the Crown Prince with his goggle eyes is akin to the "Willy" of Haselden's cartoons. Of Marshal Von Hindenburg she says:—

Not only were his big, fighting jaws square; his head, with hair combed back *en bosse*, was square also. Even his eyes, under heavy, rather swollen, lids, were square at the ends. His nose was square, his ears were square, and his huge moustache, which appeared to be artificially prolonged by a patch of beard let in to piece it out, was brushed out square on the square cheeks.

Von Kluck she is inclined to think is the man who bought the Soisson quarries, of which the Germans have made such terrible use. He did not talk to her, but—

He gave the idea of being absent-minded and thinking deeply of something far away in space. I heard him say that "they" wanted him to go to France to look at "it." Who "they" were I do not know, or what "it" was that they wished General von Kluck to see. But I knew

* *What I Found Out.* By An English Governess (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

that nearly a year after that visit the children had a present of a fancy red velvet box of chocolate. . . . The princess showed the boys General von Kluck's visiting card and the writing on it, which said: "French chocolate from France, for two brave young German soldiers."

At last the lady realised what was going on and wrote to Sir E. Goschen, putting her letter with the usual castle correspondence, so it is small wonder that the letter was intercepted and the lady confined to the castle, whence, however, she contrived to escape and happily reached England in safety, though practically penniless.

INTERESTING VOLUMES.

A DELIGHTFULLY appreciative sketch of General Joffre by a French Gunner is published by Simpkin Marshall, 1s. A native of Roussillon, Joffre unites the dogged determination of the Catalan, the quick eye and resourceful mind of the mountaineer, and an intelligence entirely his own, to Gallic wit and the kindly heart of the Latin. The various valuable services and hard and brilliant work of the honoured Commander-in-Chief are well described in the few and forcible words of a soldier.

From Jungle to Zoo, by Ellen Velvin (Stanley Paul, 6s.), is, as its title implies, the tracing to their native homes of the animals we see in such different surroundings. The facts given are often astonishing, always interesting, and, though written for young folk, will be read with pleasure by their elders, and should be made a part of every family library.

A Yorkshireman Abroad, by E. J. Smith (Long, 3s. 6d.). Compelled to choose between a breakdown and giving up some of his occupations, Mr. Smith decided to take a journey, and in six months covered some 35,000 miles. His remarks upon the scenery, manners, and customs of the people he saw, are shrewd and often humorous, as, for instance, after a complicated sea journey, Mr. Smith says he was reminded of the little girl who, putting her kitten through the wringing machine and hearing its shrieks, said, "Never mind, lovey, you'll soon be froo."

From Beyond the Pale (Methuen, 2s. net). A pathetic series of undelivered letters, written after many years to her daughter by a woman who had left husband and child for a lover whose manners were not in any way engaging.

ANNUALS.

The Year-Book of Social Progress (Nelson, 6s.). It is almost strange to find an annual which makes no reference to war matters, though there is a reference to Belgian small holdings. Labour, wages, housing, education, insurance, all the subjects of the closely filled pages of the book remind us that the normal life of the land goes steadily on, if not quite uninterruptedly.

Herbert Fry's *Guide to London Charities* (Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d.) is as full as ever of useful information, and also shows where some needs lie. There seems to be no help for the poor who, suffering from bad teeth, would find life renewed if they could but obtain the needed new teeth; and that remarkable hospital for women, the Samaritan of Marylebone Road—the one hospital which demands no letters, but says to the afflicted woman, "Come in!" is badly in need of help for roofs and floors which need renewing; otherwise patients could not be taken in.

Hazell's Annual (price 3s. 6d.) is, if that were possible, more efficient than ever. In addition to the usual contents, its 625 pages include an informing article upon the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Church Bill, etc., and, above all, some thirty-six pages are devoted to the War and Aircraft in War in such a manner that the reader can get every occurrence in its proper order. In fact, *Hazell's* is not only a record to be consulted, but provides very interesting reading on the topics of the day.

Its complement is *Whitaker's Almanack* (price 2s. 6d.), now in its forty-seventh year. An indispensable adjunct to the bookshelf, its marvellous statistics seem to be as accurate as ever, though its editor modestly states that in some isolated instances the unsettled condition of the world has caused some difficulty in obtaining complete information. Unhappily the portion devoted last year to the World's Peace has had to be devoted to the Great War. The amount of information of all kinds cannot be gauged by a cursory inspection, but certainly such as cannot be found in *Hazell's* will turn up in *Whitaker*; and if duplicated, there is a diversity which amplifies the information.

THE WILL TO POWER AND TO HATE, OR TO LOVE.

AMONGST the piles of war literature which have accumulated in these fateful months those relating to the aims and ideals of the combatants are of more than passing interest. The *Papers for the War Time* issued by the Oxford University Press (2d. each) embody the opinions of various writers of opposite political parties and different Christian bodies who are nevertheless one in the opinion that in Christ and in His Gospel lies the hope of redemption and help for national life. They stand for Love, putting the matter broadly, whether Mr. Leonard enforces it in *Love Came Down at Christmas* or Dr. Cairns assumes it in his *Answer to Bernhardi;* of this class also is *The Great Peace* of James L. M. Bain (Theosophical Society, 6d.), who, though whole-heartedly patriotic, would have us pray equally for German soldiers as for our own. Dr. Orchard reminds us that, though we are fighting for Right against Might, we are using weapons of conquest which apply to Might, and must therefore be doubly on our guard that we do not forget our ideals. *The Confessions of Frederick the Great,* edited by Douglas Sladen (Hutchinson, 1s.), stand for Might against Right and show how German people have gradually lost their hold of the ideal by putting the power of the State, *their* State, above the needs of humanity. Amongst books dealing with actual facts is Lloyd's *Who's Who in the Great War* (6d. net), containing short notes of the chief personages on both sides. Philip's large-scale *Strategical Map* of the Central and Eastern area of the conflict (2s. 6d. net) is an invaluable aid to those following the war closely. The *Soldier's Geography of Europe* (3d. net) has been specially prepared for soldiers in training, but will interest many others.

The "Daily Telegraph" War Books (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net) are the presentment in handy form of many of the episodes of the war. Edmund Dane describes the "Battle of the Rivers" and the policy which led up to it. Archibald Hurd tells of one hundred days in the naval war under the title of "From Heligoland to Keeling Island." "The First Campaign in Russian Poland" is by P. C. Standing. "With the Scottish Regiments at the Front" is a splendid story of chivalry and bravery by E. C. Vivian. "The Submarine in War," by C. W. Domville-Fife, is an illustrated account of what undersea warfare means, whilst Srgjan Tucic gives some interesting sketches of the Slav nations and their diversities.

FICTION.

Percy and Others, by F. Anstey (Methuen, 6s.). Light refreshment for jaded nerves is provided in the reprint of "F. A.'s" amusing and satirical contributions to *Punch.* "Percy the Drone" and "The Unconventional Picnic" are capital specimens in Mr. Anstey's best vein.

The Secret Calling, by Olivia Ramsey (Long, 6s.). An amusing tale of a girl who finds, to her horror, that her well-born father gets his living as a burglar. There are two pairs of love affairs to be unravelled, and a most amusing Suffragette who out-Herods Herod.

Enemies of England, by Ranger Gull (Werner Laurie, 6s.). A sensational imbroglio of conspiracy, torture, death, and the deliverance of the hero and heroine by the arrival of a monoplane at the fateful moment.

The Ruby of Rajast'han (East and West, 6s.) is a romantic account of the wooing of Akbar, the great Mogul Emperor, told by R. E. Forrest. The action is slow, the details pernickety, so that one is reminded of the old three-volume novel; but the interest rapidly strengthens, and when the beautiful Meera Bae, the widow who had never been a wife, appears upon the scene and helps the unknown knight to defeat the robbers, it becomes absorbing. As is well known, Akbar not only commanded the use of a common language in his wide dominions, but also endeavoured to find a common faith, wide-embracing in its tenets; and so the adventures of a knight-errant are intermingled with discussions about the new religion. The story opens with a visit to a supposed holy man, who turns out to be an outlaw; poetic recitations are a part of the entertainment. Then we are introduced to the "Ruby's" parents in their Palace of Nadri. The father is another King René, but a victim to opium; during the visit of the disguised Akbar his territory is invaded; thus, in addition to a clear view of the home life of a Hindoo court, we get the turmoil of battle.

DIARY FOR JANUARY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Dec 25, 1914.—Dissolution of the Japanese Diet, the Government having been defeated on the Army Estimates.

Formation of a new Cabinet in Mexico.

Dec. 26. The Queen of Italy gave birth to a daughter.

Dec. 27. -Notice issued to the effect that Ottoman subjects resident in Egypt would not be treated as alien enemies unless their conduct required special measures.

Dec. 28. -Law relating to the Presidential election adopted by the Chinese Administrative Council.

Dec. 29.—Opening of the Indian National Congress at Madras.

Dec. 30. -Order issued requiring all aliens living on the East Coast of Scotland to remove immediately thirty miles inland.

Further report of the Commission of Inquiry on the outrages committed in Belgium by German troops issued.

Dec. 31. Unveiling at Southampton of a memorial tablet to Charles Dibdin.

Signor Marconi, the inventor, and Dr. Luigi Albertini, editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, appointed senators by the King of Italy.

Jan. 1, 1915. -New Year Honours List published.

Collision between two passenger trains on the Great Eastern Railway outside Ilford Station; 10 killed.

Admiral Sir George Astley Callaghan appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, in succession to Admiral Sir Richard Poore.

Jan. 2. -Appointment of Lord Wimborne to succeed Lord Aberdeen as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland announced.

Export of poultry and bread prohibited by the Dutch Government.

Russian Orange Book on the incidents which preceded the Turkish aggression on the Russian ports on the Black Sea issued.

Outbreak of revolution in Albania reported.

Sir Spencer Harcourt Butler appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Burma.

Explosion at Coal Creek mines, Fernie, British Columbia; many lives lost.

Plot to smuggle Germans out of the United States by means of forged passports discovered and foiled by the American police.

Jan. 3. —Special Day of Intercession observed throughout all the countries of the Allies.

Jan. 4.- Re-opening of the London Stock Exchange.

Opening at London University of educational conferences; inaugural address by Bishop Welldon.

Opening at Ilford of the Board of Trade Inquiry into the train disaster on January 1.

Jan. 5. -Opening at Guildhall of the Conference of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters in Secondary Schools.

Five captured German steamers sold in London for £130,725.

State of anarchy in Albania reported.

Complaint regarding conditions in Mexico lodged with the State Department at Washington by the British Ambassador.

Jan. 7.- Resignation of Mr. Ellis Griffith, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, announced.

Commission appointed by the Local Government Board to deal with the question of work for Belgian refugees.

Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service issued.

Two temperance decrees signed by President Poincaré rendering permanent the temporary prohibition of the sale of absinthe, &c.

French official report on the German atrocities committed in France issued.

All meetings and demonstrations in favour of intervention in the war forbidden in Italy.

Jan. 8.—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Edgeworth-Johnstone appointed Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

Lord Methuen appointed Governor of Malta.

Abdication of Sir Sri Rama Varma, Rajah of Cochin, reported.

Gift of £8,000 a year for the relief of distress in France during the war announced by the Provincial Government of Quebec.

Jan. 9. Reports issued vindicating the scrupulous observance of neutrality by Belgium before the German invasion, and describing the execution and ill-treatment of priests and the destruction and desecration of sacred buildings by German soldiers.

Jan. 11.- Report of the work of the Local Government Board arising out of the war issued.

Jan. 12.- King George, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, reviewed 20,000 troops at Winchester.

Opening of the French Parliamentary session for 1915.

Re-assembly of the Legislative Council at Delhi; address on the Turkish war by Lord Hardinge.

Order for the mobilisation of a Third Canadian contingent issued by the Canadian Government.

Jan. 13. Earthquake disaster in Italy in the province of Rome; several towns and villages utterly destroyed and about 30,000 lives lost.

Jan. 14.—Resignation of Count Berchtold, Austrian Foreign Minister, and appointment of Baron Burian as his successor.



In 1901.

"The Aeroplane, *plus* the torpedo, which can strike at a distance of five miles, *plus* the submarine, which can cross the Atlantic without refilling her bunkers, will reduce mankind to anarchy unless some substitute is found for war. Willynilly we shall be driven to devise some machinery for settling disputes. The Hague Conference drafted a scheme for constituting an International High Court, but the Great Powers and the Smaller Powers could not agree as to their representation on the Judicial Bench. The Declaration of London, against which so much ignorant raving has been heard, marks an attempt at international legislation in the domain of maritime laws. Every year societies, associations, institutes are spinning threads in the great web which is covering the world. The ever-increasing cost of armaments tells in the same direction. If mankind is not to become a beggar at the door of a barracks, something must be done to arrest this ever-mountin. exp'.nditure."

In "T.P.'s Magazine," a few years ago.

William T. Stead



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

An Incident in the Fighting in Flanders.

From a Drawing by F. Matania in "The Sphere."

No. 303. Vol. LI.] [March, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

The War.

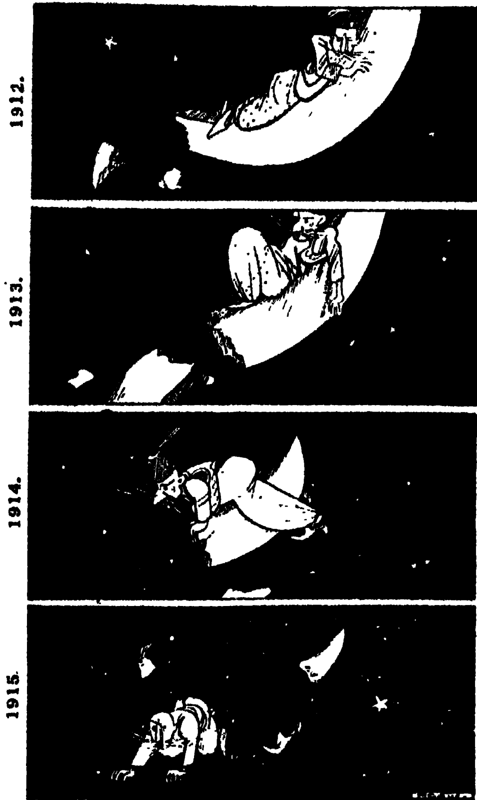
LONDON, *March* 1, 1915. On the West there has been little or no shifting of the opposing lines; such small advances as have taken place have been favourable to the Allies. The most sensational episode has been the two British aeroplane raids on the Belgian coast. These raids are the boldest which have ever been made, and as they were undoubtedly successful, we look forward to further developments along the same lines. Germany's air fleet has suffered the loss of two of her largest vessels in a storm off Denmark, which decreases the likelihood of more Zeppelin raids. In the East the fighting shows a distinct advantage in favour of Germany and Austria, though nothing has occurred to jeopardise in any way the final victory of the Allies. The Germans, abandoning their direct attack on Warsaw, concentrated an overwhelming force in East Prussia, and attacking the invading Russian army, forced it to retreat, during which operation one army corps was practically annihilated. The Russians, though driven out of East Prussia, have taken up a strong position in their own country and the German advance has spent itself, while the capture of Warsaw is no nearer than before. This success was due entirely to the magnificent German railways which enabled them to concentrate their forces with great speed and consequent secrecy, while the Russians, lacking such lines of communication, were unable to bring up reserves. This attack will probably prove to be Germany's last desperate effort to break through on the East. In the South also the Russians have been driven out of Bukowina, but they still keep their hold on the Carpathian passes, and any southern advance would force the withdrawal of the German and Austrian troops in Bukowina. In Poland itself



Western Mail.] [Perth, W.A.

His Little Contract.

YOUNG 1915: "Well, now I've taken on the old fellow's job, this seems to be my most pressing engagement."



Mucha] [Warsaw

The Disintegration of Turkey.

the lines have not altered to any appreciable extent one way or the other. The hostile armies are waiting for the spring and better weather before making any general movement. Then both sides will be reinforced by their newly enrolled troops, and, in the case of the Allies, supplies of ammunition and equipment to support a long and sustained offensive will be ready, so this points to a continuation of the present deadlock for some time to come.

Forcing the Dardanelles.

The most important strategic action of the month is the attack on the Dardanelles, for the capture of Constantinople would have far-reaching effects. In the first place, its fall would practically bring about the collapse of Turkey and her exit as a factor in the campaign. As an immediate result Russia could export her superfluous grain and import the military supplies she urgently needs; above all, it would have a profound effect on the Balkan nations, destroying any remnants of belief that Germany can eventually triumph. In Germany itself the possibility of ultimate defeat would be forced on the people, for up to the present they are convinced that they have been uniformly successful on land, and have suffered no defeats. A dramatic *coup* like the fall of Constantinople with all its consequences could not be concealed; and, though it is not a German city, yet its capture would raise a doubt as to the invincibility of their armies. The capture of Constantinople, which will require the co-operation of



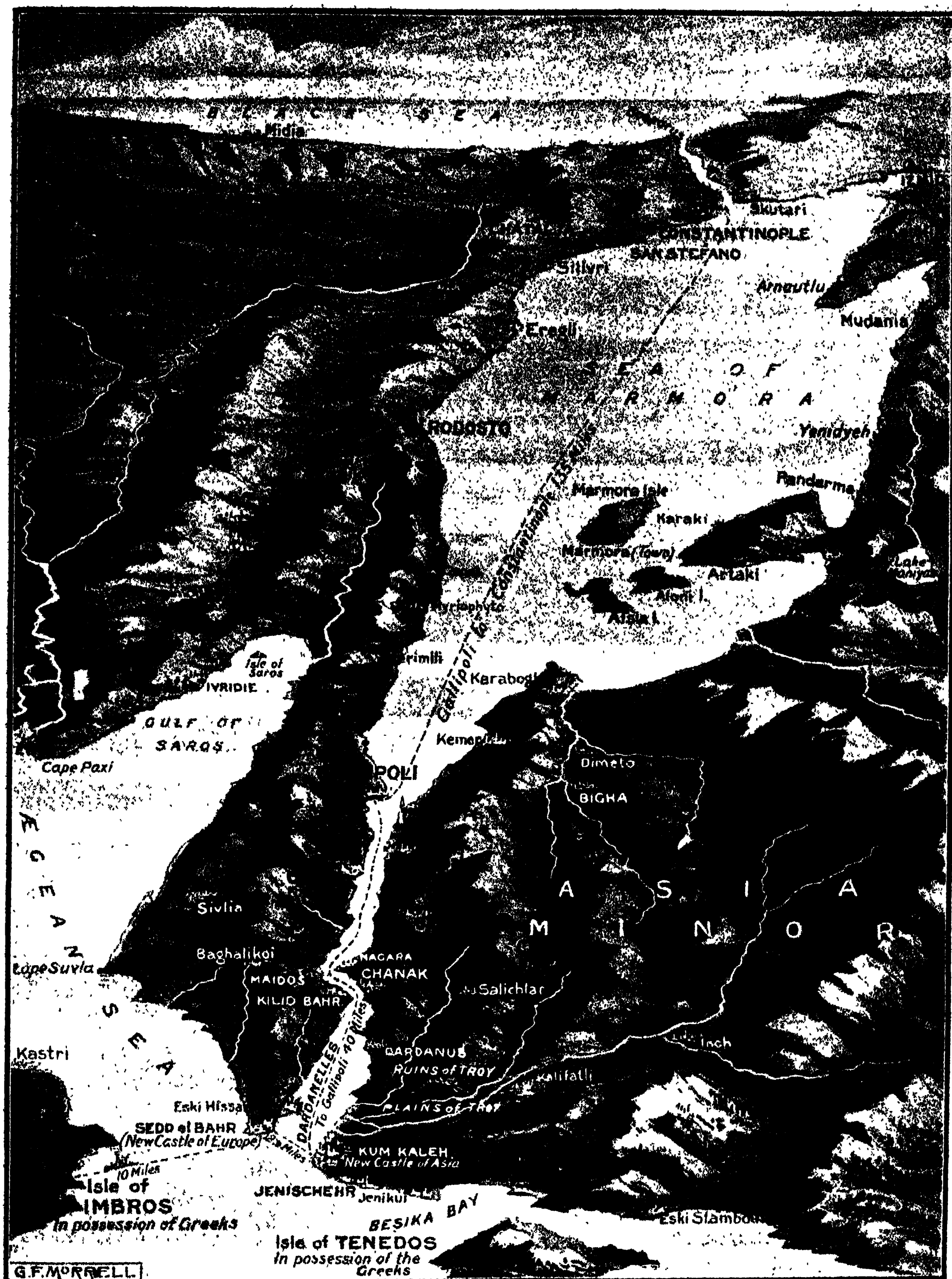
Hindi Punch.]

The Turk's Protector.

TURK: "It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you press so heavily on me?"

GERM-HUN: "I am keeping watch over you, my friend!"

The real rulers of Turkey are now the Germans. It is significant that the Germans cleared the 1st Army Corps out of Constantinople to the eastern theatre and replaced it with subservient troops. The 1st Corps contains Turkish officers of the best class who resent German domination.



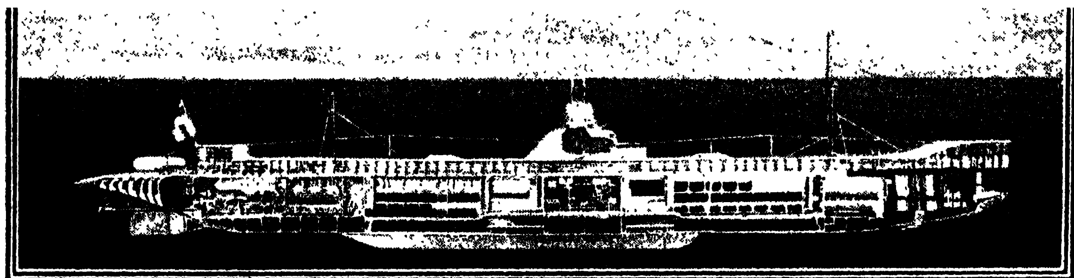
Naval Activity in the Mediterranean.

The British and French Allied Fleets have undertaken the task of forcing the Dardanelles.

naval and land forces, will probably prove a difficult and lengthy affair, and we must be prepared for considerable losses both in ships and men.

The Blockade by Submarines.

Though no action has taken place during the month, practically all the attention of the world has been concentrated on the naval side of the war, owing to Germany's declaration of a submarine blockade of Great Britain. The threat to torpedo any vessel found in British waters, whether enemy or neutral, without investigation or provision for the safety of the crew, is, of course, against all International Law, and constitutes pure piracy. That, of course, does not deter Germany, since she has always her plea of necessity on which to fall back, but it may well be asked whether she will stop at anything to prevent her final defeat. This declaration is an eloquent testimony to the efficiency of the British blockade, and is an admission that in every department of legitimate naval warfare the German navy has totally failed. The Note addressed to the United States in which she gave reasons for her action and outlined what she proposed to do is certainly a most remarkable document, combining a naïve ignorance of International Law—obviously assumed—with ruthless threats. The worked-up indignation at the inhumanity of trying to starve German women and children certainly will deceive no one, since Germany has used this well-recognised method of warfare whenever she could, and would certainly do so again at the first opportunity. Similarly with the protest against the use of neutral flags by Britain, another well-established custom of which Germany has also availed herself.



The Blockade of Britain by German Submarines.

"U 21," which has a range of over 3,000 miles.

A Policy of Despair.

The real reason for the adoption of this policy is difficult to determine: but most probably she felt that something must be done to justify the existence of her Navy in the eyes of the German people, and that this is so is evidenced by the transports of delight with which the announcement has been received in Germany, probably a measure of the disappointment which will inevitably follow the failure of the plan on which they apparently count so much. Nothing could be better calculated to stir up the neutrals, especially the United States. The attempt to bargain with the United States in order to get her to coerce Great Britain in allowing foodstuffs to enter Germany is typical of German methods.

Germany's Defiance.

The sale of armaments to the Allies has aroused German anger to a remarkable extent, though nobody knows better than she that it is perfectly legitimate, and nobody has profited more by it in former wars; but she has now nothing but abuse for the United States. The Note shows the German point of view most clearly, with its complete disregard for any International rules and regulations which interfere in the least with the accomplishment of her plans. Since she can no longer hope for the support of the United States, Germany has no scruples in defying her, since she knows that even if the United States joins the Allies she can give no aid with her army, and her navy would be superfluous. The threatened programme is impossible of execution and is in itself a confession of Germany's absolute inability to attack the transports and supply ships which are continually crossing to France.



Photo by] [*Stanley's Pi*

Admiral von Tirpitz.

The Futility of the Blockade.

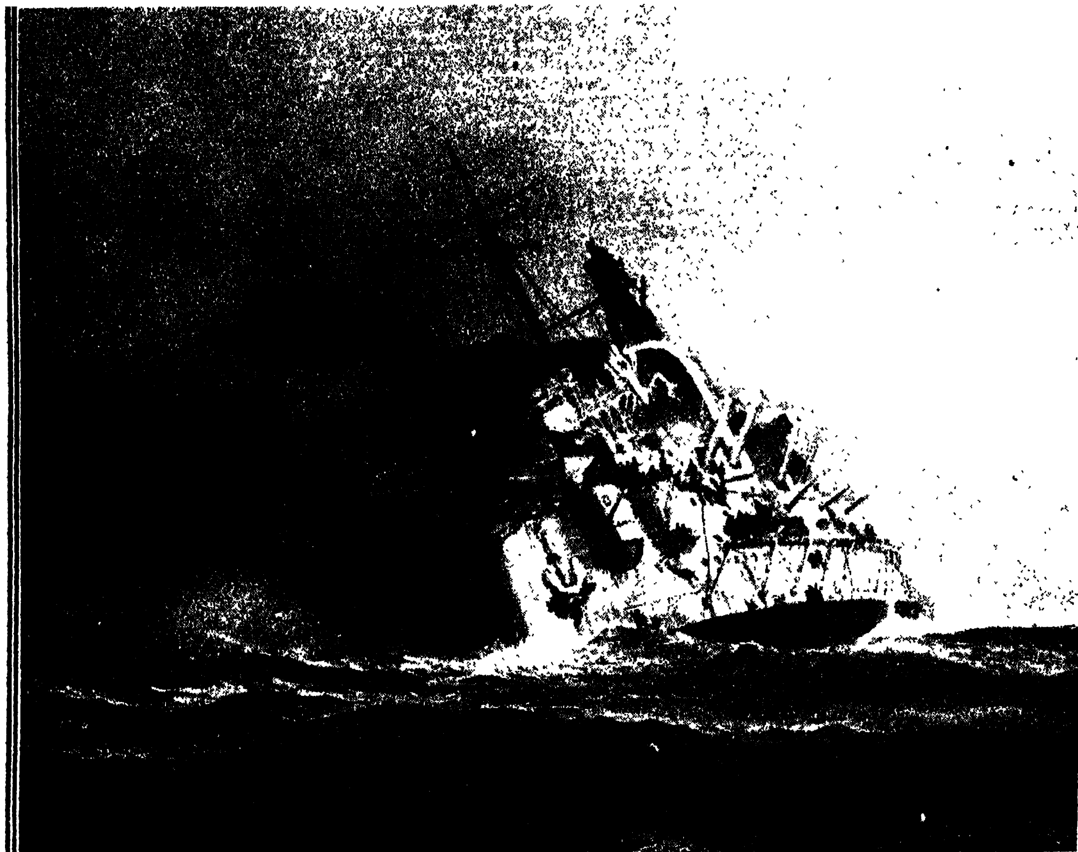
As yet the results of the blockade have been slight. A few boats have been sunk and, no doubt, we shall have further losses, but it will not have the least effect in preventing ships sailing to and from our shores, and we may rest assured that the Admiralty will be able to deal with the matter. Other neutral Powers have protested and the Scandinavian nations, who have already suffered severely from mines, are consulting as to the best method of dealing with the situation. If American citizens are drowned through the torpedoing of an American ship, we may be certain that vigorous action will be taken.

Retribution.

Germany runs the double danger of arraying fresh enemies against her and of having to pacify the great indignation and disappointment at home when she fails to carry out her programme, as fail she assuredly will. Perhaps, knowing that if the war continues her ultimate defeat is inevitable, she may welcome the first, in order to save her face, and propose peace now when she is in a favourable position, in a desperate endeavour to retain the conquests she has already made, explaining to her people that while she could have beaten her original foes, it was impossible to fight the whole world. Germany will not escape the just punishment for her crimes in that way, and under no circumstances will the Allies agree to a peace on the basis of a drawn game, which would leave Germany as a constant menace to the peace of the world. There can be no thought of peace until Germany is driven out of Belgium, France, and Poland and back into her own domains.

Reprisals.

The only way to deal with this latest breach of International Law is by way of reprisals, and the British Government has intimated that it will follow this policy, which will almost certainly consist of declaring everything contraband, and thereby cutting off those supplies which are at present allowed to pass our patrols. This includes all foodstuffs intended solely for the civil population, for these had not been stopped until the German Government commandeered all supplies so that all food now comes under the category of supplies to the armed forces. No importance is to be attached to the assertions that Germany is on the verge of starvation, as if she were she would not publish the fact; though no doubt she is feeling the pinch of a shortage, and has only been advanced to give her some justification for her action. What should be done to the officers of any submarine caught sinking ships? As pirates they should be hung forthwith, but this would certainly lead to reprisals by Germany on the British prisoners. They could be kept as criminals until the war is over, with the understanding that they should be dealt with by a neutral court-



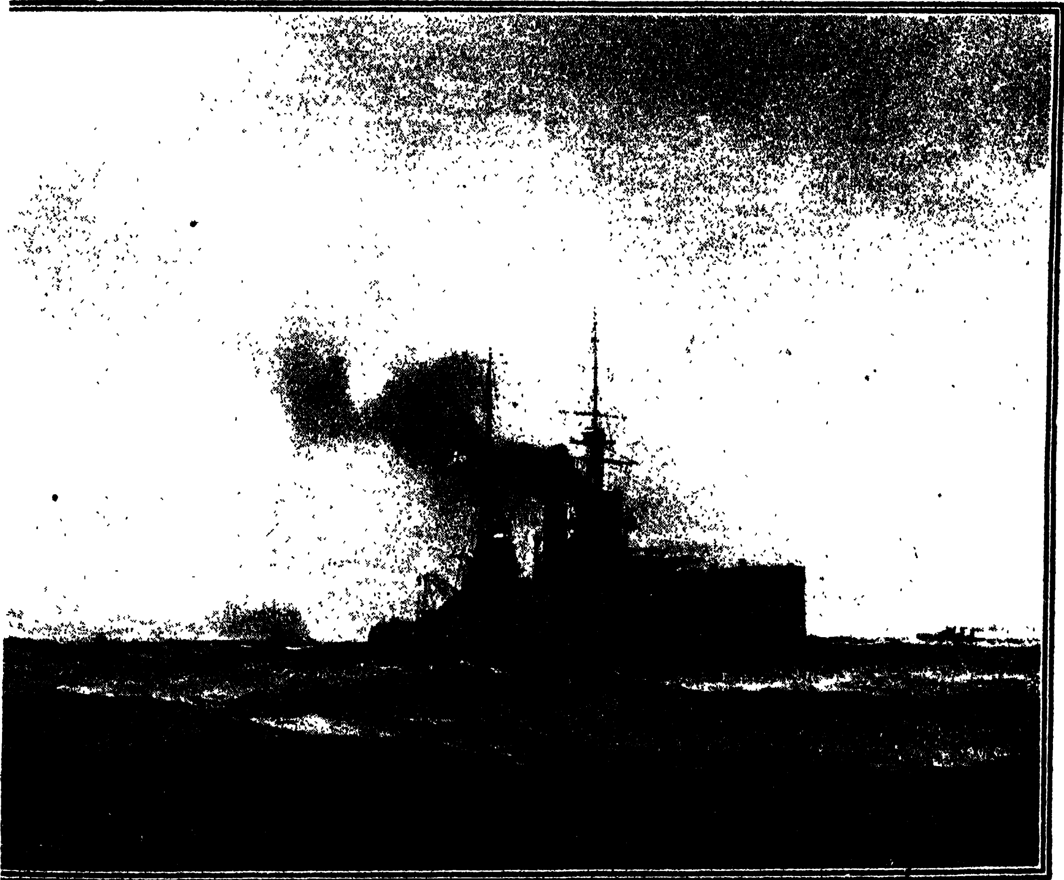
THE BLUCHER BATTERED TO

From a Drawing by Montague

martial selected from the signatories of The Hague Conventions. If such a court-martial could be employed at once so much the better, but there would be some difficulty in getting the neutrals to act at present.

Great Britain and The U.S.A.

The friction between the United States and this country over the question of contraband and the right of search has been quite removed by Germany's declaration of blockade. The British Note passed almost unnoticed, and certainly showed that the United States had little to complain of. It would have saved much trouble if the Government had frankly informed the world of the steps taken to give assistance to neutral shipping, instead of waiting until a protest had been made. The whole question of the British practice as to contraband, etc., has been kept unnecessarily dark, and we may thank the American protest for bringing out a definite statement on the matter. The American Shipping Purchase Bill is practically dead, for which we may be thankful, as it was bound to lead to disputes with this country. This is not the time for any nation to go out of its way to raise unnecessary controversial



DEATH IN THE NORTH SEA FIGHT.

Dawson in "The Sphere."

questions, especially when the benefit to the United States was very doubtful.

Futile Propaganda by Germany.

The German propaganda in America is losing ground. The Americans have awakened to the fact that this propaganda was really an attempt to force them to take un-neutral action in Germany's favour and that the German-Americans were frankly only considering the benefit to their fatherland and ignoring altogether the consequences to America. The feeling is growing in the States that America should have made some protest against the violation of Belgium and other breaches of International Law, and that her reputation has not been raised by the fact that she protested only when her pocket was touched. This feeling, though it will have no effect on America's action at present, will, we hope, induce her to agitate after the war for a change in International Conventions which will make it a duty and not only a right for the signatories to intervene in case of violation.



World.] [New York.

Trying to Push Him on.

The Attitude of Neutrals.

Roumania is still neutral, though it was confidently expected that she would have joined in before now, the outward sign of her intention being the loan to her of £5,000,000. However, it is reported that the German agents raised doubts in the mind of the people as to *bona fides* of intentions of the Allies towards Roumania, hence her natural hesitation before taking action. The Russian withdrawal from Bukowina is another inducement for her to "wait and see" before taking action. There is yet another consideration which weighs with her and with all the small States. A war of six months would make them bankrupt, and, as the Allies talk of the war lasting another year or two years, their decisions must be very deliberately weighed. Bulgaria has received an instalment of a loan from Germany and Austria, which was granted her before the war broke out; but, being paid now, has created a bad impression in the minds of other Balkan States, and at present the re-formation of



Plain Dealer.] [Cleveland.

"Both Complaining. Well, I must be about right!"

the Balkan Alliance is as far off as ever. Italy has also made no move, but the agitation in favour of intervention is growing stronger.

Unity is Strength.

Owing, no doubt, to the restraining of criticism the proceedings of Parliament have produced little of interest. The outstanding features have been the statements of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. The first explained the arrangements made with Russia and France at the meeting of Ministers in Paris for the utilisation of the financial resources of the three countries. This financial co-operation is almost as important as that of the Allied armies, and it is essential that all resources should be placed on a sound footing. Special arrangements were necessary in the case of Russia, who, owing to the fact that she cannot export anything, has nothing wherewith to pay for the supplies she needs. Mr. Churchill gave a full account of the wonderful performances of the British Fleet, which must silence those who have been concerned to complain of slackness in the higher command. Seldom have reforms and changes, as those introduced by Lord Fisher, met with such opposition and seldom have they secured such complete vindication. Lord Fisher has fully earned the right to be proud of his work.

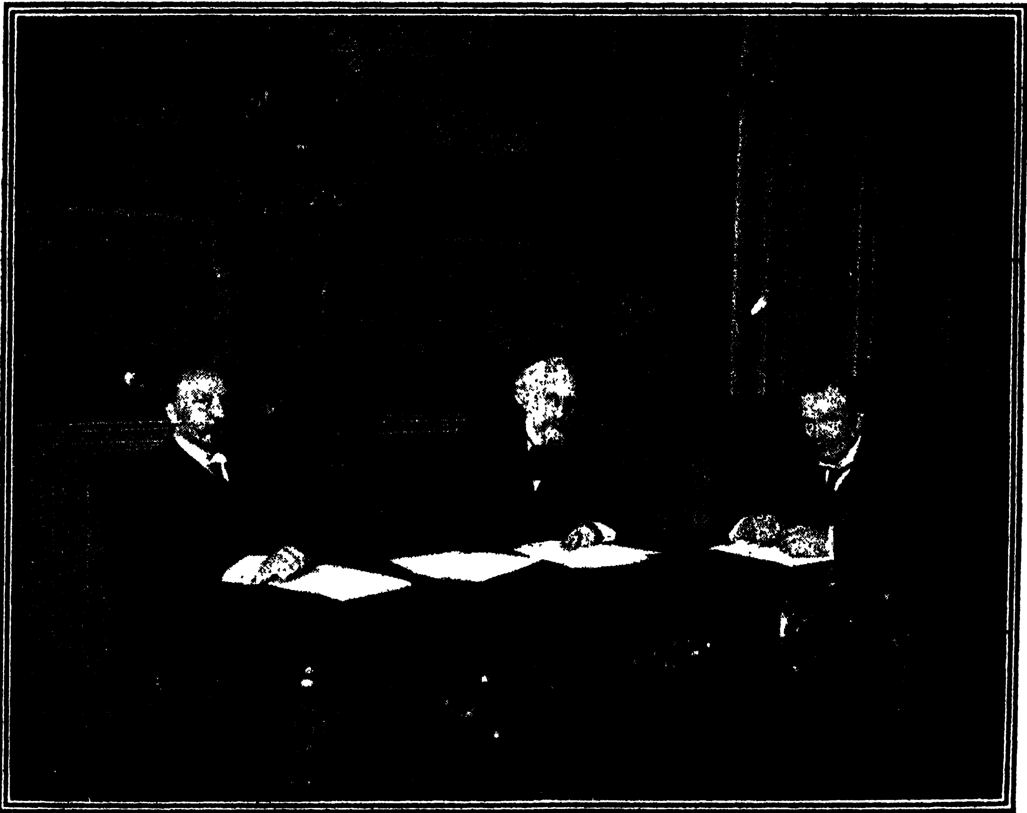


Photo by] [*Henri Manuel*

"THE SILVER BULLET."

The Finance Ministers of Britain, France and Russia meet in Paris.

The Rising Prices of Food.

Mr. Asquith's statement on the rise of prices was disappointing, and his conclusions were not calculated to comfort those who are feeling the rise most severely. It may be that the rise is unpreventable, and that Government action in order to reduce prices is not advisable; yet it is obvious that something should be done. If the prices cannot be lowered, the only thing is to raise the wages of the workers so as to counteract the rise. We are glad to see that this is being done in some directions, but it would be well for the Government to give the lead with their own employees. Of course, no details could be given as to recruiting, but Mr. Tennant was ill-advised in his remarks concerning the Trades Unions, which were naturally construed to mean that the Trades Unionists were shirking their share of the burden—which is certainly not the case. The debate on the Press Bureau led to nothing, and its methods remain as arbitrary and peculiar as ever. We are glad that a Bill has been introduced amending the Defence of the Realm Act, whereby the right of trial by jury is secured in cases of offences under that Act. The powers of court-martial under the Act were only justified by the great national danger existing at the time it was passed, and inflicted the most revolutionary blow at the fundamental principles of the British Liberties. Under present conditions by restoring the right of trial by jury the safety of the realm will in no way be endangered.

India's Aspirations.

There is every indication that India hopes for many things as an outcome of this war. This is the theme of every conference of any kind that has taken place since the war began. The most important of these is the Indian National Congress. This year's meeting at Madras, under the presidency of Mr. Bhupendranath Basu, an ex-Member of the Indian Legislative Council, will be ever noteworthy both for the aspirations it voiced and for the fact that the Indian Government accorded more ample encouragement than ever before, Lord Pentland, the Governor of Madras, being himself present. The President, in his address, ably put forward India's claim for self-government. He repudiated the practicability or desirability of national independence, but he said:—

> India wants a higher life, a wider sphere of activity and usefulness. India wants that her Government should be consistent with her growing self-respect and intellectuality. India wants that the presumption which has all along existed, and which the Board of Directors in 1833 made a vain attempt to dispel—viz., that the Indians can only rise to a certain limit should be removed from the precincts of her Court, as it has been from the Statute Book, and the door to her services should not be closed by artificial barriers against her own sons. India wants that her children should have the same rights of equal citizenship as other members of the Empire. India wants the removal of vexatious hindrances on the liberty of speech and freedom of the Press, fruitless and dangerous alike to the Government and the people. And, above all, India wants that her Government should be an autonomous Government under the British Empire.

It is certain that the British Government cannot refuse them their request, and the day will come when India will take her place in the Empire along with the other self-governing Dominions. Many other subjects were discussed, including the vexed question of Indian subjects in the British Colonies, and a resolution was adopted calling for a policy which would allow of India dealing with a colony as that colony dealt with her.

An Indian Patriot.

It is particularly grievous to India that just at this important period of her destiny she should lose one of her leading statesmen by the death of Mr. Gokhale. He had laboured all his life towards self-government on the Legislative Council and in the country, employing not the methods of the revolutionary,

but those of the statesman, and contributed largely to the reforms which have been introduced in India of late years.

The Imperial Conference.

In the ordinary course of events the Imperial Conference was due to meet this summer in London, but owing to the war it appears at present as though the meeting would be postponed. Mr. Harcourt, answering a question in Parliament, said, "In consultation with all the Dominions it has been decided that it is undesirable to hold the normal meeting of the Imperial Conference this year." Certainly a Conference to discuss the same subjects as in ordinary years would be quite out of place, since these deal almost exclusively with the domestic concerns of the Dominions and the Mother Country, and as relations are bound to be profoundly modified by this war, it would be useless to discuss them while the war is still in progress. Though an ordinary Conference may not be advisable, yet it is very essential that a meeting between the heads of the Dominions and the Imperial Government should take place. In the first place it would proclaim to the world at large the magnificent solidarity of the Empire. More important, however, is the fact that the Dominions must be consulted on the question of peace terms. They were not consulted in the declaration of war—a condition of things that must be altered as soon as the war is over—but having come to the assistance of Great Britain with all their resources, they have earned the right to a voice in the conclusion of peace. Consultation on such matters cannot be adequately carried out over the cable; that can only be done by discussion round a table. The war will probably not be over by June, but no harm and much good could be done if the Dominions were to meet and discuss with the Home Government their wishes as to the terms of peace. The ground would be cleared, so that when the war does end the Home Government will know the main points of the Dominion's wishes. Consultation on details would, of course, be needed, but the whole question would be enormously simplified by a preliminary discussion. The Dominions themselves, and especially Australia, have shown that they are anxious for such a Conference. Again the Dominions would appreciate being thus consulted during the war, and it would banish all fear that, when peace was made, their interests might be neglected or not duly considered. This extraordinary Conference would not take the place of the ordinary Conference, which must in any case meet as soon as possible after the war is over.

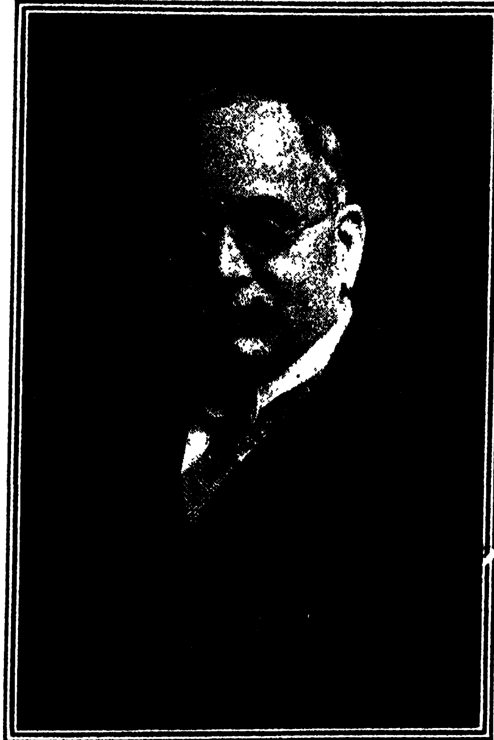


Photo by] *[Elliott and Fry.*

The late Hon. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E.

The Famous Indian Patriot.

The End of the Rebellion.

In South Africa the last rebels have been crushed. Kemp has surrendered and Maritz is reported to have been imprisoned by the Germans for treachery. The invasion of German territory goes on steadily, if slowly. Meanwhile, there remains the difficult task of dealing with the captured rebels; some of the leaders have already been condemned and either shot or imprisoned. The most delicate case is that of De Wet, whose trial is now proceeding. The Union Government has to proceed cautiously, as it neither wishes to make a martyr of him in the eyes of the people, nor let him escape the full penalty of his crime. No doubt the Government have decided what to do with him, but perhaps the easiest way out would be to find him insane—and certainly many of his actions and speeches were those of a madman—and send him to a criminal lunatic asylum for life. It would be difficult to make a martyr of a lunatic, and such a punishment would probably be more terrible to a man like De Wet than to be shot.

In the Far East.

Japan has completely dropped out of the war, and will certainly not respond to the unofficial suggestions that have been made for the employment of her troops in Europe. She joined in the war in accordance with her Treaty of Alliance with Great Britain, and having accomplished the tasks so imposed is in no way bound to undertake others. It must always be remembered that she has not recovered yet from the Russian war, and has no wish to further increase her national indebtedness. Meanwhile, she is pursuing the policy of securing her interests in China. This has led to uneasiness in the United States. Japan is not going to hand over Tsing-tau to China at once, and is apparently taking over the German lease; in addition she has made certain demands on China. What these actually are have not been officially announced, but they have raised a great outcry in Pekin as threatening the integrity of China. The Chinese Press is almost completely under German influence, and so naturally is being used to the utmost to stir up ill-feeling against Japan, especially in the States. The demands are at present being considered in Pekin, and until a complete statement concerning them has been made it is impossible to make any comment; but Japan maintains that they are only in accordance with previous arrangements with China.

Strikes in War Time.

The question of adequate supplies of material is as vital as that of men to the successful issue of the war. Therefore it is imperative that no stoppage of work, such as that of the engineers on the Clyde, should be allowed to take place. Both employers and workers alike should show patriotic feeling. The tendency is to put all the blame on the men, but the fault is by no means all theirs. The knowledge that large profits are being made by Government contractors, coupled with attempts to trench on trade union rights (which have only been won after years of fighting), accounts for the feeling on the part of the worker that much is being asked of him on patriotic grounds while little is demanded from the employers, who are enriching themselves out of the war. This feeling is accentuated by the all-round rise in prices; unfair advantage has been taken of the situation, and unfair demands have been made, and the sacrifices made on patriotic grounds should be equally shared between employer and employed. The Government have taken strong steps with regard to the trade dispute, and have insisted on a renewal of, work, the dispute to be settled by the special Board they have set up, but it is to be hoped that the men's threat will lead to a settlement between the parties concerned.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Jan. 26.—Safe return to port of all the British ships and destroyers engaged in the North Sea battle on January 24th officially announced; British losses 14 killed.

Reply to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's defence of Germany's policy, published in the American Press, issued by the Foreign Office.

Turkish advance on Egypt begun.

Jan. 27.—Preliminary report of Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty on the North Sea battle on January 24th issued.

Jan. 28. Bombardment of Dunkirk by German aeroplanes; several people killed.

Jan. 30.—British merchant vessels *Ben Cruachan*, *Linda Blanche*, and *Kilcoan* sunk in the Irish Sea by a German submarine; the crews escaped in the boats.

British steamer *Tokomaru* sunk in the Channel by a German submarine; the crew were rescued and landed at Havre. British steamer *Icaria* was also torpedoed but was towed into Havre.

Wreck of British steamer *Oriole* off Havre by a German submarine reported but not confirmed.

Russian occupation of Tabriz reported.

Jan. 31. Heavy fighting near Fontaine Madame.

Feb. 1.—A German submarine attempted to torpedo British hospital ship *Asturias* off Havre.

New regulations limiting the sale of bread and flour in Germany put into force.

Feb. 2.—Decision of Russia to treat the bombardment of unfortified towns as an act of piracy announced.

Attack on Montenegrin troops in Herzegovina by Austrian forces repulsed.

Encounter between British and Turkish forces near Ismailia; the enemy also attempted to cross the Suez Canal near Toussoum, but fled in disorder.

Feb. 3.—Attack on El Kantara repulsed.

Surrender of Kemp and his commando announced.

Feb. 4.—Proclamation issued in Berlin declaring a blockade of Great Britain and Ireland on and after February 18th; it was also stated that all merchant ships would be attacked without verifying their nationality, or warning crew and passengers.

Violent fighting in Poland reported.

Feb. 5.—Crossing of the Bzura by Russian troops reported.

Feb. 7.—Statement issued by the Foreign Office that the use of a neutral flag was well established in practice as a "ruse de guerre," and that to sink ships, non-combatant crews, and cargoes would be an act of piracy.

Full review of recent operations on the Eastern frontiers issued by the Russian General Staff.

Feb. 8.—After bayonet fighting "without precedent," the Russians recaptured a strong position in the heights above Koziowa, which they had lost earlier in the day.

Fierce mountain battles in the Carpathians reported.

Bombardment of Trebizond by Russian destroyers.

Casualties in the British Expeditionary Force up to February 4, stated to be approximately 104,000 of all ranks, including those returned as missing.

Feb. 9. Execution of rebel leader Maritz by the Germans for treachery reported but not confirmed.

Feb. 10.—Heavy bombardment of Furnes, Ypres, and Soissons by German troops.

Feb. 11.—Safe arrival at Ymuiden of British merchant ship *Laertes*, which had been chased by a German submarine.

Artillery duels along the whole front as far as Champagne reported.

Russian retirement in East Prussia owing to the appearance of four new German Army Corps reported.

German losses on the Bzura-Rawka front estimated by the Russians at 45,000.

Sinking of a Turkish transport by the Russians reported.

Despatch of the final British reply to the United States Note of December 28th, dealing with the contraband question.

Notes sent by the American Government to Great Britain on the use of neutral flags, and to Germany on the "blockade" threat and the sinking of neutral ships.

Feb. 12.—Fierce fighting in the Argonne region reported.

British aeroplane raid on the Belgian coast announced by the Admiralty.

Turkish defeat at Tor on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez reported.

Feb. 13.—British steamer *Wavelet* struck a mine off Kentish Knock, but reached Pegwell Bay; 12 lives lost.

Violent bombardment of Nieuport and the Dune region by the Germans reported.

Albanian invasion of Serbia begun.

Feb. 14.—Austrian air attack on the King of Montenegro at Rieka reported.

Feb. 15.—British collier *Dulwich* torpedoed and sunk without warning in the Channel by a German submarine.

General Russian retreat from East Prussia reported.

German Note presented to the United States stating that unless Great Britain would allow American foodstuffs to enter Germany freely, the war zone would be made more dangerous to neutral shipping.

Feb. 16.—Publication of Sir John French's bi-weekly despatches begun.

Second aeroplane attack on the German submarine bases on the Belgian coast officially announced.

French steamer *Ville de Lille* sunk between Cherbourg and Dunkirk by a German submarine; the crew escaped in the boats.

German official report issued stating that the Russians were heavily defeated in the nine days' battle in the Mazurian Lakes district and that over 50,000 prisoners were captured.

Identical Notes sent to Great Britain and Germany by Denmark, Norway, and Sweden on the dangers threatening Scandinavian shipping.

Feb. 17. Repulse of a German attack between the Four de Paris and Hill 263 reported.

Expulsion of all foreigners from Alsace-Lorraine reported.

Text issued of Sir E. Grey's final reply to the American Government on the detention of American ships.

Retreat of the Albanians across the Serbian frontier reported.

Feb. 18.—British steamers *Highland Brae*, *Potaro*, *Hemisphere* and *Wilfred M*, also Norwegian steamer *Semantha*, reported sunk in the Pacific by German auxiliary cruiser *Kronprinz Wilhelm*; crews and passengers landed at Buenos Aires.

Bombardment of Rheims by the Germans resumed.

Text of the German Note to the United States on the "blockade" of Great Britain issued.

Feb. 19.—Partial wreck of Norwegian tank steamer *Belridge* in the Channel by a German submarine; French steamer *Dinorah* was also attacked and damaged.

Wreck of two Zeppelins, L3 and L4, off the Danish coast reported.

American steamer *Evelyn* sunk by a mine off Borkum; the crew were saved.

Two Italian ships shelled by Austrian torpedo boats off Antivari.

Bombardment of the Dardanelles by an Anglo-French squadron begun.

Text issued of the two Notes sent to the United States on the use of neutral flags and the *Lusitania* incident and the *Wilhelmina* question.

Feb. 20.—British steamer *Cambank* sunk off Holyhead without warning by a German submarine; four lives lost, also British steamer *Downshire* off the Isle of Man; the crew of the latter were given five minutes' notice.

Norwegian steamer *Bjarko* mined and sunk near Albuen; the crew were saved.

Feb. 21.—German air raid on Essex.

Feb. 22.—A Zeppelin flew over Calais and dropped a number of bombs; 5 killed.

Occupation of Garub, German South-West Africa, by South African forces.

Feb. 23.—Proclamation issued by the Admiralty severely restricting navigation in the Irish Channel.

British steamers *Branksome Chine* and *Oakby* torpedoed in home waters, also Norwegian steamer *Regin* and American steamer *Carib*; the crews were saved.

Continued fighting along the front reported.

Successful development of the Russian counter-offensive from Lomza to Jedwabno reported.

Feb. 24.—British steamers *Deptford*, *Western Coast*, *Rio Parana* and *Harpalion* torpedoed or mined in home waters by the enemy; the crews were saved with few exceptions.

H.M. armed merchant cruiser *Clan McNaughton* reported missing since February 2nd.

Important French victory near Verdun reported.

Several German batteries on the heights of the Meuse silenced.

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore? Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

THE GOSPEL OF HATE:

PORTRAYED IN PICTURES.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Famine.

JOHN BULL: "You here! You ought to be in Germany."

HUNGER: "I can't get in there, so I have come to you."

IT is quite a change to find the German caricaturist attacking some other nation than ourselves, and the American trade in armaments comes in for heavy condemnation (p. 196).

The rise in prices in Great Britain is commented on. The use of neutral flags calls forth strong protests. The appeal to Japan is a constant source of caricature. France this time is represented as praying to the Japanese with Jeanne d'Arc, Louis XIV. and Napoleon looking on in disgust.

Great Britain is supposed to be enraged that Italy does not join in (p. 197).

British recruiting is always belittled and the use of convicts suggested. Sir E. Grey, who has been represented as almost everything under the sun, appears as Dorian Gray looking at his blood-stained portrait (p. 198).

The actual German successes in East Africa and those reported from S.W. Africa naturally are made much of (p. 199).

Two propositions are constantly affirmed: One, that Great Britain is making her Allies do all the work and will reap the benefit; and, secondly, that there is constant friction between Great Britain and France (p. 200).



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Altered Statue in New York Harbour.

The Freedom of profit-bringing armament trade.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

America.

GERMANY: "Stop! The arms you are supplying to England will be used against you some day."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Neutral America.

"Mister Death, you must not think that I merely wish to make money. I only sell you this in order to bring about peace."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

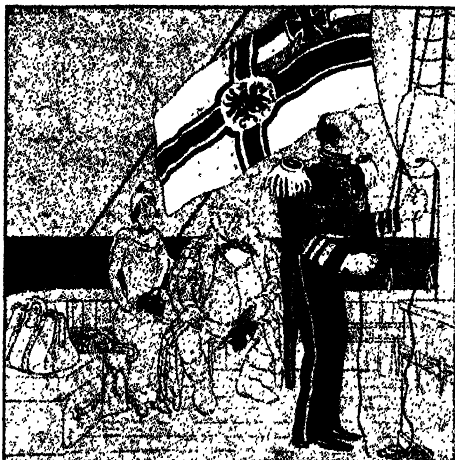
The Pious American.

"You are praying, Uncle Sam?"

"Yes, that you may capture the guns which I have sold to the damned enemies of Germany."

"Why do you pray for that?"

"In order that I may sell them more guns."



Jugend.] [Munich.

MR. CHURCHILL: "Now it is only by the use of the German flag that we can save ourselves from being sunk."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

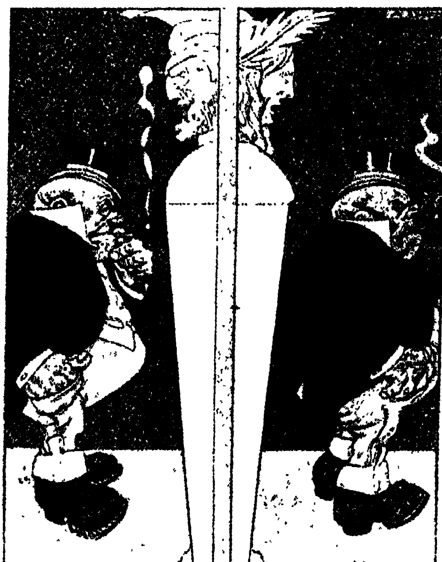
The Flag Thief.

JOHN BULL stands naked in his fright.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

La France and Japan.



Ulk.] [Berlin

The Italian Janus.

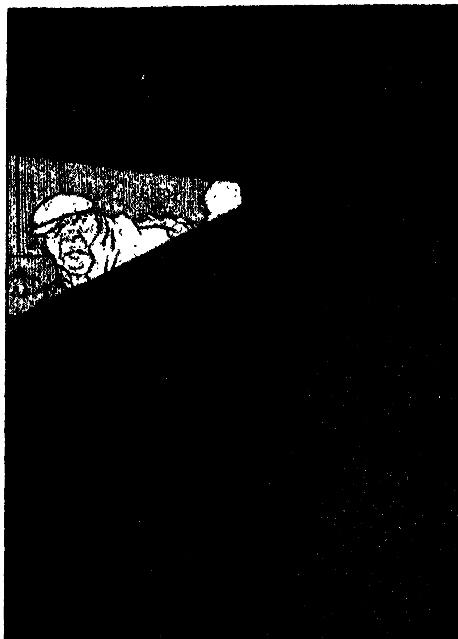
JOHN BULL: "Nothing is to be got from this damned Janus. First he shows the face of war, and then that of peace!"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Kitchener's Army.

The remainder of all convicts' sentences is to be served at the Front.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich

"Come, Kitchener Wants You!"



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Kitchener's New Army.

"Here, General, I hand over a newly raised Army Corps. It consists of twelve men only, but every Englishman is well known to be equal to a German regiment."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Portrait of Dorian Grey.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

Yarmouth.

"God has punished England."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Englishman in Hell.

"No Zeppelins here; no Krupp guns; no submarines! I am in heaven!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Tanga and South-West Africa.

The British Lion is trying to take possession of our colonies.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

John Bull in German East Africa.

"Damn! this is a beastly country!"



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

Marianne gets angry.

"Get out, you others, for unless you do *ma belle France* will be ruined!"



Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

The Ship Haulers.

"Pull, pull; one has fallen, but never mind."



Die Muskete] [Vienna.

English and French Prisoners.

"Wait a few weeks, my friends, and then you will be forced to fight each other officially."



Die Muskete] [Vienna.

The Entente Council of War.

"England expects that everyone—Belgian, French, Russian, Japanese, Servian, etc.—will do his duty."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

"People of Europe! Rise Against the Yellow Peril!"



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

THE ALLIES: "We are fine fighters; in fact, very fine fighters; but, unfortunately, we cannot fly."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Jan. 27 with the Enemy.

POINCARÉ: "He is celebrating his birthday."
ALBERT: "Yes . . . and in my house."

What is a man? Not ours to ask,
Not ours to make reply;
But from Southampton to the Clyde
Can Britain testify—
That they are men and more than men
Who know the way to die.

PATRICK MACGILL, "Songs of the Dead End."

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BRITISH LABOUR.

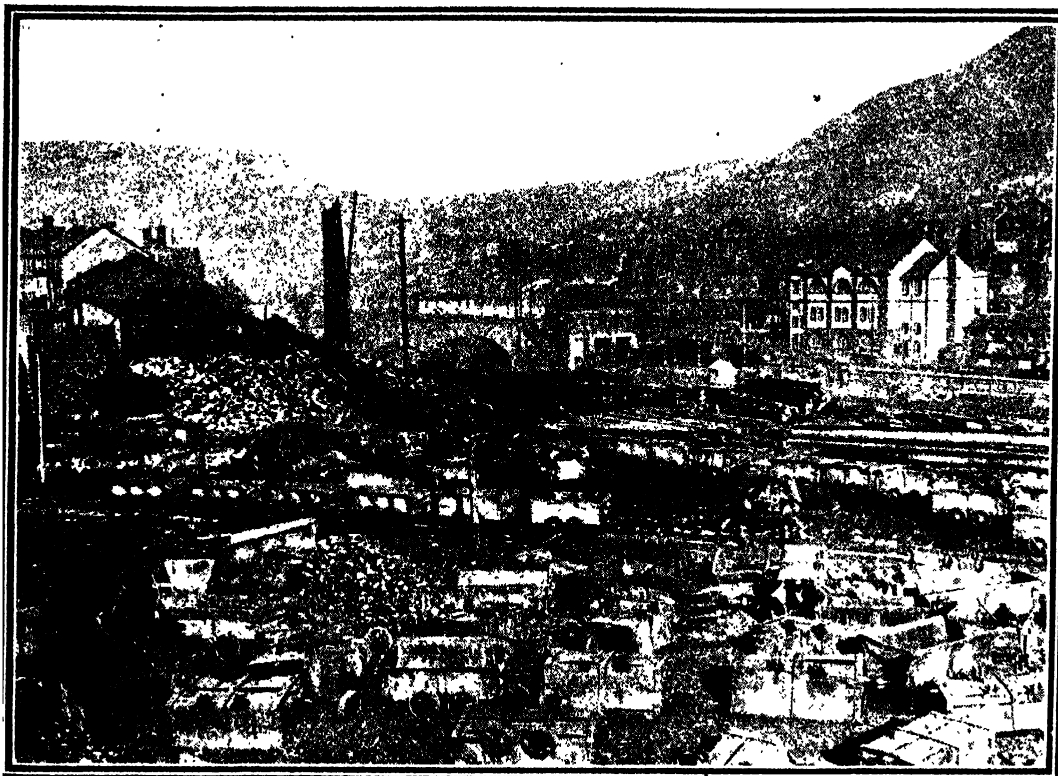


Photo by] *[Barratt.*

LABOUR'S CASUALTY LIST FOR 1913.

	Killed.	Injured.
Miners and Quarrymen	1,870	184,202
Factory Workers	1,309	176,852
Railway Servants	455	29,102

These statistics are compiled from Government sources.

Mayhap there's a hitch in the signal wire,
Or the other points are drawn,
But some go out on the night-shift lone
That never come in with the dawn,
And a crimson splash on the engine wheel
Just tells of the shunter gone.

"Songs of the Dead End."

The writer of this article has been a close observer of British policies and tendencies for a generation, and is concerned to see the speeding up of the humanising element in the administration of national affairs. The difficulty (here, as in India) so emphatically condemned is the assumption of our bureaucrats in exercising power without recognising that they are the servants of the nation as a whole and not of the small class whose interests they so adequately protect.

THE FRAUD OF DEMOCRACY.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

A distinguished surgeon who has been at work in the hospitals for the last three months told me very gravely that it was a real spiritual experience to work for these men. "Day by day," he said, "it comes over one what little use we make at home of this splendid human material, and I shall go back determined to do what I can to give this man and the class he comes from something to lose and something to work for when they have done fighting." —"Behind the Lines in France," in *The Westminster Gazette*.

SIGNS are not lacking that at the close of the war Great Britain will be faced with an even greater calamity in the form of a General Strike. Straws show the way the wind is blowing. The farmers, the least imaginative of men, are deliberately seeking to complete the ruin of the countryside by forcing the labour of women and even children of tender years. This is a final effort on the part of the farmer to avoid the long-deferred necessity of raising the labourer's wage and to lower the standard of living and education at the same time. In this matter the public might naturally expect some light and leading from the Church. As usual, the expectation is met by a continuance of that silence which mutely sanctions the woes of the village community.

The agricultural interest, more correctly the employer, has not hesitated to use its predominance on the County Councils to attempt a reversal of the educational work entrusted to them by the State. Parliamentary leaders are by long habit disposed to indulge in vain generalities, and it is therefore worthy of note that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in the course of the debate on February 17th, raised by the Labour members, said:—

> With regard to labour he thought the prices made it easier for the farmer to raise the inducements which he offered and so attract labour to him. It was very difficult to draw the line and say what was adequate or inadequate remuneration for particular trades, but he was certain that very low-paid labour was never economical to whatever purpose it was applied, and if the effect of a rise in wages in poorly-paid agricultural districts could not be immediately apparent in an increased stamina and vigour of the people, and therefore immediately apparent in increased capacity for work, he was firmly convinced higher wages would, in the long run, pay, because the very low wages that prevailed in some places did not enable men to preserve or to maintain full physical efficiency. He was sure that if the farmers would consider not only the outcome but the income, they would be encouraged to meet their labourers in the present circumstances, both of the prices of necessities to those who had to pay for them and the prices of the produce which the farmers had to sell.

Why should these too obvious truths be ignored by the farmer, who indignantly repudiates the suggestion that his business is dependent on labour which is both "sweated" and "tied"?

In passing from this question one need only pause to enquire by what subtlety

the Legislature will refuse to the factory owner the same *benefits* of child labour which are to be recognised as necessary to the prosperity of agriculture.

Last year the railwaymen were organising to demand a measure of justice at the hands of the companies; but, yielding to the dictates of patriotism, that claim has been deferred. Meantime, the conditions of overwork have gradually worsened, and they have sacrificed their programme to public necessity, accepting a bonus or dole as an act of grace. The miners, who continue their dangerous employment to ensure "business as usual," are refused the full benefits of awards, while the coal-lords (whoever they may be) are extracting war prices from the pockets of the public.

Apart from these signs that the employer is always ready to harden his heart against the claims of labour it is impossible to overlook the remarkable contrast presented in these two cases. The railway worker is reminded of his patriotic duty and is expected to respond by personal self-sacrifice which affects his comfort and health and the care of his family: the coal-exploiters—British to a man, may we say?—deliberately force up prices against the public, with the immediate result of enriching themselves at the expense of their poorer neighbours. Can we believe that these men, captains of industry, are both devoid of sufficient intelligence and patriotism to enable them to devise some method of serving the public instead of robbing them? Many coal merchants possess stocks bought at summer prices. As one man they join in urging the flimsiest excuses which fail to cover the nakedness of their crime against their fellow-citizens. We are all invited to make sacrifices at this time of crisis, and the majority are fulfilling their duty nobly. No one expects the merchant to sacrifice his necessary profit, but to inflict deliberate suffering in the pursuit of illegitimate profits is the work of an enemy—without the excuse of alien birth. It is only too apparent that, when the moral sense of the worker is appealed to, a ready response is forthcoming; but the profit-monger is void of morals and even of decent feeling.



The Enemy Within Our Gates.

FOOD CAPITALIST (*speaking to von Tirpitz*): "Your 'frightfulness' commences to-day, eh? Oh, I started some time ago."

[The above copyright cartoon appeared in *The Daily Citizen* of February 18th, and is reproduced by courteous permission of the Editor.]

This statement may seem too sweeping, but those inside the coal-ring know that at the moment there are some 500,000 tons of coal, either in London yards or suburban sidings, bought at summer prices, and when the contract price has risen at all purchases have been made at an advance which would permit merchants to retail their stocks at 26s. per ton. This is the bare truth, and is borne out by the fact that the coal offered the Government by Sir A. Markham is sold through Distress Committees at 25s. per

ton. The opportunity of exploiting the public is a great temptation, and the patriotism of the coal merchants of London is too weak to stand the strain, and they demand 40s. per ton from the poor, who must buy in small quantities, and 32s. from those who are more favoured with means of storage. It is a pitiable revelation of self-seeking.

That prices have risen through the operations of the coal-ring is incontrovertible, and in a lesser degree many other costs of living have been forced up until the purchasing power of a pound has been reduced by three or four, or even five, shillings. It is, of course, true that these prices affect every class, but not in like degree. The war has induced the middle-class to adopt many desirable economies, but to tens of thousands of homes this rise in prices means lowered efficiency and a stringency which must radically prejudice the stamina of the rising generation.

This article does not pretend to be a discussion of wages and prices, but this reference is necessary to bring out the fact that we are still a long way off that splendid unity of purpose and interest which is the only valuable asset the nation may hope to secure from the war. It will be impossible to realise this asset so long as the employer regards the exploitation of the labouring class as his essential duty to the State. Unfortunately that exploitation is *essential* to his profit, but the process may be rendered humane and must be materially modified if it is to continue as the basis of our commercial prosperity.

The outstanding danger lies in the fact that Government circles, aloof from the facts, are mostly amenable to pressure from the employer and regard the legitimate voice of labour as an interference. Take a case in point; the dislocation of traffic at the London and Liverpool Docks has inflicted a very considerable handicap on the trader, and was due to the failure of the Organising Committee to discharge their duty. The most obvious course was to welcome the co-operation of the men's leaders, but that offer has been rejected; and the Board of Trade, forgetting its duty to the public, is unable to admit the right of the men to assist the management. Rather failure and confusion than order and organisation at the hated price of joint control with men whose services are invaluable in the fighting line, but are not required in the direction of commerce. We are aware that this is the traditional attitude of the bureaucrat towards labour; but, if this claim is to be admitted, wherein do the British differ from the Germans under the paternal control of the Prussian Junker? If Democracy means anything at all it means "the greatest good of the greatest number," and to maintain a condition in which the interest of the greatest number is consistently ignored is to deny any pretensions to real democratic government in this Kingdom.

The people note with concern that the Cabinet has, in the interest of high commerce, dealt drastically with that artificial thing called Credit. Had the Government insisted on a policy of non-interference, the financial world would have been in ruins in a month: but they took the situation in hand and made Credit a real thing by identifying it with national interests. They have assured the position of the wealthy with the whole weight of our national resources; but when the humble approach the same throne of power they are met with a masterly inactivity, given counsels of patience, and in the "winter of their discontent" the poor are reminded that summer is coming—things will adjust themselves in June!

Meanwhile the working classes must bear the burden of enhanced prices and refrain from resorting to their only weapon—the strike. In plain words, whomsoever the war hits in slightly reduced dividends, the working class must suffer uncomplainingly a permanent set-back in a degree which is not to be borne by any other section of the community. There is profound resentment, which will take shape after the war unless we put our house in order.

What is the remedy? Simply the application of the golden rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." The first necessity is for each individual to put his own mind in order, and one cannot do better than to start with the feelings which animate the words quoted at the head of this article.

Think for a moment of the true facts of the case. In the United Kingdom we are gathered together as one large family, with common rights as citizens, common duties to our neighbours, and in time of danger even the unthinking recognise that we must stand together to meet the real dangers which threaten our national life. To-day our hearts are stirred by the self-sacrifice of our soldiers, who meet death with a smile (their officers sharing the same risks). Yes, these are the sons and brothers of men who all their lives face with unconcern the imminent risk of death in the coal-mine, in the shunting-yard, etc.; whose ranks pay week by week a heavy toll to death wherever capital orders their mobilisation—a risk be it remembered not shared by their "superiors." Why should the horrors of war be necessary to emphasise the essential heroism of the working classes? Carlyle once bitterly reflected that some people only recognised the brotherhood of man from the possibility of contagion, and it is not a flattering thought that scant recognition and little sympathy is extended to "the lower classes" until our own lives and liberties are imperilled. Chanting the praises of "Tommy" at the front and belittling his class at home will benefit as much as going to church and idly repeating the fact that "we are miserable sinners." We have been "miserable sinners" long enough to satisfy the most pious, and it is surely high time we bethought us of our duties as "sensible citizens." John Bull has been advised, in every tone of admonition, to "wake up," but it is desirable that the awakening should not be too rude.

If we continue our public confession of omission and commission Labour may be trusted to supply the rude awakening, and things will never be the same to those who trust always to find "gentlemen" occupying the Bench, the Directorate, and overlooking things in the good old-fashioned way. It may then be a case of "no gentlemen need apply." Which would be most undesirable. There is another way. Let us frankly acknowledge that while Capital may be impersonal, Labour is the fundamental base of our existence. Not, mark you, an adjunct to our elegant civilisation, but the very foundation-stone, walls, roof, and corner-stone and all. When we have acknowledged this in our own minds all things will follow naturally; we shall give honour where it is due and not dissipate our rewards on the worthless.

But that would be Socialism, surely? If it were Anarchism and yet Justice, what of it? Are we so concerned to do the right thing that we boggle at a word? The Socialism which may be imposed on a minority by an outraged majority may be a very undesirable thing, but "to *give* this man and the class he comes from something to lose and something to work for" will be a graceful act, *while you have the option of giving.* To-morrow you may not be consulted, and if the transport workers, fighting for pence (to live in decency) withhold your food you will then realise that you have made an enemy whose endurance may remind you of the services he now renders in fighting for *his* country, not so much *his* now as it must be in the future. Set your mind in order!

C. J. P.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHILD

By A. J. MUNDELLA, Secretary National Education Association

SO far as the published records show, the first battle in the great European War was fought and won at Sittingbourne, in Kent. It was not part of the Continental campaign, but was the opening of the British farmers' campaign against the education of the British child. On August 5th the Kent Education Authority directed proceedings to enforce the Education Acts; these proceedings the Sittingbourne Justices dismissed without hearing any evidence, stating that they did so owing to the "national state of affairs." (Cd. 7803, page 6.) The Kent Authority reported this to the Board of Education and asked the Board to make representations to the Home Secretary about the conduct of the magistrates. This request the Board appear to have ignored, merely expressing a hope (to the Education Authority) "that if any further cases were brought before the Courts, in this or any other division, the magistrates 'will not refuse to go into the cases on their merits, at all events until some greater emergency has arisen than at present exists.'" The Law Courts, though resort to them is comparatively rare, are the ultimate defence of the child, and here we see this defence practically surrendered, about the date that the Belgian defence of Liége was battered to pieces.

The real protection of the child lies, however, in the Local Education Authorities, in the by-laws they make, the education they provide, and in the spirit with which they secure respect for both. There are words still on the Statute Book providing that boys and girls at eight years of age may be exempt from school to be employed in the "operations of industry," but these words have long been rendered obsolete by the local by-laws which later statutes have obliged the Local Authorities to make.

School life really depends on the local by-laws and the spirit in which they are administered, and the second step in the campaign against the children was revealed when, about the date of the fall of Namur and the destruction of Louvain, Mr. Charles Bathurst, M.P., put a question to the Prime Minister in the House of Commons: "Whether the Government will suspend the provisions of the Education Acts or will enable boys over eleven years of age in purely agricultural districts to furnish such assistance subject to the approval and supervision of the Local Education Authority?" The "assistance" asked for was "to assist in the necessary farm operations during the autumn and winter in order to secure the sowing of next year's wheat and other necessary farm crops." The Prime Minister replied: "The matter is well within the discretion of the Local Authorities." Mr. Bathurst asked: "Are we to understand that if the Local Authorities took such action they would not meet with the disapproval of the Board of Education?" and the Prime Minister replied, "Yes, sir." And thus the whole fabric and authority of the law collapsed.

I have recorded carefully the steps in which the wild campaign now sweeping over schools and children originated, and before passing on to the wider issues let me put these origins in their true perspective. Mr. Bathurst, who took advantage of the war emergency, if there be an emergency, to press the Prime Minister, was merely repeating the demand which year in and year out he presses upon Parliament and the public. Earlier in the year, long before there was thought or talk of war, he was opposing the Children's Employment and School Attendance Bill, and demanding the whole-time exemption of children at twelve years of age for agricultural employment. As for the "emergency" itself the "autumn and winter" have passed and the emergency has not arrived. The latest official report of the Board of Agriculture says that labour is reported to be "scarce," but generally "the shortage has proved no material hindrance." As in August so in February it is "the future," for which there are "apprehensions."

Even in these busy times there is labour to be found; plenty of Irishmen ready to come over, earlier than their usual harvest journey; plenty of countrymen brought up on the land now working in the towns, but ready to return to the land whenever it offers them decent prospects; there are

Belgians; there are women; there are youths who are legally exempt from school; there is labour that can be moved temporarily from one county to another. In all the long reports of all the debates in Farmers' Unions and in Education Committees during the last five months there is no direct denial that adult labour can be obtained, but there is an obvious determination not to have it if the cheap child can be secured. We will not use labour-saving machinery whilst manual labour is cheaper; we will not pay for men if we can get boys; we will not pay big boys if we can get little boys for less money: and so we are brought to a clear cut battle for the child.

This battle has raged and is raging in nearly every county; debates have been fierce and long. Wild demands have been made and wild things said. On the other hand, some demands are moderate and many safeguards are suggested. The demands for children at ten years of age have been defeated, and the suggested safeguards have melted away. There is no need now to go into the details, the problem is that with the tacit approval of the Government the rural districts are settling down to an almost universal exemption from school, practically without conditions, at twelve years of age.

It would be absurd to treat this as a temporary incident. We are like a routed army driven back to our frontier line. All the educational discussions of recent years (and even of the past), all talk of educational methods, ideals, purposes, systems are concerned with the period after twelve years of age. It is during the years of adolescence that the citizen is made; when character is formed, intellect moulded, capacities discovered and carefully developed. The child whose education ceases at twelve is doomed to serfdom; the citizen is educated between twelve and sixteen. It is on those last four years that all the interests of democratic educators are centred. Behind all the confused issues of the educational controversies we know that the education war is a class war—the "Classes" against the "Masses." For generations past any little step forward of popular education beyond the bare elements of reading, writing, arithmetic, singing (for the Church choir) and sewing has been resisted by the ruling classes. An antagonism, often more an unconscious instinct, a blind hate of a rival power, bids them resist the real education of the masses. Every slight advance of popular education into the sensitive field of adolescent intelligence is either resisted or is restricted to purely vocational training—for industrial wage-earning—which will make the workman a more efficient worker. The enfranchisement of real knowledge is withheld. The battle is being fought over the Higher Grade Schools, over the Secondary Schools, over delusive scholarship schemes, over Continuation Schools, Trades Schools, Technical Colleges, and in every field of the great education controversy. The born serf is to be trained as a serf, or if he escape the restrictions he is to be separated from the class in which he was born and his brains recruited for the governing minority. In all the confused politics of the day there is but too little "class consciousness," and it appears least of all in educational affairs, where it is needed most. It does appear in its crudest form in the great agricultural interest, and there almost entirely on the side of the employer. The farmer knows what he means when he says "the labourer was a better labourer when he could neither read nor write." When he talks to-day of boys of thirteen who can plough very nicely, and are much better occupied than "learning things at school which will be of no use to them," he is no doubt not unconscious of the advantage of getting such capable ploughmen for 3s. 6d. a week, but he is also, and perhaps more so, "class conscious" of his dread of an educated democracy.

The farmer mingles with his fear of labourers' children, "educated above their position," a whole-hearted contempt for big boys kept "book-learning" with a village schoolmistress. He is sometimes right to complain of the school; but he, though not he alone, is responsible for its defects. Rural education has long been the despair of educational reformers: perhaps out of the present crisis some good may come. The vast majority of rural elementary schools are so small that one teacher has to teach together children who should be in separate classes. The ordinary upper "standards" hardly exist or each consists of a few scholars only. By some means or other the upper standard children should be grouped together into a sufficient number to employ an upper standard teacher, but the few elder boys or girls in one parish may not be sent to the school in a neighbouring parish or to some convenient centre. This is

the result of the parochial system. Ecclesiastical forces spoilt the Education Act of 1870 and of 1902 by maintaining the parish as the educational unit of administration; and the farmer has always resisted the expenditure which would have redeemed the worst evils of the system. The result is 15,000 little schools; not 4,000 of them are large enough to maintain a separate department for infants and only 500 have separate departments for boys and girls. Taken as a whole, the number of teachers to scholars is thousands in excess of the best staffed town schools, but taken separately nearly every school contains scholars who miss the teacher's art of one kind or another, which comes as a matter of course to the child in town.

Turn to the curriculum and things are even worse. But again it is not the fault of the educationist, but of the rural enemy of education. The attitude of the rural school manager too often has been that if he cannot stop education entirely he will at least not let it go beyond the obligatory subjects: so between the law compelling the child to attend and managers restricting the curriculum the school days have to be filled with the "three R's" carried to excess. Apart from higher "intellectual" subjects, about which there might be some contention, for thirty years or more the Government have pressed grants on the schools for manual training, such as cookery for girls and handicraft for boys, till they have come to take a large place in the school life of nearly every town child. But compare the rural County Councils with the London County Council: in London 99 per 1,000 girls learn cookery, in the country only 52 per 1,000; in laundry work the figures are: London 77 to rurals 12; in housewifery, London 40 to rurals 3. In handicraft for boys the figures are: London 136 to rurals 24; or, if we add the specially rural subject of gardening, it only brings the rural figure up to 47. Whatever other difficulties there may be in rural districts, at least there is land about and a spade not far off and someone within reach who knows something of the relation between the two, but in over 15,013 rural schools less than 2,800 have gardening as a school subject.

But the educational problem is not whether a boy digs potatoes in a school garden or digs them on a farm, but whether in his occupation during the years of adolescence the educational interest is predominant over the industrial. Whether it is mental and moral discipline, whether it is training hand and eye and intellect, whether it is developing character, capacity, and the knowledge which makes an intelligent citizen, a boy may be ruined, body, mind, and soul within school walls as well as by uneducational drudgery on a ploughed field or the demoralising idleness of scaring crows or watching cattle.

Educational reformers have long desired that every child shall remain at school as long as possible and that on leaving school his education shall not cease: that if, in addition to developing the general intelligence, the school education must be to some extent "vocational," the after-school vocation shall be for some years in the truest sense "educational." It has been difficult to secure this when it meant extending the age of educational control; but now, if the school age is to be lowered, there is a strong reason and a good opportunity to establish some educational supervision over the employment to which the child goes. The Board of Agriculture has schemes of agricultural colleges, farm institutes, farm schools, and of continued education for the rural population: but it is all in the air because there is the great gap between the day school and these schemes even when the children stay at school till 14. The gap will be disastrously widened if the children are released at 12, and if their unformed minds are stunted by the drudgery of premature wage-earning, the little they have learned forgotten, and the inclination and capacity to learn more destroyed.

The war has brought England face to face with the most acute of her permanent social and economic problems in the wage of the agricultural labourer and the education of his children. The two problems are really one. The greed and ignorance of short-sighted farmers are pressing it to an issue, and it is an issue which cannot be evaded. Economically and educationally the rural community is going to take a big step forward or a big step backward as the result of this battle for the child. For the moment the enemy is winning, county after county is surrendering to the well-organised attack of the Farmers' Union, the wretched child drudges are being torn from the schools by scores, some have been working for months, though even now the real shortage of labour is only "anticipated" in a still distant future. Can it not be stopped?

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.*



De Amsterdammer.]

Piracy, Old and New.

"H'm! In my time it wasn't anything like so easy!"



Liverpool Courier.]

The Cut Direct.

THE SEA SERPENT: "Hi, there! How dare you? I'm here to sweep you off the sea."

JOHN BULL NEPTUNE: "Sorry—can't stop. Business as usual, you know!"



De Amsterdammer.]

Germany's Blockade.

The cows gather together when the wolf is about.



News of the World.]

Second Thoughts.

PIRATE BILL: "Plague on't; an' I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him."—*Twelfth Night.*



Mucha.]

In the Forge of the Triple Entente.

ANGEL OF PEACE: "A gentleman of Berlin has sent me with a letter for you. He awaits behind the door for the reply."

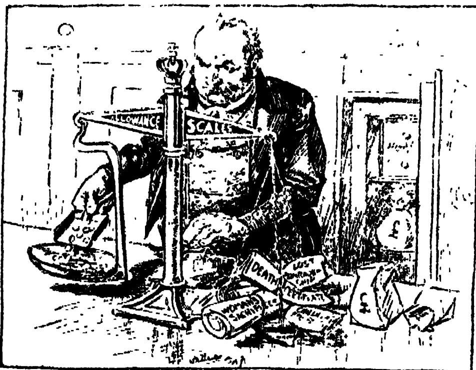


Le Cri de Paris.]

The Zeppelins.

Their future is under the sea.

Mucha refers to the rumours of peace overtures which Germany is supposed to be making unofficially, also suggests Germany's coming exhaustion in materials and men. *Le Cri de Paris* comments on the loss of the German naval airships.



Liverpool Courier.]

In the Scales.

JOHN BULL: "There are some things that weigh heavier than gold, I know, but that is no reason for meanness."

The proposed new scale of separation allowances and pensions for soldiers' and sailors' dependents provide for more generous payment.



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

In the World's Circus.

This German is not a bad juggler, but it is doubtful if he can keep up much longer with only two full shells and six empty ones.



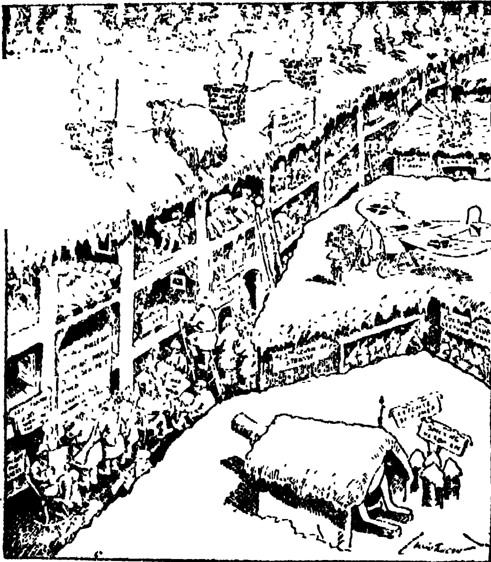
Beck's Weekly.] [Montreal

A Canadian View of German-American Activities.



Minneapolis Journal.]

Look out for a Wreck.



Chicago Daily News.]

The Winter Quarters in the Trenches.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Nil Desperandum!

"Paris at all costs!" "Ypres at all costs!" "Calais at all costs!"—KAISER WILLIAM.

THE KAISER (*later in the day*): "Berlin at all costs!"



Le Rire.] [Paris.

Marshal French.

The British Lion pours forth men.



Mucha.] [Warsaw

The Allies waiting for the German moles to appear.



Fischetto.] [Turin.

Garibaldi's Sons.

"Father, are you pleased with us?"
"Certainly, but I am sad when I think of Italy."



Punch.] [Melbourne.

His Joy Ride.

(Put a German on horseback and he will ride to the devil.)

THE MAD KAISER: "Kvick, kvick! Shump up behint, und haff a glorious ride mit me!"

KING VICTOR EMANUEL: "No, thank you. I hate your horse, and I don't like the way you're going."



Evening Sun.] [New York.

Wide Awake for Once.



Nebelspalter.] [*Zürich.*

France and Japan.

"My candle has gone out, and I have no match. For God's sake open the door!"



Mucha.] [*Warsaw.*

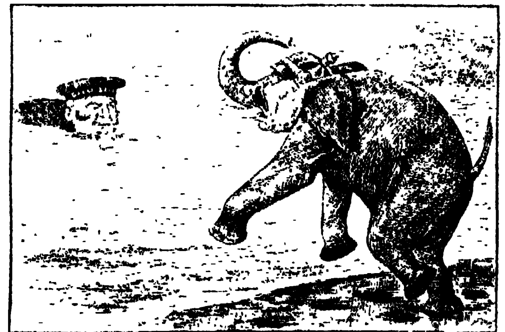
WILLIAM: "This damned covering! If I wish to cover my neck my feet get cold, and *vice versa*, so that I am like to die."



Seculo Comico.] [*Lisbon.*

In the Manger of Bethlehem.

WILLIAM: "Get out! I am now the saviour of the world!"



Westminster Gazette.]

A Very Mad Elephant.

THE MAD ELEPHANT: "If you don't go away, I'll—I'll blockade you!"

The attention of readers is drawn to Order Forms on page 270, by the use of which "The Review of Reviews" can be sent to soldiers and sailors serving the Country at Home and Abroad.

WHEN THE WAR IS ENDED.

EVERY Treaty of Peace has contained the seeds of a new war, and it is perhaps inevitable that this should be the case at the end of the present war, but the greatest efforts must be made in order that they may be as few as possible, since it must always be kept in mind that the main result which it is hoped will be achieved by this war is the establishment of permanent peace, as opposed to the armed peace which has existed heretofore. In order to obtain this result it may be necessary to sacrifice something in the attainment of the other and more immediate objects of the war. A too savage and vengeful treatment of Germany, though justified by her actions, would certainly lead to fresh trouble in the future. The immediate objects are: firstly to prove to Germany, without a vestige of doubt, that her attempt to win the overlordship of the world is contrary to all the beliefs of modern civilisation and will never be tolerated by the rest of humanity; that the worship and employment of force, and force alone, unbacked by any moral considerations, is a return to the days of the Middle Ages and is a base prostitution of the power of any State, and if attempted by any State will inevitably lead to disaster, through the combination of all the other liberty-loving nations against that State. Secondly to compel Germany to make as full a reparation as possible for the devastation and wrongs that she has imposed on the other nations.

In the case of reparation it is impossible to force her to make adequate compensation. Nothing that can be imposed on her will make up for her brutal conduct and the awful atrocities inflicted on Belgium. Nothing can bring to life again the murdered and tortured civilians who have been the victims of her frightfulness. To repay Germany in kind and treat her civil populations and sacred places as she has treated those of Belgium, France, and Poland, would be to descend to her level and tacitly to admit that the Allies approved of her methods of warfare. Retaliation and reparation in kind are impossible.

The seizure of large portions of Germany's territory, except those which are connected by race and instincts with some other nation, is also out of the question. This would be no true compensation to the nations who seized the territories, since the dealing with alien populations is the most difficult proposition in the world, and well-nigh impossible of solution without repressive measures when the alien population is of the same nationality as a neighbouring free and independent State. The British Government has been very successful with subject races, but the government of an alien people such as the Egyptians, who are a race by themselves, and have no large and self-governing nation of kindred race to look to, is a very different proposition from the government of Lorraine by Germany, with France next door to her. Seizure of purely German territories would merely create danger-centres for the future peace of the world, and none of the Allies contemplates any such policy. Belgium, who has suffered most, would never wish for the incorporation within her boundaries of any of the Rhine provinces of Germany, and her leading men have said as much.

There remains only one method of reparation, and that is monetary compensation. That must be extorted to the greatest amount possible. It will be impossible to extort the full compensation without ruining Germany, and that is desired by no one, as it would react on the other nations to their detriment. Even a series of disastrous defeats to her armies, without which the present rulers, if they are still in power, will not give in, may not convince her that she is wrong, but only that she chose the wrong moment,

and that, given another chance, she may succeed again. But a heavy drain on her purse, especially if directed towards the powerful landed proprietors who rule Germany at present, will probably be more efficacious in convincing her of her error than anything else.

In determining the fate of the German colonies, though we desire no territorial gains, and would be quite content without them, yet it must be remembered that the acquisition of colonies first awoke in Germany the lust for world power. Thus, though they are of little value, and have never repaid her for the money and labour spent on them, if she retained any of them they would be a constant reminder of her former ambitions, and, having some colonial possessions, she would be certain to wish to increase them, while without them there would be no such temptation. Thus, her colonies should not be returned to her.

These considerations are based on the assumption that there will be no internal upheaval in Germany. Such an upheaval—which would infinitely assist in bringing the war to a conclusion—cannot be definitely counted upon, though it is abundantly desired by the Allies, both for themselves as likely to shorten the war, and in the interests of the Germans.

Another point that is essential to the permanent duration of any peace is that the Hohenzollern dynasty and the Prussian ascendancy should be overthrown. This, however, presents enormous difficulties. Such a clause, if included in the articles of peace, would probably defeat its own ends in making the German people cling to their old rulers, and though they might be banished for some time, they would very likely become heroes in the eyes of the people and their traditions would be held sacred and would be adhered to as far as possible, with the result that before many years were over efforts would be made to reinstall them, and this could only be suppressed by more warfare. Here, again, the great hope is that the German nation themselves will rise against their rulers and turn them out and establish a democratic government.

That the German Empire will break up into its separate States is exceedingly unlikely, as the benefits of confederation are too great, quite apart from political power. There are reconstructions which will tend to the formation of a peaceful empire. If the German Austrian States were incorporated in the German Empire, the non-Prussian element would be greatly strengthened. The introduction of a democratic government responsible to the Reichstag, the transference of the Imperial crown from Prussia to Bavaria or Austria would go far to reconstituting the old Germany as she was before the Prussian poison entered her blood. How long it will be before she can finally get rid of that poison cannot be said, but once she realises that world-domination is impossible and the worship of force leads but to disaster her recovery may be rapid. However, at present it is impossible to say anything about the internal reconstruction of Germany, as it is a matter which is entirely in the hands of the Germans themselves.

TWO FRENCH VIEWS.

The following suggestions have been made by two French writers M. Yves Guyot, formerly French Minister of Public Works, and M. Finot, the well-known French publicist. Though their suggestions differ in detail, the broad plan on which both are worked out is practically the same, and very similar to the ideas already put forward in this magazine.

M. Yves Guyot, writing in the *North American Review*, says that the Allies should refuse to treat with the Kaiser, but should deal only with the Bundesrath or Federal Council. The two all-important points are—(1) deprive Prussia of her political hegemony in Germany; and (2) establish a European equilibrium which will make impossible its disturbance by the will of a chief of State.

The settlement is a question for the Allies alone, and no neutral must be allowed to

interfere. To the Prussian policy of "iron and blood"—

Great Britain, France, and Russia must now oppose a humane policy which will respect all rights, which will consider all the aspirations of the different nations in so far as they do not endanger the realisation of the work in hand as a whole, and which, by the suppression of the greatest number possible of oppressors, will ensure the safety of all. In a word, the principle which must guide the Allies must be that of the guaranteeing of peace. Again, from a psychological point of view, every act of a humiliating nature must be avoided. Insults weigh lightly on those who commit them, but they leave a lasting mark on the minds of those who are forced to submit to them.

Germany, he maintains, could easily support an indemnity of a billion pounds; but in demanding this indemnity there will be no desire to ruin the country, since the poverty of one nation does not make for the wealth of another:

But the Allies of 1915 will not wish to enrich themselves at the expense of Germany or Austria-Hungary. Belgium will not ask for an increased territory; the annexation of Rhenish Prussia, with its more than 7,000,000 inhabitants, almost equal in numbers to the population of Belgium itself, would simply crush the nationality of the latter country. France will only take back Alsace-Lorraine, which was wrested from her in 1870 and which Germany admits, by the way she treats these provinces, have not been assimilated by the empire. If the Polish provinces of Prussia and Austria are to return to Poland, it will not be to Russia. . . . As regards the German colonies, their value is insignificant. If the Allies take them, it will not be for love of lucre, but to remove grounds for future conflict, for it should be remembered that at the opening of the war the Kaiser stated that colonial considerations was one of its causes. This cause must disappear. Servia and Montenegro must alone among the belligerents receive an increase of territory.

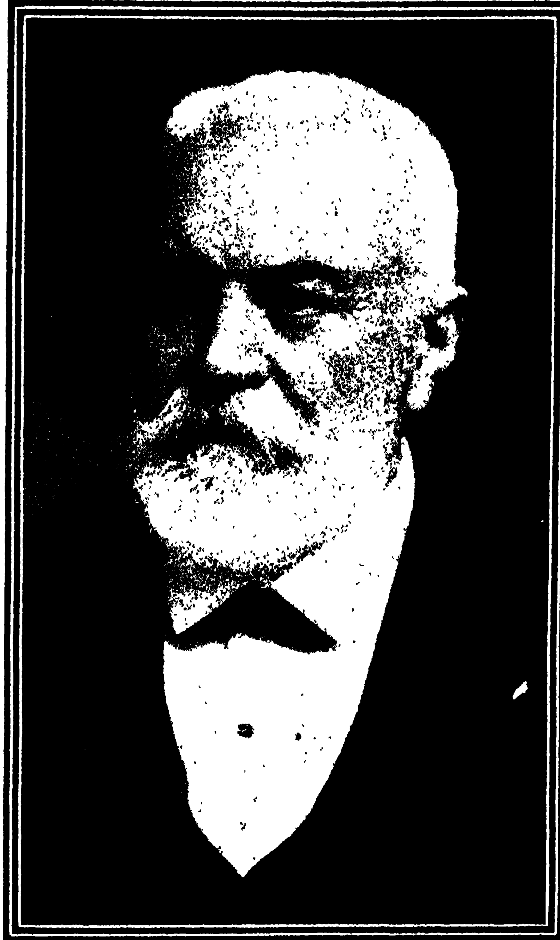


Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

M. Yves Guyot.

With regard to Turkey—

The Allies will probably conclude that the best solution will be the handing over to Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Bulgaria, in compensation for the development of Servia, may get back a portion of the territory of Turkey which she had to abandon after the last war, and may receive in addition a portion of Macedonia. Or some such arrangement as this may be made. All that portion of Turkey bordering the Black Sea may be given to Russia; Mesopotamia, and the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigris, to Great Britain; and Syria and a part of the Mediterranean shores to France.

As to lasting peace—

It is an illusion to believe that such a peace can be obtained simply by dismantling fortresses and limiting the armaments of the conquered nations. . . . They who would base peace on restriction of armaments confuse effect and cause. It is the causes of war which must be done away with. Nor is it certain that an imposed change in the form of government of the conquered nations will be any more efficacious in securing a permanent peace than forced disarmament.

To sum up, the peace terms will be on the following lines :—

1. A war indemnity which will represent the damages caused by the war. 2. As regards territorial acquisitions, the Allies will show disinterestedness. 3. All other considerations will be subordinated to this one—viz., the elimination of the causes of future warfare. 4. This will be the sole object in view in the reorganisation of Germany and Austria-Hungary. 5. In bringing about this reorganisation the Allies will take account of the groups called "nationalities," but without giving them the fictitious importance attributed to them by political anthropology.

Dealing with the reorganisation of Germany, he maintains :—

The Allies must destroy this military absolutism ; they must deprive Prussia of the political hegemony of Germany.

The Confederation of the Rhine might be re-established with Bavaria as its centre, which is connected by the Bavarian Palatinate with the Rhenish Province and Westphalia. The majority of the inhabitants of these States are Catholic. To Saxony might be given back the parts of her territory taken from her by Prussia in 1865 and 1866, while Denmark would recover the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies of which she was robbed in 1864, and the Kiel Canal would be neutralised like the Suez Canal.

In discussing the position in Austria and Hungary, he concludes that dismemberment is inevitable.

Poland is to be reconstructed, and "will form a buffer State between Prussia and Russia. . . . Furthermore, this reconstitution of Poland will be the best guarantee that Russia can give the rest of the world that she does not nourish the ambitions of which she is accused in some quarters."

M. Guyot is careful to point out that

It does not follow because a treaty is put on paper and signed that its stipulations will be carried out. . . . The three Allies will have to enter into an agreement so that if one of the conquered Powers should try to escape the consequences of its defeat it will immediately find itself in such a position that a single injunction will suffice to obtain strict observance of the treaty.

He ends with this declaration :—

I may be permitted to add in closing that if our statesmen of to-day were economists they would do away for ever with the causes of economic conflicts by adopting Free Trade and thus take a definite step toward a lasting world's peace. Unfortunately this will not be accomplished on this occasion. . . . But one of my friends, M. Henri Lambert, the large glass manufacturer of Charleroi, has well said in a recent letter addressed to the President of the United States, "Cobden declared that 'Free Trade is the best peacemaker'; and I venture to add that Free Trade will become more and more the only peacemaker."

M. Jean Finot, in *La Revue*, says that the successful prosecution of this war has four ends in view :—

1. To force Germany to indemnify all the Allies, both for the innumerable victims of this war, and for the results of Prussian savagery.

2. To put an end to the supremacy of Prussia and Germany in Europe.

3. To realise the national ambitions of the peoples in remaking the map of Europe.

4. To create an international juridical State, which, guaranteeing the independence and security of the little nations and neutrals, will realise the wishes and platonic projects adopted by successive Hague Conferences.

If this programme is accomplished Europe will be freed from the nightmare of an armed peace. Limitation of armaments will be mechanically established, since it is in accordance with the essential desires of all the peoples. The Congress of 1916 or 1917 will be controlled by the opinion of Europe. The time has passed when the diplomats meddled with the national organisations without any regard to the cries of their victims.

With regard to the war indemnity, M. Finot calculates the cost to the Allies per day and also the economic loss due to each soldier killed, and finally comes to the figure of 170 milliards. This, he maintains, Germany will be able to pay, even allowing for the reduced income she will have after the war.

Referring to the territorial compensation, he says that any geographic rectification must conform to the aspirations of the people. Alsace-Lorraine must return to France. Belgium should receive a province beyond Liége, which is Walloon in character and has remained so in spite of severe Germanisation. Any other cession of German territory would be a sorry gift to Belgium, as the annexed Germans would soon overrun the country. He also suggests that Belgium should be given a neutralised Constantinople. Poland is to be reconstituted and put an end for ever to the Prussian dreams for the future.

Germany's colonial empire must disappear. With regard to the internal politics of Germany, M. Finot thinks that the supremacy of Prussia will disappear after the conclusion of peace. "From the ruins of a million privileged persons will arise the rights and liberties of the nation."

PREPARING FOR PEACE.

WHAT NEUTRAL COUNTRIES ARE DOING.

ALTHOUGH the Neutral Countries will have no say in the arrangement of the peace between the belligerents, they have a vital interest in any reconstruction of international relationships which must follow the war in order to secure future peace. Therefore it is essential that public opinion in each country should be educated as to what are the best lines to be pursued in order to attain that end.

Holland has already made considerable steps in that direction. A "Nederlandsche Anti-Oorlog Raad," or Anti-War Council of Holland, was formed in the beginning of October; its object was to bring about the combination of the various Dutch societies which had been working for peace, so as to undertake united centralised action. This action, in the first place, is to study what reforms are required in the international relations between States and to embody those reforms in concrete proposals. The first of these reforms is that of the limitation of armaments; the other points to be studied are:

1. Closer co-operation of the European Powers.

2. Acknowledgment of the principle that international relations between civilized States should never be settled by means of violence.

3. Whether change in territory may be effected without the consent of the population concerned.

4. Reform of foreign politics—*i.e.*, parliaments or at least parliamentary commissions should have more influence on the settling of questions of international importance.

5. Imperialistic or expansion-politics, which lead to friction between modern nations.

6. A system of free-trade by international agreement, or at least of equal treatment of all nations in the colonies.

7. A better regulation of the competition in production and distribution connection with the different markets.

8. No financial profit for private persons from the manufacture of arms.

9. Suppression of all excitement to animosity between nations, especially by the Press.

10. A study of the connection between the abolition of capture at sea and naval expenses.

Though the movement is originally for the benefit of the Dutch nation, yet it is hoped eventually to be connected up with similar organisations in the other countries. The Council has made much progress since it was founded, and now practically all the societies in any way interested in peace have been affiliated to it. Meetings were held in December in the chief towns of Holland, addressed by speakers of every party and every religion, and the following resolutions were passed:

1 Co-operation between the States, instead of antagonistic alliances.

2. Limitation of armaments by international agreement.

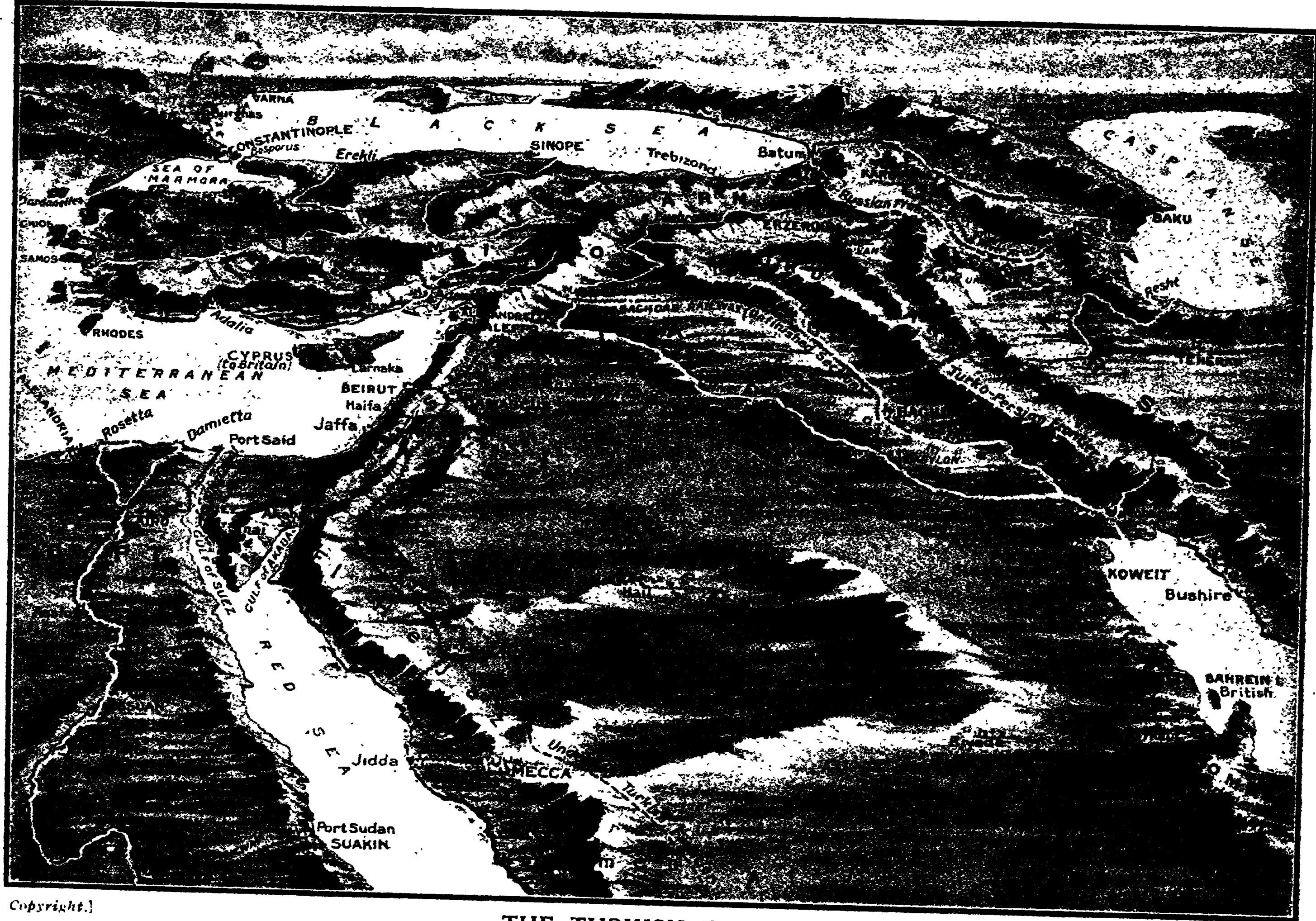
3. The participation of the Houses of Parliament in the peace negotiations.

4. Condemnation of annexation or the transferring of territory against the will of the people.

5. New steps to be taken to enforce obligatory arbitration and enquiry in the case of international disputes and conflicts.

Such steps as these are of inestimable value in preparing the minds of the people as to what reforms they are to demand when the time comes.

Other countries are also following the example of Holland, and it is to be hoped that shortly some such organisation will be established in every country.



THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

The last vestiges of Turkish rule have disappeared from Africa, and its hold on Europe and Asia is daily growing more precarious.

BRITAIN'S POSITION IN EGYPT.

WHY EGYPT IS SECURE AGAINST THE TURKS.

By Dr. S. NAHAS of ALEXANDRIA.

We reprint the following article from *The American Review of Reviews.* The paper was written for the information of a neutral State, and this gives the testimony additional value.

A KNOWLEDGE of the Egyptian, his character, aspirations and abilities, will readily answer the question why the Turks cannot succeed. Centuries succeeded to centuries; ages rolled by: conquerors disappeared to make room for new ones—still the Egyptian remained unmoved and unchanged. Time altered him no more than it altered the Sphinx and the pyramids of his Sahara. His mentality and habits, his food and clothing, have not varied. He still uses the same plough his forefathers used thousands of years ago, dwells in the same huts, clothes himself in the same way.

With an even eye has he considered the different nations that have come to rule him. Did they not, all alike, invade his land to rob and plunder, make him work day and night, and exact from him his earnings by whip and torture? What mattered who they were, since he would have to slave for them just the same all his life, naked and half-starved? So ages of oppression destroyed in him freedom, initiative and pride, and developed, instead, apathy and fatalism, leaving him a primitive and ignorant child.

WHEN THE ENGLISH CAME.

When England came he hardly noticed, at first, that he had a new master. Six thousand English soldiers occupied the land, with hardly a battle, so strong was his indifference. What mattered to him a new master? He had nothing to lose. Slowly, though, he began to realise that British government officials did not come to rob, but to protect him. His lands and his harvest were no longer, under one pretext or another, confiscated. Judges were there to vindicate him when wronged, and not to help his rich oppressors.

Between him and his new master stood only one barrier—his religion and fanaticism. In the cities schools were opened and young Egyptians could get education and learning. The rich among them went abroad to finish their studies. They mostly acquired a superficial, incomplete knowledge, and came back imbued only with ideas of liberty and self-government.

Newspapers sprang into being, dealing heatedly with those questions. That this movement was premature and denoted lack of judgment appears readily from the fact that the great mass of the population was still absolutely and densely ignorant. The time was not yet come; and England plainly told the Egyptians so. But we never like to admit another's superiority; and to human nature the wound to vanity is the hardest to forgive. So it was that, thwarted in their aspirations, they nursed ill-feelings against the English.

SCHEMING OF THE TURKS.

The enemies of England, finding the ground ready, worked hard to widen the breach. Foremost among these enemies stood the Turks. They had lost most by British occupation. Were they not the supplanted masters? Had not England deprived them of their position, their plunder, their high-handed authority? Intimately connected with the Khedival family, and its branches, occupying high places in the court, the army and the Administration, they formed the aristocracy of Egypt, which, as a conquered land, had none of its own.

The ambition of every rich and educated Egyptian was to get into this inner circle, his first step being to marry a Turkish woman.

The influence of the Turks was thus tremendous; and this they used to instill their hatred in ready and eager ears. Naturally the farmer and the peasant were not impervious to this wave of feeling, though not for wishing self-government or freedom. To the "fellah" or peasant these words had no meaning. One thing and this only might move his apathy—religion and fanaticism.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

Far away in Stamboul lives the Sultan, his Khalif, whom Allah has made to rule on one-third of the globe with power untold. If the Khalif wishes, and unfurls the standard of Mohammed that has lain folded for centuries, then every Moslem, even he, must rise and fight the holy war against the Christians.

And now, last night, his sheikh has come and whispered to him the news: The holy war is declared, and the Emperor of Germany, a friend of the Moslems, and himself a Moslem at heart, to be sure, is fighting with their Khalif against the English and other Christians. So he must rise. And when the sheikh was gone he sat and pondered.

He found himself unarmed, unprepared and unorganised. His English master he knew to be kind and good, but also swift and stern when disobeyed. Further, he knew him to be very strong. Then think of how much he had to lose! True, the Turks are his brothers in religion, but he has not yet forgotten how he fared at his brothers' hands. True, the English are Christians, but "malesh!" what does it matter? He will curse them for it in his heart.

And so it was that even fanaticism could not change what years and centuries of oppression had made of him, a helpless being, living with no trace of energy or initiative. Naturally things would change if ever Turkish soldiers should set their feet in Egypt. Then there would be no doubt as to where his help would go. Otherwise, he will never move. Turkey is at war now, and, notwithstanding, one thing is sure—never has Egypt been quieter.

WHAT CAN TURKEY DO?

The next question is: What are the chances of a Turkish attack against Egypt? An invasion by sea being out of consideration, the only possibility is for a Turkish force to proceed from the Syrian frontier and cross the Suez Canal. The boundaries of Egypt extend some distance beyond this canal, including the whole of the Sinai peninsula, a desert of sandy hills. Actually only two caravan routes lead from the frontier across this desert to the canal. Both are from 180 to 190 miles long through absolute wilderness.

This would mean ten days' marching for an invading army. Further, this army must rely only on its own provisions and water supply, since even the wells have been mined and destroyed. The only possible method of transportation through this desert of sand is the camel, and, according to authorities, it is reckoned that a complete equipment, baggage, ammunition, and water for the period of ten days would require a load of a camel and a half for every soldier. An army of 60,000 men would thus require 90,000 camels.

Naturally, only the transport of the very lightest artillery is thus possible. Should the Turks succeed in overcoming these difficulties, they would only be at the beginning of their troubles, since they would still have the Suez Canal to cross, a canal fifty metres wide at its narrowest part.

And England is ready and prepared. All along the Egyptian side a large entrenched camp has been built, fortified with artillery, and an army composed only of whites and Indians is there on watch. That this army is sufficient in size can be inferred from the fact that in Cairo alone there are actually 30,000 soldiers. Turkey to-day, with her hands full against Russia, obliged to keep an eye on the Balkans and an army to watch the turbulent Christian population of the Lebanon, can send, at the best and largest of estimates, only 100,000 men against Egypt.

Handicapped by a long march across the desert, deficient in artillery, what can the Turks do once in front of the canal?

How can they expect to cross it in front of a foe amply prepared to meet them? And, if they are unable to do it at once, how are they to get food, water, provisions? How will they be able to prevent a complete disaster?

No. Egypt is safe, Egypt is quiet, and will remain safe and quiet, thanks to its strategic position and to the active forethought and unfailing energy of the English.

And it could not be otherwise. England may allow a revolution to break out anywhere in her possessions, but she can never allow even the possibility of one here, for Egypt is the main artery of her colonies.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

THE conviction is being forced home on all sides that the surest guarantee of the future peace of the world is to be found in the idea expressed in "The United States of Europe." In all quarters the necessity of some kind of Federation is being urged. As to what form it will take or how it will be brought about there is no consensus of opinion as yet.

The weakness of International Treaties and Conventions at present is that, though each signatory has the right to intervene when violation takes place, such intervention is not made a duty. Advantage is taken of this never to intervene unless it is advantageous to do so, or disadvantageous not to do so.

The recognition of the principle that International Law is made to be followed, and not to be broken on the slightest pretext, has been forced on every nation by this war. This implies that adequate steps must be taken to insure its observance and to punish any nation convicted of breaking the law.

The mere alteration from "right" into "duty" to intervene would in itself be the beginning of Federation, since every nation would be bound to make common intervention in the case of proved violation.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. Roosevelt, who has spoken out strongly in favour of the United States protesting against the violation of The Hague Conventions, has made the following suggestions* :—

No man can venture to state the exact details that should be followed in securing a world league for the peace of righteousness. But, not to leave the matter nebulous, I submit the following plan.

It would prove entirely workable, if nations entered into it with good faith, and if they treated their obligations under it in the spirit in which the United States treated its obligations as regarded the independence of Cuba, giving good government to the Philippines and building the Panama Canal; the same spirit in which England acted when the neutrality of Belgium was violated.

All the civilised Powers which are able and willing to furnish and to use force, when force is required to back up righteousness—and only the civilised Powers who possess virile manliness of character and the willingness to accept risk and labour, when necessary to the performance of duty, are entitled to be considered in this matter—should join to create an international tribunal and to provide rules in accordance with which that tribunal should act. These rules would have to accept the *status quo* at some given period, for the endeavour to redress all historical wrongs would throw us back into chaos. They would lay down the rule that the territorial integrity of each nation was inviolate; that it was to be guaranteed absolutely its sovereign rights in certain particulars, including, for instance, the right to decide the terms on which immigrants should be admitted to its borders for purposes of residence, citizenship, or business; in short, all its rights in matters affecting its honour and vital interest. Each nation should be guaranteed against having any of these specified rights infringed upon.

They would not be made arbitrable, any more than an individual's right to life and limb is made arbitrable; they would be mutually guaranteed.

All other matters that could arise between these nations should be settled by the international court. The judges should act not as national representatives, but purely as judges, and in any given case it would probably be well to choose them by lot, excluding, of course, the representatives of the Powers whose interests were concerned. Then, and most important, the nations should severally guarantee to use their entire military force, if necessary, against any nation which defied the decrees of the tribunal or which violated any of the rights which in the rules it was expressly stipulated should be reserved to the several nations, the rights to their territorial integrity and the like.

In addition to the contracting Powers a certain number of outside nations should be named as entitled to the benefits of the court. These nations should be chosen from those which were as civilised and well-behaved as the great contracting nations, but which, for some reason or other, were unwilling or unable to guarantee to help execute the decrees of the court by force.

They would have no right to take part in the nomination of judges, for no people are entitled to do anything towards establishing a court unless they are able and willing to face the risk, labour, and self-sacrifice necessary in order to put police power behind the court.

But they would be treated with exact justice, and in the event of any one of the great contracting Powers having trouble with one of them, they would be entitled to go into court, have a decision rendered, and see the decision supported precisely as in the case of a dispute between any two of the great contracting Powers themselves.

* *Why America Should Join the Allies.* (Pearson. 6d.)

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THREE GREAT INFLUENCES.

THE remarkable series of articles by the editor of The *Fortnightly Review* receives a very strong backing in the current issue by Holford Knight, who writes on "Militarism and the War." The writer chastises Mr. Hurd for the sentiments which called forth reproof in these columns last month, and says :—

Put shortly, I believe in the ultimate victory on earth of the Christian religion, and I conceive it a man's highest duty to assist in its advancement. That being so, this horrible war (or massacre as the Pope has truly called it) cannot recur in a world where religious men and women exercise control. The rule of the saints on earth may be a terrible prospect for Mr. Hurd and his friends, but making a full personal avowal I infinitely prefer the rule of the saints to the rule of the diplomats. And I am not wholly enamoured of, or completely unacquainted with, saints.

Mr. Knight draws the necessary distinction between the professions of Christians and their acts, but points out that the real division lies between those who think that war must recur, worlds without end, and those who believe that the world is destined to improve until peace reigns among men. The possession of ideals by parents must be reflected in the lives of the children who to-day but express the hatreds inherited from the past. The writer then proceeds :—

But the private impulses which have gone to the making of countless thousands in all lands of the civilised world have been powerfully affected by public movements. The development of the study of education has linked together many people in various nations. Science in its extensions (theoretical and applied) has accomplished a similar work. The search after better conditions of industrial and social life has strengthened international co-operation in several directions, while the never-ending discovery of the riches of each other's literature has forged spiritual bonds between peoples that no militarist caste, however powerful, can break asunder.

In our own land, three movements in particular have enormously assisted the expansion of these international relationships. I mention them because they operate among masses of working men and women whose influence in affairs has yet to be shown in its full strength. The first is organised Labour, which is destined to become one of the dominant influences of the world. The present separation of these forces is transitory and due to causes which can have no abiding effect. The growth of the feeling of comradeship in industrial and social changes will speedily be resumed. Indeed, co-operation between Labour in different lands is one of the brightest promises of the future, and will ultimately sound, as I believe, the death-knell of militarism and secret diplomacy.

Again, what is known as the Brotherhood Movement, with its extension to union in Christian fellowship with men of other countries, is a notable portent of the times. International hatred cannot survive in the atmosphere of friendship which this movement is creating among working men.

A special word should be said in regard to the third movement, for it is going to play an increasing part in bringing about a permanent change of temper in international relations. I refer to the Women's Movement in each of its manifold developments. Co-operation between women of different countries in the pursuit of political, social, and industrial aims will be a potent influence making for international amity. The insistence upon the ethical aspect of public questions introduces a much-needed tonic into national affairs, and this is bound to react upon the course of international relations.

Hence, the work of these various agencies is largely assisting to ensure a definite repudiation by thinking men and women of the prepossessions of the outworn age responsible for this war of gathering horrors.

HIT HARDER.

THE current number of *The Candid Quarterly Review*, conducted by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, deals exhaustively with every aspect of the war. Special attention is called to the article entitled "Free the Fleet," demanding the repudiation of the Declarations of Paris and London and The Hague Conventions, in order to remove all handicaps from our Navy. The writer says:—

We cannot safely continue to make War as if it were Peace with so ruthless and inhuman an adversary as Germany, or when in death-grips with a nation which despises all the laws of God and man, every prompting of mercy and pity, and every obligation of faith and Treaty, continue to paralyse our Fleet because of the red tape bonds of such unauthorised, violated and already destroyed documents as those that have been here described. England can only resume her strength by resuming her full powers at sea, of which powers the most effectual is that of the capture of enemy goods wherever and in whatever ship they may at sea be found. This can only be effected by denouncing and withdrawing from the Declaration of Paris, and thus freeing the Fleet to exercise that terrible silent stress which now as ever must bring unendurable distress to our enemy, and now as ever must ensure the triumph of sea power.

Great Britain would thus revert to the position held at this moment by our cousins in kin and in sea-power, the United States which (although several of their Presidents and Governments have on various occasions, for political reasons, coquetted with it) have never to this day acceded to the Declaration of Paris. They thus have retained the right, which it is so urgent that we should resume, of capturing enemy property under the neutral flag. Against an enemy like Germany it is a right of priceless value; and its exercise—let this always be remembered—inflicts no harm whatever upon any but the enemy. For the neutral vessel, once the enemy property found in her captured and put into safety, is herself released, and her freight paid to her as though she had completed her voyage. It is hard to conceive of a method of warfare which at once brings so much distress to the enemy, and yet imposes no loss whatever, and so trifling an inconvenience, upon the neutral. . . . The essential is that the Fleet, in this hour of peril, should be freed from all these instruments. They are all of them in fact dead: what remains of them are but their ghosts feebly raised from the dead to save the face of officials who already avow their mistakes. Unless the British Navy, our all in all, is to remain stricken with impotence, and we, for want of understanding or courage, to remain deprived of our main power and exposed to the malice of our enemies, these ghosts must now be laid for ever.

There is no time for political debate or for party conflict. It is no time for any kind of public contention among ourselves in face of the enemy. But it is a time to free the Fleet. That is a task which must be faced, whatever the contention involved.



Photo by] [*H. W. Barnett.*

Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles.

The Blue Buckle. By W. H. Osborne (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). A capital detective story. The characters are New-Yorkers. The arch-fiend, a capitalist who robs a man of his bonds in open daylight, is chief of a band of diamond smugglers, lives in a stronghold guarded by Great Danes, and manages an *alibi* by a novel method.

THE PEACE ARMY.

But in the present situation of the world's affairs it behoves us ill to wait idle until leaders clear the way for us. Every man who realises the broad conditions of the situation, everyone who can talk or write or echo, can do his utmost to spread his realisation of the possibilities of a world congress and the establishment of world law and world peace that lie behind the monstrous agonies and cruelties and confusions of this catastrophic year.

THESE words embody the forcible appeal of H. G. Wells, which fills many pages in *The English Review*. The militarist knows what he wants and gets it because those opposed to him are too divided or too indifferent to thwart his purpose. To the pacifist Mr. Wells says :—

It is no good pretending that mere pacifism will end war; what will end war, what indeed may be ending war at the present time, is war—against militarism. Force respects itself and no other power. The hope for a world of peace in the future lies in that, in the possibility of a great alliance, so powerful that it will compel adhesions, an alliance prepared to make war upon and destroy and replace the Government of any State that became aggressive in its militarism. This Alliance will be in effect a world congress perpetually restraining aggressive secession, and obviously it must regard all the No Man's Lands —and particularly that wild waste the ocean as its highway. The fleets and marines of the allied world Powers must become the police of the wastes and waters of the earth.

The suggestion which appears most practicable to the writer is the establishment of a World Congress to which neutrals as well as belligerents should be summoned, otherwise

a conference confined purely to the belligerents will be in fact a conference not even representative of the belligerents. And it will be tainted with all the traditional policies, aggressions, suspicions, and subterfuges that led up to the war. It will not be the end of the old game, but the readjustment of the old game, the old game which is such an abominable nuisance to the development of modern civilisation. The idealism of the great alliance will certainly be subjected to enormous strains, and the whole energy of the Central European diplomatists will be directed to developing and utilising these stresses.

The real danger to the peace of the world lies in the existence of the usual muddle-headed person who doubts and wonders, until he is faced with another war and then he pays for his stupidity once more and is ready to repeat his folly :—

It is this rather hopeless, inert, pseudo-sage mass of unbelievers who render possible the continuation of war dangers. They give scope for the activities of the evil minority which hates, which lives by pride and grim satisfactions, and which is therefore anxious to have more war and more. And it is these inert, half-willed people who will obstruct the disentanglement of the settlement from diplomatic hands. "What do we know about the nuances of such things?" they will ask, with that laziness that apes modesty. It is they who will complain when we seek to buy out the armaments people. Probably all the private armament firms in the world could be bought up for seventy million pounds, but the unbelievers will shake their heads and say: "Then there will only be something else instead."

Meantime the militarist, knowing what he wants, goes on *his* way undisturbed, and with his friend the diplomatist prepares to play the old game. Is there any prospect of real progress? Mr. Wells sees three very divergent forces which may secure the desired end :—

Cynicism is never more than a half-truth, and because man is imperfect it does not follow that he must be futile. Russia is a land of strange silences, but it is manifest that, whatever the innermost quality of the Tsar may be, he is no claptrap vulgar Conqueror of the Wilhelm-Napoleon pattern. He began his reign, and he may yet crown his reign with an attempt to establish peace on a newer, broader foundation. His religion, it would seem, is his master and not his servant.

After the Tsar the American people's attitude fills Mr. Wells with gratitude; many thought that

they would behave as though the "New World" was indeed a separate planet, and as though they had neither duties nor brotherhood in Europe. It is quite clear, on the contrary, that the people of the United States consider this war as their affair also, and that they have the keenest sense of their responsibility for the general welfare of mankind.

There is, however, a possible third source from which the proposal for a world congress might come, with the support of both neutrals and belligerents, and that is The Hague. Were there a man of force and genius at The Hague now, a man speaking with authority and not as the scribes, he might thrust enormous benefits upon the world. . . .

This is a rather tardy recognition of the one tangible instrument which awaits the animating breath of public opinion to secure international sanction for the establishment of order where chaos now reigns.

CEDE CYPRUS TO GREECE.

THIS suggestion is made by Dr. Platon E. Drakoules, LL.D., in his article on "Greece and the War," which appears in the *Asiatic Review*. Perhaps when we have forgotten our gift of Heligoland to Germany we may appreciate the idea of handing over the island to Greece :—

Supposing England had been disposed to cede Cyprus to Greece in the past, she could not, because she was bound by treaty to transfer it to no other Power except Turkey. The treaty no longer exists, and England is free to do what she likes with the island. The population is Greek except 20 per cent. Turks, much Hellenised, and there is no doubt that the Cypriots desire to form part of the Hellenic Organisation, however pleased they are with the British régime, and however grateful to England for having liberated them from the Turkish rule. In the present circumstances Cyprus has a strategic value for England, and the Cypriots would be the last to desire a change just now. But it seems likely that both Cypriots and English one day will agree that the island ultimately must pass to Greece. I spent several months in Cyprus in the early years of the British occupation, and have quite realised the sentiment of the people. It is the same as that which animated my own fellow-countrymen of the Ionian Islands. They love the English, but dream dreams of national unity. I was five years old when the English left Ithaca, my own native island, but I distinctly remember how the people embraced in tears the departing "red-jacket" Tommies. And the Ionian Islands had never been under Turkish rule.



Dr. Platon E. Drakoules, LL.D.

The writer wishes to see the federal principle applied to the Balkan States, and to this end has visited the prominent men in the Balkan capitals to gain their adhesion to this proposal, and admits that, while he found sympathy for the scheme, the Socialist Party is the only real advocate of this solution. Hatred has been preached as "a gospel of national hatred" and the jealousies of the Central Powers have kept the Balkans in a continuous ferment, leading directly up to the present trouble. Of the fear that the Slav will dominate the situation, the writer says :—

That a universal Slav influence is in store may be taken for granted ; but it need not be otherwise than in the sense of a mode of thought calculated to fashion the coming aspects of civilisation, and destined to further the human weal. The Slav idiosyncrasy, characterised as it is by a peculiar vein of fraternity and transcendentalism, may contribute to social conceptions of a wider nature. Anything like domination of one race by another is so incompatible with the manifest course of evolution that all such attempts are doomed to failure - witness the Teutonic attempt. There seems to be a power behind evolution which makes for real freedom, real equality, and real fraternity, and tends to transform civilisation into humanisation.

The Shadow on the Universe, by I. M. Clayton (Simpkin Marshall, 1s.). The aim of the writer is to show that "pacifism is the doctrine of the mind, while militarism is the religion of the fist," and that the physical degeneration of humanity to-day is due to militarism in the past.

VELOCITY.

SHIPS v. TRAINS.

VERNON SOMMERFELD'S paper in *The British Review* on "Rail-Power and Sea-Power" explains a great deal of the strategy which has enabled the Central Powers to mass their armies at will, notwithstanding their almost complete loss of Sea-Power. The importance of the railway in warfare may be appreciated by the following extract from Mr. Sommerfeld's article:—

It is common knowledge that, apart from its obvious risks, the conveyance by sea of any considerable body of troops, together with their stores and munitions and artillery and horses, is a very big enterprise. It not only demands a considerable number of transports, and very ample wharfage accommodation at the port of departure, but also a strong convoying force of vessels of war, which may perhaps be urgently required elsewhere or may not be available. It would be impossible for Germany at the present time to convey a military force to the East by sea, and it will remain impossible so long as British naval supremacy is maintained. The despatch of a considerable force by land through a district unprovided with good roads and generally deficient in modern means of communication is a very difficult and protracted undertaking, but the existence of even a single line of railway could permit that manœuvre to be carried out so as possibly to change the entire fortunes of a campaign. No naval supremacy on the part of an opponent could affect or modify this manifestation of the influence of rail-power on sea-power.

It should be pointed out here that the railway gives an army incomparably greater mobility than it could attain in any other way. The German mobilisation plans, which appear to have been adhered to in practice, if, indeed, the actual results have not been better than the calculations of the General Staff, provide for the transport of soldiers by the hundred thousand in a few hours. Given adequate embarking and detraining facilities (and on a single line a sufficiency of passing loops to enable returning empty trains to cross the path of loaded trains bound for the front), trains accommodating a thousand men can easily be despatched at intervals of fifteen minutes for so long a period as is necessary. No protecting convoy is necessary, merely reasonable precautions to prevent the wilful destruction of tracks or bridges. To transport even about a hundred thousand men (or, say, three Army Corps) by sea is a big undertaking. Allowing for guns and ammunition, etc., it would require from twenty-five liners to three or four times that number of vessels, according to size, and would under modern conditions of warfare have to be protected by a strong convoy of battleships, fast cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, submarines and aerial craft. Such conditions give an immense advantage to the country possessing the stronger naval power, an advantage which, in the circumstances described, disappears or is materially lessened when opposed by rail-power.

CORDITE.

The Candid Quarterly Review contains a valuable paper on "Modern Explosives," which traces the use of offensive material from the Middle Ages; particular reference is made to the marks in present use:—

The propellants now used, alike in small arms and in cannon of all sizes, by civilised Powers, are all based on some modification of nitro-cellulose, of which the simplest form is found in guncotton, and are like it prepared by the action of nitric acid on some organic vegetable substance. They are known by various names, such as Cordite (British and Japanese), Smokeless B powder (French), Nitro-glycerine powder (German), Ballistite (Italian), Nitro-cellulose powder (Russian and American). The powders used in each country are the subject of constant experiment with a view to improve their power and stability whilst diminishing their erosive effect on the guns—a feature in regard to which all the nitro-powders are notably inferior to the old black gunpowder. The latest details as to composition and methods of manufacture are, so far as is possible in the face of Intelligence Departments, kept an official secret; at the present time, in particular, it will be readily understood that no attempt can be made to go deeply into such questions; it would be unwise in the case of a friend and impossible in the case of a foe. All the facts mentioned in this paper are such as were matters of general knowledge at the outbreak of the present war. But they are not all the facts. There are great surprises yet in store.

Cordite the British Service propellant used in all arms, from the Webley revolver to the 15-inch naval gun, may be taken as a general type of modern gunpowders. Its name is derived from the circumstance that it is manufactured in the shape of string or cord, varying from one-thirtieth of an inch to nearly half an inch in diameter. It was devised by the Ordnance Committee over which Sir Frederick Abel presided in 1891, with Sir James Dewar as scientific adviser. It is a mixture of guncotton and nitro-glycerine, with a small amount of mineral jelly to act as a lubricant and preservative.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

SPAIN AND THE WAR.

WRITING of the Spanish attitude in the present war, M. A. Morel-Fatio, in an article in *Le Correspondant* of January 25th, admits that at the outbreak of war opinion in Spain was favourably inclined to Germany, who had been working hard to win over these, as well as other neutrals. There are in Spain four groups with Germanophile tendencies the Carlist party, a portion of the intellectual world, the army, and a small group of those who dream of a greater Spain.

The Carlists have very marked religious and conservative principles, and therefore instinctively dislike the Separatist French Government and hear but little of the point of view of a large part of the French people. On the other hand, it is strange that they should be attached to Germany with its Lutheran Kaiser, who tolerates his Catholic subjects only to secure their support in the matter of armaments.

Medical and scientific students from Spain studying at German universities are so struck by the difference between the business-like methods of the German and the easy-going Latins that they fall a victim to them and soon become as docile as the Germans, carrying back wonderful accounts of the latter to their own country.

A section of intellectual Spain professes pro-German sentiments, extolling German literature and "Kultur" to the skies, which, as the writer points out, is in many cases merely snobbism, for Spanish literature of to-day is permeated not with German but with French influence.

Germany also endeavoured to make Spain ambitious to conquer Portugal and discontented with the British possession of Gibraltar, and also offered to divide Morocco with the Spanish. This, however, had little weight with any but extremists, for Spain knows well that there is no question of conquering Portugal and that things are far better as they are--a friendly and respectful *entente* and the same may be said with regard to Gibraltar.*

Altogether, the writer concludes, Germany has done herself more harm than good by her loud protestations of innocence; he infers that it is a case of too much protestation and that Spain prefers to judge for herself.

ON THE FENCE.

THE belligerents engaged in a deadly struggle for mastery are naturally deeply interested in the attitude of the neutral nations whose intervention may dramatically turn the scales which are suspended from the hand of Fate. Paul Parsy's article in *The British Review* on Roumania gives good reason for hope that her old friendship for Germany is broken. The writer says:—

The fact that Roumania has long felt sympathy for France and has forgotten her grudge against Russia and the cession of Bessarabia; the fact that the *Marseillaise* and the *Sambre et Meuse* are now continually heard in the cafés and at the concerts of Bucharest, and that the Roumanians took arms in 1913 to the cry of *Vive la France!* these are proof sentiments which for the moment we leave out of account in estimating Roumania's attitude amid the events of the war. In the sphere with which we are dealing interest counts for more than sentiment. Now, it is clear that it is to the interest of the Roumanian people to bring back to their flag the three and a half million Roumanians who are still subject to Austria Hungary. This has been understood from the first by Roumanian public opinion, and the leaders of that opinion have vied with each other in proclaiming it. Hence the interests of Roumania are inconsistent with those of Austria-Hungary, and in consequence she is drawing away from the Germanic group and drawing nearer to the policy of the Allies and of France, her elder sister among the Latin races. So, too, the logical interests of Roumania are seen to be in conformity with the inclination of the Roumanian people.

For that people the decisive moment has come. As one of its chiefs, M. Take Jonescu, forcibly put the matter in a French paper: "For Roumania to stand apart from the present conflict would be first a moral suicide, and then a political suicide... The Roumanian nation, Latin by origin, democratic and liberal by the culture which it has imbibed from France, can never commit such a crime."

NOBODY believes that she will remain neutral. Her neighbours believe that King Ferdinand's policy will be to wait until they are deeply involved, and then to seek advantage of the situation at their expense. The only way out that they can see is to put pressure to bear upon her to force a prompt decision. A definite Bulgarian decision, even if it were on the side of Germany, Roumania, at least, would count a lesser evil than to send the Roumanian army into Austria with Bulgaria in a state of armed neutrality.—FRANK FOX on "Bulgaria's Attitude," in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT.

THE SWISS ARMY.

THE people of the United States may not be pacifists, but that they are not bellicose may be appreciated by a perusal of Judson C. Welliver's article on "The American Army" appearing in *Munsey*. After pointing out that the Army is not ready for really serious business owing to the lack of an effective reserve, the writer suggests that the Swiss system could be adopted with advantage:—

In short, the Swiss system contemplates making a trained soldier of every man, save a few excepted classes, in the republic. The young man who is rejected on the severe physical examination invariably feels bitterly disappointed, if not disgraced. He has to pay a special tax on account of his immunity from army duty, proportioned to his income.

As soon as they reach the military age, the young men are sent to recruit schools for their first training. The school continues for only a brief period, but the companies in each locality have drills periodically, after the manner of our National Guard companies. The cavalry are called out for ten days' service in each year; the other arms for from fourteen to eighteen days a year.

Under this system the Swiss have developed a wonderfully efficient military force. Their general-staff system, their plans for mobilisation, and all other details of preparedness, are the marvel of military experts. Rifle clubs exist everywhere, and by common consent the Swiss are regarded as the best body of military marksmen in Europe.

Their cavalrymen are required to own their own horses. No man may be admitted to this branch of the Swiss army unless he gives proof that he can afford to own and keep a horse. When he makes this showing, and is accepted for the cavalry, the Government sells him a horse at half its appraised value, and thereafter, for ten years, it pays him back one-tenth of that amount; so that at the end of ten years the cavalryman owns his horse and it has cost him nothing.

When not in service, the Swiss trooper takes his horse home with him, and may drive, ride, or work it; always, however, with the distinct obligation that the animal is to be kept in the best condition for cavalry service. This method enables man and horse to be acquainted, and has produced some of the finest horsemanship in any cavalry in the world.

After they pass into the Landwehr the men are not required to render service in camp every year, but every fourth year, for from eight to eleven days. No time and effort are wasted on careful drill in those manœuvres which make for mere smartness and trimness of bearing and appearance. The men are trained in marching, shooting, and essential evolutions.

The important fact to be recorded on behalf of this historic Republic is that:—

Switzerland has succeeded in devising a military plan that seems perfectly adapted to the needs of a democracy. There is in it no menace of the domination of a military caste, such as many anti-militarists have feared in this country. Its experience proves that a democracy may train its whole manhood for the duties of war so that it can be practically exempt from all fear of foreign aggression, and yet be in no danger of militarism.

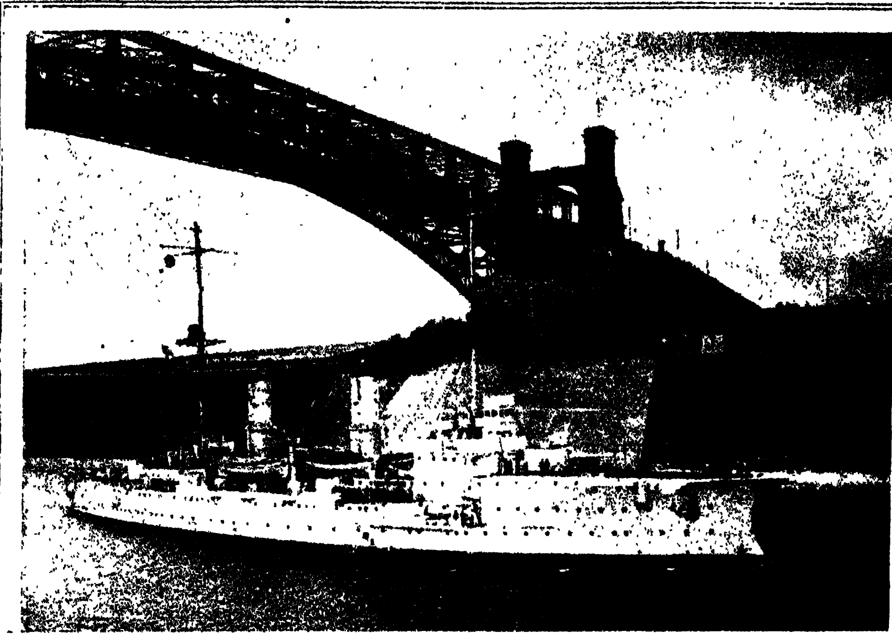
CONCERNING JUNKERS.

THE Editor of *The British Review* devotes his *obiter dicta* to a consideration of Junkers, German and British, and, noting that "there have been Junkers since the world began," says:—

They raised victorious pæans at Marathon and Platæa. They marched with Epaminondas, Timotheus, and Xenophon. Hannibal felt their dying strength at Cannæ, and Cæsar, luxuriously insolent upon an income of "minus a million sesterces," was witness to the defects of their qualities. Pizarro and Cortes, Alva, Drake, Raleigh, and Frobisher led them in search of their chief desire—the thrill and danger of battle. Charles the First's cavaliers, Louis the Fourteenth's courtiers, Lever's heroes, and the Samurai of Japan flashed their gay swords in different corners of the world, setting up and pulling down ambitious dynasties and leaving behind them sometimes a splendid tradition, sometimes the questionable romance of mere glorified highwaymen. Their character is not always to be referred to any political ideal, for they seem careless of the object for which they fight, provided there is fighting, and many a man has died honourably for a very dishonourable cause. They are the thew and sinew of the nations, a relic of barbarism in our midst, a constant challenge to all peace and easy-going prosperity; there never yet was an "apostle of true progress" who did not hate them or who did not, in a time of crisis, rush to them with panic-stricken appeals for their protection.

The writer makes the very interesting deduction that the spirit of the duellist who is ready to risk his life exists in the sacrifice of the thousands of young men who have staked their lives upon the issue.

THE GERMAN NAVY IN ITS "TRENCHES."



A German Battleship passing under the Railway Bridge at Levensauer, Kiel Canal.

A SURE REFUGE.

At the moment the Kiel Canal is serving to the full the strategical objects with which it was built, and enables the German navy the freest access to the North Sea and the waters of the Baltic. This great advantage is somewhat minimised by other circumstances over which the builders of "The 'Key' Canal" have no control, but these in no way detract from the wonderful nature of the work itself. The *London* contains an interesting account of this great waterway by H. J. Shepstone, who remarks that the Germans have been very reserved in giving the world details of the recent improvements, which were nothing short of a military measure "to make herself master of the seas of Northern Europe." The canal is sixty-one miles in length, and, begun in 1887, was completed in 1895, and established the following records :—

The canal was opened to traffic promptly on the date originally fixed, not a pound of additional appropriation — £8,000,000 — being required to complete it; and not an accident of consequence occurred during the entire eight years which its construction required. The cost per cubic yard of dredging was also the lowest of any of the world's great canals, being 1s. 6d., as compared with 4s., 5s., and 25s. at Suez, Manchester, and Panama respectively.

The total volume of excavation for the original channel was 104,630,000 cubic yards. Here it may be added that to carry out the recent improvements an additional 130,000,000 cubic yards of material had to be excavated. This means that the total excavation at Kiel equals that of Panama, where it was necessary to cut through a range of mountains.

The writer pays a deserved compliment to the energy with which the widening was effected :—

As the reconstruction was commenced in the summer of 1909, it has meant five years of labour, and the total expenditure amounted to just over £12,000,000. The increased cost was entirely due to the feverish rate at which the work was pressed forward during its later stages.

By October, 1910, an army of four thousand men had taken up their abode along the canal banks, working at no less than twenty-two distinct points. Later this number was considerably augmented; indeed, at one time as many as fourteen thousand men were engaged, the whole sixty miles of the waterway being virtually one continuous workshop.

When it is stated that the existing locks were enlarged, the channel deepened and widened, the bridges across it replaced with new structures, the curves considerably reduced, and a new lighting installation completed, without in any way interfering with the passage of vessels through the waterway, one has to admit that here was organisation of the highest order.

Naturally, the most difficult and costly part of the whole scheme was the rebuilding of the locks. They are the largest structures of their kind in existence. There are four two at each entrance. Each measures 1,150 feet in length, 148 feet in width, and 46 feet in depth. The dimensions of the famous Panama locks are 1,000 feet, 110 feet, and 39 feet respectively.

By pumping the water out of them, the Kiel Canal locks can be used, if need be, as gigantic dry docks. Thus, with a closed canal, or even a partially closed channel, the German Fleet has at its disposal four massive dry docks, two at each end of the waterway.

Following this article, which appears in the special "German Defence Section" of the *London*, Fred T. Jane contributes a paper on "The Doomed Fleet," and discusses "What use will the Kaiser make of his navy?" Mr. Jane thinks that eventually we may see both Kiel and Wilhelmshaven besieged by land forces, but that our Navy may succeed in "digging out" the enemy before land pressure compels him to emerge:—

What will the German High Sea Fleet do then? The correct answer is *nothing*—or, at any rate, nothing so long as an uncaptured naval base exists.

The reason is as follows. Naval warfare has long got beyond the stage when luck and pluck counted for anything. Ships to-day are merely "killing machines." There is still a certain amount of scope for pluck, but that is out of court owing to the fact that, man for man, the German sailor is quite equal to the Britisher. Man for man, also, so far as we can ascertain, there is nothing to choose between rival admirals in the matter of brain power. We may not like to think of things so; but facts are facts.

So far as luck is concerned, there is no luck in up-to-date naval warfare. Everything is invariably fixed up on "no chance" lines, and on lines such as these everything has been fought and everything will always be fought.

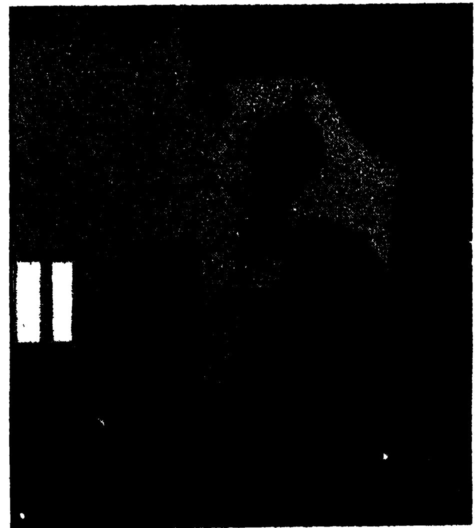
The Germans know this as well as we do. Consequently, though it is likely enough that their battle cruisers will sooner or later make a rush for our trade routes, we may take it as certain that their battle fleet will not come out if such an event can possibly be avoided.

If it comes out, its doom is certain. If it stays in, there are chances of retaining the fleet in existence as a considerable something to bargain with when peace terms come to be discussed.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

We hope that America will answer the English note in the above friendly manner.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

What Lies in the Hand?

"I cannot read the line, Little Father; there is too much blood on it."

THE PERSONAL FACTOR.

OUR DUTY TO ISLAM.

IN last month's "Progress of the World" reference was made to the suppression of the Indian Press, and the same matter is discussed by Synd Hossain in *The Asiatic Review*, who says:—

We have dealt with the case of the *Comrade* at some length, as it provides a convenient test of two things, which it is of the highest practical importance for the Home Government, and the British public generally, to realise. First, the authentic opinions of a great and loyal community in regard to Anglo-Islamic relations, and, secondly, the official attitude of Indian authorities to their responsible expression, at a time when feeling ran high and needed ventilation by an able and honest publicist. No plea of political exigency can very well be raised for the suppression of such views as we have cited. They are above-board, and have their roots in that intellectual acceptance of the British connection, which, more than ever in these days of fervid flunkeyism, might be expected to commend itself to British statesmanship. Moreover, Great Britain is adding to her Islamic responsibilities: that imposes the obligation of an adequate comprehension and conciliation of Moslem sentiment on lines that will be enduring. The short-sightedness of the official policy being pursued in India is patent. It ought to be revised.

A grave responsibility rests upon Anglo-Indian officialdom at this time, and, if circumstances do not permit generosity, there is the greater need for the strictest administration of justice.

BOER AND BRITON.

SPENCER CAMPBELL'S letter from Cape Town on "The South African Rebellion and After," appearing in *The Fortnightly Review*, reviews the position with great fairness, and gives the reader a clear view of the human factors behind the revolt:—

De Wet had never reconciled himself to the contrast between himself and his old comrades-in-arms, Botha and Smuts. Although originally simple farmers, like himself, they were now men at the head of affairs, whereas he, after an unsuccessful term of office as Minister of Agriculture, had retired into the obscurity of the back veldt. The memories of his old exploits as a guerilla captain were being forgotten, and his wounded vanity smarted under the feeling that he was now a nobody. Moreover, he had never been able to accustom himself to British rule, hence a kind of misguided patriotism found him a ready listener to any suggestion of his *âme damnée*, Beyers, who with his superior culture and education was an object of awe and reverence to the back veldter.

Beyers certainly exercised a great influence over de Wet. He must have played on this racial hatred that his dupe nourished, and painted a glittering picture of the restoration of the old South African Republics under their ancient Volksraad.

But the treachery of the ex-Commander-in-Chief himself is the greatest enigma of the trouble. He was a rich man, and, therefore, presumably not susceptible to bribery in its usual form. No one knows, and no one ever will know, unless some private papers or memoranda of his may be discovered, exactly what were the terms of the infamous bargain made between Beyers and the German Government. That the seed was sown when he met the Kaiser at the Swiss army manœuvres of 1913 is almost certain. His subsequent visit to Berlin where he was *fêted* and flattered at the Court, set the seal on the contract.

NATIONAL HONOUR.

GEOFFREY FABER contributes a notable article to *The Fortnightly Review* on "War and Personality in Nations," from which we make the following extract:—

By what standard, then, are we to judge a nation? By no other standard than that of individual conduct. As we ourselves should behave to our friends so should the nation behave to its friends. It is said, and commonly in Germany, that there can be no international morality. It is false. The morality of nations ought not to differ (though it often will, since it is harder to control and the issues are so far more complex) from the morality of persons. A nation which breaks a treaty is in the position of a man who breaks his word. A nation which turns its back on a friend in danger is a coward. *Whatever the cost to himself of interference no man worth the name would stand by and see his friend wantonly attacked. Whatever the cost to ourselves in blood and suffering, we could not, by this same law of honourable behaviour, allow France to be wantonly attacked by Germany, simply because we have of our own free will as a nation made France our friend.* Why did we make France our friend? Is it to be supposed that such a question is easier to answer of a nation than of a man? Why is A my friend and not B? The cause lies deep in temperament, in association, in a dozen hardly realised obscurities. One thing may be said: there are no friendships so close as those between old enemies reconciled.

BALM IN GILEAD.

SOLACE FOR THE NON-COMBATANT.

IN *The English Review* Frederic Harrison asks "How is an old man to keep his soul calm, equable, bright?" whilst the hordes of Satan are trampling over Earth in a Dance of Death. The answer is a revelation of the fine spirit and feeling of one whose activities have earned so wide a respect:—

Ever since the end of July last, when I got home from France, then in all its grace and life, and from my last look on the eternal snows when I trod again, after sixty-four years, the rock buttresses of the Alps, I have tried various means to keep the mind detached from the hurly-burly in which Europe was plunged. I resorted to long solitary walks upon these high downs, copses, glens, and sequestered valleys of the West; to the seashore on more than one coast, and the glow of sunshine and sunset of this last very rare autumn, across the roll of waves, and beyond the range of distant hills. I fell back on writing long letters to old friends, pouring out to them my anxieties, and hopes, and cares, and asking them to give me their experiences of these times. None of these things would quite suffice. The sight of our sweet untrampled pastures, our village churches, homesteads, and orchards, brought to mind the horrors of desolation in Flanders and Champagne. The breakers as they dashed upon the rocks, the long washes of the Channel tides, all drove in upon the memory what miracles of mighty ships, what crews of gallant men, what wealth, what heroes, what skill, were all sunk to the depths below. And letters to old friends, and their letters in reply, gave a fresh sting to thoughts upon all we suffer now—and all we have to suffer yet. Solitary walks, lovely scenes, intimate exchange of thoughts—all these made the present more irrepressible, more inexplicable, more black, more red.

One thing only remained. I found it. In my old books, and all they recalled, all they told, all they promised—I found peace and rest.

TWO VOICES.

IT would be difficult to name two greater contrasts in literature than those suggested by the names of Walt Whitman and Walter Pater, and the reader of the *North American Review* is enabled to appreciate the qualities of these masters of extreme forms of expression.

Whitman was the prophet of democracy and, as Herman Scheffauer points out, has accordingly failed of appreciation by his own people:—

Somehow this shaggy, thunderous phenomenon of literature, with all its pristine force, crudeness, and untrammelled emotion, its lofty, eager stressfulness in living, loving and labouring, as well as its gigantic greed for fraternity and the greatness of the Republic, has missed its mark in America. Perhaps the posterity to which he will appeal is as yet unborn, but the fact is fresh and glaring that the real significance of this dynamic dreamer has been proclaimed by other lands than his own. This does not preclude his being read, for in some degree he has already suffered the fate of the classics, and is studied, not as a modern humanist with a message for the present, but as part of a crystallised, established literature.

Such deliberative study is to miss the message and to slay the soul of a singer without a rival, not as measured in rhythm but in the infectious quality and inspiration which Whitman shares with no other. Mr. Scheffauer is critical and his eulogy is therefore notable:—

Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fruition for America lies dimly in the future. It is well, no doubt, that even in small cults for the few his influence be fostered for the many, if ever his ideal democracy is to evolve out of the eruptive and corruptive idolatries, mixtures and madnesses of this epoch.

Augustus Ralli contributes the appreciation of "Pater the Humanist" and the glimpse we get of the man "who would leave a hotel in which any person spoke to him" is the anti-type of the barbaric Walt and his "love of comrades." As Whitman looked to the present and future, so Pater dwelt on the past for inspiration:—

The artist has always tended to live with himself, but he fetched from the world the stuff of which his dreams are made, and never did one standing at his watch-tower gaze into such darkness as at the present. For this reason Pater sought inspiration from the past, among those ages where the outer life had some correspondence with the inner vision. But in him, as in all who live remote from the actual world and are debarred from participation in its duties, there is a certain unreality. His style is fundamentally sincere, and the emotions which he derives from the past are genuine, but they give light without warmth.

THE HOME OF THE ALBATROSS.

The Japan Magazine maintains a high level of interest, and its pages are a faithful reflection of the many-sided character which explains the important part Japan plays in world affairs. In the January issue Hanemon Tamaoki gives some details of the work undertaken by his father in colonising the "Islands of the Sea," from which we make the following extracts:—

Among the more interesting aspects of Japanese colonisation in modern times are the successful attempts that have been made to occupy and develop the numerous islands that form the minor portion of the Nipponese archipelago. Torishima, or Bird Island, was discovered and opened up by my father about the year 1890. At that time colonists were easily attracted by the quantities of albatross feathers that were to be had there, the export of which was quite a paying enterprise. As many as a million and a half birds were caught annually; and the value of the plumes exported rose from twelve *yen* per hundred pounds to 180 *yen*; while as many as a million pounds a year were sold.



The late Mr. H. Tamaoki.



Mr. H. Tamaoki, junr.

This initial success was followed by a natural set-back owing to the consequent decrease of the birds:—

In the year 1903 came the awful volcanic eruption of Torishima, threatening the destruction of all the results of my father's hard labour. At that time I was a student at an American university; but as soon as I heard of my father's adversity I hastened home to his relief. Forsaking the life of settled communities, I took with me fifty men and proceeded by small boat to the ill-fated island. I found that the shape of the island had been completely changed by the volcanic upheaval and the birds so scarce as to be hardly worth thinking of. So I began devoting my attention chiefly to the breeding of cattle and trying to supply forage for them, with results that were highly satisfactory. In the meantime the number of birds vastly increased, and now there is promise of a good business once again in that direction.

The work of these pioneers has shown remarkable results in the space of a few years. Of another island, Minamidaito, we read:—

Each of the families on the island has a certain portion of land under sugar cultivation; and there are about 230 places engaged in making sugar. The sugar output amounts to about 50,000 barrels a year; and as the price of a barrel is about 20 *yen*, the income is about a million *yen* annually. This represents a marked progress, when it is remembered that five years ago the output was less than 10,000 barrels, and fifteen years ago the island was an uninhabited waste. . . . The climate of the islands is extremely mild, the temperature ranging from 70 to 100, so that there is perpetual summer. The cost of clothing among the inhabitants is small; and the big baths in every village are much enjoyed. Health is generally good and epidemics are unknown on the islands. The only sickness experienced is from over-eating, and the only disablement is from accident. The Government takes a practical interest in the welfare of the colonists and provides them with such educational facilities as phonographs, kinematograph pictures, and most of the things that pertain to more favoured communities.

Enter an American, by E. Crosby-Heath (Methuen, 6s.). A merry companion for a half-hour's rest-cure, without even one villain to spoil sport. The American is an incurable philanthropist with no lack of sentiment, and, landing in a London boarding-house, makes havoc of the conventionalities. Though there are no love scenes, we are given a couple of weddings.

AMERICA PERTURBED.

FOR THE FUTURE.

OPINION in the United States is divided between the desire to continue in the old path of non-interference and the feeling that salvation lies in armaments. The Editor of *The Forum* has no hesitation in pointing out that *preparation for peace* is the only way. He says:—

There must be no more blind leaders of the blind. Civilised nations must take their destinies into their own hands: their worst blunders in the pursuit of even chimerical ideals could not be more disastrous than the sanguinary achievements of the apostles of brute force. Let us put away childish things, and rise to higher heights. For one tithe of the cost of the Great War, ordinary crime could have been minimised, unemployment almost eliminated, and the more pressing problems of civilisation permanently solved. The selfishness that calls itself patriotism, the vainglory that masquerades as nationalism, the craving for aggrandisement at the expense of others how tawdry and contemptible they seem when viewed in the light of common sense and a common humanity! They go well with the peacock garishness of military trappings, with plumes and helmets and the absurd panoply of the twentieth-century savage. But they do not belong to the too patient people of our day and the conditions of our day. The murdered babies of Belgium are the true index of the glory of war.

When will the people of the world demand peace and prohibit further murder? Do they not even yet realise that the responsibility lies with them as the burden of payment in full will lie for many a decade upon them and upon their children!

AMERICA STANDS ALOOF.

SYDNEY BROOKS is a sympathetic observer of American politics; but, if we may judge from his article in the *North American Review* on "The United States and the War," he is clearly of opinion that the average American shows little appreciation of the realities of world politics. Noting the universal assumption that the war would be a good thing for American trade, and taking the results of the recent elections which reduced President Wilson's supporters in the House of Representatives from 140 to less than 25, Mr. Brooks says:—

It was at once a disconcerting performance and a magnificent one. Magnificent, I mean, because this spectacle of the United States going about its homely, trivial affairs while all the rest of the world was tearing itself to pieces, demonstrated both the happy fate which has exempted the American Republic from the fierce contentions of Europe, and the sublime confidence of its citizens that nothing will really disturb their serene aloofness. But at the same time it was disconcerting, because one could not well forbear to wonder how far this confidence was the product of ignorance and inexperience and how far the outcome of a calm and comprehensive study of the situation and its possibilities. It was disconcerting, too, because it seemed so little to harmonise either with the material damage that the war has already entailed upon the American people or with their grandiose conceptions of the part reserved for them in helping on its conclusion and preventing its recurrence. What Europe noted as the result of the November elections was that, when it came to the test, the voters of the United States could sweep the greatest of all wars to one side as a matter of no effective concern to them and could find a seemingly complete oblivion in local politics. At a time when every other nation was pondering how best to strengthen its government the American people deliberately weakened theirs. At a time when all the rest of the world was standing on guard, concerting measures of national defence and simplifying all internal issues, the United States visited upon its President a humiliation which undoubtedly had a political, if not a personal, significance, and which for the remainder of his term of office must fetter his power of achievement and make him feel that he is to some extent a President on sufferance. The only inference that foreign onlookers could draw from such a proceeding was that, for all their abstract interest in the war and their desire to assist at its settlement, and their apprehensions that its outcome might in some ways prejudice American policies or fortunes, the American people did not at bottom regard it as an American event or of sufficient importance to affect the normal course of their domestic politics. On any other hypothesis the result of he November elections, surprising in any case, became from the international standpoint inexplicable.

Recent happenings, however, may serve to further the education of the United States, for when a hurricane is blowing it is not always possible to preserve an impassive, if not impressive, calm.

A PLAIN AMERICAN.

THE story of Abraham Lincoln is always of interest; however told it always reveals the calm, capable unpretentious man who enabled the United States to achieve their indispensable unity. *Harper's Magazine* gives the place of honour to the record of many intimate details of the great man's life and way compiled from the unpublished diaries of John Hay, one time Secretary to the President and later one of the most distinguished of American diplomats. (Who can forget the author of the Pike Ballads?) We extract one or two characteristic notes:—

From the outset, life in the White House, like that of the Lincolns in their Springfield home, was very simple. The President himself could never be harnessed into conventions, whether of dress or ceremony. He allowed everyone to approach him, with the result that the halls, corridors, and rooms of the Executive Mansion swarmed with office-hunters of both sexes, besides idlers, curiosity-seekers, and persons who had some business to call them there. Hay and Nicolay did their best to screen him from the selfish and the importunate, and his older friends begged him to save his strength from this unnecessary drain; but Lincoln held that, as the President belonged to the people, he ought to be accessible to everyone.

The danger that might come to him from being unprotected did not weigh upon Lincoln. His farmer cousin, Robert Lincoln, told Hay long afterward that in 1860 he talked to "Abe" about assassination. "Abe said: 'I never injured anybody. No one is going to injure me.'"

Another of Lincoln's characteristic traits—his mercifulness—appears in this episode: "To-day [July 18th, 1863] we spent six hours deciding on court-martials—the President, Judge Holt, and I. I was amused at the eagerness with which the President caught at any fact which would justify him in saving the life of a condemned soldier. He was only merciless in cases where meanness or cruelty was shown. Cases of cowardice he was specially averse to punishing with death. He said it would frighten the poor fellows too terribly to shoot them. . . . One fellow who had deserted, and escaped after conviction into Mexico, he sentenced, saying, 'We will condemn him as they used to sell hogs in Indiana, as they run.'"

To Lincoln the War of Abolition meant more even than the liberation of the slaves:—

"For my own part," he said, "I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have a right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance: That is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

The diary is edited by William Roscoe Thayer, and the article is illustrated by a very fine study of Lincoln, by Howard Pyle.

THE TEN PER CENT. TEST.

A WRITER in *The Unpopular Review* gives his experience as an employer of American labour, and, so far as casual labour is concerned, there seems to be considerable justification for his conclusion that the unemployed are unemployable: "Th[illegible] not earn the wage they are willing to work for: they will not work for the wage we pay them." What this wage is based on is efficiency as thus interpreted:—

It is more than fair to assume that the typical manufacturing corporation such as ours earns a dividend not over ten per cent. This means, then, that if the employees as a group should drop ten per cent. in the effectiveness of their labour the corporation would about hold its own, paying no dividend. In other words, the men, taken all together, are ten per cent. or thereabouts above the dead line—the point where the company would be as well off without them.

But the individuals are not alike. Some are eleven points above, some nine points. A third of them, remember, are transients, scaling down through good men just breaking in and commencing to earn their salt, through men who are on trial, just about to be let go or to quit, down to and merging into the mass of the unemployed. We can assume that our workers grade approximately from a point twenty points or so up, down to the dead line itself; that the least effective of our men barely produce the value of what they consume.

But these men are the employed. They have been chosen, by men whose business it is to know how to choose. The unemployed are the rejected.

The article is entitled "What is the Chance for a Job?" and gives a clear insight into conditions on the other side of the herring pond.

MORALITIES.

CATHOLICS AND THE WAR.

SPEAKING of the Catholic Church and the war Maxime Reymond, in *La Bibliothèque Universelle* for January, ridicules the idea, which has been much talked of, that the election of Benedict XV. to the papal throne was a victory for the Triple Entente.

It has often been said that Leo XIII., with his secretary Rampolla, were favourably inclined towards France, whereas Pius X. had leanings to Germany. This the writer denies, maintaining that the Pope has one aim, and that is to keep on the same terms with all nations, and this aim has never varied, save in the manner of pursuing it, consequent upon the different characters of the Popes.

Benedict has in the few months of his reign followed in the same path, sympathising with Cardinal Mercier, denouncing Rheims, but writing to the Archbishop of Cologne in a friendly spirit begging him to watch over the prisoners of all races. Nor is it possible for him to interfere; he has no special "inside" information from the embassies; he is a guarantor of no treaties; he is not even a signatory of The Hague Conventions.

There is no doubt that Germany has an advantage at the Vatican over the Allies. She has there her three ambassadors from Prussia, Bavaria and Austria, who no doubt seize every opportunity of pressing their case, whereas the Allies possess but one ftom Belgium and one from Russia, and the latter, being a representative of a Government hostile to Catholicism, carries little weight. France cannot send an ambassador; therefore it has been left to England, who is already much liked at the Vatican for her toleration of Catholicism, to send a Minister in the person of Sir Henry Howard to the Pope to watch over the interests of the Entente.

It is difficult to see in what way the Papacy would benefit from a German victory, the State having there complete control, a control which they would extend to the clergy of Belgium, should they succeed in retaining that country; Austria has of late years done but little to forward Catholicism in the Balkans, and in certain cases has stood in the way of the Papacy. On the other hand, although Rome would dearly like to see Poland autonomous and free to exercise her religion, she doubts the word of the Tsar and fears that, far from the autonomy of Poland, Silesia and Posen falling into the hands of Russia may share her fate. Officially France is against the Papacy, and it would be difficult and almost impossible to reconcile them; therefore, all things taken into consideration, it is difficult to see in which way Rome could wish the war to end.

The one encouraging fact, the writer says, is that the flame of Christianity has sprung up in many hearts and the need of Christian unity has become apparent to many, tired of the petty disputes of theologians.

LET HIM DENY HIMSELF.

The Forum recently contained the most illuminating and soul-saving message ever appearing in a monthly review and challenges its readers' attention with the Sermon on the Mount. The too-familiar words ring out with all their mysterious authority, and while we with one consent walk on the other side, this perpetual injunction towards righteousness is bitter in our mouths: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine; lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." We refuse the truth, proved to our hearts in all these generations of our fathers, and are content to say "Lord, Lord," forgetting that we cannot serve God and Mammon.

Following this old lesson (forgotten as read), Alfred Ollivant pleads for a recognition of "The Way." The writer helps us to answer the questions: Is Christ worship a cult for the respectable nonentities who mutter soothing shibboleths, or is it a safe guide and conduct for life itself?

He said:

Go and sell that thou hast, and come and follow Me.

We say:

Wealth has its responsibilities, and spend ourselves in accumulating it, and guarding it when gained.

Is that right?—is it worthy?—is it loyal? Did this Man, whom we call Master, mean what

He said? Did He preach the Eternal Truth? If so, does not that Truth apply as much in our day as in His? Did He show the Way of Life? Are we following it? Will not that Way of Life, if followed, lead to Joy and Peace? Are we joyful? Is the world at peace? Let us look abroad. What do we see?

War—everywhere. Individual against individual; class against class; sect against sect; country against country; capital against labour; and competition ruling supreme.

It is a condition that all men deplore, and seek the remedy for. Yet is that remedy in fact so far to seek? Have we in the past 1900 years been taking the Way pointed out to us by Him men call the Prince of Peace? Are we taking that Way to-day? And is it not increasingly clear to many of us that our troubles are due to the fact that we have steadily refused to follow that Way? Might not those troubles pass away were we even at this late hour to arise and follow it?

The present position is clearly impossible.

The world is divided into two classes: the possessors and the dispossessed. And the possessors as a class go to church and take the sacrament in remembrance of Him who preached Possession-less-ness as the main avenue to Eternal Life.

The ministers of His Gospel, living, the chief of them in palaces, the less in the best houses in each parish, preach Christ to the poor who have Him, instead of preaching poverty to the rich who too often have Him not. To the cynical it must seem like a conspiracy to perpetuate in human affairs the tragedy of Calvary: the Rich Man sanctified by the Priest holding the Door of the Fold against the Shepherd and the sheep without.

And yet it is not.

For if there is one thing more apparent than another to-day it is man's growing sense of unity that neither class nor country can really shake. And that growing sense of unity causes in the hearts of us of the possessing class that spiritual disease which has its complement in the industrial unrest of the dispossessed.

We loathe the squalor, the misery, the poverty, the cruelty, the injustice that we see on all sides of us. We long to help, and turn from prophet to prophet, and from panacea to panacea, asking in all earnestness:

What is the Way?

And in answer there comes always this same quiet voice out of the silence:

I am the Way.

The key is sacrifice, not the empty sacrifice of canting phraseology, but an absolute ending of that system of personal aggrandisement which "entails the permanent oppression of the bulk of the dwellers upon earth."

TO ESCHEW EVIL.

A PERSONAL question, "Can we Control our own Morals?" is the startling headline of Durant Drake's article in *The Forum*, and by the working of "suggestion" the writer thinks it possible to answer the question in the affirmative. The old theologians may be gravely discredited in these days, but we have not yet done with the Devil, whose activities are a perpetual reminder of his ancient guile. Self-hypnotism seems to be the modern substitute for the Pilgrim's armour of faith, the cultivation of the indwelling spirit of good the alternative to public worship and profession. The article should be widely read, and we extract the salient points:—

Psychologically considered, this whole affair of saintliness or sinfulness is a matter of the preponderant idea—and this whatever our decision as to "free will." If we rely upon our free will to follow the good, we shall very likely find that that free will, which is now longing to choose the good, will exercise its freedom in the hour of action by choosing the bad. Whether it does so or not will depend not on which inclination is the stronger during this hour of reflection, but on which is stronger when they actually grapple in conflict. Whichever impulse, or set of impulses pulling in the same direction, is more deeply rooted in our mind will win, no matter what previous resolves may have been made or what repentance may follow.

To have merely resolved, then, is not enough. And in most cases the moment of temptation is too late to strengthen the good impulse so that it shall carry the day. The strengthening process must be attended to beforehand. Most of us are too much like the Irishman who never shingled his house, because when it was fair he didn't need to and when it rained it was too late to keep things dry. We forget that our moral forces must be drilled and made ready before battle. They may seem a brave array when we parade them in our hours of meditation, but how much fighting strength have they? "In time of peace prepare for war."

This fortifying process we are apt to call nowadays "suggestion." By enough of it we can strengthen impulses almost at will; we can so "set" our minds, so deepen the channels that flow toward the right actions, that when the time of conflict comes our minds will work along those grooves. Habit, to be sure, means a deep-cut channel in the mind; it may require much effort to dig a deeper one to take its place. Unless the work is persistently carried through, the mental currents, diverted temporarily into a new course, will soak through the barriers and find their old bed again. Moreover, different

minds differ greatly in their plasticity, their susceptibility to suggestion. But the great fact remains that habits can be made over, temptations rendered harmless, and character formed, by this simple means.

The three methods by which this reformation may be secured are Concentration, Iteration, and Assertion.

One excellent way to use this principle of Assertion is by "turning over a new leaf," declaring the old order over and the new begun. The sense of a definite **break** with the past, and a fresh beginning, may give just the extra impetus that was needed. The vital thing in such cases is to look out for the first tests; nothing helps like success from the beginning. But even when the enemy is repulsed by this charge with the bayonet the principle of Iteration must not be forgotten, lest he return and take us unawares.

The method thus outlined may seem to some too simple, too trivial, to accomplish much. The only thing to say to such is—Try it! It may take much effort and long vigilance; but the reward is great and sure. The joy of moral victory is one of the purest joys of life, and the battleground is always ready for the exercise of our powers; for ideals have a way of expanding when practice follows them closely, and the heights of spiritual attainment are limitless.

However the combination is worked, the result would undoubtedly spell "conversion."

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

THERE is so much room for pessimism that we must welcome those rare spirits who, in the deepest gloom, can detect the coming of light. Such a one is Algernon Blackwood, who visions present happenings as "a religious and mystical phenomenon of ultimate significance . . . a sign and proof of spiritual awakening"—in a word, "The Miracle" which will bring regeneration to a nation losing its soul in ease and luxury. We reprint the latter part of the article from the *Hibbert Journal*:—

The sudden spirit of sympathy and brotherhood in our public streets to-day is a revelation Utopians have long dreamed about. It is not War that has called it into being. It is the sure and certain faith that justice, mercy, liberty, sympathy and love, are in the world—and these are attributes of the Divine. The spectacle of an entire nation drilling, of countless thousands going out to fight, calmly, without personal hatred, is uplifting and superb; it is a spiritual affirmation. Yet the sight of such numbers marching with the lust and violence of anger and individual hate, though splendid in a barbaric sense, would be degrading only. These columns of whistling, singing youths in caps and sweaters, tweed jackets and grey flannel trousers, this endless stream of challenging recruits and awkward squads, these all bear witness to the existence of some deathless and *accessible* Power, of which justice, mercy, liberty, and so forth, are but attributes. They proclaim belief in a moral order of the Universe. They assert an ideal which, state it how one may—psychologically, scientifically, even atheistically—is God. They announce the Deity. It is moving, beautiful, and very grand. It is so simple.

And so we drill and mean to go on drilling. A new beauty which has crept back into our darkened streets has stolen upon the daily lives of millions too. The common, artificial brilliance that hid the stars has disappeared. We see the heavens again.

The man who fights—there are many ways of fighting—is the man who counts just now. True. But the strength of that man depends upon the corporate Whole in which he is an item, and that corporate Whole is determined by what its myriad component items think—and will. They think justice and liberty just now; they will the right. God, in this beautiful aspect, is indeed a god of battles. It is all too deep and magical for shouting: our extraordinary, unemotional silence which deceives the foreigner, is spiritual. It is quite natural, too. There could be no "mafficking" even over a great victory, for mafficking is of the nerves and body and mind. This silence is of the inmost parts that are called the soul. We dislike the word But the fact remains. Material war has become a superb manifestation of the spiritual. And it is something we have to thank the savage, unmoral Prussian for—this marvellous affirmation. It is proof that out of evil good *must* come. What but a cynical, ugly national expression of the exact opposite, prating of culture, while holding women of small account and killing little children, could have taught us this new, tender beauty?

And when the war is over, when this immense spiritual incentive that now binds us into a universal brotherhood has passed shall then the deathless majesty of this great Power that reveals itself in our awkward squads, our dim-lit streets, our shafted, flashing night skies—must it be all forgotten and denied? Must this national realisation of Beauty prove itself but a glimpse, and fade? Shall we start fighting again for meaner, personal objects and still more meagre ambitions—worthy enough, doubtless, and necessary in themselves, yet only of value when subservient to a great ideal? The answers, though various, seem to echo a greater hope to many of us. There are some, at least, who will remember how Beauty stole back into our darkened streets, and, remembering, will have gained a hint of what is wisdom.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

ONE of the many interesting articles in *Khaki*, the newest of new magazines, is devoted to the noble work of "The Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem." The writer, E. M. Tenison, recounts the early origins of a movement which dates from the time of the Crusades, and traces the outstanding features of an Order which combined religious and military duties and made history. There is material for thought in the following extract:—

The Knights and Dames, the chaplains and the serving brethren were of all nations, and their aim—a unity in diversity we can easily understand to-day—was to combine in spiritual and material combat against the tide of barbarian aggression which otherwise would have swept in terrible, destructive waves across the entire civilised world.

Successively in Palestine, in Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta, the Knights of St. John were the bulwark of Christendom, and won the admiration even of their most stubborn foes. Too few of us to-day remember that to the military and maritime power of the White Cross Knights we owe so large a share of the very civilisation we are now fighting to preserve. The humblest soldier or sailor who dies to-day for the cause of Chivalry—Chivalry the readiness of the strong to defend the weak—may be mentally akin to these immortal spirits whose deeds are like a trumpet-call to action. . . .

The twentieth century is still challenged by the unrealised ideals of the tenth century!



A Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, in the habit of his Order.

From a Portrait by Pinturricchio who died in 1513.

"WHERE ARE THE FLAMES OF PROPHECY?"

THE poem of Ruth McEnery Stuart, "Brotherhood," in the *North American Review*, strikes many chords which are a powerful echo of the mental confusion caused by a war in which the principal belligerents are professedly Christian. In the stanzas we quote reference is made to the "longest price of war"—viz., the elimination of the fit in this struggle which is falsely described by many as indicating a sure test of the survival of the fittest:—

Where are the reverent wise men gone
  Who followed the Bethlehem star?
Did they flee in fright from its gleaming road
When dim at its end the dark cross stood?
Have they lost their way in the bleak, black
    wood?
Have they ridden to hounds and tasted blood?
  Are the "Wise Men" gone to war?

. . . . .

Where are the flames of prophecy,
  Lighted at Pentecost
To flash Love's word through every tongue?
In conflict's Babel, all unstrung,
Are theirs the alien curses flung
Across grim battle-lines—which rung
  As taught of Holy Ghost?

. . . . .

What matter, Teuton, Slav, or Gaul,
  Or Anglo-Anything,
If this, their watchword, be not lost
Through tongues confused and kinship glossed?
Heaven send another Pentecost,
Till BROTHERHOOD all tongues has crossed
  From peasant unto king.

The little brother to the Czar—
  The serf in battle slain,
Conscripted oft without his will
In able manhood—*fit to kill*—
And his frail comrade, weak and ill,
Retained the heavy lands to till—
  Both brand their king as Cain!

. . . . .

If first and best are sacrificed
  And epileptics thrive,
Begetting of their feeble strain
In pale successors of the slain
Whose sons within their loins have lain
In soldiers' trenches—whence again
  Will virile men arrive?

. . . . .

If kill we must, let's wisely kill,
  Cast out the world's "unfit"?
Force paupers to "a noble chance
To win renown," with gun and lance;
Insane asylums would advance
All needed generals—and dance
  With glee "to be in it"!

But now's no time for cap and bells
  (Though fools' words oft are good!).
Father of Mercy, grant surcease
Of strife, and send a quick release
To men in bonds to kings' caprice:
Let all earth's travail bring forth peace,
  Conceived in BROTHERHOOD.

THE STOKER.

AN UNMENTIONED HERO.

  In the darkness under the world,
His roof is the coal-dust cloud overhead,
And dust is the floor beneath him spread,
  And the mole in the garden sod
Knows more of the sweet sunlight than he
Who swings his shovel in bunker three,
  Or tugs at the furnace rod.
Down deeper the engine purrs and swings,
On the grimy underside of things.
  He leaps when the bugles blow
And great guns thunder in sudden fight;
And then, pent there in the choking night,
  Shifts the coal heaps to and fro.
Small is his meed if the old flag win,
And if it lose—then a louder din,
  A rent in the iron wall,
And Death swirls in through the jagged gate,
And the stoker finds in the hold his fate
  And coffin and grave and all.

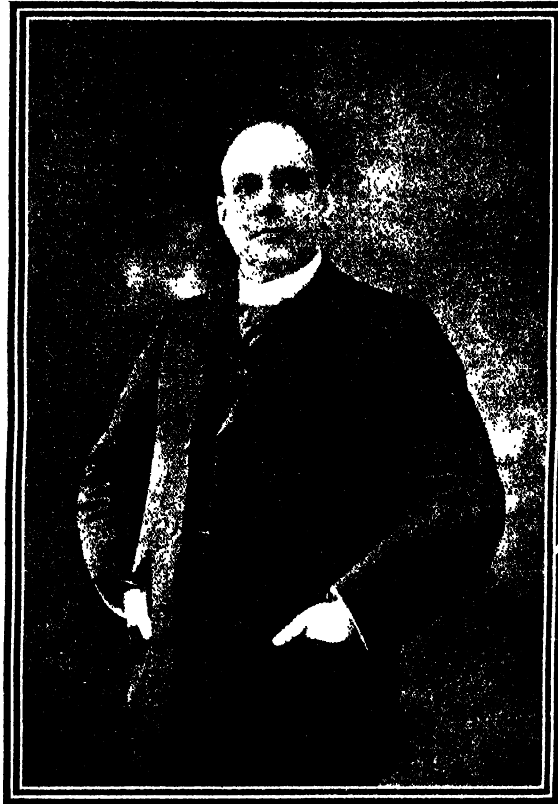
H. F., *in the Daily Chronicle.*

In Other Days, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Methuen, 6s.). The story is told in Mrs. Sidgwick's most charming manner of a gentle lady and her daughter who for fifteen years have lived as poor relations in a rich household dominated by the proud, self-opinionated and narrow-minded Sir Lucien Tuft. The pretty wife of an artist, Mrs. Cloudesley, had been struck into despairing silence by the news that her husband had gone abroad with another woman, and so had let her relations do what they would with her and her child. We are introduced to them just when the girl is nearing seventeen, and has the courage to entreat her mother to go away with her to an artists' settlement in Cornwall. This is possible, for Mrs. Cloudesley has £200 a year of her own. Sir Lucien's house is named Iceton, the new abode the Happy Valley—a suggestive nomenclature. The full interest is reached when the unknown father comes to the settlement and the girl hears that he is the "worshipped Master," and finds that her mother has never ceased to love him.

A NEW RECRUIT.

IN spite of war conditions, publishers refuse to be downhearted, and quite a number of new ventures are making a bid for success. The most notable volunteer for public support is *Khaki*, which, although the newest recruit to the ranks of magazinedom, presents its pages with all the smartness of a long-favoured veteran, and we are sure the public will return the salute and attach themselves as good sportsmen to the battalion of the Editor's readers.

The special feature of this magazine is that "the whole of the revenue obtained will be devoted towards supplying the magazine free to the Troops." The magazine compares favourably with the best productions of the press, and its value to the soldier will be increased by the addition of a miniature newspaper supplement containing all the latest cabled news from the many sections of our far-flung line.



Mr. J. V. Morton, Editor of "Khaki."

The Editor has secured the support of a notable regiment of writers and artists whose names are sufficient guarantee that, while *Khaki* may admit equals, it has no superior among magazines contending for recognition, and it also possesses the additional "call" which should attract a million readers—and, from what we know of Mr. Morton's record, having got the first million, he will follow the example of a certain Field-Marshal, and ask for more—and will deserve them.

Interviewed as to the origin and scope of his new magazine, the Editor said: "A few patriotic persons particularly interested in the overseas men, who have made great personal sacrifices in responding to the call of the Motherland, consider it their duty to try and meet the very natural demand of the overseas troops for suitable literature to while away pleasantly their leisure hours, and, above all, to supply the hunger for home news—free of cost to the soldiers in question. Instead of doing this with a minimum of trouble and expenditure, they resolved rapidly to organise a first-class illustrated monthly magazine.

"As anyone can understand, a first-class magazine, with an expensive news sheet as an inset to that magazine, is no small undertaking. *Khaki* carries with it a heavy cost; but in order that it may serve its purpose efficiently and supply free copies to as many men as possible those interested are appealing to the British public for support in two ways—by selling the magazine on the bookstalls at 6d. a copy, and by asking for a guinea subscription for six months, which will entitle the subscriber to a copy as well as carry for that subscriber another copy to the soldiers free of charge."

"Then *Khaki's* life is limited to the duration of the war?"

"Not at all. We believe that never again will Great Britain be so unprepared for war as she was when hostilities began: and that for generations to come khaki will be a predominant colour in the Empire. So long as that idea holds good, so long as khaki remains the symbol of the power of the British

Empire there need be no fear as to the title becoming obsolete."

"With a circulation above 100,000 it is possible that in time *Khaki*, though admittedly not at present a commercial proposition, may earn handsome profits—what then ?"

"When that time comes," replied Mr. Morton, "the promoters will hand over the profits to some charity or charities which will be selected by a body of representative public men. There are, indeed, far more important ideas of philanthropy behind *Khaki* than I can outline at present."

The Editor of *Khaki* is an interesting personality. A 'varsity man, he has travelled extensively, and has met all sorts and conditions of people. He won his spurs in the field of daily journalism beginning with the starting of *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*. He edited that paper for a few years, afterwards joining *The Birmingham Daily Post* as Chief Assistant Editor, and subsequently became Editor-in-Charge. Later he took up the Editorship of *The Birmingham Daily Mail*. Mr. Morton's success on *The Birmingham Mail* was so pronounced that Mr. C. A. Pearson tempted him to take over the Editorship of *The Birmingham Gazette* and allied papers. Mr. Morton left the provinces two years ago and came to London. He is an ardent Imperialist, and a man of many attainments.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Kaiser's New Year Resolution "Victoria!"

IS DANCING MORAL?

THERE are many forms of conducting an enquiry, and the method adopted by a writer in *The Unpopular Review* on "The Cult of St. Vitus" is to move through the maze of conflicting arguments and to leave the reader with the necessity of giving the verdict. The article includes a brief biography of the corybantic saint:—

The legend is that he was the son of a noble Sicilian pagan, that at the age of twelve, on announcing himself a Christian, he was beaten and imprisoned, and that his father, looking through the keyhole, saw him dancing with seven beautiful angels.

Seven of them! And all to himself! No wonder that he kept it up to his martyrdom! Often a single one has led a good man there, even since the fashion of "cutting in."

The reader is then invited to consider the influence of dress, or its absence, on the part of those who affect the art of stage dancing, and by easy transfer we are asked to consider with favour the changes in dress fashion which approach the "classic." The writer seems more whimsical than serious when he adds:—

Some objector to this unpuritanical play of thought may say: "You are inconsistent; you object to promiscuity, and yet advocate nakedness." We don't advocate it: we don't dare. We advocate nothing farther than cautious experiment. We can't measure the consequences. They might be a return of Greek beauty, and they might be a terrible set-back to morality and civilisation itself. We are not as bold as the dead-sure people who propose to switch at once into the promiscuity, through trial marriages and Ellen Keyness, not to speak of such little aberrations as socialism, anarchy and the rest of it. We are merely speculating, and indulging in pleasant, though perhaps dangerous, artistic dreams; but we recognise them as dreams, quite probably impracticable of realisation. If the socialists and anarchists would realise as much, they would not be the nuisances they are. Fool is a word we seldom like to use, but it was used to wonderful purpose by Pope in connection with rushing in. We don't advocate even the women's diminishing our outlay for silks and satins in their evening frocks; but we shouldn't be surprised if the outlay would gradually decrease, or even if the gradual decrease—if so gradual as to spare our habitual inherited feelings—were to do more good than harm. That's radical enough for us, and if anybody quotes it, we want it quoted entire.

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Of all the coveted personal decorations conferred for valour, the one most democratic is of British origin. It is the Victoria Cross, instituted in 1856 at the termination of the Crimean War, by royal warrant of Queen Victoria, as a reward for individual acts of gallantry and heroism. Cast from cannon taken by the British, intrinsically worth but a few pence, it is regarded by a British subject as the proudest decoration a human being can wear. All men of all grades and ranks and branches of the British naval and military service are eligible to win it by "some signal act of valour or devotion to their country performed in the presence of the enemy." So read the regulations. The Cross is worn suspended from the left breast, by a blue ribbon for the Navy and red for the Army, as well as for civilians who have earned it with the latter service. The decoration entitles its recipient—officers excepted—to an annuity of ten pounds, and a further five pounds for each bar or clasp won by a second distinctive act of valour equal to or more heroic than that for which the Cross was first conferred.—*The Strand Magazine.*

MISREPRESENTED JEWS.

The Jewish race is widely misunderstood and grotesquely misrepresented. Britishers, no less than the men and women of other Christian nations, are for the most part hopelessly biased against the Jews. They take Shylock, or a modern version of that character in the shape of an unscrupulous Jewish financier, to be typical of the race. With equal justice, the Jew might regard Charles Peace as an example of British honesty, or Bernhardi as typical of German intellectual thought. Those of us who number Jews among our close friends, and who honestly seek to gain a clear insight into their hopes and aspirations, have a very different conception of what the Jew really is. . . . It may be true that some Jews are not all they might be. But they do not pose as a nation of saints. What has to be remembered is that Jews are very widely misunderstood by their Gentile neighbours, largely because the latter hold themselves so sternly aloof from the strangers within their gates.—George A. Greenwood, in *The Millgate Monthly.*

CULTURE AND KULTUR.

When the word "Kultur" has been used by Germans of late years—I should say, roughly, from 1870 onwards—it has not meant learning, scholarship, art and literature, or it has meant these things in quite a secondary degree. Rather its meaning has been energy or efficiency, and that efficiency not so much individual as national; social evolution, in the sense of successful civil and military administration; financial capacity; commercial enterprise; and, so far as possible, superiority in the rivalry of nations. In a word, the German "Kultur," wholly different as it is from the English "culture," is organised efficiency on the largest scale.—Bishop Welldon, in *The School World.*

WAR-TIME INVESTMENTS.

It is wonderful how many people have awakened to the wants of an army and to the possibility of making money out of their supply. In thousands of works and manufactories persons are working night and day engaged in turning out clothing and equipment. The war is to them a "good thing," but the person who at the present time seeks to participate in the profits by buying in will find he has to pay handsomely for the luxury. For some years hence we shall probably maintain a larger army than we had ever reckoned it would be our fate to have to provide. Equipments will, no doubt, be needed; but the supply of arms will probably be soon sufficient. It is not a permanent business. I would advise folk rather to seek investment in businesses more nearly concerned with peace.—E. Docet, in *Cassell's Magazine.*

THE QUAKERS.

In numbers the Quakers are "a feeble folk," but their influence on the social and religious life of the nation is very considerable. Nor are they a decreasing quantity; for, while many of the Churches have been deploring lessened numbers, the Quakers have during the past ten years more than maintained their ground. . . . The main teaching of the Friends is that every man and woman can have direct communion with God, and that the Divine Presence is immanent in the hearts of all. Friends believe that "worship is like the fragrance exhaled

from a flower, that gives joy to men and praise to God at the same time." Outward observances are regarded as of little value; every form of institutional religion hinders the soul's progress. —J. C. WRIGHT, in *The Churchman.*

THE DOOM OF SECRET DIPLOMACY.

ONE of the venerable relics of mediaevalism, secret diplomacy, is fast passing away. It is no longer compatible with the rights and privileges of a responsible and educated democracy. Like many other anachronisms, it is perishing at the hands of its friends. At no period in history has public opinion been so sedulously moved as during the last six months. Wide publicity has been given to all the secret negotiations that preceded and led up to the war. We have had the British White Paper, the Russian Orange Book, the Belgian Grey Book, the German White Book, and the French Yellow Book. The question is raised, Why, if it is proper to publish these secret documents now, it should not have been equally permissible to publish them before the war?—LINDSAY CRAWFORD, in *The Canadian Magazine.*

SOME NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

THE origin of the British National Anthem is unknown. Some there are who attribute it to Dr. Bull, organist to James VI. of Scotland and I. of England; others declare in favour of Henry Carey, of "Sally in our Alley" fame. Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible definitely to decide for the one or the other. . . . The music of "The Marseillaise" was composed by Alexandre Boucher, a celebrated violinist, in the year 1790, in the drawing-room of Mme. de Mortaigne, at the request of a colonel whom he had never met before, and whom he never saw again. . . . The Russian National Anthem, "God protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in December 1833. Previously to this Russia had no national hymn, our "God save the King" being deemed sufficient. The composer was Colonel M. Lvoff. . . . The Austrian National Anthem is well known here as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn, and was performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797.—JOSHUA BANNARD, in *The Monthly Musical Record.*

JAPAN AND INDIAN MARKETS.

THE cry in England is, "Let us capture Germany's foreign trade." How can this be done? Everybody knows that British are superior to German goods, but the Indians will have the latter because they are cheaper. If Germany and Austria are to be ousted from India, British manufacturers will have to produce goods as cheaply as their rivals do. Japan has seized this opportunity and is pushing her goods in the Indian markets. Like Germany, she is able to produce cheaply, and, therefore, has been able to secure a firm footing in this country. It is evident that Germany has a dangerous rival in Japan.—S. B. B. (Calcutta), in *The British Trade Journal.*

FUTURE OF THE STEEL TRADE.

IT is not unjust to describe German underselling in the world's steel markets these last fifteen years as commercial "black-legging." One of the best things likely to emerge out of this war is the breakdown of the State subsidies, the syndicate export bounties, and the bankers' credits, that have been the main factors in the German dumping, which has been so detrimental to fair, honest trading in the world's steel markets. If the war were ended to-morrow, this system would remain crippled for years, while the methods by which Germany has provoked, and is conducting the war, have so shocked civilisation that her traders and goods will have to submit to something like a universal boycott. In these circumstances it is practically certain that the international steel trade race will now be between Great Britain and America instead of between Great Britain and Germany.—T. GOOD, in *Cassier's Engineering Monthly.*

TREITSCHKE.

THE name of Treitschke, whose works for some remarkable reason were not done into English until after the war, has within the last few months become very familiar. He was of Slav descent; but "his compass was always pointed towards Prussia." He was a Professor of History at Baden, Heidelberg, and later at Berlin, and it is said his lectures acted like "iron baths." Treitschke became completely deaf through neglected smallpox, otherwise he intended to join the army. Notwithstanding his deafness, he became a member of the Reichstag.—J. T. BLAKE, in *The Young Liberal.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR

FRENCH.

In *La Revue* of February 1st M. Jean Finot gives a sketch of Poland: its Past and Future. He describes the hatred that has existed for centuries between the Poles and the Prussians, how Poland previous to the fourteenth century comprised Pomerania and Prussia almost to the gates of Berlin, and that the inhabitants to this day are Slavs in origin. Then came the Teutonic knights, crusaders, welcomed kindly by the Polish kings, but who repaid this kindness by seizing all the territory they could lay hands on, and in this way Pomerania fell into the hands of the Brandenburgs. In 1772 Prussia was the first to lift up her voice in favour of the partition of Poland, and ever since has never ceased in her efforts to Prussianise it, blindly thinking that to be the only way to guard against an independent Poland which Bismarck prophesied would be the greatest possible danger to Germany.

M. Finot, however, sees a brighter future for this martyred country, following on the Tzar's declaration of autonomy, and with the defeat of Germany will come the restitution of the stolen provinces; thus Poland, once more a free country, will act as a rampart against any idea Prussia may have of conquest in the future. Silesia, too, will be freed. A people Czech by origin, Polish by inclination, might be given either to Bohemia or Poland, and add yet another barrier to Prussian ambition.

M. Finot points out that justice must be done to Poland to atone not only for her past sufferings, but for those of to-day, when she is bearing the whole brunt of the Russo-German war, and is enduring the horror of Poles being forced into the army to fight against their brother Poles.

In another article in the same number M. Finot prints one of a series of his articles which were published in Hearst's American papers, which, when we consider that it was written in March and published in April, 1914, has a prophetic tone about it. In it M. Finot, after painting the tragic condition into which Europe was then sinking, bowed down by the burden of armaments, class hatreds and race hatreds, and all the hundred and one evils resulting from an armed peace, appeals to America to leave her isolation and to use her power to intervene in the Old World to stop the growing hostility before it be too late; for she alone can do so by reason independent and unassailable position.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

Uncle Sam: "Thi iniquitous. sell my copper?"

John Bull: "Never! You sell it wholesale we receive it retail in the form of bullets."

In an article on Japanese intervention in the same number M. Pichon, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs, strongly advocates calling upon our Japanese Allies for help in driving the Germans back into their own country. He says there is no doubt the Germans will be defeated —but whe And the long-drawn-out struggle France and her Allies are losing more and more men, and this could be stopped if Japan with her trained and equipped army were to come to our aid. To those who object on the score that France with her wonderful military traditions would lose her dignity by asking one of the Eastern races to step in, the writer replies that may be true, but if that were so why did France not fight Germany alone without the help of her Allies and their Eastern subjects? M. Pichon thinks that there would be no question that the Mikado would agree if requested to come to our aid, and would not for this expect territorial aggrandisement, and his intervention would therefore not trouble the nations who already look with suspicion on Japan and her power. Russia is willing for Japanese aid to be called in, and so, M.

Pichou assures us, is France; Great Britain remains to be won over; but everything could be arranged with the aid of diplomatic skill, but if it is done it must be done at once.

Under the heading of "The Revictualling of Germany" M. Jean Lescure, in *La Revue de Paris* of February 1st, gives many interesting statistics dealing with Germany's food supply and how long she can hold out against the Allies' siege. Cereals, of course, he places first, as they are the most likely to be the first to show signs of shortage. He quotes from Herr Schumacher, Professor of Bonn University, as saying that the harvest of 1914 is inferior by about a million tons of rye and 700,000 tons of wheat to that of 1913, and whereas in 1913 the harvest of potatoes amounted to 54 million tons, in 1914 it dropped to 17 millions. Seeing that there will be a serious shortage of wheat, the Government has ordered bread to be made with a mixture of rye and potato flour, which, as the writer points out, does not improve matters; for, instead of there being only a shortage of wheat, this law adds to it a shortage of other cereals—decidedly a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. He reckons, comparing the consumption of different years, that Germany's present stock of cereals should last her until the middle of June.

The shortage of fodder is another difficulty, for Germany practically imported all her forage; the difficulty might be partially surmounted by feeding the cattle on the sugar beet, as there is now no export of sugar, but that would only produce about three million tons, and would go but a very little way to make good the deficit.

Germany possesses sufficient cattle to feed herself on without help from outside, but if forage is lacking she is very little better off for that. She might slaughter all her cattle *en bloc* and freeze them, but has she sufficient cold storage for such a gigantic task? On the other hand, there will be a temptation to the farmers to keep back their grain to feed their cattle.

Prices are rising, and Germany is beginning to feel the strain.

Many other things besides foodstuffs are affected: factories are lying idle for the want of raw material, and with the rise in prices there is also a lowering of incomes.

M. Lescure reasons that this blockade will be the one factor that will hasten the end of the war, and therefore points out the absolute necessity to maintain it as strictly as possible.

SPANISH.

THE contents of *La Lectura* are mostly concerned with the war. The opening contribution is a history of the conflict during the month. The opinion is expressed that the annexation of Egypt by Great Britain will simplify various political problems in which France and Spain were also interested. Then we have a translation of the great speech delivered by Mr. Lloyd George last September in Queen's Hall. It is pleasing to see the speech so widely disseminated when we consider the German methods of circulating their own ideas in neutral countries. This contribution must not be taken as an indication that the review is siding with the Allies; it is a simple publication of the evidence on one side of the case. Under the heading of "Literature" we have reviews of German war books, prefaced by the statement (from a German source) that the publishing trade, instead of languishing, as everybody expected, has flourished exceedingly in consequence of the demand for, and supply of, war literature in prose and poetry. One of the books is a *War Booklet for German Homes*, in which the writer gives information of the care of the wounded, regulations for assisting wives and children, and so forth, all intended to tranquillise and help anxious wives, mothers, sisters and daughters. In another book are about four hundred foreign words in common use in the Fatherland, with German words that should be used in place thereof.

In his usually able article on the progress of the war, in *Nuestro Tiempo*, Sr. Mariano Marfil refers to the original idea that no European war could last long, owing to the annihilating character of modern engines of war. In connection with the present conflict, too, it was assumed that Germany could not hold out for more than five or six months. Both notions have proved false, indeed, and now we are being told how long the conflict will last. He then makes the following statement: "The war will be a long one, everyone is now convinced of that. In England Lord Kitchener has spoken of fifteen months, while Mr. Lloyd George says three years; in Germany the Kaiser is careful to say, in all his proclamations, that the end is a long way off, while the *Tägliche Rundschau* said, at the close of 1914, that we should see the end during the year 1916."

ITALIAN.

THE *Nuova Antologia* continues definitely neutralist in politics and somewhat Teutonic in sympathies. One is, therefore, all the more pleased to see in its pages a very useful patriotic article from the pen, so well known in Italy, of Richard Bagot, explaining not merely why England went to war, but something of the psychology of the Anglo-Saxon race which the Prussian Government, and more especially the Kaiser himself, have failed so deplorably to understand. Mr. Bagot admits that not a few things in England might have led outsiders to assume that we had fallen on a period of decadence, and, moreover, that our psychology is specially difficult to fathom; yet had the Kaiser understood it Europe might have been spared the incubus of this criminal war. When, however, Mr. Bagot goes on to assert that "war has resuscitated poetry in England," and that the verse of the last six months contains elements of beauty and dignity hitherto unknown to Georgian verse, he is on more debatable ground. G. A. di Cesaro, after declaring that never at any moment he can recall has Italian public opinion been so mystified by international politics as to-day, explains once again how it is that the Triple Alliance served Italian interests thirty years ago, and does not serve them now, and asserts that his country would be acting blindly if to-day she did not frankly seek her own interests, both moral and material.



Pasquino [Turin.

In the War Theatre.

ITALY: "The play is too long, I will mount the stage and help to bring it to an end."



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Superneutralitist.

Italy, remaining neutral, balanced by French and German offers.

In its political notes the *Rassegna Nazionale* suggests that if it is true that the critical moment is approaching for the combatants in the war it is equally true as regards the neutrals, and it may well prove for some of them the fateful hour that shall decide the future of whole nations. In Italy the gravity of the crisis is exciting political feeling unduly, and the editor of the *Rassegna* makes an impassioned appeal to his readers to maintain a united front, to cease flinging accusations of anti-patriotism and treachery at each other, but rather to follow the example set by the Opposition in England and give loyal support to the Government in power.

G. A. di Cesaro points out in the *Rassegna Contemporanea* that the substitution of Baron Burian for Count Berchtold at the Austrian Foreign Office hardly affects Italy

in any way. Austrian policy can scarcely be more anti-Italian than it has been, and is not likely at the moment to be less so. What the change does mean is that whatever the outcome of the war, Hungary declines to be sacrificed to German interests, and in so far as the Magyars are normally opposed to the German elements in the empire, a more independent Hungary might cultivate friendly relations with anti-Austrian Italy. A later number attacks the ex-Premier Giolitti very bitterly for the relations he admits to have had with Count Bülow since the return of the latter to Rome.

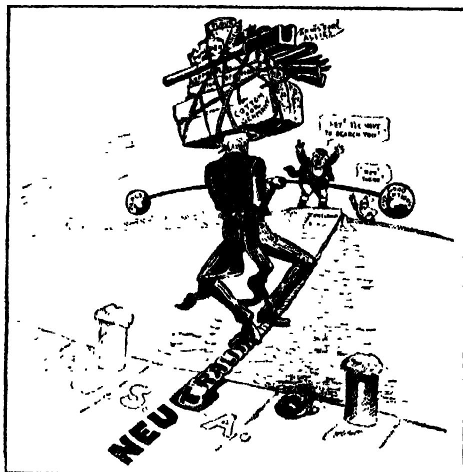
The *Riforma Sociale* devotes over sixty pages to an account of the British Dominions and Colonies based on "The Oxford Survey of the British Empire." The comments are all of a friendly and laudatory nature.

Emporium publishes some striking photographs of Avezzano and the neighbourhood both before and after the recent earthquake, showing the appalling extent of the destruction, and also a fine selection of caricatures, mostly German, of the war.

DUTCH.

De Tijdspiegel publishes an article of pro-German tendency, such as occasionally appears in this review. Referring to the charges brought against the Germans, the writer dismisses the cases of atrocity in an airy manner by saying that there is no real evidence. He admits that groups of civilians have been shot here and there, which should not have happened, but says that the English did worse in Copenhagen in 1807 and in South Africa in 1900. This is a good specimen of the reasoning adopted by Germanophiles. The accumulation of authentic evidence of German atrocities in Belgium and France is unreliable, but any evidence (?) is greedily accepted against the English, even though it be more than a century old and, in view of the conditions, not very reliable.

Further, his argument amounts to this: England has done wrong; so can Germany—two blacks make a white. Strange reasoning on the part of the higher culture! In connection with the settlement, the writer thinks that some enthusiasts will endeavour to realise the idea of the United States of Europe; it will be "Kiss and be friends," but there is little chance of success. Another remark is that both England and Germany have committed an offence against European culture by enlisting respectively the services of the Japanese and the Turks. The remark of an American journalist is quoted, who, commenting on the statements coming from both sides and published in the neutral Press, said: "I like to read your newspapers, as they equally reproduce the lies of both parties!" Several other arguments, now threadbare, are brought forward once more to show how hypocritical is Great Britain, such as our love for smaller nations being very strange when it is considered how much we have oppressed certain smaller nations in the past.



Tribune.] [Chicago.

Careful Navigation required to avoid Trouble.

Vragen des Tijds has a long contribution on the course of the war, in which the writer, after impartially reviewing the statements of both sides, opines that Germany has not cleared herself of blame for shelling Scarborough. He gives some extracts from a book recently published in Germany, in which the author (Professor Rein) declares that if wrong triumphs in this struggle it will be equivalent to burying Germany. The writer of the article does not altogether agree with that assertion or with some of the others contained in the book.

Elsevier has the conclusion of the illustrated article on styles of Flemish architecture, giving pictures of the Antwerp Town Hall and various structures in Bruges, Luik and elsewhere. These pictures, in view of what has happened, are of special value.

TALES FROM JAPAN.

THE POPULAR PINK-COVERED "BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS."

THE February issue of *Books for the Bairns* (No. 224) fully maintains the world-wide interest and popularity of these little penny pink-covered volumes. Our readers need not be reminded that these favourites with children all over the Empire were first published in 1896, having been founded in that year by Mr. W. T. Stead. The editorship of *Books for the Bairns* has now fallen to Miss Estelle W. Stead, and for the number under review she has secured "Two Little Tales from Japan," these being (1) "Momotaro" and (2) "The Tongue-cut Sparrow." The translation has been done by Yei Suzuki, and a clever Japanese artist contributes fourteen charming illustrations.

We are enabled to show our readers a specimen picture of Momotaro sharing his cakes. It appears that Momotaro wished to go and fight the great monsters who lived in a mountain, and his grandma made him a bagful of little rice cakes to eat on his journey. He set out on his expedition, and the story goes on to say :—

He had not gone far when he heard someone calling, "Momotaro! Momotaro! I am so hungry; please, please give me one of your little cakes," and looking round he saw a doggie, wagging his tail, and looking pleadingly into his face.

Now Momotaro was a kind-hearted boy, and he at once opened his bag and fed the hungry doggie, which was so grateful that it offered to go with Momotaro to fight the monsters, so together they set off once more.

They had not gone very far when Momotaro was called again in the same manner, this time by a monkey, which also joined his party, and a little later on they were joined by a pheasant, and this made up Momotaro's small army.



Momotaro Sharing His Cakes.

Specimen Illustration from "Books for the Bairns" (No. 224).

How the battle was fought and won, and how the victorious four came triumphantly home, is fully described in prose and pictures. For this and for the interesting story of "The Tongue-cut Sparrow" readers must turn to the book, which may be ordered from newsagents or booksellers, or can be sent post free for 1½d. from Stead's Publishing House, Bank Building, Kingsway, London, W.C.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A CATALOGUE of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer finally found its way to a remote rural village, where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written, if somewhat clumsily expressed, letter, asking further particulars about one of the articles advertised. To this, in the usual course of business, was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return of post came a reply: "You need not print your letters to me. I can read writing." —*The Windsor Magazine.*

THE schoolmaster wanted to know whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of a British Consulate. "Supposing," he began, framing his question in the likeliest way to arouse the interest of his hearers, "supposing someone took you up in an aeroplane, and after a long, exciting flight, dropped you down thousands of miles from home in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek out first of all?" An eager hand was instantly uplifted. "Well, Willie, what do you say?" "Please, sir, the hospital."—*The Organist and Choirmaster.*

A FAMILY which had only recently come into great wealth bought a huge country estate. One day at a reception the wife was telling of the new purchase. "It's all so interesting," she gushed. "We're to have our own cattle and horses and pigs and hens——" "Oh, hens?" interrupted another guest. "And they'll lay fresh eggs for you!" "I don't know," was the rather frigid response. "Of course, our hens can work if they want to, but situated as we are, it really won't be necessary."—*The Grand Magazine.*

IN a country school the teacher was trying to make the lesson as interesting as possible to her class of little ones. "Now, children," she said, "you have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell us what that one is?" There was no reply. "What!" exclaimed the teacher. "Does no one know? What animal has bristly hair, is dirty all the time, and loves getting into the mud?" A small boy raised a timid hand. "Well, Allan," said the teacher, "tell us what it is." "Please, ma'am," said the little boy reflectively, "it's me."—*The Bairns' Magazine.*

"PLEASE may I keep my book till Monday?" asked the small voice of a small boy the other day over the tall counter of a London public library. "Why do you want to keep it?" said the librarian. "Because I 'aint finished it," said the little fellow. "How long will it take you to finish it?" quoth the librarian. "An hour," said the boy. "Well," said the librarian, "it is Saturday night, but we do not close for two hours; go home and finish the book and bring it back." The boy thought hard, and the librarian said, "Can't you do that?" "No," he said, "I can't do that because if I go home I'll get a bath!"—*The Book Monthly.*

A GOOD recruiting story, told by an officer at Seaforth, shows how prone is a simple mind to be confused by the elaborate cross-questioning which the new recruit has to undergo. This officer was entrusted with the collection of particulars necessary for the allotment of allowances to the soldiers' dependents. He was interrogating a young fellow who did not seem to have a very clear idea what it was all about. "Next-of-kin?" he asked in a sharp, businesslike way. The young soldier dropped his voice and became confidentially apologetic. "I'm only wearing a jersey," he replied. "My shirt's getting washed."—*Boys' Own Paper.*

HE had waited thirty minutes for his chop, another ten for his fried potatoes, and then twenty minutes for his cheese. More in sorrow than in anger he touched the waiter on the arm. "Do you think," he asked, "that you could manage to bring me some coffee?" "Yes, sir; in a minute, sir." "And," continued the patient one blandly, "just drop me a postcard now and then while you're away."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

THE flurried-looking young man approached the guard. "How did this accident happen?" he inquired desperately. "Someone pulled the communication cord, stopped the train, and the boat express ran into us. It'll take five hours to clear the line." "What! Great Scott, I was to be married in three hours' time." "Look here," demanded the guard sternly (he was a married man evidently), "Look here, are you the cove that pulled that cord?"—*The Treasury.*

THE DRAMA DURING WARTIME.

"SEARCHLIGHTS" AT THE SAVOY.

MR. H. A. VACHELL has beaten the late Mr. Seton Merriman on his own ground. His Robert Blaine is stronger and more silent than any of the long line of strong, silent heroes whom that most gifted author created and sent forth to be our admiration and despair. Blaine was insufferably silent and impossibly strong, a man of chilled steel with no discernible soft spot of humanity. Therefore his wife hated him, and the relations between his only son and himself proceeded on a firm basis of mutual detestation. But all that was before the war. Afterwards——

Sir Adalbert Schmalz was a German of Scottish extraction. His name on the programme coupled with the title of the play, "Searchlights," must have deluded many of the first-night audience into the expectation of another spy-play such as that at the Royalty. But no; Sir Adalbert was not a spy, and the title is purely symbolic of the effect of war in searching out and illuminating the dark places in the hearts of men. Sir Adalbert was, on the contrary, in his own words, more English than the English; he was Scotch. He owned a deer forest in the Highlands and sported a kilt; he made and invested all his money in Germany, but in other respects his heart was in the right place. If all Germans had been like this kindly, delightful Teuton there would have been no war. He liked his large, comfortable wife, loved his dinner, and adored his daughter Phœbe. She in turn was more than a little fond of Harry Blaine; in fact, was quite ready to be his wife when he thought fit to ask her; and the impending match was looked upon with favour by all but the unbending Blaine, who thought Phœbe was far too good to be thrown away upon his son. Phœbe was the one person in the world for whom he had a kind of restrained creaking tenderness. As for Harry, he was quite content to let things be for the present. He liked Phœbe, but he liked his polo and his fishing and his liberty as a dashing young Guardsman and the son of a rich father; and most of all he liked himself. His only trouble was his inability to pay his debts—and that not so much for the sake of his debts as for the necessity of asking his father to pay them. So the first act ambled pleasantly along in Sir Adalbert's Highland castle, ten months before the shadow of war was flung across Europe. But before the curtain fell we scented a mystery. Lady Schmalz's pointed



Photo by] [*Daily Mirror*

Mr. H. B. Irving. ("Robert Blaine") **Miss Fay Davis.** ("Mrs. Blaine")

reference to Harry's extraordinary resemblance to a Captain Trevor, V.C., dead in the Boer War; Mrs. Blaine's ill-concealed perturbation; Harry's obvious unlikeness in face and character to his father: what did these things portend? And when Blaine refused an offered peerage on the ground that his son was unfit to be an hereditary legislator, we began to ask, What does he know? What does he suspect?

Ten months elapse. It is the beginning of August, 1914. Now the Schmalzes are staying with the Blaines in London. Sir Adalbert scoffs at the idea of war, but Blaine (right as usual) fears the worst. Phœbe is as much, Harry as little in love as ever; but none the less Harry is only deterred from proposing by the thought of a £3,000 load of debt to moneylenders which hangs over him. So his mother offers to plead with his father on his behalf. During these months a subtle change of atmosphere seems to have come over the Blaines's house. Blaine, after twenty-five years of acquiescence in facts, has become actively suspicious, and when his wife puts Harry's case he goads her calmly and deliberately into a wild burst of passion in which she confesses that Harry is the son of Captain Trevor, and that not one drop of his reputed father's blood flows in his veins. Whereupon Blaine, outwardly unmoved, writes down this confession and requests his wife to sign it as a term of his paying Harry's debts and allowing the engagement. She refuses and recants, and he, morally convinced of her guilt, but powerless to prove it, has to content himself with forbidding the engagement. The acting in this scene was extremely good. Miss Fay Davis managed her strongly emotional part with great tact, bringing keenly home to us the agonising conflict in her breast between her mother's love and her woman's pride, while Mr. Irving revealed a glimpse of the inward fires raging behind a front of iron.

In the last act the war is four months old. Dear old Sir Adalbert, now transformed into Sir Keith Howard ("I took the best," as he gleefully remarks), has lost all his money, but remains cheerful and patriotic ("I would like to stick my umbrella into the stomach of my fat cousin Fritz"). Harry is home invalided from Mons. He is a changed Harry. The retreat gave him intervals for thought, and he has come to realise that his behaviour to Phœbe might to impartial eyes seem caddish, and also that he might have behaved very much better to his father. He knows now that he loves Phœbe, and will marry her at any cost, even of poverty, and he tells Blaine so, respectfully but firmly. Blaine is to outward seeming immovable. The price of his consent is still his wife's signature to her confession, and she, at last caring more for her boy's happiness than her own, signs it without a word, not knowing to what use her husband will put it, for he makes no sign. He, however, upon whom the searchlights have been subterraneously working, tears it up, presents the young couple with his blessing and a settlement, reconciles himself to the much-tried Mrs. Blaine, and the curtain descends with the promise of happier and better times for everybody.

The sceptical may scoff at these spontaneous conversions, remembering that deep-rooted characteristics are not likely to be plucked out to make room for new virtues of instantaneous, hardy and lasting growth; but they will be doing Mr. Vachell an injustice. The Blaines have not become on the instant plaster saints; they will have their backslidings like other people, but they have at least seen the light. It must be within everyone's experience that sudden changes of character are wrought every day by great shock—changes not instantaneous, but none the less marked and permanent. One thing is certain: this war has shaken all of us out of ourselves; no one of us but will emerge at the end very different from our August selves. This is the author's lesson cast in the form of a play, the interest and charm of which are worthy of all praise.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

COURAGE QUINTESSENTIAL.

THE Antarctic has furnished stirring tales of heroism and achievement during the past few years, and this latest volume,* dealing with the Australasian Expedition, records deeds as great as any accomplished on the earlier expeditions. Sir Douglas Mawson's party encountered weather conditions such as were thought never to exist anywhere on the earth, and yet in spite of them accomplished a vast amount of invaluable scientific work.

The Expedition had no intention of trying to reach the Pole; its objective was the surveying of the continent to the west of Captain Scott's base. The outstanding feature was the terrific velocity of the wind, which blew continually, so that that which in other parts would be considered a violent gale came to be looked upon by the explorers as a comparative calm. Yet in spite of everything the book breathes a spirit of unquenchable cheerfulness and optimism. No more inspiring story of dogged perseverance and adventure has been told for many years; and, surrounded as we are at present by tales of heroism on the battle-field, the story of Sir Douglas Mawson's ill-fated Eastern party will stand out as one of the supreme exhibitions of human determination to triumph over insuperable odds. Mawson's return alone after losing his two companions is without doubt the most marvellous achievement of any Arctic or Antarctic explorer, and before it became an accomplished fact such a feat would have been dismissed as utterly impossible by everyone who had any knowledge of Antarctic conditions.

We have read no finer story than Sir Douglas's own description of his sufferings and final triumph. Modest and restrained, it is a thrilling narrative, and will certainly be enshrined amongst the most notable deeds of the British race. Sir Douglas Mawson arranged that during the winter months the party should be divided, one set being the Southern Party, another the North-Eastern, and so on. Mawson himself took the most difficult with two companions, Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz. They started with sledges and dogs on November 10th, after all the others had left. Their awful journey is so modestly described that one has to read between the lines to get even a slight idea of what they underwent. The apparently firm snow covered crevasses of untold depth and it was down one of these that Ninnis fell, unseen by his companions, without one moment's notice. That happened about a month after the start. Yet another few weeks and Dr. Mertz succumbed to illness, caused by their privations, leaving Mawson alone in those awful solitudes with little food



Picking Ice in a Hurricane Wind.
Webb leaning on the wind.
(Reproduced by permission of Mr. Heinemann.)

* *The Home of the Blizzard.* By Sir Douglas Mawson. (Heinemann. Two Vols. 36s. net.)

and over one hundred miles from the nearest shelter. The thickened skin of the soles of his feet came off in one layer and had to be tied on the raw skin with bandages. He still had one sledge, when—

Going up a long, fairly steep slope, deeply covered with soft snow, broke through lid of crevasse, but caught myself at thighs, got out . . . a few minutes later found myself dangling fourteen feet below on end of rope in crevasse . . . the width of crevasse was about six feet, so I hung freely in space, turning slowly round. A great effort brought a knot in the rope within my grasp. . . . I drew myself up and reached another . . . then a further section of the lid gave way, precipitating me once more to the full length of the rope. . . . Below was a black chasm, it would be but the work of a moment to slip from the (sleigh) harness, then all the pain and toil would be over. It was a rare situation, a rare temptation—a chance to quit small things for great. But there was all eternity for the last. . . . My strength was fast ebbing; in a few minutes it would be too late. It was the occasion for a supreme effort, but by a miracle I rose slowly to the surface. This time I emerged feet first. . . ."

It needs imagination to realise in the smallest degree that terrible journey. February was well in before Mawson reached the hut, finding there men who had been left to search for his party whilst the departing ship was scarcely out of sight. Though this incident stands out from the rest, nevertheless the whole is a story of breathless excitement and interest.

It is doubtful whether any similar expedition has accomplished so much scientific work, especially meteorologic, much of which will be of inestimable value to Australia. The full scientific results have yet to be published, but enough is said in this book to show the enormous amount of work achieved.

It is impossible to say too much of the beautiful illustrations, some in the vivid colouring of the Arctic. The one we reproduce shows the angle at which our explorers had to proceed when they had learnt "hurricane walking" and were able to proceed otherwise than on hands and knees. Maps, appendices and a good index add to the value of these volumes.

A SISTER'S PRESENTMENT OF NIETZSCHE.

THE appearance of the English translation of Frau Förster Nietzsche's latest book* about her brother reminds us of the futility of the widespread report that it is largely to his influence we owe the German determination to dominate the earth. Considering that his books brought him no profits until about two or three years before his death (a fair estimate of their popularity), and that some of them never saw the light until after his death, it would seem absurd to suppose that in fifteen or sixteen years they could have worked such mischief. No doubt the leaven working in his mind was at work also amongst the inhabitants of the Fatherland, and so it seemed to them that he voiced themselves, and the seed thus fell upon prepared soil; the probability is that he would have repudiated the plant and its fruit, for surely his superman was to dominate intellectually, not through physical force alone.

Nietzsche was a born aristocrat, of Polish descent, first seeing the light at Röcken in Saxony. His father dying when he was five years old, his mother removed to her parents' home in Naumberg, and hence, when he was fourteen years of age, he went to the German Eton, the Landesschule of Pforta, his mother having been offered a six-years' scholarship for him. Next he went to the University of Bonn and later to Leipzig.

At the age of twenty-four he was offered the vacant professorship of Classical Philology at Basle, and for ten years his home was in that city. Frequent illness, from brain-strain, overwork, and bad eyes, compelled him to relinquish the professorship, and the university granted him a pension of £120 a year.

It is with this period his sister's book opens, but unfortunately her great love for her brother blinds her to the fact that her revelations unintentionally show him to us as a morbid neuralgic wreck, suffering from insomnia and often petty about trifles, always imagining that no one cared for him and resenting the indifference of German literary men to his extraordinary genius. A better idea of his mind can be gathered from his writings, though they may offend our tastes greatly. Frau Förster's success lies in the pathetic picture she gives of those last two years of mental death.

*_The Lonely Nietzsche._ By Frau Förster Nietzsche, translated by Paul V. Cohn. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

This is not the place to say much about his philosophical tenets. His sister says: "From his early youth an ideal, a wonderful, secret, still veiled ideal, had hovered before my brother. He looked for the ideal leader, one who might bring the type 'man' to a higher stage of perfection."

Unfortunately he utterly rejected the Christian ideal, which he considered as a presentment by slaves, elaborated under conditions of slavery. "God as the God of the sick, God as spider, God as spirit—is one of the most corrupt divine conceptions ever realised on the earth." "Christianity is the most fatal form of self-exaltation the world has ever known." Yet Nietzsche, says his sister, did not hate that gentle, beautiful teaching of Jesus, which he recognised as being no teaching of dogma but a guide for action. In fact, he considered that Christianity was a fine thing for the weak and ailing—it kept them contented.

His friend Gast says of him: "What he sees is a new picture of humanity, especially of the wise man, who may raise himself above the morality of good and evil because he is of noble stock and is too intellectual and too sure of himself to need any longer the narrow outlook and the fanaticism of the man who must fetter and train himself by morality." It is no wonder, if he thought thus, that in some letter he rejoices that the "new Emperor grows more and more to my liking."

Nietzsche held that, if the possessor of evil qualities had a great aim, those evil qualities might become most valuable; his superman is the summit of civilisation: he has got beyond our present ethical system and follows the laws of a nobler and stronger morality. In a word, strength was Nietzsche's ideal: he could not see that the strength which led to the heroic actions of a Gordon was far superior to the "frightfulness" of the Kaiser. It follows that he considered the function of woman, as the weaker vessel, was to be subordinate, to serve and to obey; so that it is not surprising to find that before he left his professorship he and his sister and a friend were calmly discussing how to find a woman, rich first, but beautiful also, who by marrying him would set him free from bread-winning, so that he might achieve the aim of his life. "For me, much intellect in a woman is still very little, and, as a rule, this so-called 'intellect,' which imposes only on superficial men, is simply a piece of absurd pretentiousness." She must be domestic, of course. But, his sister says, in practice he was always most chivalrous and considerate towards women.

As regards culture, however, he certainly deviates from the present German idea. Speaking of the Franco-German war, he says: "German culture did not even help towards the success of our arms. Severe military discipline, natural bravery, and sustaining power, unity, and obedience in the rank and file factors which have nothing to do with culture, were instruments in making us conquer." Again: "Culture is, before all things, the unity of artistic style, in every expression of the life of a people." "It is not a lofty culture that has gained the upper hand in Germany, still less a refined taste, an aristocratic instinct for 'beauty.'" Or: "to preach the doctrine that the State is the highest end of man, and there is no higher duty than to serve it, is stupidity."

It is a solitary Nietzsche that is chiefly presented to us here—gay and bright at times when with his sister or the few friends left—for his absolute certainty that his mission was to tell his truths without regard to the antipathy they engendered left him more and more bereft.

But the sister would have us think lovingly of the lonely man who some time before his death was in her care—pain, solitude, and insomnia driving him to the use of drugs which finally killed his extraordinary intellect:

> He retained his courtesy and affability to the end, understood all that went on around him, listened very attentively to what was read to him, and sometimes himself chose the books . . . His gratitude towards me was touching. How often he praised me for what I did, how often he comforted me when I looked sad. "Why do you cry, Lisbeth?" he would say, "we're quite happy." He liked to hear the storm roaring outside, but on those gloomy evenings, when we sat together in silence and the wind howled dismally round the house, his hand would slip into mine as if he felt the secret sorrow in my soul, and he would say, "Send the wind away, dear sister." Then I would draw the heavy curtains together, turn up the light, and begin to chat with him.

On Monday, August 20th, 1900, Nietzsche suddenly caught a feverish cold, and four days after softly, without a struggle, closed his eyes for ever.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTOR.

THIS tale of a loyal friend, gentle lover and husband, and great comedian, may be thought by many too commonplace or too sentimental for much comment. But it is sometimes a relief to turn from high philosophy, strenuous action, and the moving events of the present hour to a restful history of quiet people who yet suffered, worked, and loved as do the majority. A Mr. Leo Brandish (?) intends to write the biography of Edgar Chirrup as the greatest actor of the Twentieth Century, but as Mr. Chirrup strongly demurs, Miss Webling has undertaken meanwhile to give a true and sincere record of his home life before his charming personality is quite forgotten.*

Edgar Chirrup was born at midnight on February 14th, 1871, in a room on the third floor of an old-fashioned house in Bayswater, where his parents with their family occupied three rooms over an old-clothes shop. The room was rather bare of furniture and encumbered with three beds; the nurse was slovenly but kind and good-tempered, yet it was inexpressibly sweet for the weary mother to lie peacefully in her bed watching the flickering fire. It was delightful to be given food that she herself had not bought and cooked. Ever since her marriage eleven years before, poor Mrs. Chirrup's only holidays had been these brief respites after the arrival of each of her babies. Mr. Chirrup was considerably older than his wife, a watchmaker by trade, a smooth-faced, pompous, self-satisfied man.

Edgar's first recollections were of Kensington Gardens—long, long days; years of days! in Kensington Gardens, where he was always accompanied by his sister Lily, and his two next brothers, in a perambulator really too heavy for the little girl to push. Many are the memories recorded of this time, during which Edgar grew from a weakling into a sturdy, thick-set little boy. Lily ever held the foremost place in his affections and in every association of his childhood. Delicate, shy, with soft brown eyes, Lily was one of those little women who are old in character and self-reliant long before they are old in years. When, at fourteen, a pale, overworked little drudge, it was judged that it was time for her to earn her own living, Edgar it was who tried to comfort the broken-hearted girl who so dreaded her new life. So Lily became the drudge of the cook in a severe, Early Victorian family living in far-off Brixton, where she and the other maid shared an underground bedroom and for years saw the world only from the area steps.

Then one day the father came home a shrunken old man! He had been dismissed from a service of thirty years! This time Edgar had to seek a place and found it in an old curiosity shop whose owner was eccentric and scarcely knew why he had engaged him. Edgar's early ambition was to be a clown, but he had commonsense, and soon found that his first work must be to clean the shop window. Hercules, if he had been set to perform one of his labours as a boy, would have felt rather like Edgar when he began to clean out that terrible window. First all the goods had to be moved out, and before that was finished Edgar was as dirty as the goods and not improved by the perspiration which poured down his face. Suddenly he heard the light patter of feet, evidently descending from the top of the house, and he and we are introduced to another important character. Here is her description:—

> She was pretty, wonderfully pretty with long, dark hair in big natural curls and waves—with soft, still babyish features, the sweet lips curving to a smile of friendliness, an indefinite little nose and an habitual expression of bright, thoughtful intelligence, responsive and sensitive, joyous and loving.

It is not to be supposed that Edgar saw all these beauties at that first view: he was too abashed, especially when she asked "Are you Uncle Henry's assistant?" The children fraternised, and Ruth Dering carried the boy off to her mother. Thus Edgar got his first step upward.

Mr. Dering took to the boy and in his own eccentric way educated him, paid him well, and took him to live in the house; with the family he went to the pit of the Lyceum to see Henry Irving as "Shylock." The boy was speechless until their return, and then quietly said: "I am going to be an actor."

In all these years Edgar had seen but little of Lily. He had fought the nephew of her employers for pinching her, was troubled with her growing delicacy, but was not troubled at all when her mistress warned him against the "temptations of the Green-room"!

The next period is taken up with Edgar's progress, step by step, to a fair position in a

* *Edgar Chirrup.* By Peggy Webling. (Methuen. 6s.)

London theatre, and with his introduction to the bad genius of the piece, Cyril Hammersley, a bright, attractive youth who gets Edgar all sorts of necessary introductions.

As soon as he had a settled salary Edgar took a comical little flat and he and Lily had a home at last. It was such a wonderful thing for her to be Chirrup's housekeeper, with money of her own in her purse! It was so glorious to be able to go out of doors whenever she chose! It was so grand to be mistress of the flat, instead of the servant!

A reputation in London must perforce be followed by an American offer, and with that tragedy begins; for Edgar accepts the offer because Hammersley tells of his passionate love for Ruth and of her acceptance of his offer. Ruth! who was his daystar, and Hammersley, whose "affairs" were notorious! So Edgar departs to the States, leaving Lily to the happy quietude of the Turret, one of the many names of the flat. It is said that hearts are often caught at the rebound, and in a New York boarding-house Edgar was certainly caught by a pretty adventuress who was on her beam-ends and appealed to his pity—and his senses. After their marriage she, of course, travelled with him on tour and spent his money. Her aunt 'Rora is the comic character of the story and, described by her niece as "the most splendid woman on earth," appears to Edgar

surging out of the little drawing-room like a boat in full sail—a great balloon squeezed between the doorposts—a gigantic patchwork pillow endowed with life, with features looking as if they had been modelled out of putty by an artist who was learning how to make comic masks. . . .

Auntie 'Rora never left off talking, unless she were asleep, and then she snored so loudly that the Chirrup's servant, who was a nervous girl, declared in the morning that she had heard "the thunder" all night.

Meanwhile Ruth had had heavy troubles. Her mother was dead and her uncle had taken after a few talks a man as partner. A quiet, smooth man was Mr. Beulah, with an oily voice and hands perpetually being rubbed. He had practically taken over the uncle, body and soul and goods, and now was quietly posing as Ruth's intended husband. Fortunately she comes with her trouble to Chirrup, who helps her to be "strong," though his strength leaves him when by chance he finds she was never engaged to Hammersley. The chapter in which this interview occurs is perhaps one of the best in the book.

The reader will know that Edgar and Ruth, the two affinities, are bound by all the rules of romance to come together, but how this occurred and how much tribulation had first to be encountered the interested must find out for themselves. The last we see of the oily "partner" was at an auction when—

Slowly and ponderously Mr. Beulah walked out of the room—Chirps watched his huge round back disappear through the entrance door and, as he himself followed, saw the last of the smooth man as he was being helped into his motor by a muscular servant, who pushed him in like a great sack of meal, and shut the door as quickly as possible to prevent the awkward, helpless, ungainly sack falling out again.

A RUSSIAN DEGENERATE.

Most people will remember more or less clearly the *cause célèbre* which, tried in Italy, awakened such attention a few years ago, largely because it seemed so incredible that a young woman of high birth could so heartlessly plot to murder the man who was showering such bountiful kindness upon her, or that two men, one young and possessed of everything which life had to offer, could carry out the crime.

Mrs. Vivanti Chartres went to see Countess Tarnowska in the Italian penitentiary in which her sentence is being carried out; softened it would seem by its situation in lovely scenery and because the wardresses are nuns and gentle women. Urged on by Professor Bosse of Geneva—one of the Countess's medical advisers, Mrs. Chartres relates here,* with all that fascinating and pathetic power, that fluent style which makes every word tell, the story of the unhappy woman; partly from notes made by her in prison, partly from the words which fell from Marie Tarnowska's lips. She writes not to plead her cause, Mrs. Chartres says, but because her criminal impulses and morbid desires are but an exaggerated picture of what many women desire and suffer and because it is not realised that such conditions are the result of disease which when fully understood may be cured. The odd thing, however, that strikes the reader is that not Countess Marie alone, but every actor in the piece (save the kindly gentleman who was murdered), down even to the great scientist who attended the victim, was, every one of them, as morbid, criminal and unhealthy

* *Marie Tarnowska.* By A. Vivanti Chartres. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

as Marie herself. One effect of the life-story told by Mrs. Chartres is that, though all the vice-ridden men were also diseased, it is Marie who secures our sympathies, yet leaving us with the profound feeling that such as she had better remain close-shut from the world.

"THE KING'S NAVEE."

Vol. III. of *The King's Ships*, by Halton Stirling Lecky (Horace Muirhead. 37s., cloth), is as splendid as its predecessors and seems to contain even more of the romance of the deep sea, whilst the illustrations are as numerous. The first ship mentioned is the *Endymion*. Of the second ship of that name it is told that during our fights with France about 1803 her captain observed that in a fight with the French fleet a French ship of the line was in imminent danger of shipwreck on some rocks. He went to her rescue and connected the two ships by a cable, thus saving 700 endangered lives, not without terrible risk to his own vessel. The volume contains story after story equally stirring. The illustration we give includes the first *Indefatigable*, a 64-gun ship, launched in 1784. She captured many a ship; her captain quelled a mutiny in a fine and rapid manner; and then she proceeded with other vessels to take as prizes, valued at about a million pounds, some Spanish treasure-ships off Cadiz.



Capture of Spanish Treasure Frigates.

(From a Painting by A. Ackermann.)

(Reproduced by courtesy of Horace Muirhead.)

Full of romance also is Lieut. Keble Chatterton's *The Old East Indiaman* (Laurie, 12s. 6d. net). As the author says, it is difficult to realise all that the East India Company stood for. The East Indiaman was spoken of with just as much respect as a man-of-war. She was built regardless of cost and kept in the best of conditions, had a monopoly of traffic between India, China and Japan, and her commanders could retire with a nice little fortune. Not that they had the luxuries of modern times: they had to sail right away round the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean. Those were the times of romance and adventure, and well are these described and illustrated by the author, who is now serving under the White Ensign, and hopes that any errata that may have crept into the text may be excused.

FICTION.

The Carnival of Florence, by Margerie Bowen (Methuen, 6s.). Miss Bowen's novel is, as we have learned to expect from her, built around a personage—Fra Girolamo Savonarola in this case. She pictures him as even less attractive than the study of George Eliot in *Romola*. There can be little brightness at such a period of the history of Florence, but Miss Bowen has steeped herself in its atmosphere, and, if we disagree with her picture of the preacher, we know she presents him as he appears to her.

The Sifted Few—a Romance, by Noel Fleming (Lynwood, 6s.), opens with the marriage of a young girl to her father's old friend in order that her family may have needed help. In conventional fashion both are unhappy because each supposes the other to have but affection instead of passion. There is, however, an original loosening of the tense situation by the journey of the doctor-husband to West Africa to cure natives who are dying of a new disease and the discovery by him of an unsuspected race, probably descendants of Carthaginians.



"If the world still doubts that Esperanto exists, that it is a living language, harmonious, easy to understand, and, what is more important, pronounced in a manner almost precisely the same by all the nations of the earth, it must be because the world did not go to Cambridge.

"The representative of an important London newspaper expressed the thoughts of many when he said, 'I confess I went to Cambridge to make fun of Esperanto, but I have returned converted, and mean to set to work and learn the language.' At Cambridge, while the Congress lasted, it was as in the days when the people dwelt in the plains of Shinar, 'the whole earth was of one language and of one speech.' The barrier of the confusion of tongues was removed, and representatives of thirty different nationalities met together in friendly intercourse, united by their common interest in a common language."

The Esperanto Congress at Cambridge,
September, 1907

William T Stead



QUEEN ELISABETH OF BELGIUM.

Giving the Crown Prince a Lesson in the Royal Schoolroom at Brussels.

No. 304. Vol. LI.] [April, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *April 1st*, 1915.

The Allies on the Offensive.

The operations during the month have been distinctly to the advantage of the Allies. On the west the period of inactivity—comparative only, since all through the winter local actions have been frequent—has been broken, and decided advances have been made at several points. The French have made marked progress in Champagne, while at Neuve Chapelle the British troops by a brilliant action advanced more than a mile over a front of three miles. Though they were successful, these actions give us a measure of the stupendous efforts that will be necessary to drive the Germans back. The French advance was most costly, while the British attack, though made under most favourable circumstances, entailed enormous casualties—how great we do not know yet, though the heavy casualties among the officers give us some idea. The whole proceeding was a triumph for British arms. The secret concentration of men and artillery at the desired spot, the overwhelming gunfire (which practically destroyed the German trenches) made it possible for the infantry to advance without being annihilated, and the dash of the troops themselves all show that the British Army has not suffered in *morale* from its long and heart-breaking sojourn in the trenches. The whole action emphasises the great importance of artillery fire, which alone can prevent a terrible sacrifice of life. The lesson taught by the Germans in the earlier stages of the war is being turned to good account, but it shows clearly that there must be no shortage in the supply of munitions if we are to have any hope of breaking the German lines. The participation of the Indian troops was very cheering, since they have suffered most from the weather conditions. The whole army has been invigorated by this definite indication that the offensive has begun.



Evening Times.]

The Silent Conjuror.

Russian Success.

Von Hindenburg's attack in East Prussia has failed to secure any vital result. True, the Russians have been driven out of East Prussia, but their position has in no way been weakened. Warsaw is as safe as before, and the German troops are being driven back again with heavy loss. The stroke, whether it was a last desperate effort, as some think, or not, has failed, and it is doubtful whether von Hindenburg will be able to engineer another advance. The remainder of the Russian line has been kept intact, and in Galicia the fall of Przemysl marks the greatest achievement of Russian arms. This stronghold, which surrendered after five months' siege, barred the way to an advance on Cracow, and impeded progress through the Carpathian passes, in which section vigorous action is now taking place. How important the fortress was considered by the Austrians and Germans was shown by their desperate attempts to relieve the place, and its fall cannot but have a marked moral effect on the Central Powers, as it is a loss which cannot be concealed or explained away. Practically the whole of Galicia with the exception of Cracow is now in Russian hands. There has also been considerable progress both in Bukowina and in the Caucasus.

The Dardanelles.

It is on the Dardanelles that the eyes of the world are fixed, as success there must have most far-reaching results. The attack is progressing surely and successfully; the greatest obstacles are not the Turkish forts and mines, but the north-easterly gales which have continually interrupted the operations. Nevertheless the forts are being reduced one by one, and, with the aid of the troops who are co-operating, the forcing of the Straits is but a question of time. The demonstration which the Germans gave at Liége and Namur of the weakness of fixed fortifications against heavy guns is being fully confirmed in the Dardanelles. The Turkish guns have done but little damage to the ships, but nevertheless three battleships have been sunk by mines, and we must be prepared for further losses in the future. It is not to be expected that defences which up to a short while ago were deemed impregnable can be forced without considerable sacrifice; but the capture of Constantinople is worth the loss of the whole of the fleet engaged in the operation. It is a further demonstration of the complete domination of the Allies at sea that they can not only detach so large a force for this enterprise, but that they can immediately make good any loss without weakening in the least the grip on the enemy. Constantinople is very uneasy, and attempts to open negotiations are reported. At present the German officers are still in control, but it is quite certain that the Turks themselves will do all they can to prevent their capital from being captured, but when the warships are through the Dar-

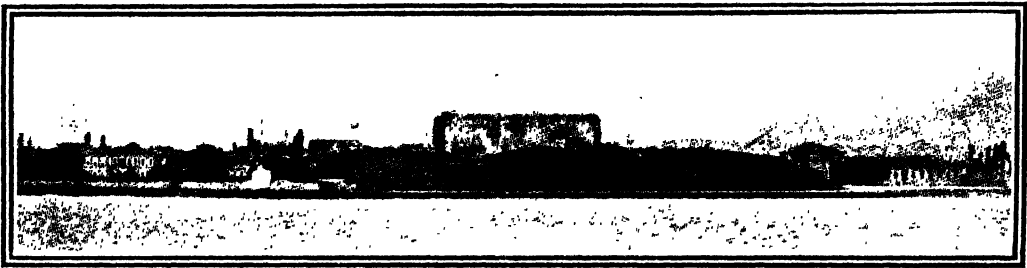


Photo by] [The Sphere

The Dardanelles: The Fort of Chanak.

danelles they will probably throw off the German yoke and sue for peace.

The Future of Greece.

The bombardment has caused a great stir and searching of heart in the East. The attack on Egypt has been abandoned, and Turkish troops have been withdrawn from the Suez Canal and also from the Caucasus for the defence of Constantinople. The country most concerned is Greece, for, buted to the influence of his wife, the sister of the Kaiser, but though Greece for the moment remains neutral the incident is by no means closed. M. Venizelos is all-powerful, and almost the entire Greek population is eager to join in, realising that now is the hour of Greek destiny. What course he will take has not been revealed: but though he has done more than anyone to strengthen the position of the Royal House, M. Venizelos



Cossacks Charging German Battery.

From a Drawing by J. Simont in "The Illustrated London N

besides her traditional claim to Constantinople, she wishes to extend her control to the Ægean Islands and the Greek towns in Asia Minor. This is the psychological moment for Greece to throw in her lot with the Allies, and M. Venizelos was prepared to send troops to give assistance in Gallipoli. He, however, encountered the determination of King Constantine to remain neutral, and forthwith resigned. The reason for the King's action is attri- is actuated by one consideration only, and that is the welfare of Greece. If he is convinced that for the future greatness of Greece it is essential for her to aid the Allies, then he will see that she joins the *Entente*, and if the King stands in his way—so much the worse for the Throne. It is probable, however, that the King is merely trying to save his face with his brother-in-law, and will shortly give way before the unanimous wishes of his people.

Bulgaria and Roumania are likewise considerably agitated, though they hardly have so much at stake as Greece, but once Constantinople is taken, and perhaps earlier, they are almost certain to make common cause with the Allies.

Italy and the Allies.

Italy has also been roused and appears likely to take a hand in affairs shortly. Von Bülow has been making strenuous efforts to keep her neutral by offering the Trentino as a bribe, but he is naturally handicapped by the fact that he has to get both Austria to offer as well as Italy to accept. At present Italy does not seem to consider the offer sufficiently liberal, and imagines that she can secure a better bargain by joining the Allies. Von Bülow is certain to do everything in his power to prevent such action, but is most likely to be thwarted by Austria, whose pride revolts against any cession of territory. It is always awkward to try and buy off anyone with some other person's money, against the other person's desire. Italy has considerable interests in Asia Minor, and rather than lose these she will join the Allies so as to have a voice in the final redistribution of territory.



Photo by] [*Henri Manuel*

M. Venizelos. Ex-Prime Minister of Greece.

M. Romanos. Ambassador of Greece at Paris.

German Submarine Fiasco.

The only naval action outside the Dardanelles that has taken place resulted in the destruction of the *Dresden*, as the *Karlsruhe* is officially reported as having been blown up on a West Indian Island in November; and as the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* has taken refuge in an American port, where she will either be interned or captured by the British cruisers waiting off the port, there is only the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* left of the enemy's warships outside German waters. Meanwhile the German submarine blockade has proved, as was expected, a complete fiasco. Some merchantmen have been sunk, but only thirty-three since January 20th, while the sailings to and from British ports have steadily increased until they number over 1,500 vessels each week. The Admiralty has not been idle and three German submarines have been "officially" sunk and others have been destroyed by merchant ships. The Germans have also sunk neutral ships, and the sinking of the Dutch boat *Medea* and the seizure of two others has raised a storm of anger in Holland, but that country is not in a position to do anything but protest.

The Blockade by Britain.

The reply of the British Government takes the form of a complete blockade of Germany, though it is not so called. Every ship sailing to or from German ports is to be taken into British or allied ports and the cargo requisitioned or sold, or restored, according to the decision of the Prize Court. Even boats sailing from neutral ports carrying enemy property are to be dealt with in a like manner, also ships bound for neutral ports carrying goods of enemy destination. This means that no goods are to be allowed to enter or leave Germany by sea. Such reprisal is perfectly legitimate, yet it breaks every rule of international law as regards the sea. Reprisals which only affect the combatants need not destroy international law, but where, as in this case, the neutrals are vitally affected, there must be a complete revision of the whole subject before international law can be again established. The Neutral Powers are certain to make a strong protest, but they realise that the British action was forced on her by the German submarine blockade, and also that our policy does not threaten the lives of their subjects. Consideration for the Neutrals has been shown in the fact that the goods are not confiscated, as in the case of a true blockade, but full value is to be given for all goods seized.



Photo by] **Vice-Admiral Sackville H. Carden.** [*The Sphere*
Directing the fight for the Dardanelles.

We may expect that considerable exception will be offered to some of the rulings of the Prize Court, and in cases where friction is aroused it is to be hoped that the cases will be dealt with by a joint board, which should include representatives of the nation involved.

The Rebellion in South Africa.

The Legislative Assembly has been holding a momentous session in Cape Town. Its chief business has been the passing of an Indemnity Bill with regard to the rebels. This Act provides for very lenient treatment of the rank and file, who are to suffer the loss of the right to carry arms and a disability to fill official positions, this not to include disenfranchisement, and though the leaders are to be dealt with separately and more rigorously, yet there are to be no death-sentences. This leniency is in accordance with the general wish of the South Africans, who desire that the rebellion shall leave as little bitterness as possible. The debates, which resolved themselves largely into attacks on General Hertzog, brought out clearly how strong was the feeling in South Africa against war with German South-West Africa. This was caused partly by the fact that German colonists had welcomed many of the Boer farmers after the South African war, but largely because they have realised the meaning of war only too well and wisely had no desire to go through that experience twice in a lifetime. This feeling was a determining factor in many cases, and though Maritz and others would in any case have raised the standard of rebellion, yet the rising would not have been nearly so large if there had been no expedition to German South-West Africa. General Hertzog's position is peculiar. De Wet and others apparently considered that he was fully cognisant of all their plans, and he is accused of being chiefly responsible, through his advice, for the rebellion, but that he feared to come out in the open, while his less responsible followers did so and are now reaping the consequences; further, he is strongly censured for not using his undoubted influence to stop the rebellion. There is no doubt that Hertzog had a very large following, and that by his speeches he tended to embitter racial feelings. It will be interesting to see whether after this he will still be able to keep his following, or whether he will not rather be quite discredited. General Botha has managed to deal with an exceedingly awkward and dangerous situation in a way which will leave behind it few seeds for future discontent. The military operations under Botha's personal direction are being attended by considerable success. Progress is being steadily made both inland from the coast and from the southern frontier. The menace of a native rising, which is always to be feared in Africa when two white nations are in conflict, has luckily only materialised in Nyassaland. This outbreak, which took place in the neighbourhood of Blantyre, and unfortunately involved the murder of some of the white settlers, has been crushed and the leader shot. The achievement is all the more noteworthy in that most of the able-bodied men were away in the north fighting the Germans.



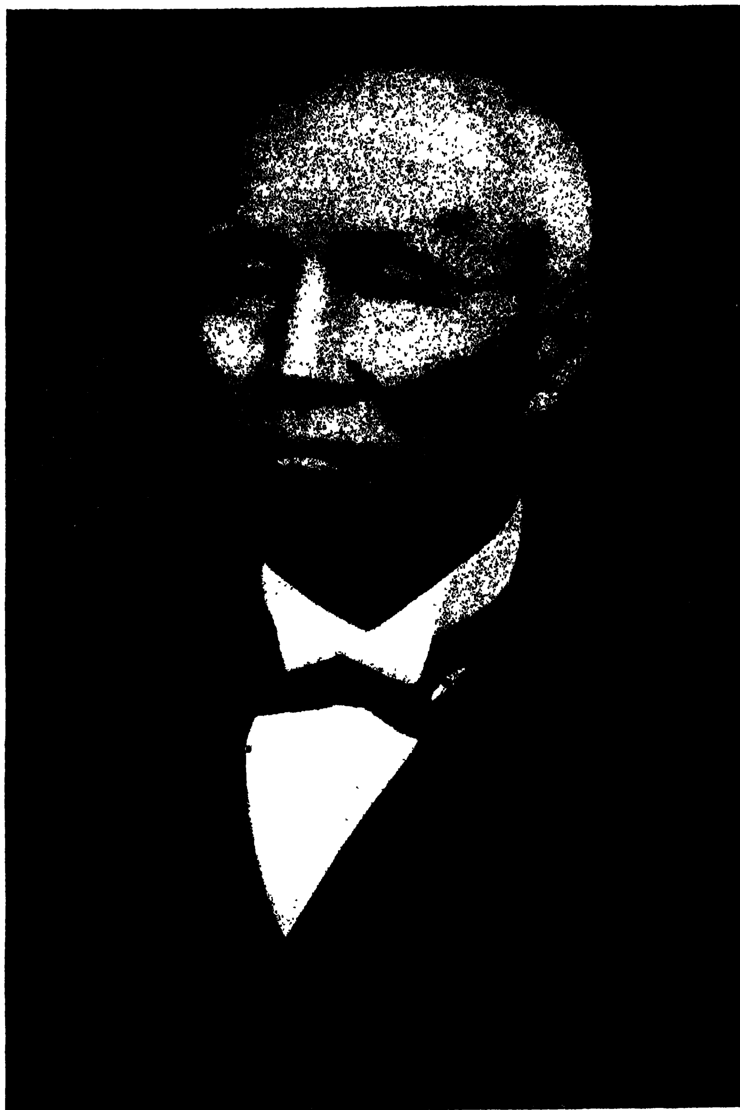
Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

After Six Months' War.

"Gentlemen, when we look back over the past, we must admit that the position in England ah in Russia hem in Belgium . . hem hem in France ah hem hem . . . . But the food has been good."

What Japan Claims from China.

Though the Government refused to give full information as to Japan's demands on China, these have been published in the *Manchester Guardian*. They are most formidable, including demands for eneonomic preference in the way of railway, mining and industrial concessions; other proposals would confirm Japan in permanent possession of Port Arthur and Tsingtau. The most serious claim, if conceded, would practically place Japan in the position of suzerain over China, and this is no less than the right to supply all military instructors, to veto any concession of territory to a third Power, to control foreign loans, and to approve the appointment of any foreign adviser. These demands certainly violate the integrity of China. America is, of course, indignant, but, beyond diplomatic pressure, will probably do nothing. The British Government is apparently trying to ignore the whole matter, or at least prevent any public statement, contenting itself with hinting that the Foreign Office is exercising moderating influence at Tokio. Japan is evidently making the most of her opportunities while Europe is otherwise engaged, and China is left to her own resources. But whatever concessions are obtained now it is certain that they will come up for revision when the European war is over and the nations are at liberty to look after interests endangered by these demands.



Count Shigenobu Okuma: Premier of Japan.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The World's Work."

Japan may be all-powerful in the East, but she is too dependent on the West to deliberately alienate all the European

Powers besides the United States. China has not given way yet, and will be certain to hold out till the very last minute, in spite of rumours that Japanese troops are being dispatched against her.

Autocracy in the Ascendancy.

It is extraordinary how the staunchest democrat becomes an autocrat the moment he is released from any restraint or criticism. This has been fully demonstrated during the past Parliamentary session. No one would accuse Mr. Lloyd George of being other than a democrat at heart, yet twice he proposed to pass measures without allowing any discussion to take place. In the case of the suspension of the Welsh Disestablishment Act the Bill was introduced without any consultation with the persons most involved—the Welsh members. The suspension may be a good thing, but it is intolerable that attempts should be made to carry it over the heads of those concerned. The Welsh members naturally and successfully protested, and the Bill has been postponed. The attempt to pass without any discussion at all the Bill authorising the Government to take over all factories which could be organised to turn out war material was another autocratic proposal which drew protests from all sides. The whole treatment of Parliament is on the same lines. The House of Commons has quite rightly agreed to extend the fullest support to the Ministry during the war, but the Government on its side should make some concessions to Parliament, and not treat it as though it was an absolutely negligent factor in the present crisis. Though its action is strictly circumscribed, the House of Commons has done good work in ventilating grievances and exposing abuses, and it is the only place in which this can be done, and a lengthy adjournment should be out of the question. It would be much better if, as Sir William Byles proposed, it should sit continuously, even if it only met one day a week. In this proposal he but voiced the almost unanimous desire of the House, but he met with no response from the Government, who evidently mean to make the most of their autocratic position.

Tell the People!

The British public has little idea of the real meaning of war or of the enormous task that still confronts us, for in the main the war has made no direct impression on this country. This chiefly because no enemy foot has landed on these shores, and we have escaped the misery and horror attendant on an invading army. The actual conflict is something apart which touches us not



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Recruiting.

"Won't you enlist? Things are going well fot England."

"Then you don't want me."

"No; you have misunderstood me. England is in the greatest danger. You must enlist at once."

"No; then it is too dangerous for me."

at all, and this is due in some degree to the optimistic reports which have been issued by the Press Bureau, leading to a quite erroneous idea as to the true progress of the campaign. This spoon-feeding with good news and suppression of bad is almost criminal, and is certainly not justified by any inherent weakness in the British character which would make us incapable of hearing or bearing bad news. We should have no illusions by now as to the magnitude of the task before us, and as the last operations have proved that munitions are as important as men, and shortage of shells means sacrifice of life, it is essential that all should work together to produce adequate supplies. Strikes must not and will not take place, for there are no more patriotic men than the workers, and the Government took the right course when they consulted the labour leaders as to the best way of increasing the output, which resulted in speedy and satisfactory arrangements being arrived at. Misunderstandings have arisen to a large extent because the absolute necessities of the case have never been frankly placed before them. The taking over by the Government of all factories capable of producing munitions is so obvious a course that it is difficult to understand why it was not done before. The need for an enormous quantity of munitions has been known for many months, and surely the extent of the output has also been known, so that this apparent sudden realisation that the latter is smaller than the former shows a rather obvious lack of grasp of the situation on the part of those in authority, and the latest step is another advance in State Socialism which is gradually being applied to all branches of the State. When the war is over will we adhere to the present state of things, or will there be a strong reaction in the opposite direction?



Photo by, [*The Sphere*

The Camp of the Australian Contingent in Egypt.

Large Profits must go.

Another indication of the tendency of the times is the feeling which has been aroused by the large profits that are being made out of the war; this feeling had much to do with the strikes, but has been manifest in other quarters, and has been embodied in the suggestion that undue profits should be specially taxed, Sir Arthur Markham going to the extent of proposing that a tax of twenty shillings in the pound should be made on all profit over and above the normal. It is realised that these profits should be more equally

distributed, and this finds recognition in Lord Kitchener's declaration:

Labour may very rightly ask that their patriotic work should not be used to inflate the profits of the directors and shareholders of the various great industrial and armament firms, and we are, therefore arranging a system under which important armament firms will come under Government control, and we hope that workmen who work regularly by keeping good time shall reap some of the benefits which the war automatically confers on these great companies

India's Political Freedom.

The regeneration of the House of Lords, as evidenced by its forcing the Government to amend the Defence of the Realm Act in order to re-establish the right of trial by jury, proved to be but a flash in the pan. They chose, however, the worst possible occasion to demonstrate the return to their old methods when they postponed the establishment of an Executive Council for the United Provinces. The Lords could not even advance the excuse that the proposal is a new departure, for such Councils containing one Indian member have worked exceeding well in other provinces of India. The establishment of such a Council was but a further step towards the political freedom of India, but the old administrators would have none of it: they overruled the Lieutenant-Governor, the Viceroy, and the Secretary of State. Nothing worse could have happened at this time, when India of her own free will is rendering inestimable assistance and at the very moment her troops were giving a magnificent display of gallantry at Neuve Chapelle. When the Indians learn that their legitimate political expansion has been stopped in this way, it will be easy to understand their indignation and despair. Are we, then, to prove utterly ungrateful, and, while fighting on behalf of the freedom of small nationalities, are we to ignore the legitimate aspirations of those under our immediate care? What better argument could be given to the Indian agitator, who by no means has ceased to exist. However, the wrong must not be considered permanent, and it is comforting to know that the Secretary for India is to take the earliest opportunity of pressing the proposal forward by all constitutional means in his power. It is unhappily not the first time that the House of Lords has shamed us in the eyes of the world, and it is difficult to convince other nations that the House of Lords does not represent Great Britain in the slightest degree, and reflects by such acts nothing but discredit upon itself.

Women and Peace.

The Women of the World have taken a bold step in organising an International Women's Congress to consider the solution of the problems arising out of the war, and also to discuss on what lines the peace settlement should be made. The idea originated in Holland, and has met with large response in nearly every country. The British committee includes many of the leading women in this country, though the suffrage societies have given no official approval of the idea. We wish the congress which meets at The Hague on April 28th every success, and if any tangible result is obtained it will, indeed, be a triumph for the women, since the risk of failure must be great. Women of all nations, including the belligerents, are to be present, and though the obvious step has been taken to rule out any discussion on the "relative national responsibility for, or conduct of, the present war," yet it will be exceedingly difficult to prevent the intrusion of such matters in the deliberations. It is perfectly certain that such a conference of men at thi time would fail to reach agreement. The idea has met with considerable opposition in many quarters, but great good may come of it, and even if it fails no harm will have been done.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Feb. 25. Activity of the Austro-German army in the Bukovina district checked by a Russian advance.

Feb. 26.—Re-occupation of Przasnysz by Russian troops.

Bombardment of the Dardanelles by an Allied squadron continued; the Straits were swept for four miles up from the entrance.

Loss on February 24th of French torpedo-boat *Dague* at Antivari, through striking a mine, announced.

Blockade of the German East African coast from March 1 declared by Great Britain.

Feb. 27. Loss of another Zeppelin in a storm at Pola reported.

Successful Russian counter-attacks in Poland and Galicia announced.

Bombardment of the Dardanelles continued.

The *Dacia*, owned by a German-American and loaded with cotton intended for Germany, seized by a French cruiser and conveyed to Brest.

British steamer *Conway Castle* sunk off the coast of Chili by German cruiser *Dresden*.

Feb. 28. Bombardment of Reims resumed by the Germans.

German submarine rammed and sunk off Beachy Head by British collier *Thordis*.

March 1. Destruction of the four principal forts guarding the entrance to the Dardanelles.

March 2. Despatches of Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee and Sir David Beatty describing the actions off the Falkland Islands on Dec. 8th, and in the North Sea on Jan. 24th published.

March 3. Flight from Constantinople of the Sultan of Turkey reported.

March 4. Wreck of Zeppelin L 8 near Tirlemont reported.

Russian troops entered Stanislau and crossed the Lukwa.

March 5. German submarine U 8 sunk in the Channel off Dover by a British destroyer; officers and men taken prisoners.

Bombardment of Smyrna begun.

March 6. Important progress in the Argonne announced.

Vice-Admiral Carden's reports on the operations at the Dardanelles issued.

March 7. British air attack on Ostend.

News published by the India Office of an engagement near the Persian Gulf in which the British sustained heavy losses.

Bombardment of Zunguldak, Kozlou and Kimili, Asia Minor, by the Russian Fleet.

March 8. Further Turkish defeats in the Caucasus announced.

Full report of the bombardment of the Dardanelles issued by the Admiralty.

Notification to the American Government that no ships with cargoes consigned to enemy ports would be allowed to proceed.

March 9. Three British merchant ships, *Tangistan*, *Blackwood* and *Princess Victoria* sunk, without warning, off Scarborough Hastings and Liverpool respectively by German submarines; the crews of the *Blackwood* and *Princess Victoria* were saved, but there was only one survivor of the crew of the *Tangistan*.

March 10. Destruction of German submarine U 12 by H.M.S. *Ariel* in the Channel; 10 of the crew saved.

British attack on Neuve Chapelle begun.

Progress by the French in Champagne.

Arrival for repairs, etc., at Newport, Virginia, of German auxiliary cruiser *Prince Eitel Friedrich*, which sank American vessel, *William P. Frye*, on January 27th; inquiry ordered by President Wilson.

March 11. British steamship *Florazan* torpedoed and sunk at the mouth of the English Channel by a German submarine; 1 life lost.

British auxiliary cruiser *Bayano* torpedoed and sunk off the Wigtownshire coast by a German submarine; nearly 200 lives lost.

British steamer *Adenwen* torpedoed and sunk in the direction of the Casquets by German submarine U 29; crew saved.

French steamer *Auguste Conseil* sunk off the Start by German submarine U 29; crew saved.

Important British advance at Neuve Chapelle announced.

March 12. British steamers *Indian City*, *Headlands* and *Andalusian* torpedoed and sunk off the Scillies by German submarine U 29; no lives lost.

Warning issued by the Dutch Government that all foreign mercantile vessels in Dutch ports using the Dutch flag or Dutch international identification marks would be detained.

Smyrna again shelled by an Allied squadron.

Sentence of imprisonment for three years and three months for insubordination passed on John Bramble, British prisoner of war at Spandau.

March 13. Swedish ship *Hanna* torpedoed and sunk off Flamborough by a German submarine; 6 of the crew killed and 13 saved.

British steamer *Invergyle* torpedoed and sunk off Blyth, Northumberland; crew saved.

British steamer *Hartdale* torpedoed and sunk off the Mull of Galloway; 2 lives lost.

Recapture of St. Eloi by the British.

Destruction of the railway junctions at Don and Douai by Allied aircraft.

Operations at the Dardanelles continued.

March 14.—British steamer *Atlanta* torpedoed and sunk off Inishturk by a German submarine; crew saved.

German cruiser *Dresden* sunk in an engagement with British cruisers *Glasgow* and *Kent* and armed Orient liner *Orama* near Juan Fernandez Island; crew saved.

March 15.—British steamer *Fingal* torpedoed and sunk off the Northumberland coast by a German submarine; 6 lives lost.

Text issued of the Proclamation setting forth measures to be adopted by Great Britain and her Allies to prevent all commodities from entering or leaving Germany.

March 17.—British steamer *Leeuwarden* sunk near the Maas Lightship by a German submarine; crew saved.

Invasion of Memel, East Prussia, by Russian troops reported.

March 18.—British steamer *Glenartney* attacked and sunk off Beachy Head by a German submarine; 1 life lost.

Zeppelin attack on Calais; 9 killed.

British battleships *Irresistible* and *Ocean* and French battleship *Bouvet* sunk by drifting mines during attack upon the fortresses at the Narrows of the Dardanelles by the French and British Fleets; most of the crews of the British ships were saved, but only 64 survivors of the *Bouvet* were picked up.

March 19.—Occupation of Molundu, in the Congo, by a Franco-Belgian force on December 22nd announced.

March 20.—Bombs dropped over the Downs off Deal by a German airman; no damage done.

Heavy fighting at Dixmude and Nieuport reported.

Dutch Note sent to Great Britain, France and the United States protesting against the embargo on the commerce of neutrals with Germany.

Occupation on March 7th of seven stations in German South-West Africa by Union troops reported.

March 21.—British steamer *Cairntorr* torpedoed and sunk off Beachy Head by a German submarine; crew saved.

Two Zeppelins passed over Paris; bombs were dropped but little damage was done.

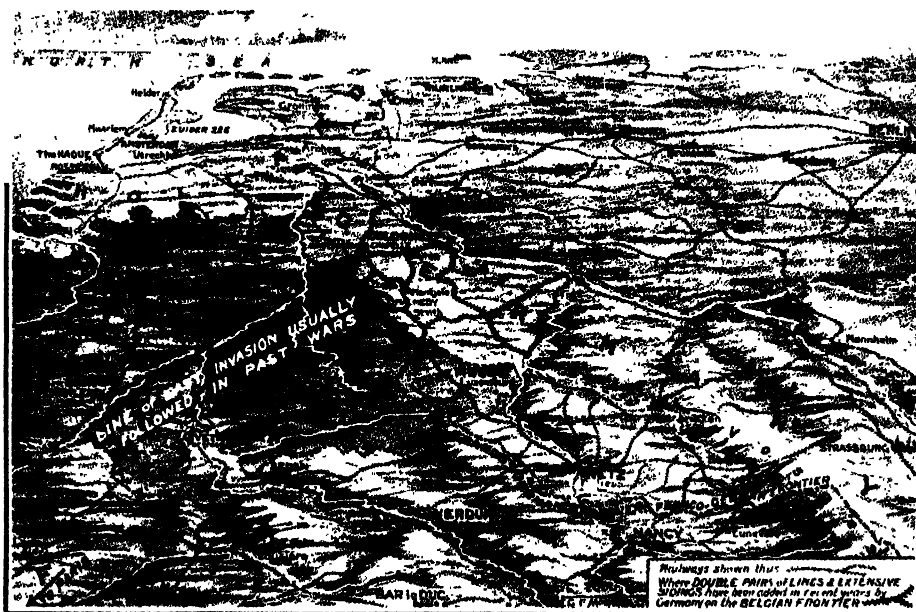
French air raid on Habsheim, near Colmar; two Taubes were destroyed.

March 22.—British steamer *Concord* torpedoed off Whitby by a German submarine; crew saved.

Surrender of Przemysl to Russian troops after a six months' siege: 120 000 prisoners were taken.

March 23.—Abandonment of the Turkish military offensive against Egypt reported.

March 24.—Successful air raid by the Dunkirk squadron on the German aeroplane works at Hoboken.



Belgium: The Line of tne Least Resistance (?)

DRINK IN WAR-TIME.

SHALL ITS SALE BE PROHIBITED?

By HENRY CARTER.

ON February 15th the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in the House of Commons a scheme of financial co-operation between the Allies for the purposes of the war. His speech closed with the suggestion that there were "other spheres" besides finance in which discussion, with a view to full co-operation, could profitably be sought.

The aim of this article is to explore one such sphere. Mr. Lloyd George himself referred to it in the same speech in describing Russia's "great act of national heroism and sacrifice" at the opening of the war, her prohibition of the sale of vodka. France, doubtless influenced by Russia's example, prohibited the sale of absinthe. Both Russia and France also restricted the traffic in other liquors.



Rev. Henry Carter,

Temperance Committee Wesleyan Methodist Chu

What of the third member of the great Alliance, Britain? How far have we co-operated in this sphere? Parliament has done something. The military authorities have done something. The Chancellor, with an eye on the Defence of the Realm Act, said at Bangor, "We have got great powers to deal with drink, and we mean to use them." The trouble is that what has been done is relatively so little. So ilttle, that is, compared with Russia. Statesmen, military critics, and press correspondents, agree that Russia—to quote Mr. Lloyd George again—"has, since the war began, enormously increased her resources by suppressing the sale of alcoholic liquors." Then why not Britain? We shall need all our resources, undiminished by any needless waste, before this colossal strife ends. Can we stop waste by doing as Russia has done? Shall we prohibit the sale of drink in war-time?

Though the subject bristles with difficulties, it is now of vital import. Fair and frank examination is necessary. Pursuing the question whether co-operation between the Allies is wise and practicable in this sphere, it will be best first to describe what Russia and France have done and why, and then discuss the home problem. The point of view taken throughout is that of national necessity. Does drinking mean wastage of national resources in time of war? If so, can we, like Russia, stop the waste? This is the challenge to which the present situation demands an answer.

I.—RUSSIA'S "ROMANTIC ADVENTURE."

"When I first prohibited vodka by the command of the Emperor," said M. Barck,

the Russian Minister of Finance, "I appeared to myself like a Don Quixote engaged in a romantic adventure which would not stand the test of reality. But now," he added, "even if I desired to remove the prohibition I should not be permitted to do so. The people would refuse to allow this evil thing to come upon them again."

The sale of vodka a highly alcoholic spirit made from rye has been a State enterprise in Russia for twenty years.

In 1913 the gross receipts of the Russian Government from its vodka sales were 900,000,000 roubles equal to about £95,000,000. The net profit has been stated to be more than one-fourth of the total revenue of the Russian State. No nation would at any time lightly sacrifice so vast an annual income, least of all in time of war, when revenue is a chief concern. The reasons which impelled Russia to renounce this huge asset must have been imperative. What were they?

First, beyond question, to secure military efficiency. The original Prohibition Order was a war measure issued with the order to mobilise. Its aim was to assure speedy mobilisation. The enforced sobriety worked wonders. Mobilisation was speedy beyond all precedent, and disastrous to the Prussian military plan, which counted on Russia's slackness at the start of the war. Hence in September the Prohibition Order was extended to cover the whole period of the war. To illustrate the thoroughgoing administration of the Order one might quote, for instance, Mr. Stanley Washburn, *Times* correspondent with the Russian Forces, who wrote last month, "In nearly six months' association with the armies in many different theatres of operation I have not seen a single drunken or tipsy officer or soldier." And, as Mr. Stephen Graham puts it, "With the soldiers sober Russia is safer."

Economic efficiency was a second consideration. Mr. Lloyd George, basing his words on "reports both from the Admiralty and the War Office," has said that in Britain drinking has gravely interfered with the output and transport of munitions of war. M. Barck has exactly the opposite tale to tell: under Prohibition, he says, "the productivity of every class of workman in Russia, whether agricultural or industrial, has already risen by from 30 to 50 per cent."

Social welfare was the crowning consideration. A year ago the Duma was grappling with the problem of vodka drunkenness, and but for the outbreak of war a Local Option measure would probably have become law. The Czar had long cherished the hope of arresting the spreading plague of intemperance. "It is not meet that the welfare of the Exchequer should be dependent upon the ruin of the spiritual and productive energies of numbers of my loyal subjects," ran the noble words of his Rescript last April to the Minister of Finance. The war brought the great opportunity, and the Czar turned words into deeds. The Government traffic in drink suddenly ceased. The bold stroke won the goodwill of the nation. More than all the Czar hoped for was secured. "Crime has everywhere diminished," says M. Barck. Savings bank deposits rapidly increase; M. Kharitonoff, the Treasury Comptroller, told the Budget Committee of the Duma that £2,910,000 was deposited last December, as against £70,000 only in December, 1913.* The Czar's great experiment has succeeded. National wastage has been checked; the national resources grow.

The present position in Russia is this. Not only is the State traffic in vodka prohibited in war-time, but the Czar announced last October its final prohibition: "I have decided to prohibit for ever in Russia the Government sale of alcohol." Numbers of wineshops and beer saloons have also been closed, for in October a new law was promulgated, permitting local administrative bodies to petition for an Order prohibiting "the sale of all strong drinks." The duty on beer has been greatly increased and its alcoholic strength reduced.

The loss of revenue from vodka is to be

* *Times*, January 26th.

met partly by economies, partly by fresh taxation, and partly by increased revenue from existing taxes. "I have no fear for the future," said the Minister of Finance in February; "I am relying on the fact that *the suppression of the vodka traffic has increased the productiveness of our people at least one-third.*"

II.—WHAT FRANCE HAS DONE.

Russia banned vodka. France, moved by like considerations, has banned absinthe with certain other spirituous liquors, and also severely restricted the future issue of liquor licences.

As early in the war as August 11th the Military Governor of Paris prohibited, as a temporary measure, the sale of absinthe, a drink of very high alcoholic strength; * his example was followed by many Prefects. On January 10th the President of the Republic issued a decree of Prohibition to apply to the whole country. This was approved, in the form of a Bill, by the Chamber of Deputies on February 12th, by 181 votes to 52. The Senate ratified the measure on March 12th.

The new law is drastic. The consumption of absinthe in 1913 equalled 53 million gallons. The anti-absinthe proposals as presented to the Chamber simply prohibited the sale of the spirit; but in the debate amendments were carried forbidding also its manufacture and exportation, and the law was made to apply to Algeria and the Colonies as well as to France. And the prohibition is for all time.

"Similar drinks" to absinthe are also prohibited; the phrase *absinthe et des boissons similaires* is understood to refer to the strong spirituous preparations commonly called "liqueurs."

Another law which passed the Chamber on March 4th, by 472 votes to 95, hedged round with restrictions the issue of new licences and the transfer of existing ones.

The question of compensation to persons hitherto engaged in the spirit industries affected is now under consideration by the Government, who are to announce their decision in May.

Racial welfare, as well as efficiency in the army and in industry, was a dominant idea in this legislative action. As the *British Medical Journal* said, "In thus cutting off at a stroke the supply of absinthe the French Government has rendered a signal service to the nation. . . . In ten years the beneficial results of this latest French legislation will probably be evident to all the world." †

III.—BRITAIN'S PART.

There is less need to tell in detail what Britain has done, for the main facts are well known.

Under the Temporary Restriction Act, passed at the end of the first month of the war, the hours for the sale of drink have been lessened in various areas. Much more could have been accomplished but for two amendments accepted in the Commons to conciliate critics: one disabled the Licensing Justices from making a Restriction Order unless the Chief of Police requested them to do so; the other made the Home Secretary's sanction necessary to all Orders for closing earlier than 9 p.m. In at least one great city where the Licensing Justices who ordinarily transact all the licensing business were desirous and ready to issue a Restriction Order, the Chief of Police declined to take the initiative and no Order could be made. The effect of the second amendment has been to make Justices chary of fixing a closing hour earlier than 9 p.m. One useful provision of the Act is that Restriction Orders can apply to clubs as well as to public-houses.

The Defence of the Realm Act placed extraordinary powers in the hands of the military authorities for the period of the war, enabling them, *e.g.*, to close licensed premises in any area and for any time. Closing Orders under this Act have usually referred to the neighbourhood of military camps.

* Absinthe contains "from 47 to 72 per cent. per volume of absolute alcohol" (*British Medical Journal*, February 20th, 1915).

† February 20th, 1915.

The recent "war tax" on beer, increasing the retail price of beer ½d. per half-pint, should also be named, although its first effect was not so much to lessen the sale of strong drink as to lessen the sale of beer and increase the sale of rum and other liquors.

What has been the result of these restrictions? The Reports of the Chief Constables for 1914 are significant. One after another refers to improved order and diminished drunkenness following restriction. The case of Middlesbrough is worth citing. An Order was made for closing between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m., and the Chief Constable reported that the decrease in drunkenness and disorder in the streets was most marked. On October 16th there was a return to 11 p.m. closing, but the police court showed on the following Monday a heavy increase in the charges for drunkenness. The military authorities took action, 10 p.m. closing was restored, and on January 20th a further Order was issued closing public-houses at 9 p.m.

National duties and personal griefs are leading most people to take a more serious view of life, and the lessening of temptations to drink has helped toward a more sober and wholesome way of living. That is the moral of restriction thus far.

The practical question is up to what point restriction should be carried. Is "the lure of drink" to be removed by lessening drinking facilities or by stopping the sale of drink altogether?

The answer must be framed in the face of two conditioning factors.

First, war-time legislation can only have reference to war-time and to the period immediately following. There is a truce between political parties. The truce enables emergency legislation for the purposes of the war to be carried speedily, but forbids legislative action of a permanent character. The present question is not, therefore, whether Prohibition is, or is not, the right policy for the nation in peace-time, but whether here and now in war-time it is the best course. The whole licensing problem will certainly possess a new urgency at the close of the war, because of the light which the experiences of war have thrown upon it. It may justly be urged that whatever Government is then in power will be required by the aroused conscience of the nation to deal in comprehensive fashion with the liquor question; but the only point with which the mind of the nation will now make reckoning is what the Government ought to do with the drink trade while war conditions continue.

In the second place, it will scarcely be contested that serious public opinion will sustain whatever action legislative or administrative—is necessary to secure and hasten victory. Public opinion has already consented to many unprecedented acts. The Stock Exchange has closed and opened as national necessity dictated. The ordinary commerce and method of the railway companies has given place to military requirements. Our streets have been darkened. Our homes are guest-houses for the troops. In a score of ways every day reminds us that we are at war, and that the normal must give place to the national need. If, then, the Government believes that the trade in strong drink depletes the national resources, lessens the output of work at home, delays our progress on the seas or at the Front, there need be no fear that the country will side with liquor against liberty. It knows now what the triumph of Prussian militarism would mean, and will pay the full price to make that impossible.

IV.—THREE POSSIBLE POLICIES.

These things being so, what are the policies open to the Government? There are three.

(1) THE POLICY OF FURTHER RESTRICTION.

The purposes to be served by further restriction are these:—

Speed in delivery of war stores must be secured. If ships and guns and ammunition, clothing, and food supplies are delayed, lives are lost and the day of victory put off. The Chancellor has plainly affirmed that a minority of workers

who indulge in drink is responsible for delays in certain vital industries.

Military efficiency must be secured. Lord Kitchener told the nation in October that "strict sobriety" was essential to the New Army, and appealed to the public to "avoid treating the men to drink." It is beyond denial that the time has come to place the law on the soldier's side and to defend him against the foolish goodwill of civilians. Since drink unfits for duty, "treating" comes near to treason.

The family resources of the nation must be sustained. Germany's care to conserve her food supplies, and to instruct her housewives to avoid waste, marks the vital need of thrift in this costly war. The rise in the cost of food and fuel adds urgency. Now the food-value of strong drink is, on the most favourable showing, very small. "A tiny bit of bread has in it as much real food as a gallon of beer," says Prof. Sir Michael Foster. That the nation may spend its means to profit, temptations to mis-spending should be lessened. But restrictions, to be of national service, must apply to the whole nation. Restrictions on one class, or on one sex, are neither fair nor will they meet the case. Late opening and early closing all bars for the sale of drink is the national requirement in the interests of thrift, efficiency, and character.

A further consideration will be in place here. War conditions will not sharply end when peace is declared. Huge armies cannot be disbanded in a day. It would be a sorrowful thing if the solemn thanksgivings for peace, and the return of the troops, should coincide with the entire removal of war restrictions on drinking. These should surely be retained for some longer period than the one month beyond the war for which the Temporary Restriction Act provides.

(2) PROHIBITION OF THE SALE OF SPIRITS.

Spirituous liquors, as the most highly alcoholic, are the most perilous to personal fitness and public order. To prohibit the sale of spirits during the war would be to co-operate with our Allies in safeguarding national health and wealth. The economic and moral gain to Russia in prohibiting vodka, to France in prohibiting absinthe, has been shown; Britain would not be less the gainer if she prohibited whisky and brandy, gin and rum.

The influence of the action of our Allies, and its fruitful results, have made a deep impression on British public opinion. There is, particularly in Scotland, an influential demand for action to this end.

In Russia the sale of spirits was, in the main, a State industry; prohibition was chiefly an affair of the State, which stopped the sale of its own goods. In France the sale of absinthe was in the hands of private traders, but this did not deter the Government from action; it prohibited the traffic in absinthe and similar drinks, reserving for later consideration the claims of those hitherto engaged in the business. With us the position is as in France; distilling and the sale of distilled liquors are private industries. There is strong ground, as the experience of Russia proves, for the suppression of the spirit traffic during the war. Let our Government do as our Allies have done. The French precedent of examining *after prohibition* the extent to which the Government veto may have caused actual loss to spirit traders suggests a way to meet the case of those affected by a sudden stoppage of the traffic.

(3) PROHIBITION OF ALL ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

It is not surprising that the entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicants is now seriously discussed. Each gain to moral order and economic efficiency, from the restrictions thus far imposed, raises the inevitable question, Why should drink deplete our resources at all? The arguments which justified restriction point on to prohibition.

The Spectator, a witness without bias, has argued once and again for prohibition during the war. It well asks:

"Is there any man in this country

of prudence, understanding, and true worldly wisdom who, in his heart of hearts, does not acknowledge that if by some miracle the whole nation became abstainers to-morrow national efficiency in the matter of work would be enormously increased, and that the national output of material would rise by 40 or 50 per cent.? If we want to get the maximum of energy into our war preparations, the way to do it is to follow the Russian example, and 'during the war' prevent the public sale of intoxicants. . . .

"We see that at the moment public facilities for the purchase of liquor are interfering with the proper carrying on of the war, and, therefore, they must be stopped. Into the question of detail we cannot enter now, but we feel certain that, if prohibition were once decided upon, Parliament would have no difficulty in arriving at a just and wise settlement of details." *

Further restriction, the prohibition of spirits, the entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicants: these are the three policies before the country. There is no necessary contradiction between them. It is easily conceivable that one may lead on to another, as the chastening hand of war rests yet more heavily on our land.

Yet whether it be step by step—restriction leading to partial and that to entire prohibition—or by one decisive stride, as in Russia, the solemn tokens of our time point to prohibition as the goal. Drink weakens the will to endure, the power to achieve; in war-time, therefore, the trade in drink should cease. That is the final answer to the challenge of the present situation.

The economic argument as stated in *The Spectator* is powerfully reinforced as we face the moral issues of this tremendous age. Lord Kitchener told the nation that "strict sobriety" was necessary to the men of the New Army if they were "to prepare themselves for active service with the least possible delay." Is the civilian to be exempt from the moral discipline requisite to the soldier? Is not this the truth, that we all have soldierly duties to discharge? Assuredly Britain needs us all at our best, soldier and merchant, artisan and housewife. We all count, for strength or weakness, in this grave hour. For never has test so searching confronted our race as that before us now. The brain and body of the whole people should work at highest efficiency, the moral fibre of the nation be unweakened by carnal indulgence. Can any sacrifice then be accounted too costly which will equip with fortitude and the power to serve?

The causes which Britain has espoused are sacred. Our Empire stands to-day for freedom against the crude claims of force, for the rights of the weaker peoples against the threat of Prussian overlordship. Our national life should accord in its character with the responsibilities we have assumed. The strife for liberty is holy; but they who wear her garb should share her nature. In this matter of strong drink and national duty we must needs lift our customs to the level of our convictions.

* March 20th, 1915; see also *Spectator* for February 13th, 1915.



Westminster Gazette.]

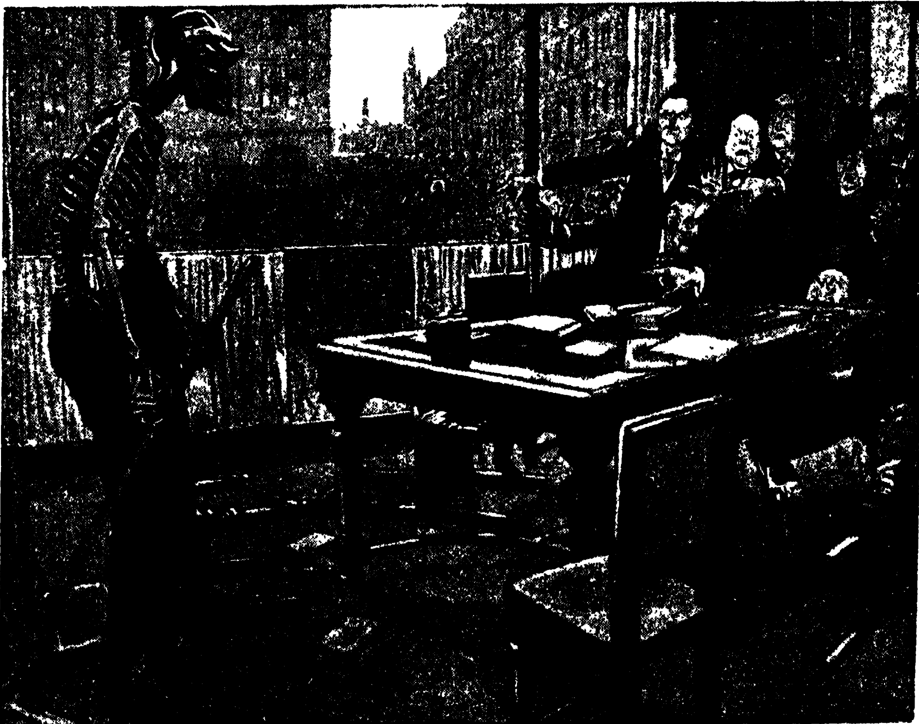
The Real "Bouches Inutiles."

VODKA: "They've turned me out of Russia!"
ABSINTHE: "And they won't have me in France!"

AS GERMANS SEE US.

THERE is a curious difference between the representations of John Bull in German cartoons and of typical Englishmen. Their John Bull is ours, except that he is uglier, smaller, more gnarled and withered, and always in a panic at something terrible threatened by Germany. But their Englishmen, though also usually in a panic, are tall and thin, long-legged, having the prominent teeth that French comic artists used to give to Englishwomen, and, in fact, as unlike their John Bull as one figure of fun can be to another. It is a minor detail that they are often in Highland costume, and nearly always smoke pipes. The explanation, no doubt, of this difference is that their John Bull is a parody of ours, an attempt to ridicule our traditional notion of ourselves; whereas their Englishmen are caricatures of Englishmen as they have seen them. They show a certain amount of observation, even though it be malicious; for many Englishmen are thin and have long legs, though they do not use them to run away from Germans, as the Germans expected they would.—*Times*, February 19th, 1915.

Of course the submarine blockade and the use of neutral flags figure prominently in the German cartoons. The attack on the Dardanelles brings forth the comment that Russia is not at all eager for the Allies to capture Constantinople. Japan's demands on China are looked upon as completely ousting all other Powers (p. 294).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

An Appeal to King Death—German Version.

Don't touch us; don't touch the Lords; take that rabble outside!'

The East Prussian campaign causes much jubilation and suggests the utter breakdown of Russia, necessitating the need of British and French capital to help her on (p. 295).

The English are supposed to be determined to remain in Calais, while Belgium attributes her desolation to England. Reference is made to the story of the offers with regard to Sir Roger Casement's assassination. The fact that the largest American armament works are at Bethlehem calls for sarcastic remark (p. 296).

The presence of Suffragettes in the firing-line seems to find firm belief in Germany. Failure of sufficient bribes is held to account for Italy's abstention. Sneers are levelled at the neutrals for weakly allowing England to interfere with their commerce (p. 297).



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Beginning of the Bathing Season on Feb. 18th.

The German submarines and the tormented "Sea Lord."



Jugend.] [Munich.

The English Sea Lord.

"These beastly U boats. I ought to have painted my body with neutral colours."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna

The Blockade: Feb. 18th, 1915.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

After Feb. 18th.

JOHN BULL: "Now, my costume is c plete. Mexican cowboy trousers, Dutch cl Stars and Stripes waistcoat, Spanish c t, Bersaglieri hat, Chinese umbrella Norweg Reindeer . . . and now I will see if Germ dares to touch me!"



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

John Bull at the Fancy Dress Shop.

"What costume shall I wear so that no one will know me?"

"Why not go as a gentleman?"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Newly-painted King.

Now a Zeppelin can do nothing to me.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

Under the Stars and Stripes.

"How well the World is arranged! France has her cathedrals, and I have the neutral flags as protection."



Jugend.] [Munich.

John Bull in the Dardanelles.

"Let him go in, and when his head is fast we will attack him from behind."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Prayer of the Russian Friend.

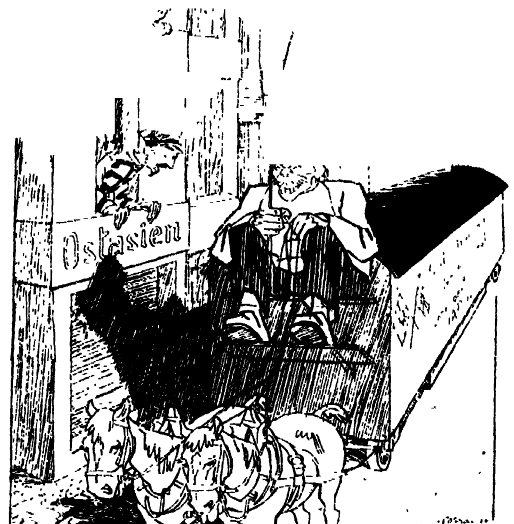
"Oh! holy Andreas, beseech Allah, that he does not let them through!"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Japan and China.

JAPAN: "I am not going to eat it yet; I am only cracking its bones!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Before the Hotel "East Asia."

'Dear Sirs, may I take away your trunks?'



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Great Chopping Knife.

"With our U's we will soon chop you in pieces, Englishman!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Our Hercules.

"Out of East Prussia!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Latest from the Russian Steam-Roller.

"It won't go; we must oil it."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

East Prussia.

The last game of the habitué of Monte Carlo.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

John Bull in Calais.

MARIANNE: "Mon Dieu, I believe the brut means to stay with me for ever!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Star of Bethlehem : U.S.A.

The Allies' rulers hastening to exchange their treasure for arms.



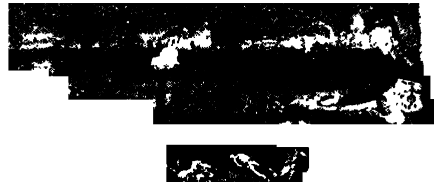
Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Sir Edward Grey is forming a Murder Club with Serbians as active members, as he failed in his attempts on Sir Roger Casement.

The Two Debtors.

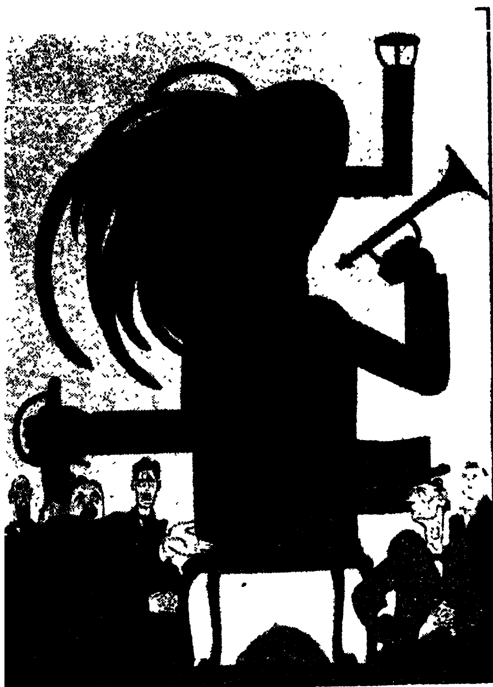


"Here, Albert, your debt to me is now 600 million francs."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

"Quite right, John, and your debt is ——."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Italian War Fever.

THE ALLIES: "How can we stoke it still more? our coal is failing."

Suffragettes at the Front.



"We will show that women are as good as men."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

"Help! a mouse!"



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Unhappy Edward.

"Mother, cover up that star: here comes a Zepp!"



Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

The Prize Grabber.

"How long are you going to let that fellow step on your corns?"

EUROPE—AFTER THE WAR.

A BALKAN STATESMAN'S PREDICTIONS.

This article, written by Dr. Ivan Yovitchévitch, Secretary-General of the Council of State of Montenegro, is reprinted from *The American Review of Reviews*, and is remarkable for its clear grasp of the situation and the precise declaration of the positions in which the several belligerents may be expected to find themselves after the conclusion of the fighting. Dr. Albert Shaw appeals to his American supporters for help to be sent to the brave Montenegrins, who are in great distress through food shortage, and we likewise commend the appeal to the British public.

In an authorised interview for *The American Review of Reviews*, last summer, I ventured to predict that war was imminent in Europe, and that the principal causes of war lay smouldering in the Balkans, which I had pictured as a slumbering volcano with three craters. My boldness in predicting the future appeared most presumptuous, perhaps the more so since the twentieth century is not an age of prophets.

Yet from my thorough knowledge of the situation in the Balkans I was practically certain that one of the craters would burst forth and inflame all Europe. I would be very happy if I had been mistaken.

Alas, my prophecy was fulfilled and the "second Balkan crater"—that is to say, the ill-feeling between Serbia and Austria—eventually cast the spark that set Europe on fire: and for many months the horrors of war have increased at a frightful rate, the number of the dead, the maimed, the widows and orphans receiving a daily increment. Ancient monuments lie in ruins; entire countries are ravaged by fire, and the armies, mad with blood lust, have become such savages that they respect nothing that lies in their path. In the light of these horrible disasters one is obliged to conclude that there is but little difference between the warriors of to-day and the barbarian hordes of the Huns, who, under the leadership of their chief, Attila, sacked a part of Southern Europe: it is this that has covered the twentieth century with shame.



Dr. Ivan Yovitchévitch,
Secretary-General of the Council of State of Montenegro.

Sad and impressive instances are the evil deeds of the German armies that hurled themselves like a plague upon unhappy Belgium. These armies committed such atrocities that the whole world was stupefied and dumbfounded. They burned towns and villages, massacring on their way men, women, and children. The Austrian armies did the same thing in the countries that they occupied for a time; of this the poor Serb nation knows something. The armies of the other belligerents will do identically the same as soon as they arrive in the countries inhabited by the German race. Europe is, then, a hell, and its inhabitants are devils who kill one another like the lowest savages, to the everlasting shame of our twentieth-century civilisation.

How Long will this Lamentable Situation Continue ?

The duration of this war is a matter of world-wide concern. May I be permitted to express my opinion that the contest must continue for a long time and for this reason: A half-year has passed since the beginning of hostilities and the belligerents are at about the same point that they were at the outset, so far as victory is concerned. It is true that the losses are enormous, but who are the vanquished and who are the victors ?

It is indisputable that this question remains unanswered up to this moment, and each belligerent is still animated with the firm resolve to conquer, and with the same hope that was cherished in the first days of hostilities. The second reason that makes me believe that this deplorable situation must last a long time is this: The two great giants, worthy combatants one of the other, for their strength, intrepidity and tactics, the Russian and the German, who are the preponderant factors in this monstrous struggle do not seem to want to engage in a decisive combat. They are like two wrestlers who are afraid of each other and delay taking the hazard of a grapple; each, circling his adversary, hopes to conquer him when his strength is exhausted.

When these two big European antagonists, the Russian and the German, employ the tactics of two fear-struck wrestlers, it goes without saying that the European war will continue for a considerable period, granting that the two antagonists are equally matched in their economic and physical strength and in the matter of their *moral*.

It appears incontestable that the horrors of this war, which are without parallel, will continue for a lengthy period, and that the unfortunate people must endure more suffering and atrocities without number.

How will the Terrible Struggle End ?

The second question, not less interesting, is to know how this European war will end. When the hostilities began it was extremely difficult to give an opinion on either side, but one can say now that the chances of victory are on the side of Russia and her allies. One can say that the German plan has failed. This plan was to fall suddenly upon France and crush her completely before the concentration of the Russian armies could be accomplished, and then, thanks to her network of railroads, transport the German troops to the Russian frontier and defeat the armies of the Czar before their complete mobilisation could be effected. But on one side the heroic resistance of the Belgians and on the other the quick mobilisation of the Russians caused Germany to change her plans and transport a large part of her forces to East Prussia, which General Rennenkampf had penetrated with a Russian army. That saved Paris and perhaps the whole French army.

Austria-Hungary on her side was persuaded that Serbia and Montenegro would be subdued in a short time, and that, once in touch with Bulgaria and Turkey, she would force Rumania to join the two other States against Russia. However, the heroic resistance of the Serbs and the Montenegrins astonished the whole world, and because of the three above-mentioned facts, the plans of Germany and Austria-Hungary could not be carried out. And this plan having failed at the beginning of the war, it has no chance whatever of succeeding in the future.

Therefore it appears that the European war cannot be brought to an end by decisive battles, but only by the complete exhaustion of one of the parties, and as Germany and Austria-Hungary are comparatively in a state of blockade, one can say without fear of being mistaken that these two Powers will be the more quickly exhausted; their adversaries being masters of the sea, they can without doubt resist longer from an economic point of view.

To conclude, then, we can say with certainty that the Russians and their allies have the best of it, and that this terrible struggle will end in the complete defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The Probable Consequences.

And what will be the result ? The outcome of the present war may be conceived thus:

First: Russia will expand at the expense of Austria-Hungary, will annex Galicia, and will demand from Turkey the occupation of Constantinople and a part of Asia Minor.

Second: France will regain her two former provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Third: England will be benefited by gaining possession of the German colonies, as well as a part of Asia Minor.

Fourth: Belgium will receive as recompense for her stoic resistance the Duchy of Luxemburg.

Fifth: The two kindred kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro will receive as a

reward for a struggle not less stoical the two Austrian provinces peopled by the Serb race.

Sixth: Italy, as a reward for her neutrality, would receive the provinces of Austria-Hungary inhabited by Italians.

Seventh: Roumania for the same reason would receive Bukovina, an Austrian province peopled largely by Rumanians.

As to Turkey, which has been dragged into the war by German political intrigue, she will be erased from the map as an independent country. It will be the same with Albania; for her inhabitants, who are in a state of perpetual anarchy, cannot long exist as an independent people.

This, then, is my view of the conditions that will be imposed upon the conquered. Perhaps changes may be even greater; for it is possible that Austria-Hungary, like Turkey, may cease to exist as an independent empire. Nor is it inconceivable that certain provinces might be snatched from Germany, as, for example, German Poland. But here you have in a few words my opinion of the actual situation now existing in Europe, and my predictions for the future.

GREATER SCANDINAVIA.

JULIUS MORITZEN, whose services to the cause of international peace are well known, writing in *The North American Review*, explains the full significance of the Malmö Conference at which the Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway took counsel together on behalf of their respective countries. These northern neighbours had no quarrel with any of the belligerents, but this has not saved them from the peril of yielding their neutrality. As Mr. Moritzen says:

With England Denmark has for decades maintained the very closest association. Ever since the Danish princess won the esteem of the British nation first as the wife of the Prince of Wales and subsequently as the Queen of England Alexandra became the strong link in the chain that gave international stability to the little Northern land. There is no denying the fact that Denmark found security in those royal matches which good Queen Louise arranged between her daughters and the scions of Great Britain and Russia. It is probably true that as Empress of all the Russias Dagmar wielded a considerable mastery over Alexander, and that this daughter of Scandinavia let no opportunity go by for aiding the country of her nativity. Wedged in, as it were, between the North Sea and the Baltic, Denmark had no reason to doubt that with powerful neighbours to the left and right as friends Danish soil would be kept inviolate. In addition, England had come to look upon the Danes as their purveyors of food-stuffs. Danish butter and bacon and eggs found ready markets in the British Isles, while the savings banks of Denmark piled up deposits in consequence.

The position of Sweden was somewhat more critical owing to fears of Russian aggression, which fears have been unduly stimulated by German agents, and Norway in less degree shared the same indefinite feeling of danger. The conference, however, has served to weld these nations together:—

And now Denmark and Norway and Sweden stand a unit for the preservation of their own independence and the safeguarding of the neutral principle. The war may go on; still one section of Europe will hardly undergo a geographical change when the conflict comes to an end. The belligerents will find a way to respect a neutrality that may be considered the one bright spot on the sombre European canvas. In that direction Scandinavia may extend hands across the sea, for while the citizens of the United States, like those of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have a right to their opinions, and are privileged to place their sympathies where they wish, no Governments more so than the North American Republic and the three northern nations of Europe are aiming to make neutrality effective, for their own sake, as well as for the purpose of saving some parts of the world from the devastating war that most likely will be the last permitted by an outraged civilisation.

The following extract has a special interest for our readers:—

That greater Scandinavia which may be considered a concrete fact already cannot record the events which led to the Malmö meeting without taking account of Nicholas II.'s peace rescript, however much out of harmony that incident in Russia's history appears when viewed in the light of the present. When W. T. Stead made his noteworthy tour of the courts of Europe to learn how the various nations felt about the Czar's summons, he met in Rome Björnstjerne Björnson. Asked his opinion regarding the peace rescript of the Russian Emperor, Björnson replied by asserting that the small countries should now combine politically so as to present a solid front before the Powers. The germ of Mr. Stead's desired United States of Europe reposed in that proposal of the Norwegian, since Björnson insisted that Belgium and Holland and Switzerland should be members with the Scandinavian countries of this league of minor States.

A DANISH VIEW: EXTEND FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

SIR,—As, I think, your oldest Danish subscriber (of twenty years' standing) I make bold to accept the recent invitation to readers to *suggest a general arrangement at the end of the present war*—an arrangement by which, as far as possible, a blessed *Gimle* may come out of the present *Ragnarok*.

I take it that the aim should be:—(1) *Risk of future war minimised;* involving (2) *Reduction of armaments;* (3) *Reign of justice and liberty for all oppressed nationalities capable of self-government.*

Future wars are best prevented by avoiding their two chief incentives: (*a*) *national hatred* (a wish to do others harm), and (*b*) *supposed national interest in war* (the desire to do yourselves good).

(*a*) To avoid national animosity, the final peace should involve the least possible humiliation or oppression to any nation. The fundamental principle of the settlement should be *the right of each nationality to join the State it prefers* or to start a new State, if of workable size—all on the principle that *the rights of government rest on the consent of the governed.*

On this fundamental principle workable boundaries must be drawn. By a plebiscite *Germany* would probably lose parts of Alsace-Lorraine, of Slesvig, and of her Polish provinces—most of those 4,000,000 of forced German subjects, who are unable to speak the German language, and hindered in speaking their own.

Austria would break up, parts going to Roumania, parts to Servia, Russia, or Poland (reformed under the Czar as King). The ancient kingdom of Bohemia might be resuscitated, the German provinces might join Germany; while the 9,000,000 Magyars would form a State with only themselves to oppress.

Turkey would disappear from Europe, the Balkans being rearranged as nearly as possible on lines of nationality, or, more correctly, of popular choice.

No German province should be forced into another State. Evil should not be repaid by evil. And the German colonies should all be returned to Germany, except Kiau-chau, for the development of which full compensation should be paid by the new owner (China ?).

(*b*) Most of the supposed gains from war would disappear by the establishment of *Free Trade* by all participants in the war (or peace). With free trade all talk of "Conquering new markets" by war must cease; the position of boundaries becomes as indifferent commercially as it now is for postal matters. "Access to the sea" will be as free to all States as it now is to the State of Ohio.

The German Army and Navy should be reduced to a local gendarmerie. For twenty-five years Germany should not enlist any recruits, or make or import any implements of war. The rest of Europe should guarantee the integrity and liberty of Germany.

The yearly saving to Germany, say £100,000,000, would be ample for interest and sinking-fund for a war indemnity of £1,500,000,000, which Germany should pay to the actual sufferers by the war.

The armaments of all other nations might then be reduced to one-third, or still less, later; all at the disposal of The Hague Tribunal. The enormous saving would soon rebuild what the war has ruined. After some years the Germans would understand that the settlement meant neither humiliation nor oppression to them, and that Germany was perfectly free to develop her wealth, resources, and natural gifts. Then, Germany might, without restriction of any kind, take her place as a great nation in the community of European nations. The struggle need leave no permanent bitterness—on the contrary, a strong feeling of mutual respect, ending in general good-will amongst the "United States of Europe." The great European war would soon be as forgotten as the great American War of Secession.

A permanent peace must be based on—Justice to all, Oppression and Humiliation to none. This is a *conditio sine qua non.*

AAGE WESTENHOLZ.

Magleaas, pr. Birkerod.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BELOVED ENGLAND.

We have purposely refrained from besmirching our pages with any quotation from Lissauer's notorious "Hymn of Hate," but once more we are reminded that out of evil good may come, for Helen Gray Cone has been moved to hymn "A Chant of Love for England," which appears in *The Atlantic Monthly*: -

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love -
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott:
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground - -
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea –
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal.
England!

OUR WRONG.

We reprint the following poem by Ethel Sidgwick from *The Westminster Gazette*; it feelingly represents the conviction of many who in their hearts admit that their "sins of omission" have served to produce the present calamitous reign of the powers of evil: –

THE LIST.

Killed on the twenty-first a month ago -
The child that slew him? Dead, no doubt, as well.—
Say that some powerful fate has willed it so,
And both were doomed, for years before they fell;

Say that the fault is Mammon's, Antichrist's,
Or that high God's you'd hire to grind the mill
Of murder. . . . Cease, you mouthing moralists,
The fault is ours - yours - mine, if so you will.

These bear the brunt: their fathers stood the test.
We sought and scrawled and skirmished to depict
Honour: -we languished over Right: we dressed
Peace in sweet melody and measures strict.

We had the ease to ponder, space to plan,
Leisure to dream upon a world to come —
Not this! -we staked our penny-piece for man,
Sacrificed, some of us; and suffered, some

All that we would not stake for good, these must:
Their choice is short because we chaffered long:
Our penalty, their crown! -when all is dust,
They shall be justified, who reap our wrong.

We shall be judged. For every truth half-said,
Each thought subservient, each divided aim,
We shall be spurned for them. Go, dear young dead,
Assume your honours— we reserve our shame

Cracow, the capital of Austrian Poland, is a place rich in memories of departed glories. And memory and glory alike are enshrined in its magnificent churches. There are thirty-six churches for a town of something over 90,000 people. — K. E. Royds, in *The Treasury*.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

**'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.***

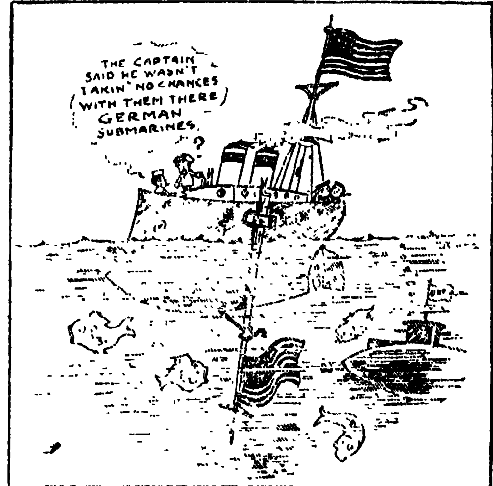


Cape Times.]

The Pirate Navy.

THE PIRATE (up-to-date): "Got any guns about you?"
THE VICTIMS: "No, no, we haven't."
THE PIRATE: "Well! Now for a glorious victory!"

The German Navy's campaign against England is mainly confined to attacks on undefended coast towns and unarmed merchantmen.



Evening Sun.] [New York.

A Suggestion to Foreign Ship Captains
who have been flying the American flag to protect themselves.



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

William Declares a Blockade on England.



Inquirer.] [Philadelphia.

Germany under All.

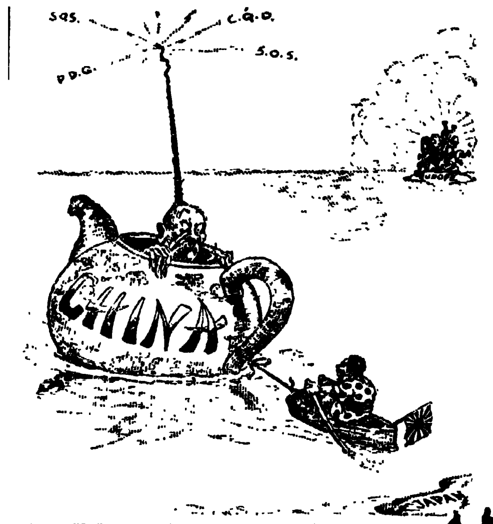


De Amsterdammer.]

The Animal-Tamer in Distress.

JOHN BULL: "That's a fine thing! I have taught my Japanese jockey to ride nicely in English fashion, and there he goes with the Chinese dragon while I've got my hands full here!"

Japan's demands on China have called forth comment both in Holland and the United States; both cartoons suggest that Japan has practically annexed China. *Le Rire* looks on the destruction of the Zeppelins as Divine judgment.



Star.] [Newark, U.S.A.

Everybody Busy.



Punch.] [Melbourne

The Kaiser's Sword.

THE KAISER: "What! Haven't you had enough fighting?"

KITCHENER: "Enough? Why, I'm only just going to begin!"



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Voice of God.

"You kill women and children; I will destroy you all!"



Le Cri de Paris.]

Amiable Neutrality.

"Courage, Servia, we shall come to your assistance . . . some day or other!"

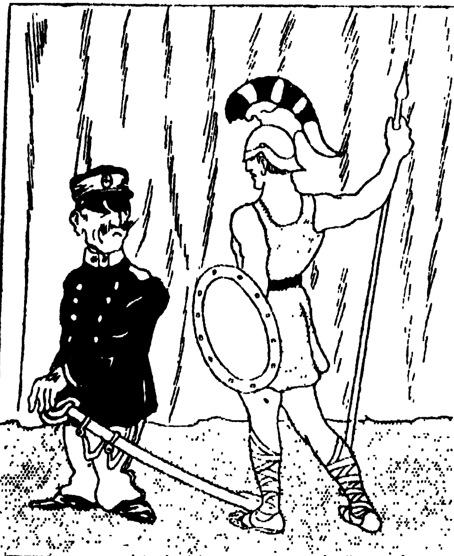


L'Asino.] [Rome.

An Italian View.

The equilibrist Salandra performed on the nose of the great William.

Le Cri de Paris is sarcastic as to the continued neutrality of Roumania and Italy. The conduct of the latter country calls forth outspoken comment from the Italian papers themselves. *Pasquino* suggests that the opening of the Dardanelles will be used by England to influence Italy.



Il. Mondo Umeristico.] [Rome

MARS: "When are you going to enter?"

VICTOR EMMANUEL: "In the last Act; it is only the first that is now being played."



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Opening of the Dardanelles.

ENGLAND: "Now that I can supply you with wheat, will you come along with me?"



De Amsterdammer.]

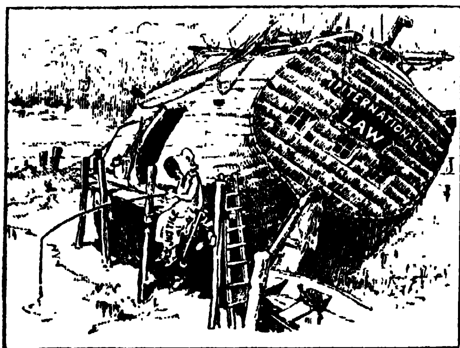
Rations : 200 grammes.

MICHEL: "Just a little tighter!"



Journal.] [Provid...

A Slender Hold.



Chicago News.]

Interned—for the Duration of the War!



Le Ri...] [Paris.

With the Sick Man.

The Camel with two humps.

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore? Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

RUSSIA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

COMMUNION AND CO-OPERATION ESSENTIAL.

THE Russian Empire will be one of the most important factors in the future development of Europe, and on it and the British Empire will depend the peace or otherwise of the world. After the war these two Empires will be the most powerful nations, for of the Great Powers the conflict will have bled them least white. Under these circumstances the only possible course for Great Britain is co-operation with Russia; any other course will inevitably lead to friction and war. By co-operation and friendship, the two Empires can secure the peaceful development of Europe. This does not mean that they can secure this end without the assistance of all the other European Powers, which, of course, is essential; but should there be unfriendly feeling between them, then future strife is inevitable.



Photo by] [*Stephen Graham.*

A Russian Pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem

There is nothing to prevent the utmost friendliness between the two countries, except the enormous ignorance in this country regarding Russia. The picture most Englishmen see is that of snow, bombs, secret police, and Siberian prisons. A picture further from the truth could hardly be imagined. But knowledge of Russia's internal politics, of her people, and of her aspirations, there is practically none. Few English people have visited and studied Russia, and but few books have been written on the subject, and these have been read only by a comparatively select company. The only Russian questions that have agitated Great Britain are those which are the result of her bad qualities, which have been flourished before our eyes, while her many virtues are never mentioned, with the natural result that she has to a large extent been judged simply on her vices. That the Russian has vices is inevitable, since no nation is perfect; but though the Russian nature is, in many respects, very different to the British, in other respects there is a wonderful similarity. There are no inherent differences whic can prevent the fullest friendship and goodwill between the two nations once a full understanding of each other is ttained; in fact, quite the contrary.

The Russian government, which incidentally is the only form of government which can deal with Russia as she is at present, may seem to us to be antiquated and reactionary, and has done many things which are contrary to our sense of right and justice; Russia admittedly has not advanced so far as Great Britain in the direction of democratic government, but

that is chiefly because she began late; her progress along that path, when once she started, has been remarkable, and has been equalled by no other country in Europe. Her late start was due entirely to her geographical position:

Living on an immense plain which stretches far into Asia, her population was for centuries constantly exposed to the incursions of lawless, predatory hordes, and this life-and-death struggle culminated in the so-called Mongol domination, during which her native princes were tributary vassals of the great Tartar Khan. Under such circumstances she could hardly be expected to make much social progress, and she was further impeded by difficulties of intercourse with the more favoured nations of the West, from whom she was separated by differences of language, customs and religious beliefs. It was as if Europe had been divided into two halves by a formidable barrier, which condemned the unfortunate Russians to isolation.*

All her energies were required to establish herself firmly on this plain, and it was not till that was accomplished could she turn her attention to the question of internal development. It was only in 1861 that Russia was able to embark upon any large measure of reform. In that year Alexander II. liberated the serfs, whereby millions of peasants were freed and put in possession of allotments of land. To deal with the new conditions, the Zemstvos, or Provincial and District Councils, composed of elected representatives of the gentry, the peasantry, and the townspeople, were established to deal with local administration. These Zemstvos have ever since been the strongholds of progress, and forerunners of constitutionalism in Russia. The Judicial system was reformed at the same time.

Thus a little over fifty years ago slavery existed in Russia, and now she possesses a National Elective Assembly in the Duma, which, though it has not much power, is yet a check on the autocracy, and is an earnest of more to come. This is, indeed, remarkable progress, and we need not fear for its eventual continuance

Russian progress is accomplished in a different manner to that in Great Britain. It is not a steady forward movement, but consists of great leaps forward, followed invariably by reactionary retreat. This apparently inevitable period of reaction after reform is due to the national characteristic of the Russian temperament, which is-

an intense impatience to obtain gigantic results in an incredibly short space of time. Unlike the English, who crawl cautiously along the rugged path of progress, looking attentively to the right and to the left, and seeking to avoid obstacles and circumvent opposition by conciliation and compromise, the Russian dashes boldly into the unknown, keeping his eye fixed on the distant goal and striving to follow a bee-line, regardless of obstacles and pitfalls. The natural consequence is that his moments of sanguine enthusiasm are frequently followed by hours of depression bordering on despair, when he is inclined to attribute his failure to some malign influence rather than to his own recklessness. When in this depressed mood the more violent natures are apt to have recourse to extreme measures. (Wallace.)

Again and again the violent action of the reformers has led to excesses which have given the Government the excuse for repressive and reactionary measures, all of which have attracted the notice of the outside world. The great advances that Russia has already made is a certain promise that the progress will continue, and the welding together of the nation by this war will give it a further impetus. The reiterated statement of the Germans as to the Russians being barbarians finds belief nowhere, as a reference to her large contribution to every branch of science, art, and literature at once confirms.†

Russia has the finest material in the world from which to produce a democratic country. Her peasants, of whom Mr. Stephen Graham has given such illuminating accounts—numbering 140 million, or more than 80 per cent. of the total population—are inherently democratic. Scattered in small villages, they own most of the arable land in Russia. Each village is practically a small republic owning land on a communal system; their affairs are regulated by the Mir, or village council, in

* *Our Russian Ally*, by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. Macmillan. 2d.

† See *Russia's Gift to the World*. Mackail. Hodder & Stoughton. 2d.

which every point is fully debated. The Central Government scarcely touches the village except as regards the collection of taxes, the provision of police, and drawing conscripts for the army.



Photo by] *[Stephen Graham*

A Russian Wedding Party.

The Russian peasant is almost universally praised both by the pro- and anti-Russians. He alone of the peoples of Europe is truly and naturally religious.

> His religion is based on common sense. . . The first and cardinal point of the peasant's whole outlook on life is that he believes in God, and that he sees the will of God in all things, and that he regards a man who disbelieves in God as something abnormal, and not only abnormal, but silly. He believes in God because it seems to him nonsensical not to do so.*

This enables him to do much that in other countries would be impossible. He is uneducated, to be sure, but has sound practical common sense. In a short time he will no longer be uneducated. Great strides of late have been made in the establishment of schools all over the country. This is due chiefly to the efforts of the Zemstvos. The Russian peasant is anxious to learn, and especially such as have left the farm for the industrial life. As yet the peasant has had practically no influence on the forms of government, but with fuller education, he will be the determining factor, and it is probable that he will always be actuated by his democratic principles.

It is certain that Russia has a long way to go before she reaches the standard of constitutional freedom enjoyed by the countries of the West, as it will be a difficult task to encroach on the firmly intrenched bureaucracy, but that she will attain that end is certain. Britain's endeavour must be to help and encourage Russia on her way to greater development. To do this she must get to know the Russian character and ideals in all its aspects. The sad side of Russia has been put continuously before us, but fully to extend friendship and help we must not be content with knowing only one side, but must study the true Russian, and we shall find that he is a person with whom we can enter into the fullest communion and co-operation.

* *The Mainsprings of Russia* by the Hon. Maurice Baring. Nelson. 2s. net.

The need for mutual knowledge and understanding is being felt in all directions. At a meeting summoned by the Speaker the Russia Society was inaugurated to promote a thorough understanding between the peoples of Great Britain and Russia. The proposal obtained immediate support from every quarter. A message was received from the King in which he expressed his "hearty sympathy with every effort made to promote and maintain a complete and lasting understanding between the peoples of the British and Russian Empires." A message of sympathy has also been received from the Tsar.

Those who are anxious to know about the true Russia could not do better than join the Society. Its office is at present at 17 Victoria Street, and all particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. James Malcolm.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

"THE AXE IS LAID UNTO THE ROOT OF THE TREES."

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.—**Pope's "Iliad."**

DR. BREND'S article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Passing of the Child" is intrinsically the most important paper submitted for the consideration of thinking men and women for many a long day. That this is no academic discussion may be gathered from the writer's prelude:—

There is no need to emphasise the importance of maintaining the population of these islands so long as weight of numbers is the most potent factor in determining the issue of war. The growing size of the Allies' armies affords good reason for believing that the present struggle will end in a manner satisfactory to the British people, but immediate success alone would be a far from adequate recompense for the terrible cost incurred. To posterity will fall the task of seeing that what is now gained is kept. Optimists say that this war will end war, and though the future may show that to be the case, it would be too dangerous to act on the belief and not to take all reasonable precautions against the possibility of having at some future time again to meet our present or other foes. International animosities persist for long periods, and nations have displayed astonishing powers of recuperation after defeat. The hatred of England which has arisen in Germany may, if she is beaten, leave a bitter and sullen people filled with a desire some day to wipe out their humiliation. Against this hostility neither battleships nor fortresses are likely to suffice, if there should be marked disparity in numbers. The purpose of this article is to show that changes have occurred, and are still taking place, in our population which point to the conclusion that the population of Germany, already much the greater, will in ensuing decades tend more and more to outstrip ours at an increasingly rapid rate. Unless the most vigorous steps are taken to counteract these changes, the next generation may be confronted with a situation more serious than that we have had to face, and much of our present effort may have been in vain.

The subject is a formidable one, and a right conclusion is not possible by an unaided reference to vital statistics, affected as these are by many considerations which do not at first sight appear. This paper contains all the essential figures, but the writer is at pains to insert the qualifying conditions which materially modify obvious, but incorrect, conclusions. Dr. Brend examines all available information and suggests the following "exceedingly probable developments":—

(1) A further continuous fall in the birth-rate, owing to the spread of the practice of preventing conception, and possibly also to the further diminution in the proportion of married persons, and to the increased postponement of marriage. In addition, the fall will be increased by the rise in the average age of the population, brought about by the heavy fall which has already occurred, but has not yet produced its full effect, the ultimate effect of the further fall which may be anticipated and the probable continuance of emigration of young persons.

(2) A diminution in the rate of fall of the death-rate, followed by a period during which the rate will remain more or less constant and which may already have been reached, and then a steady rise. These changes will be produced by the rise in the average age of the population again, as in (1), due to the decline of the birth-rate in the past, and the further decline which may be expected in the future. They may be masked for a time by a real decline in mortality owing to improved conditions, but the effect of this will become less and less as its natural limit is approached. On the other hand, they may be accelerated by increased emigration.

The margin between the birth-rate and the death rate is now 10·2. It may be highly rash to predict when this will disappear, but if the figures should approximate at an average rate of 0·5 per annum (and this is only about what the average fall in the birth-rate alone has been during recent years), twenty years will see a stationary population in this country.

The writer then proceeds to a study of the conditions existing in European countries,

and makes the following comparison between Germany and this country :—

In 1911 the population of Germany exceeded that of the United Kingdom by more than twenty millions. For many years its rate of increase has been the greater. Between 1901 and 1911, while the United Kingdom added 3,760,362 to its population, an increase of 9 per cent., Germany added 8,561,239, an increase of 15 per cent. The birth-rate in Germany in 1911 was 4·2 per thousand *higher than that in the United Kingdom.* It has fallen from the fairly constant neighbourhood of 36 during the later years of the last century, but it is of the greatest importance to notice that the fall in Germany did not begin until about 1902, and has only become considerable during quite recent years As already explained, the full effect of the fall on the population is not felt for a considerable time. In this country the decline began about 1877. It is quite possible that Germany may eventually reach the static condition, which has almost been reached in France, and which this country appears to be approaching, but now, in 1915, Germany is only where we were in 1890. As regards the immediate future Germany starts with an advantage over us of twenty-five years.

The death-rate in Germany in 1911 was 2·5 higher than that in the United Kingdom, and the infant mortality rate was 192 as compared with 125. There is therefore much more scope for reduction of the death-rate in Germany, and especially of the infant mortality rate, than in the United Kingdom.

Taking all the factors into consideration, therefore, there seems to be good reason for believing that if Germany does not lose an appreciable part of her population as a result of the War, her numbers relatively to ours will increase very largely during the next twenty or thirty years. We cannot tell yet what internal effects the War will have in that country. It may be that a period of terrible depression must be gone through which will send up the death-rate, check efforts at social reform, and encourage emigration. There is also the actual loss of life in the field to be remembered, but the effect of this will not be so great as a diminution of population which included women On the other hand, the intense national consciousness of the Germans may, if they are beaten, engender a desire for revenge in the future which might be more effective in arresting the decline of the birth-rate than anything we can hope to do in this country.

The article ends with a note of grave warning :—

The artificial restriction of the family is a new feature in the history of mankind which has not so far received the attention from the detached, biological point of view that it deserves. Yet it may have effects ultimately more stupendous and far-reaching than any of those great movements of the past -migrations, conquests, epidemics, religious changes which, beginning in prehistoric times, have so profoundly influenced human development. In this country, with one exception, the process began earlier and has gone further than among any other people. Unless we can and quickly, too reduce our infant mortality to an extent hitherto unhoped for, can improve conditions of life so that our young people no longer seek for happiness or opportunity abroad, and can awaken the national conscience on the question of births, the future of our nation is grave.

SUBSIDISE THE MIDDLE CLASSES!

THIS seems to be the only conclusion one is expected to draw from Mrs. Richardson's article on "The Professional Classes, The War, and the Birth-Rate" in *The Nineteenth Century*. After detailing the pains and penalties of the middle-class family the writer says: "England will have to devise some means of financial relief if she wishes her middle classes to continue to exist as a leavening mass between the rising Democracy and the Aristocracy of both wealth and birth." We think the argument might have been advanced on wider grounds, and until the middle classes have taken a leaf from the trades-unionist's book and learned the lessons of combination and organisation few will be found to offer consolation of the kind indicated.

Mrs. Richardson regards the middle class as the "backbone of England," which owing to its high standard of living finds it difficult to make both ends meet. She says:

Now, to go back to the beginning of the question, the birth-rate itself, I most emphatically deny that this is low in the professional class from any motives of self-indulgence, love of pleasure, or shrinking from pain or trouble to themselves. Of all classes of the community, they are perhaps the one which shows the most devotion, love and care for their children, and it is these very characteristics that make them shrink from bringing into the world young lives, to whom for lack of means they cannot afford to give the best that life has to offer.

To them, remember, in these modern days, comfortable conditions of living, a good education, a circle of congenial friends, Art, trave

up-to-date amusements, are not luxuries, but as much necessaries of life as the working-man's "meat" dinner, gossip at the street corners, public-house, and football match; and to have to deny these to their children is as bitter as it is to the working-man to see his children ill-clad and ill-fed. (I am, of course, here comparing the best of both classes.)

This paper will raise many vexed questions, and we should like to have seen some reference to the lack of thrift and the idle emulation of the rich which accounts for much middle-class suffering. To maintain a high standard of living is most praiseworthy, but common honesty dictates that the coat must be cut according to one's cloth. The middle class is exploited in many directions; the remedy lies in its own hands.

OBITER DICTA.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE FORUM."

To try to "get away from the war" is the aim of a coward, a shirker. Let us get closer to it; saturate ourselves with the whole atmosphere of crime, suffering, heroism, folly. Let no man say in his heart that he has no part in this, that it is his right to sleep soundly o' nights, with a truly neutral conscience and an untroubled heart. We are little indeed if we are not big enough to take our part in this racking travail of humanity.

* * * * * *

What we need is the thoughtful, reasoned, intense conviction that the shams of the past must not be tolerated any longer in personal or in national life. Then we shall get away from the absurdity of so-called ministers of Christ asserting fatuously that war is inevitable, regenerative, inspiring. Such men should be drummed out of the churches that they disgrace, as self-convicted hypocrites.

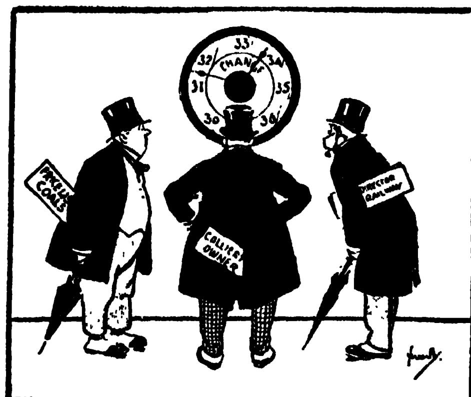
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The theory of the survival of the most brutal may well be replaced by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; and the fittest are those who can not only conduct their own national affairs and live their own national life rationally and efficiently, but can also refrain from violating in any degree the equal rights of all other communities. This is not a counsel of perfection, though there is no special ignominy in perfection. It is a counsel of common sense.

* * * * * *

America is not yet understood by Europe as a whole. She has many faults, but she is not entirely immune from virtues. To those who still identify the United States with the sheerest materialism, the spirit that is now actuating her, as a nation, will not be readily comprehensible. Yet it may well be that the future of the world, flung into the crucible of war, may ultimately depend upon our ability to take, untrammelled, the initiative in the steps which must lead to permanent peace and a sane reorganisation of the world.

A LITTLE book which should be widely read is *Science and Religion* (Hammond, 1s. net). It contains the spoken ideas of seven representative scientists upon the subject. The Warden of Browning Hall, realising that the ordinary man is being systematically flooded with the vamped-up utterances of the old unbelieving men of science instead of becoming acquainted with the latest opinions, invited Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Fleming, Bottomley, Hull, Sims Woodhead, Silvanus Thompson and Dr. Harker to give each one a lecture in Browning Hall. The audiences were overflowing, and the lectures so valuable that they are here given by the Rev. Herbert Stead to a wider audience. Mr. John E. Stead, D.Sc., F.R.S., suggested the formation of a British Association for the Advancement of Religion; for, he says, Religion must be endured with the scientific instinct, which should be cultivated and not ignored.



Star.] [London.

The Falling Coalometer.

(BY JOHN HASSALL.)

THE THREE INNOCENTS (all at once): "Of course the high price of coal doesn't benefit ME—but I don't like to see this steady fall."

WILLIAM THE MAN: A PORTRAIT.

"I was not always a man of woe."—Scott.

THE official presentation of royal personages is proverbially misleading, and as an appreciation of the personality of the German Emperor is regarded as essential to a correct judgment of current events, the public is indebted to Anne Topham for a [illegible]-like portrait of "William the Sudden," which appears in *The Fortnightly Review*. The writer has met the Kaiser "in the intimacy of home," and the following sketch is sufficiently personal to please the most enquiring:

The Emperor's appearance, especially in civil dress, is a little disappointing, for his portraits and busts have been over idealised and beautified. That somewhat Judaic nose of his, through which he speaks with a distinctly Judaic snuffle, has been given a Greek touch which it does not, strictly speaking, possess. The complexion is colourless and sallow, and on the right cheek is the deeply indented scar of the iron which a madman once flung at him, dangerously near the eye—those bright, blue restless eyes which he has a trick of bulging out at people in an alarming and very unbecoming style. His hair is turning very grey at the temples, and little lines and wrinkles thread his face, which, in spite of its animation, has a worn look, the look of a man who consumes vital energy somewhat too fast. His figure, not above the middle height, is growing thickset and a slight tendency to elderly *embonpoint* may be observed. Lazlo, the Hungarian portrait painter, has lately executed a portrait sketch in oils of the Kaiser. The general public dislikes it and finds it disappointing, yet it is one of the best likenesses that exists of His Majesty. His own family are delighted with its fidelity and the wonderful truth of the expression.

It is, in fact, too exact, too faithful. The public have formed a totally different idea of their Kaiser. They have never seen him bareheaded, but invariably in uniform, with helmet or flat undress cap. He does well never to appear to his subjects in other than military *tenue*, for in the tourist costume, which is his favourite dress when travelling in foreign countries, he loses in dignity; even when playing tennis he does not look well, an effect probably of the pink shirts and flamboyant ties for which he has so peculiar an affection.

Among a crowd of people he is instantly to be recognised by his manner of constantly emphasising what he says with upraised hand and forefinger: the latter constantly and rapidly "waggles" (there is no other word for it) in accompaniment to the conversation. If, as is probable, he is at the same time wriggling and jerking galvanically on his left leg, it is easy to account for the "atmosphere of feverish activity" which seems to surround the Kaiser at even the calmest moments of his existence.



Western Mail.] [Perth, Australia.

The Merry Monarch.

This last sentence reads like an extract from Mr. Finot's estimate, "The Mattoid Monarch," recently printed in these pages, and the following sentence suggests the moodiness of madness:

He takes a malicious schoolboy pleasure in mimicking in quite a frank, open, and absolutely inoffensive style their well-known tricks of manner, whether it is the embarrassed smirk of one, the stately severity of another, or the nervous giggle of a third. Only a very thin-skinned soul could suffer under His Majesty's good-humoured scoffing. Everyone goes away saying: "His Majesty is in an excellent temper to-night"; and it must be admitted that when he is *not* in good temper the Court suffers.

By this it is by no means to be inferred that he has not his temper under excellent control—

quite the contrary—but the eclipse even for a short time of that buoyant cheeriness and boisterous good humour so characteristic of William causes a gloomy depression of the atmosphere. Conversation languishes at meal-times; heavy silences are apt to fall like a weight on the assembled company; a subtle sense of something wrong makes itself distinctly perceptible. So all are glad when "Richard's himself again," and his frequent laugh once more rings out frank and free.

William's manners are sometimes abrupt and startling; he hates circumlocution and prefers to come straight to the point. Servility and obsequiousness find no favour with him, but he likes to be treated with frank though respectful independence. Yet though he often brushes aside elaborate and tiresome ceremonial, it is not well to meet him too eagerly half-way. Content, especially in private life, to waive the rights of his autocratic position, any person who thinks he, too, may ignore them, the Kaiser will make quickly conscious of the error.

The writer attributes the Kaiser's talents to his mother, "Who inspired him with that love of personally superintending and carrying through his own projects and designs." We can well believe that "he has never been able to win that adoring devotion of his personal attendants which was the lot of his father and grandfather," for the man depicted in this sketch is certainly too forcible in his methods to command deep-seated affection; the Kaiser may say, with Robert Emmet, "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph."

WHAT THE GERMANS WERE TOLD.

"PUBLIC Opinion in Germany" is the subject of an article by an anonymous author in *Le Correspondant* of February 25th. In it the writer has endeavoured to place himself in the position of the German people, and to see their point of view. Starting with the days previous to the declaration of war, the Germans are shown us—that is to say, the ordinary bourgeois, not of course the official and governing class—as quite unprepared for the tempest which broke out in the last days of July. They were unprepared, and a large portion of the inhabitants viewed the prospect of war with apprehension, not to say dislike. However, as the author points out, and gives numerous quotations from newspapers and official documents to prove, the people were left entirely in the dark as to the true march of events, the newspapers only giving them what it was considered good for them to know. Thus, although the Austrian ultimatum was made known, the Serbian reply was never published, only the Austrian statement that it was unsatisfactory. Russia, it was announced, violated the German frontiers, and mobilised her entire army, long before Germany declared war; the same was said of the French. With England they went to great trouble to hide the cause of her intervention—*i.e.*, Belgium—and showed her as a traitor, who, after announcing her neutrality, waited until Germany was attacked on every side, when she also turned on her. No wonder that the German people reserve their greatest hatred for Britain! Therefore, from disliking the war, public opinion veered round strongly in its favour.

After the marvellous victory of the German arms from Liège to Paris popular enthusiasm rose to fever-pitch, and those who at first had doubted could do so no longer. Scientists and professors commenced in essays and lectures to inform the world what victorious Germany would do with regard to the conquered countries; they were to be organised, for, as the author points out, organisation is in the very bones of the German people, together with discipline. From their childhood they are brought up to conform to rules and to obey regulations, therefore they prove much easier metal for organisers to mould into well-planned shapes than are the people of other countries, who have been allowed more freedom of action and thought, and therefore act separately and individually and not in well-organised groups. Germany, however, in her jubilant plans made in the joy of victory did not make any allowances for the different characteristics of other countries, and was going to mould them all on the model of Germany, and one day they would rise up and bless their benefactor, who, in exchange for their individuality, gave them a wonderfully organised machine.

Then, again, the worship of strength is the religion of the whole empire; in everything one finds that love of the "kolossal," that admiration for strength and size, be it a Berlin restaurant with its accommodation for 4,000 persons, or the Hamburg-American liner with its 50,000 tons. In the same way they have an intense admiration for Napoleon

and for the colossal brutality and cynicism of Bismarck.

The writer, as do so many others, impresses on us the fact that, although the German people have been growing depressed since the battle of the Marne, the war is still being waged outside their frontiers, and until the Allies can drive the attack home into Germany it will be a very long time before the docile German begins to doubt the all-powerful organisation which has made him its own. The Allies must have courage and patience and work hard for a military victory, which is the only rapid means of ending the war.

"THE DEVIL-MAJOR."

"Within the Enemy's Lines" appears in *The Fortnightly Review* from the pen of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who went to Brussels at the invitation of the Belgian Red Cross to organise hospital work. Upon the arrival of the German Army the lady found herself a prisoner, and the following extract gives some idea of the interest of her reminiscences and the amiable sentiments entertained towards the British by the gentle Teuton. An officer threatens his prisoners:—

"You are spies, and I suppose you know the fate of spies!" He told one of the officials to fetch from a shelf a large book. He opened it and pointed triumphantly upon a certain page. "You see that! The fate of a spy is to be shot within twenty-four hours. Now you know!" Then I realised that the position was serious. But I knew that with a bully of this sort everything depended upon not showing that one was afraid, and I therefore replied cheerfully, as though it was an everyday commonplace to be told that one was condemned to be shot, "But, mein Herr Major, I'm sure you would not wish to commit such an injustice? Won't you at least look at our papers and see for yourself that what I have told you is right?"

And then this Devil-Major, as we subsequently called him, made a remark which opened my eyes and illumined for me the whole history of the war. "Right!" he retorted, his voice rasping with a vindictive hatred of which I had never had experience. "*You are English, and whether you are right or wrong—this is a war of annihilation!*"

Annihilation! From the personal point of view these words were ominous enough; but from a larger and national standpoint I realised that the words implied annihilation not only of England, but of all that for which England stands; above all, for the perception that of all the forces on God's earth, physical force is the least effective for the accomplishment of purpose. "*You are English, and whether you are right or wrong, this is a war of annihilation!*" That phrase seemed to cut the ground from under me. If this spirit was representative of the spirit of Germany, and if Germany was, as I had assumed, representative of twentieth-century civilisation, where was human progress? But at least I was brought by a short cut to a true understanding of the spirit which was actuating the German Army, and I was glad to be disillusioned concerning the inevitability of the war.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Only Possible Peace Offering.

Germany has again been coquetting with Peace through Switzerland this time. But until Germany is content to sacrifice the military and naval ideals that prompted the war such advances are useless.

PEACE: "Yes, this much I will accept, but no fraction less."

How Belgium Saved Europe, by Charles Sarolea (Heinemann, 2s. net). Want of space forbids more than a mention of this terrible proof of the transformation of idealist Germany into the Germany of William, Zeppelin and Krupp. Its author's name is its recommendation.

GERMANY FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM.

The Atlantic Monthly presents the case for the several belligerents with due impartiality, and the editors, introducing "Germany's Answer," by Hans Delbrück, say :—

It lends especial interest to this paper to remember that the author is Professor of History in the University of Berlin in succession to the famous Treitschke ; that he has served for many years in the Reichstag ; and that he is in every respect entitled to speak for modern Imperial Germany.

Dealing with the intervention of Britain, the Professor writes :—

The fundamental error of the English Blue Book in the presentation of the case is the assumption of the right of Russia to assume the protection of Serbia. With this assumption as a basis, Sir Edward Grey endeavoured to move Vienna and Berlin to an amelioration of the Austrian demands. We have seen that if Austria had made her demands less sharp, sooner or later the war would have broken out just the same. If Sir Edward had really desired to maintain peace, he would have made it clear to Russia that a Russian protectorate in Serbia was unjustifiable. Of course, this would have been rather hard for the Czar to concede, but he could have made it plain to his people that he felt obliged to withdraw his protecting hand from Serbia, since the agitators there had become assassins : that a Czar could have no common cause with regicides. The possibility of such a diplomatic course as this was not alluded to by the least hint in the English Blue Book.

Perhaps American people are inclined to put the question whether even the existence of such an artificially constructed State as Austria is of sufficient value to be conserved with such immense bloodshed as is now taking place over the whole of Europe. It is true that Austria is a very artificial State, composed of many different nations. But if this State did not exist, a clever statesman once said, it ought to be invented. For did the Hapsburg Empire not exist, all those small nations—Slavs, Hungarians, Roumanians, and the whole Balkan peninsula, and all the rest—would form part of the body of the mighty Russia. Who then on the continent of Europe would be still able to resist the Russian colossus ?

This amounts to a clear denial of Russia's recognised position and ill accords with the admitted pretensions of Germany for "world-power."

The following passage seems to deny one of the arguments universally adopted by the singers of the "Hymn of Hate" :

The real sequence of events is therefore the following : Sir Edward Grey, with consummate skill, let Germany see that England would participate in the war in any case, thus putting Germany into the position of having to violate Belgian neutrality in self-defence ; and then announced to all the world, with much moral pathos, that the defence of this neutrality was the ground for England's declaration of war.

The Professor addresses himself with great fervour to the task of inducing America to recognise the benevolent purpose of Potsdam :—

In the United States many have taken sides against Germany because they believed that they saw in the victory of the Western Powers a victory of liberalism, and in a German victory a triumph of militarism. Quite aside from the fact that Germany, in many respects, has far more political liberty than either France or England, the victory of the Allies would be a victory, not of the Western Powers, but of England and Russia. It is in reality these two Powers who threaten the liberties of the nations to-day : England, who strives to rule the seas of the world and to subjugate the commerce of all nations to the law of her naval power ; and Russia, whose army, even in time of peace, is larger than the armies of Germany, Austria, and Italy added together. Without those tremendous efforts made by Germany—called by our enemies the "Prussian Militarism"—the mainland of Europe would long since have been under the dominion of the Cossacks and there would have remained nothing but the struggle between England and Russia for the dominion over Asia, which would mean to the victor world-domination.

Would that be a desirable aim for the development of the world's history ? All modern culture in all its wealth rests on polynationalism. If Germany and Austria are victorious in this war, the freedom of the nations will be preserved, because, no matter how strong Germany emerges from this struggle, she will still be far too weak to maintain a world-dominion. Germany lacks the mass, the bulk, the weight, and must rely for power on greater tension, activity, and efforts. Texas alone is much larger in area than Germany. But if England and Russia win—France in comparison with these two hardly counts as a great Power—one will dominate the seas, the other the continents. Of course, England's power will continue only if the British Empire continues to exist. Does not the United States already feel the injustice of the English interpretation of maritime law ? To what extremes would England utilise her power, if she no longer, as a check, had Germany to consider ?

Therefore we, in Germany, have the firm conviction that it is not for our own independence alone that we are fighting in this war, but for the preservation of the culture and freedom of all peoples.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR ON THE WAR AND AFTER.

THE Italian scientific magazine *Scientia* is holding an "inquiry into the war," and is publishing a series of articles from different countries giving different aspects of the question.

Professor E. Meyer, of Berlin, gives what has become the standard German case. England, he says, is solely responsible; she worked up the war from fear of German trade aggrandisement. She alone could have prevented it, if she had told Russia to stop; but as she did not do so, it shows that she wished for war. Belgium, of course, gets no pity; she had already violated her neutrality, as proved by the conversations with the British Attaché.

As to England's declaration that she is fighting to overthrow German militarism, the Professor asserts that in order to do the German nation must be destroyed. He proceeds to give an interesting explanation of the differences between the ideals of the two nations:—

The differences depend not only on the English and German conception of the State but also on the idea each nation has of liberty. For the Englishman liberty signifies the right of the individual to the unlimited pursuit of his proper material interests, without any interference from the State, at the same time conforming, as regards outlook, customs, and habits of life, to the will of the majority—to "public opinion." For the German, on the contrary, liberty signifies the spiritual and spontaneous development of his true personality, of his individuality, and in consequence complete independence from public opinion, but in revenge demands a subordination to the interests of collectivism, and to the ideals of his nation. Also the State is for the Englishman an institution of constraint, whose rights and demands with regard to the individual must be limited as much as possible. For the German, on the other hand, the State is precisely the organisation in which is incarnated the highest ideals of the people, an organisation possessing the power of embracing and vivifying the whole of the national life, and whose decrees are such that each individual, as a member of a great Whole, transforms them for himself into the free manifestations of his will, and thus elevates them to the dignity of moral commandments of free submission, and free performance of duty. That is why the German looks upon universal military service as the base and the highest realisation of a free national State, while the Englishman considers it as the greatest abomination, and a despotic constraint which destroys his notion of liberty.

As to what will happen after the war, the Professor says a return to former conditions is impossible. He predicts the great increase of power to Japan and the great expansion of Islam. That it will be the last war, and will be followed by new pacific developments and international concord he dismisses as Utopian. "That can only be achieved by the complete crushing of England, thus to regain the freedom of the seas, and by reducing our other enemies to such a point that they will have no desire to renew the conflict."

Scientia also contains articles by W. J. Collins on "The Aetiology of the European Conflagration," and by Vilfredo Paieto, on "The War and its Chief Sociological Factors." The series of articles is to be continued in subsequent numbers.

THE WILY WAYS OF THE GERMAN CLERK.

GERMANY wages economic war on the same principles that she adopts in the war of arms. Servile in submission, she is arrogant in domination; she is cowardly, egotistic, but obstinate, never discouraged! Thus in the past the German has been introduced into Belgium as a simple clerk, a punctilious worker and extraordinarily economical. The majority of the young Germans who entered business in Belgium offered their services gratis for three or six months, under the pretext of learning the language. Yes! But with a remarkable facility of assimilation the young Teuton studied the wheelwork of his patron's undertaking. He made admirable use of all the information coming within his reach; it is his way. A year later, perhaps, he would open, either in Belgium or in Germany, a competitive house, being powerfully assisted in this enterprise by the German banking establishments. It is true that they accorded such assistance ninety times out of a hundred to the detriment of a rival Belgian; the fact has often been proved.—RAYMOND COLLEYE DE WEERDT, in *The Financial Review of Reviews*.

"PREPARE FOR PEACE."

TO MEN OF NO ACCOUNT.

ARE you a merchant, a preacher, a teacher or citizen of any country? If so, you are not permitted to have any voice in the making of war. This should hurt your self-respect almost as much as war affects your purse. Anyway, you are not consulted; you simply don't count. This reflection is only too obvious, and the reasons are set forth at length by Professor Sheldon in his article "The War against War" in *The Forum*. It is all a sad confession of failure to millions of Christians to acknowledge that "the will or ambition of some divine-right autocrat, some blood-and-iron statesman or professional militarist" is more powerful than all the prayers of the Churches. Even the business man, with the resources of civilisation at his command, is ignored calmly and impudently because he is too ready to give honour where it is not due, and the price of this self-abasement of free citizens is being paid in blood and tears!

Parliaments are flouted as though they were not, and the old fight against those in authority has to be waged anew. The Professor gives a cue to those who are bewildered in their *apparent* helplessness:—

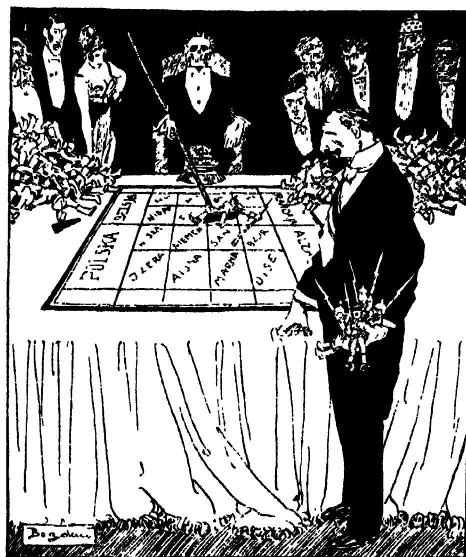
"In time of peace prepare for war" has long been the favourite slogan of the militarists, which they have dinned in the ears of the world until it has been deceived into adopting a policy that for years has kept Europe in a nightmare of apprehension, resulting at last in a war of continental proportions. "In time of peace *prepare for peace*" should be the watchword of all the moral forces of civilisation the Churches, the school and college, the womanhood of the world, the working classes, and the business and financial interests of all nations.

In recognition of his services at The Hague Peace Conference of 1907, the French Inter-parliamentary Arbitration Group presented M. Léon Bourgeois with a bronze statue by Rodin, symbolising "The Awakening of Humanity." Reviewing the history of the conference, M. Bourgeois said, in accepting the gift, "Let the sceptics laugh; but we who laboured at The Hague as faithful servitors of justice can bear testimony that we heard in the Hall of Knights the whisperings of the Universal Conscience, the first slow but regular and distinct beatings of the Heart of Humanity." It remains for the moral forces of the world—hitherto so little used—to swell into trumpet tones these whisperings of the Universal Conscience and move the great Heart of Humanity to beat fast and strong or peace and good-will among men and nations.

A UNIVERSAL COURT.

IN *The English Review* Eden Phillpotts writes briefly and to the point on "Secrecy"—the hidden methods of the too-retiring diplomatist. The following estimate of the "brokers in blood" is hardly flattering to the guileful fraternity:—

The nations demand that their law and their legislation shall be unconcealed, and detest and restrict wire-pulling to the best of their power; then why should that emphatically second-rate



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

The Losing Player.

order of minds who stand for the bulk of our diplomatic body be granted these dangerous privileges? One has only to see a little of any diplomatic staff to perceive the danger of trusting it with secrets, or permitting it any sort of power to operate unseen. A peculiar man does this work. He is well born and educated at a public school, followed by Oxford or Cambridge. Rank and privilege open his road, and noble families, when they produce a son without will power, p. disposition, or any first-class ambition, invoke interest and send him to the Diplomatic Service. In the middle class, the same sort of individual becomes a curate—seldom from conviction, but generally because, having no bent or ability of his own, he takes the line of least resistance. And to this class we commit issues of vital importance involving supreme tact, wide knowledge, utmost courage, imagination, and

richness of resource. The theory is that they represent the traditions of the ruling class; but the "ruling class" has ceased to rule, and has long since denied its own tradition.

Mr. Phillpotts advocates an appeal to a Court of Nations, by which we assume he designates The Hague Tribunal, which supplies "the necessary machinery" to secure the desired end:—

Therefore let the nations open their hearts to each other, and the more complete their frankness, so much the greater hope of peaceful settlements and the less fear of recourse to means that all men of good will recognise as evil. War should have become an anachronism in this our time, and with the annihilation of secret diplomacy and the substitution of a Universal Court, wherein all differences must of necessity be common knowledge, we should certainly find out a way to avoid war, and probably discover that differences of individual States may be automatically settled by the pressure and opinion of all States. It is reasonable to suppose that the bulk of physical power would always lie with the majority; and it is beyond dispute that a majority would never permit any resort to it. Nor, after we have reached a point when questions of national honour can be examined nationally, need there be any fear that upon honour's vital plea the sword must be drawn. Man's real honour rests in his own keeping and cannot be assailed from without. Germany's honour lies under the heel of Prussia in Belgium; but not the embattled might of the world could have tarnished it. Serbia's honour would have been saved by our Court of Nations without the digging of a grave: for such a Court will possess ample powers to uphold the honour of the least as well as the greatest; to abolish national tyranny from the face of the earth, and make strong the friends of righteousness in every future council of mankind.

WE are too old to allow young Prussia to revive the patriarchal power or Austria to assume the purple which, in the name of the Holy Roman Empire, she claims. The throne of the Cæsars is cast down, their bondmen are set free, their edicts are not again to be renewed. Their power has been put into commission, and the nations have been guaranteed their integrity. Sometimes the greater brothers find it necessary to deal harshly with the smaller, but they have conceived a very strong belief in the rights of the individual members of the family. It is those rights which are being menaced by Prussia, and it is because Britain believes in the family equality rather than patriarchal tyranny that she has allowed them to be inscribed upon her banner.—*The British Review.*

THE SETTLEMENT?

THE British reader should encourage himself sufficiently to acquire some knowledge of the aspirations of his Allies the Serbs, and as an introduction to his study he should read A. H. E. Taylor's article in *The British Review* on "The Renascence of Serbia." The writer quotes the motto from the national arms, *Samo Sloga Srbina Spasava* (Union alone is Serb salvation), towards which this nation of stalwarts has been slowly moving for centuries! The pace so far is not encouraging, but Mr. Taylor is evidently of opinion that realisation is now within sight, and, anticipating the friendly co-operation of Italy, suggests the New Serbia:—

Renascent Serbia can expect also Bosnia and the Herzgovina, and she should have the district of Syrmia, of which the population is genuine Serb, and which had in the past close ties with her. It contains some famous Serb shrines, while, from the military point of view, recent events have shown how necessary is its possessions to the defence of the kingdom. Croatia could receive in compensation the islands off her coast which at present belong administratively to Dalmatia and Istria, and also the part of south-western Hungary inhabited by Croats. The Serb Voyvodina in southern Hungary is separated, geographically, from Serbia by the great natural boundary of the Danube; its cession could not perhaps be in question but for Magyar tyranny. Montenegro will certainly form a customs union with a joint Foreign Office and a fusion of the two armies, becoming a kingdom within a kingdom. In the direction of Macedonia, Serbia will be able then to make liberal concessions to Bulgaria The Kocana and Istib districts are Bulgarian, but as regards central Macedonia the question is complicated by the desire for a common Serbo-Greek frontier, Greece especially having no wish for a wedge of Bulgarian territory between her and her ally. With Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Syrmia, the kingdom (with Montenegro) would comprise a population of roughly 6,700,000, of whom 4,700,000 would be Serbs, 1,000,000 Catholic Serbs and Croats, and 600,000 Moslem Serbs. If she retains central Macedonia some 500,000 Macedonian Slavs would be added to the total and the Voyvodina would add a further 100,000 Serbs.

Having in mind recent diplomatic attempts at conciliating clashing interests, we are afraid the student will only see in all this material for future misunderstanding. This is only a very small part of the settlement which will tax the prevision and forbearance of European publicists.

THE VOICE OF AMERICA.

CAN America remain silent? This question has been asked with increasing force ever since the violation of Belgium, and Paul Fuller addresses an appeal to President Wilson, in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, insisting that only by protesting can America justify herself before her own people and the world. The writer devotes considerable space to a consideration of America's historic attitude, and shows conclusively that the strict observance of legal neutrality has never carried with it the suppression of natural feeling and sympathy. The attempt to secure absolute neutrality both in letter and spirit has proved a failure, and the writer has no hesitation in urging the President to put America right in this matter:—

We appeal to the President to look over the field again, to consider anew the baleful influence upon the cause of peace, upon the enlightenment of nations, upon the mitigation of the horrors of war, of such a proceeding as the invasion and the subsequent devastation and desolation of an unoffending country. We beg him to look over this America which he loves so well and to take heed of the strong and universal sentiment which prevails throughout the land, of protest against this latest and most flagrant disregard of international justice. He will find that it overshadows all other considerations concerning this war. There still may be differences of opinion as to whether universal civilisation and political advancement are best to be served by the European hegemony of a vast military organisation which has cast into the shadow all the spiritual and intellectual elements of its own race, or by the unimpeded progress of such democracy and representative government as rules in England or in France; but he will find throughout the breadth of the land no apology, no tolerance for the initial act of tyrannical assault by which the war was initiated, and the territory of Belgium made the unwilling field of the most devastating conflict of all time.

As the President has found it possible up to this time to voice the feelings and aspirations of the people over whom he presides, we appeal to him to consult that public opinion which he has hitherto faithfully represented, to find some way, which his acumen, his large experience, and his humanitarian spirit can devise, without infringing upon the international rights which we are all anxious to respect and recognise, in which to speak in the name of the American people some word of dissent from, if not of reprobation of, the violation of international law for which Germany has no other plea than that "necessity knows no law." That reprobation is already made manifest from one end of the country to the other, and already acute political opponents are endeavouring to mould it into a weapon of political opposition. The country must not be silent, cannot be silent with honour—in fact, it has already spoken; but it would be glad to have its scattered voices concentrated in the voice of its Chief Magistrate, that the world may know unmistakably, and not by the mouth of "rumour with its thousand tongues," how America stands with respect to the noblest dictates of international justice.

GERMANISM IN AMERICA.

THE threat of the German colony to conduct an electoral campaign in the United States calls forth the following spirited comment by S. Perez Triana in *The English Review*:—

The present world-conflict involves the issues of liberty and democracy as against privilege and despotism. Prussia and her satellites stand for a privileged military caste, and for a system of government and administration hostile to all the conceptions of the founders of the Republic. Prussianism is the very negation of all their hopes and ideals.

The vote as a birthright, or acquired at a later period, is rigidly restricted within the fundamental principles of the institutions. It has solely the welfare of the nation for its scope. To foster or to promote the interests of a foreign despotism by means of the vote granted, in honour, by the Republic for the defence of liberty is a labour of treason. to use that vote as a weapon of coercion to make traitors of others is to adopt the tactics of blackmail.

The present upheaval that stirs the world to its foundations has revealed an internal danger for the United States compared with which the War of Secession was as harmless as a peal of thunder in the distance, for even if the nation had been rent in twain the fundamental orientations would have survived in the sections. But to-day Prussianism has its servants inside the temple of the Republic. They wear the garb of priests of the nation, and they take their orders from Berlin.

The people of the United States will certainly prove to the world in this hour of trial, fraught with the issues of life and death to the cause of liberty, that "the insidious wiles of foreign influence" will not prevail. They will not be overawed or cajoled by the Teutons in their midst; they will not bend the submissive knee to Potsdam, and they will show themselves worthy of the trust which Providence placed in their hands. Humanity is hanging breathless on the issue.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

In his description of "Two Battle Fronts: A Letter from Warsaw," appearing in *The Fortnightly Review*, Robert Crozier Long achieves the unique distinction of revealing the actual conditions of the armies in Galicia and Central Poland. The article is comprehensive and illuminating, and will be thoroughly appreciated by thousands of readers who desire to know, with some certainty, of the things happening on the Eastern front. We must be content with an extract which shows the lightheartedness of the Russian soldier, and at the same time conveys some idea of the magnitude of the task before him:—

I know the Russian Army of old: and the present visit confirms an early conviction that all ranks of all branches are brave and practical as soldiers and kindly and sympathetic as men. The nearer to the firing line the stronger the impression. Confidence is great: officers and men are inclined perhaps unduly to despise the Austrians, who still at times show great offensive force. The men of the Corps, commanded from Tarnow, are small, sturdy, sunburnt, and active. They have no sense of danger. From a safe dug-out I watched artillerists, near whom every quarter of an hour dropped Austrian shells and shrapnel, playing the peasant game "little towns" (*gorodki*), with still hot shrapnel cases instead of the regulation pine logs. A man hit by a splinter objected to go back until he had had his throw. Relations with officers are easy and fraternal: this essentially Russian way does not impair discipline. The regimental officers are without fear; they keep their heads in desperate situations, and have the confidence of their men. Technically, the younger artillery officers have probably the highest training.

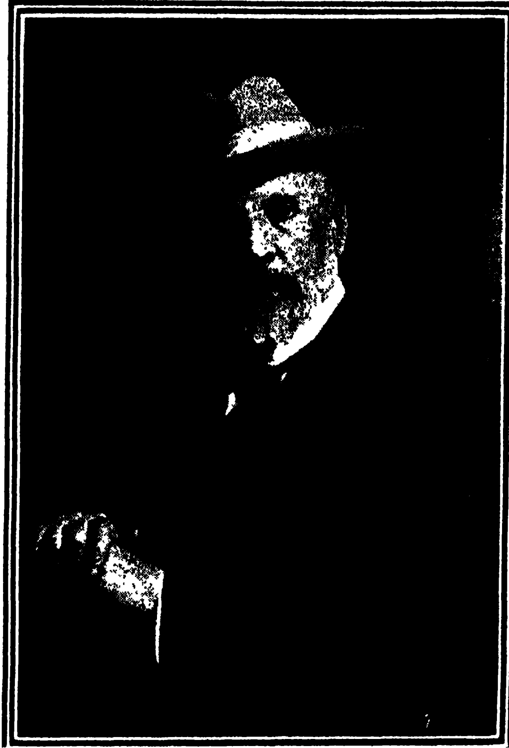


Photo by] [*Stanley's Press Agency.*

The Late Count de Witte.

On the South Polish and West Galician roads I saw good work being done by sappers and engineers; the log bridges are quickly and solidly built, and are superior to the enemy's bridges made during the second Austro-German advance. Of the work of divisional, corps, and army staffs I saw less, and have more diffidence in judging. I am convinced that the delaying of a successful offensive on the Eastern fronts cannot be put down to bad moral or bad training in the armies themselves. The obstacles are of another kind. Competent officers say that the conditions of a precedent quick offensive have been lacking all along, the main conditions being a practicable frontier in relation to the allied enemies, and adequate railway communications making possible surprise re-groupings such as the Germans have thrice effected with good result.

Invasion of Germany is impossible until the East Prussia and Carpathian flanks have been finally cleared (of later obstacles I say nothing); but with the present relation of strength success in the flank-clearing operation cannot be attained unless the enemy tires, or unless a very powerful diversion comes from the West.

Before the war these obstacles were plain, even to laymen: and when the outbreak of war clouded lay judgments, they remained plain to the Staff, which made no promises of times and seasons, but fulfilled the ally's one duty of doing its best.

WITH THE WOUNDED.

THE great war must inevitably divert the destiny of many nations—that lies in the future: the immediate present is filled with the minor but more searching personal workings of fate as the machine grinds out the lives of men and flings them aside stricken to helplessness. The daily and weekly Press teem with the revelations of war in the making and the monthlies now record incidents which will help the historian to realise the actualities of this campaign. "A British Officer" contributes his experiences in *The North American Review*, from which we make the following extract:—

A seat is found for you in one of the wagons, which will start when full—luckily the wait is not longer. You are helped up into the wagon and feel your way in darkness to the farther end and sit down; this you find a painful operation. Then commences the long drive in. That drive will never fade from your memory. The wagon is a heavy concern, drawn at a slow walk by two heavy horses that keep slipping on the frosty road. It is bitterly cold and utterly dark as you creak along a road full of filled-in "Jack Johnson" holes. How long it takes to cover that three miles of road you cannot tell, but it feels a century. Each bump gives you a painful jar and makes your heart ache for the other poor fellows lying silently in the stretchers, of whom you caught a glimpse as you came in. Soon you are conscious of someone sitting opposite you breathing through his mouth and giving a little sigh occasionally. Presently a hand touches your own; you close on it and give it a little squeeze. "Where are we?" says a gentle little voice in broad Scotch. "It's all right, laddie; we are in the ambulance wagon." There is a long pause. "You an officer?" "Yes." Long pause. "You wounded?" "Yes." Long pause. "I'm in the Black Watch. The officer took my name. I lost my head and got among the Germans." "You badly hurt?" "No; but I can't see." The voice is very faint and indistinct. It dies away, and one doesn't care to fatigue the sufferer by asking questions. After another long pause the voice continues, painfully. The three things it harps on are the fact that he lost his head and got in among the Germans alone, that his name was taken, and that he can't see because his eyes are bandaged. You try to cheer him up and tell him not to worry, that it will be all right now. He relapses into silence for a while, and then painfully goes over those three points again, adding, "It was a bomb that done it."

At last the long, painful drive comes to an end. The field ambulance, situated in a beautiful French chateau, is reached and you are taken through the inviting gates into light and warmth. It is a busy night—the busiest they have had. As you enter the ward you are directed to, you feel a sudden sickness and faintness; you are helped to a chair by the fire and given some warm milk. That warm milk is the best drink you have tasted in your life. The room stops going round and you recognise opposite you with surprise a brother officer in your regiment. You discover he was hit about the same time as you, in a different part of the line, and found his way back by another route. Seated near him is a wounded German prisoner. His arm is in a sling, but he seems blissfully content. You question him. He turns out to be an Alsatian. He will not admit to being glad at his capture, but his whole appearance gives his answer the lie—he is one smile all over.

You await your turn for dressing in the room crowded with wounded lying on stretchers; the dressing is being done in adjoining rooms, and you anticipate the groans and cries of victims. This you find is another fallacy. Never a groan or cry reaches your ears. The perfect silence of the sufferers is perhaps more horrible than anything. Your turn comes; you are bandaged in a corner. The place is full of cases being bandaged, while on the table in the centre you see your Sapper friend being prodded about for pieces of bomb; in absolute silence he lies through the ordeal. You are bandaged, and shown into the officers' mess to wait. Here you find all the less severe cases also waiting. To-night is a busy night, and the overflow is shown to the mess. Here you sit from three till nine. The sitting position is a kind of refined torture, but the warmth and peace and quiet is just heaven compared with the strain and noise of where you have come from.

Nothing can exceed the thoughtfulness and kindness of the surgeons; busy and overworked as they are, they still dash in for a moment to see if you are all right: give you a coat, a blanket; throw more wood on the fire; help you with a pillow or offer you a cigarette. Such attention and kindness you never expected from any but a woman. The gentleness, kindness and thoughtfulness of the medical officer, whom you had hitherto always regarded as callous and hardened, comes to you as a wonderful surprise.

LADY WORKERS' HOUSING SCHEME. To all who are interested in what is really a social work of the first importance, we would draw our readers' attention to an advertisement which appears on the back page of this issue. The scheme seems to solve one of the most difficult of London problems, and should succeed. Prospectus and further particulars may be obtained of Miss R. R. Roberts, The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd., 116 Judd Street, W.C.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power."-
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

No fewer than four articles in *The Fortnightly Review* are concerned with the fate of Constantinople, that ancient outpost of the Roman Empire which for centuries has maintained its reputation as the storm centre of Europe. The fate of the Turkish capital, if judged by the number of claimants, might well furnish an excuse for perpetual warfare, but Russia is the most likely beneficiary. In this contest we may quote "Outis," writing on "Problems of Diplomacy in the Near East." He asks:



Weekblad voor Nederland.] [Amsterdam
The Chaos amongst the Nations.

What good would Constantinople be to the Russian Empire? If France and Great Britain were her enemies instead of her friends, then the Turkish capital would be of supreme importance to her. Why should she needlessly ruffle the susceptibilities of the Balkan States by incorporating Constantinople in the Russian Empire and raising difficult questions with Bulgaria and Roumania? Certainly, the possession of the city is not necessary to her so far as her influence in Armenia is concerned. Through the Caucasus she can control whatever is of importance to her in Asia Minor. As a matter of fact, she is steadily advancing at the present moment to the conquest of Trebizond and Erzeroum, while her influence over Persia is certainly not likely to decline. Russia already possesses two capitals—Moscow and Petrograd. Why should she go out of her way to obtain a third in Constantinople, which, because of its position and the beauty of its surroundings, is likely to diminish the popularity and prosperity of the other two?

This writer even goes to the length of suggesting that the Turks might be left in possession of the city, "of course under efficient control," but declines on a more reasonable proposition:—

Another plan, which has a great deal to say for itself, is the neutralisation of Constantinople, together with a slip of adjacent territory, say from Enos to Midia. An international committee would, in this case, preside over the fortunes of the Ottoman capital, on which the Allies would be represented, and the immediate duty of such committee, apart from the necessity of securing external conditions of order, would be to keep the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles open for the free passage of merchant vessels, and also, under proper restrictions, of ships of war. It is presumed, also, that an international gendarmerie would form the garrison of the city.

While these speculations are of immense interest "Outis," in a final sentence, does not overlook the little fact that the Allies have yet to force the Dardanelles. "To anticipate what has not yet taken place is to sell the bearskin before killing the bear."

"Politicus," in discussing "The Future of Turkey," devotes considerable space to the same problem, and points out that as the closing of the Dardanelles brings Russian trade to a standstill, it is only right that she should control this exit from the Black Sea:

If we wish to deal fairly with Russia in settling the problem of Constantinople, we must endeavour to put ourselves in Russia's place, and to regard the problem from the Russian point of view. If we do so, it appears that Russia is, by her dependence on the Black Sea, most strongly entitled to the control of its outlet, and that that control can be efficiently exercised only if Russia is allowed to fortify it. As Russia's occupation of Constantinople and the Straits will rather weaken than strengthen her, and as it will make her far more vulnerable than she has been hitherto, it can scarcely be supposed that the possession of that coveted town will induce her to embark upon a policy of aggression. If she did so, her policy might lead to her losing Constantinople and the Narrows to a first-rate Power, which, in the possession of that site, could dominate Russia.

In his paper "England, Russia and Constantinople," J. B. Firth presents the same problem:—

But Constantinople? Is Russia to have Constantinople? Why not—always provided

that she wants it? Even that is open to a certain doubt. Nicholas I. told Sir Hamilton Seymour that "if once the Czar were to take up his abode at Constantinople, Russia would cease to be Russian, and no Russian would like that." Freeman took a similar view. "Constantinople," he said, "cannot be ruled from St. Petersburg; neither can St. Petersburg be ruled from Constantinople. The Romanoffs may rule in New Rome; the Russians cannot. For the Romanoff on the throne of New Rome would cease to be Russian." Whether those views are sound or unsound is matter for debate. Whether they are held to-day by Nicholas' namesake remains to be seen. There is a marked strain of idealism in the Czars of Russia, which would make the refusal of Constantinople by them less remarkable than by any other monarch. Nevertheless, it would be "the grand refusal" of all history. No nation ever yet declined so glorious, albeit so dangerous, a prize. . . . It is possible that the ancient prophecy—written on the equestrian statue taken to New Rome from Antioch and destroyed by the Latins in 1204—that in the last days the men from the North will take and hold Constantinople, is on the eve of fulfilment. It may be that some other solution will be preferred. But what is vital is that the solution shall be one that is entirely to the satisfaction of Russia. That would supply the best possible foundation for an enduring fabric of Anglo-Russian friendship.

"The Defences of Constantinople" forms the subject of a careful survey by H. Charles Woods, and the reader is impressed by the magnitude of the task involved in the reduction of these defences, which "for the last few decades have been one of the most material factors in the whole Near Eastern question."

NEGLECTED ARMENIA.

IN *The Asiatic Review*, Miss F. R. Scatcherd makes a strong appeal on behalf of Armenia. Armenia, she writes, has for centuries fulfilled the same *rôle* against the barbarian hordes of Central Asia that Belgium did against the Germans at the beginning of the war, yet while Belgium has rightly earned the gratitude and praise of the whole world Armenia has been completely ignored. Miss Scatcherd proceeds:—

It was as vanguards of civilisation that the Armenians received the first staggering blow, acting for ages as a barrier which held back the devastating hordes of Asiatic barbarians, and keeping the torch of Christianity ever burning with much of its pristine purity. Small wonder that eventually they broke down, and that Armenia herself became the victim, but for whose age-long sufferings the ethnological and religious problems of Europe might have proved vastly more complicated even than we find them to-day.

But there is little need of referring to the past history of Armenians. For, turning to our own day and the present war, we find her still to the fore in contributing her contingent to the forces of civilisation. The Eastern theatre of the Turkish war is that same Armenian soil, soaked with Christian blood for centuries, while Europe looked on with the passivity bred of indifference to all but vested interests and diplomatic juggling—a passivity for which it is not impossible that a Nemesis in Europe is, to-day, enforcing righteous retribution.

It must not be imagined that the Turk and the Kurd were more merciful than were "the Turks of the West" in Belgium. And at this moment Armenia is laid waste, women and children are carried away, and the men who have not made good their escape are slaughtered, or dragged into the Turkish Army, or driven out of the country, so that a hundred thousand refugees are to be found in Tiflis and the neighbourhood hopelessly destitute.

Armenia is taking an active part in the present war:—

There are actually some 80,000 Armenians in the ranks of the Russian Army in Poland, and 40,000 in that of the Caucasus. There are besides about 10,000 Armenian volunteers fighting in conjunction with the Russian Army in Asia Minor. Other Armenians are flocking from all over the world with the set purpose of driving from their country the unregenerate Turks who have so long defaced that fair and otherwise fertile land.

Hitherto England has not been able to do justice to Armenia owing to her efforts to preserve the friendship of the Turk and the goodwill of Russia. Now, with the disappearance of the Turk her opportunity has come:

What, then, can England and her Allies do for Armenia? What does Armenia herself desire? An appeal to the leading Armenians in London has elicited this unanimous statement: They all agree in the belief that the only permanent solution of the Armenian question lies in the granting of some form of Home Rule, some form of autonomy to Armenia either under the guarantee of the Powers, or of the Entente Powers, or of one of them. And they plead for this not only for themselves, but for the country, for Armenia, as whoever lives in Armenia will benefit equally, irrespective of race or of religion. It goes without saying that the most numerous race, and the one most apt for civilisation will

benefit most, and at present these advantages lie with the Armenians. But except for this natural outcome of the numerical and intellectual differences of the races, they desire nothing in shape of special privileges, nothing in which all the inhabitants of the country shall not equally participate.

The Armenians form 39 per cent. of the six vilayets, the Turks 25 per cent., and Kurds 16 per cent.:-

These figures show that the Armenians are by far the most numerous of the races inhabiting the country. Besides this, the Turks, following their usual custom, will emigrate in large numbers, as they always do, from territory which passes out of their hands. The Kurds also, with their innate hatred of any sort of control, will make a great exodus, probably towards Persia, while Armenians will return from all parts of the world, and will thus still further increase the Armenian majority.

Now, asserts Miss Scatcherd, is England's opportunity and surely she

will rise to the occasion and take the initiative in securing a permanent arrangement by which Armenia shall be ensured a free and prosperous future. Thus alone can England, in some measure, make atonement for her acquiescence in the unutterable miseries and wrongs inflicted upon a Christian people—an acquiescence mainly due to a desire to retain the friendship of their Turkish tormentors, and which has signally failed to secure even this questionable advantage.

A REFORMER IN ISLAM.

AMEEN RIHANI contributes an interesting paper to *The Forum* on "Young Arabia," and gives reasons for his faith that the world will see "an Arab nation, revived and revitalized." Education is the animating cause of the impending change which will affect the long-established social customs of the Near East, if one may judge from the following:

But the greatest reform by far, the most vital and enduring, the one that strikes at the root of the evils that have undermined Islam, is that instituted by Kasim Ameen, the eminent jurist and the author of such books as *The Emancipation of Woman, The New Woman*, etc. It might be said that since the Prophet himself the Mohammedan woman has not had a greater champion than Kasim Ameen. His works created an unprecedented stir in the Mohammedan world—they were epoch-making. And now the status of the Mohammedan woman is no longer one of discussion but of real reform. What he proposed for the amelioration of her condition engages the serious consideration and effort of every right-thinking Muslim. She should be declared man's equal both socially and legally; she should be given a fair elemental education to start with; she should be reinvested with the rights accorded her by the Koran; she should be protected by legislation against the widespread evil of divorce; she should receive the natural benefits of light and air—she should come in contact with the outside world. The demoralising practice of polygamy should be checked, the harem re-established on modern social principles, and the veil should be abolished. To effect all these important changes, this moral and social revolution, Kasim Ameen brings to his support not only the traditional tenets of the Mohammedan religion, but also the Koran and some of the reported sayings of the Prophet. It would seem, therefore, that he is not as iconoclastic as he is made out by his opponents. These reforms, he admits, are certainly a wide departure, not from the religion of Islam, but from the customs and traditions of the people. He denies, for instance, that the Bible has been the cause of the Christian woman's moral and mental development, and observes that if religion really affected the customs of a people, the Mohammedan woman would be to-day the most developed and enlightened of her kind. The Koran provides for her as no other sacred book; it declares her equality with man and affords her sufficient protection against the tyranny, cruelty, and injustice of his nature. It relieves her of the burden of support, it does not impose seclusion and the veil upon her. But the trouble has been, argues Kasim Ameen, that the teachings of the Koran neglected and forgotten, have been superseded by the pernicious customs that came into Islam with the conquered races, who embraced the Mohammedan faith and continued to cling to their tribal traditions.

INSANITY DUE TO ALCOHOL.

WHEN alcohol is taken into the body there is no tissue that escapes its baneful influence. The more highly organised the tissue, the more susceptible it is to any poisonous agent. Therefore for the delicate cells of the nervous system alcohol has a special predilection. The terrible effects of alcohol upon the nervous system are strikingly apparent in the brain degeneracy it produces, as evidenced by insanity. Statistics gleaned from all parts of the world show positively that at least fifty per cent. of all insanity is due to alcohol.—GEORGE THOMASON, M.D., L.R.C.P., in *Good Health*.

THE MOULD OF RACE.

STANDARDS of civilisation vary, but it is apparent that energy as expressed in work is the all-important test of supremacy. Political institutions are secondary to the overwhelming influence of climate in moulding the character of mankind, and the subject is examined with great care by Ellsworth Huntington in his articles on "Climate and Civilisation" appearing in *Harper's*. Discussing the question of the ideal climate, the writer finds it necessary to take the conditions which are best for the worker as the basis for his calculations. The writer says:—

If we take efficiency in the daily work of life as our standard, it is possible to measure what people actually do under different climatic conditions, and thus to form an estimate of the best kind of climate. From the work of about five hundred factory operatives in Southern Connecticut and of about eighteen hundred students at West Point and Annapolis, as has been explained in a preceding article, I have prepared curves showing the relative efficiency under different conditions of temperature, humidity and storminess. These curves, based on investigations among a large number of individuals, agree with similar curves prepared on the basis of a smaller number of people by two Danish psychologists, Lehmann and Pedersen, in Copenhagen. The two sets of data show that the physical activity of the races of Western Europe is greatest when the average temperature is about 60 degrees—that is, on days when the thermometer goes down to perhaps 50 or 55 degrees at night and rises to about 65 or 70 degrees by day. Mental activity, on the other hand, is greatest when the average is a little below 40 degrees—that is, on days which may have a frost at night. Since life consists of both mental and physical activity, and each is essential to success, the most favourable conditions would seem to be those where the temperature never falls far below the optimum or most propitious point for mental work, or rises above the optimum for physical work. In other words, if the mean temperature were the only thing to be considered, the best climate would be one where the average in winter is about 40 and the average in summer about 60 degrees. Only a few parts of the world are blessed with such conditions. The most important of these, both in area and in population, is England. Next comes the Northern Pacific coast of the United States, from Oregon to the southern part of British Columbia. Here, unfortunately, the mountains rise close to the sea, and so prevent the favourable conditions from penetrating far inland. A third highly favoured area is found in

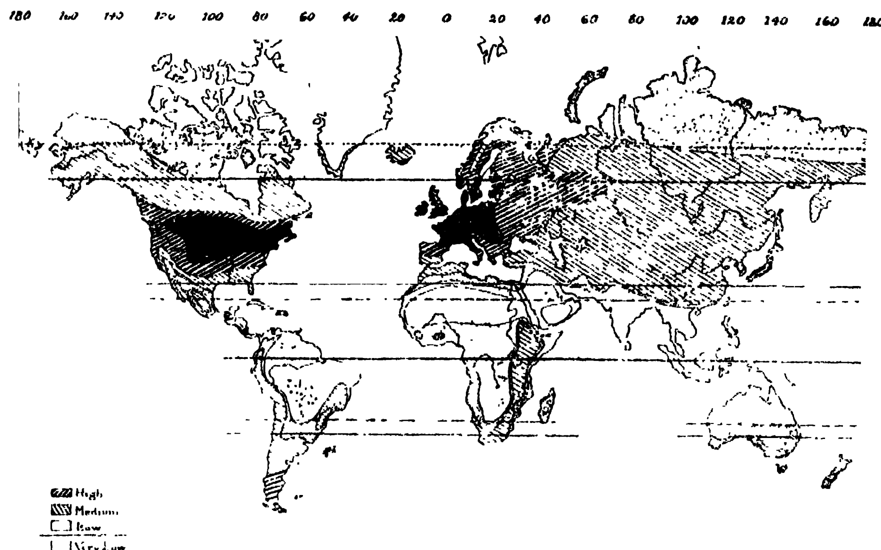


Fig. 1. Distribution of Human Energy on the Basis of Climate.

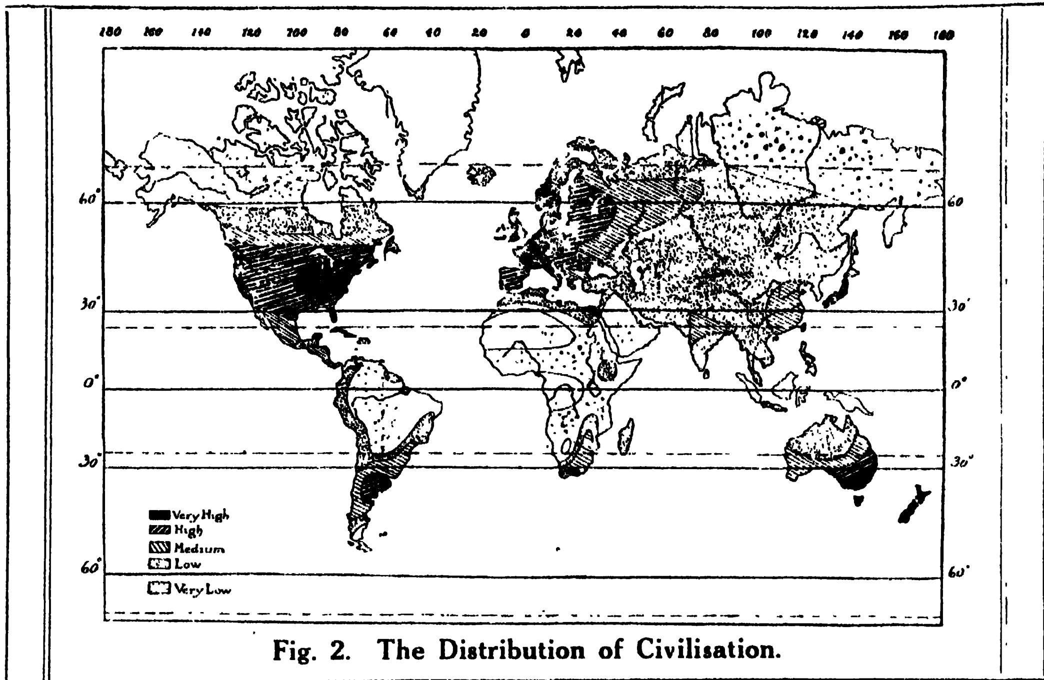


Fig. 2. The Distribution of Civilisation.

New Zealand, especially the southern island. This, like its two predecessors, is recognised as one of the highly advanced parts of the earth. The fourth and last of the places where the mean temperature is particularly favourable is not generally so recognised. It lies in Patagonia, and the corresponding part of Chili, between latitudes 45° and 50° S. Few people live here, and we are apt to think of it as of relatively slight value. It differs from the other three regions in having a deficient rainfall except in the western part which is extremely mountainous.

We reproduce (by permission of the publisher) the two maps illustrating the writer's arguments and these contain a striking confirmation of the theory :---

The map of human energy on the basis of the climatic conditions which have just been set forth is given in Fig. 1. In constructing this the world has been divided into six kinds of regions, according to a rigid mathematical scale. The places shaded black have a climate favourable to a very high degree of energy in people of European races. The next darker degree of shading indicates places where high energy would be looked for, although not the highest. The light lines indicate medium energy, the heavy dots low, and the scattered dots very low energy. The unshaded areas represent places where the conditions are still worse than in the very low areas.

The map of civilisation was compiled after a painstaking inquiry among two hundred persons, chiefly professional geographers, but including statesmen, travellers, anthropologists, missionaries, and others. Slips were sent out bearing the names of one hundred and eighty-five countries or parts of countries, and the request was made that the slips be sorted into ten groups according to the status of each region in the scale of civilisation.

The attention of readers is drawn to Order Forms on page 358, by the use of which "The Review of Reviews" can be sent to soldiers and sailors serving the country at Home and Abroad.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

"BRITISH" AND "ENGLISH."

MANY Scotsmen, some Irishmen, a few Englishmen, and an occasional Welshman make it their religious duty to correct erring editors who of sheer carelessness are betrayed into the use of "English" when "British" should more properly apply. These punctilious souls will be pleased to note Lord Bryce's reference to these words in his article to *The North American Review*, "Stray Thoughts on American Literature." He says:

The first thing which it occurs to me to note is that the relation between American and British literature has become closer. I say "British," not for the sake of including more categorically Scottish and Irish, but because American literature is necessarily "English" in the larger, which is also the truer, sense of the term. All that is written in English, wherever it is written, is English literature because it descends from the same source viz., the great writers of the seventeenth century, when the people now politically separated were one people, and because every part of it has continued to affect and mould every other part. To-day people in Britain read books published in America, and Americans read books published in Britain, far more generally than was ever the case before. The taste and the criticism of each country are more influenced by that of the other. When living in the United States I was constantly struck by the fact that a new British writer of some fresh quality was often sooner known and more promptly appreciated there than in his own country. The same thing happens, though less markedly, in Great Britain. Thus, as well as through the more frequent personal intercourse, the intellectual touch of the two branches of the old stock has become more intimate, and the immense influx of new immigrants into the United States has not been an adverse force, for in the second generation all are Americans. Certainly the English have become much more curious regarding American life and American problems, more anxious to understand what they feel to be of greater and greater significance to the world as well as to themselves.

ADVICE TO CRITICS.

ROBERT LYND'S article on "Book-Reviewing," which appears in *The British Review*, suggests that, as with his more sensitive brother the poet, his qualities must be connate rather than acquired. Mr. Lynd, however, does not expect too much of "the book scalper," as may be gathered from the following:—

Criticism, Anatole France has said, is the record of the soul's adventures among masterpieces. Reviewing, alas! is for the most part the record of the soul's adventures among books that are the reverse of masterpieces. What, then, are his standards to be? Well, a man must judge linen as linen, cotton as cotton, and shoddy as shoddy. It is ridiculous to denounce any of them for not being silk. To do so is not to apply high standards so much as to apply wrong standards. One has no right as a reviewer to judge a book by any standard save that which the author aims at reaching. As a private reader, one has the right to say of a novel by Mr. Joseph Hocking, for instance: "This is not literature. This is not realism. This does not interest me. This is awful." I do not say that these sentences can be fairly used of any of Mr. Hocking's novels. I merely take him as an example of a popular novelist who would be bound to be condemned if judged by comparison with Flaubert or Meredith or even Mr. Bennett. But the reviewer is not asked to state whether he finds Mr. Hocking readable so much as to state the kind of readableness at which Mr. Hocking aims and the measure of his success in achieving it. It is the reviewer's business to discover the quality of a book rather than to keep announcing that the quality does not appeal to him. Not that he need conceal the fact that it has failed to appeal to him, but he should remember that this is a comparatively irrelevant matter. He may make it as clear as day - indeed, he ought to make it as clear as day, if it is his opinion that he regards the novels of Mr. Charles Garvice as shoddy, but he ought also to make it clear whether they are the kind of shoddy that serves its purpose.

THE OLD SERMON.

"I HAVE a nice little stock of six hundred sermons, so I generally give my people cold meat." So spake our brother of the cloth. It was complacent. It was frank. It was amusing, and also pathetic. Cold meat! Such might be the estimate of some brutal critic, but when it becomes the parson's own description of his homiletic bill of fare it suggests that the fire in the parsonage study had burnt low. It suggests that a few new books for the parson's bookshelves, above all a draught of fresh air from the wind of God, were badly needed to make the old fire burn and glow. The phrase appeals to our sense of humour. We can almost see the paterfamilias sitting down to his Sunday repast, and saying to his much-enduring spouse: "I hope you are giving us a good dinner, my dear; it was cold meat in church."—B. HERKLOTS, in *The Churchman*.

THE REALM OF LITERATURE.

IN *The Atlantic Monthly* Henry Dwight Sedgwick, that prince of essayists, explores the field occupied by the world's writers and their part in establishing the so-called "Republic of Letters." In his examination of "Literature and Cosmopolitanism" the writer draws a distinction between the function of the scientist and the writer, and shows that patriotism is the necessary oxygen which gives life to the latter :—

The spirit of literature finds its home in its native place. Literature must strike its roots into its native soil, and spread its branches to its native sunshine and its native breezes, or it will die. Literature is passionately patriotic ; for it lives only in its native speech. Translate literature into another language, and instead of the living tree, its head lifted toward heaven, its branches spread wide over its native soil, you have cords of wood piled up in the market-place.

Mr. Sedgwick elaborates his thesis in an eloquent passage :—

The genius of a nation is the source of untold riches ; it has been bred by centuries, dandled by favouring circumstances, nurtured and tutored by a thousand random influences ; it has taken to itself a multitude of discordant elements, transformed them into a homogeneous whole, and stamped that whole with the national effigy and superscription.

Language is the most perfect expression of a nation's genius ; it serves the nation's greatest needs ; it has had the greatest labour bestowed upon it. Generation after generation has struggled to express in language its tenderest love, its profoundest passion, its bitterest grief, its subtlest thought. One man added a word here, another a phrase there ; this man, as with a hammer, beat rough speech into smoothness and delicacy, a second rendered it pliable, a third fitted it for speculation. Mothers wrought it into a means of comforting their babies ; lovers fashioned it into fantastic rhetoric of compliment ; thinkers moulded it into a substance so light that it is hardly heavier than thought.

Finally, after a people has laboured for centuries to create a national instrument, literature picks up that instrument and puts it to her uses. What literature shall do is determined by that instrument ; she has no choice, she is the creature of her tool, she is the handiwork of language.

The writer then proceeds to indicate the intimate relations which literature has established among the nations, and points to the widened horizon of man's outlook due to the service of the writers of all ages, concluding with this rebuke :—

But certainly Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and their companions, all swept away by national feeling, have given our world a shock. It is a natural disappointment ; we had hoped that literature was an effective instrument of peace, and it comes with a sword. We are disappointed, not by what they have done, but by what they, or some among them, have left undone. Men whose country is threatened with destruction are right to cry out and fight for the preservation of their country, and men of letters more than others, for literature has rendered their own country still dearer to them than it is to other men. So far as their passion limits itself to the preservation of their own country, all the world will applaud them ; if they overstep that limit and support, or justify, any attempt to destroy another nation, or if they remain silent during any such attempt, no matter who makes it, they are false to literature, as well as to civilisation and to the nobler spirit of man. All these distinguished European men of letters proclaim the sacred rights of their own nationality : but if one nation has a sacred right to exist, all nations have ; and the infringement of a sacred right is a sacrilegious wrong. That wrong is committed by any man of letters who does not raise his voice and hand to prevent one nation from crushing another. There is an allegiance owed to literature.

A PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER "NAPOLEON."

THEY who know the inner workings of newspapers, the difficulties which beset that subtle and delicate organism which, like a creeping plant, climbs about the gables of the world that we may admire it at breakfast-time, will appreciate Mr. Charles W. Starmer's enterprise in carving his way from office-boy to the control of eleven newspapers in the provinces. The *Northern Echo* was the first halfpenny morning paper published in this country. It has a fame greater than that, for in its pages the pen of W. T. Stead, that restless excalibur, began to show itself. We may speak of the *Northern Echo* as Stead's first chariot, and the wheelmarks are deep in the remembrances of the men of Durham and Northumberland. Gladstone and Lord Morley caught the sound of his going-forth, and the *Northern Echo* became a power in the councils of the party. Under Mr. Starmer's control the paper, published in Darlington, that beautiful Quaker town sometimes called the Athens of Durham, has grown from four to twelve pages daily and its influence is undimmed.—*The World's Work.*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE PRIEST AS SOLDIER.

THE reproach of "Infidel France" has become a byword, but it is no longer applicable, for there is overwhelming testimony to the revival of a deep religious feeling throughout the Republic. How this change has been effected is in a large measure revealed by J. O. P. Bland, who, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, records the impressions of a recent journey through France, "La Grande Nation":-

As I look back on those crowded days, the impression left on my mind is one of ever-recurring wonder and increasing admiration. For to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear France presents to-day a splendidly moving spectacle of spiritual renaissance; the nation, purified and ennobled by sacrifice and suffering, is finding itself in a new world of rare moral beauty. War, the destroyer, has become also the restorer. In France it has swept away all frivolous and aimless things, all the petty strifes of class and creed, that seemed so vital a little while ago; all the sordid differences imposed upon men by the uninspired routine of commercialism and politics. It has united the nation, as never before, in a blood-brotherhood of fervent patriotism; brought it back to the eternal verities, the things that matter. In a flash, with the first call to arms, all the symptoms of that malady of individualism, which seemed so deep-rooted, have disappeared: the old Gallic serenity of soul has been born again, the clear vision of the world's most chivalrous and humane civilisation has been restored.

The bitterness of religious strife is passing, sectarian quarrels have gone, and the fact that their country is in danger has brought all men together as brethren of one family. A veritable "truce of God" has been established, the effects of which will serve to strengthen France for generations to come.

The sons of the church have responded to the call of the State:

It is undeniable that for many good Catholics modern France has been identified in its government with antichrist and infidel persecutions of the church; yet in the hour of national danger the church has proclaimed that its first duty is the defence of *la patrie*, right or wrong. There has been no sign of hesitation as to the path of duty. Priests—even bishops—have come straightway from their mission work in Central Africa and the Far East to take up arms for the defence of France. (One bishop has served in the ranks as a private soldier.) Not a word has been heard of all the protestations which, in time of peace, were raised against the law imposing military service on the priesthood. The sons of the church have fought, and are fighting, with splendid devotion and courage, as their long list of killed and wounded sufficiently testifies.

And therein lies the secret, revealed by the war, of "the concord, moderation, and tolerance," which have put an end to the strife that seemed inseparable from the relations of church and state in France. The hour of trial has proved to the French people that the church in their midst is no longer the unchanging anachronism of anti-clerical tradition; that gradually, more or less unconsciously, it has informed itself with the spirit of French nationalism, and moved with it on broader paths of intellectual freedom. While the German clergy continue to urge their Rhinelanders forward for the glory of the Kaiser in the name of an ancient feudal system, the French priesthood, forgetting in its patriotic ardour its grievances against modernism, fights under the banner of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. And in the days to come France can never forget that the priest has borne himself worthily as a citizen and as a man. Never again can any politician raise the cry that the church is more Roman than French; never again will men mock the wearer of the clerical frock: they will remember how gallantly he donned the red trousers in the hour of need. The good understanding that has been cemented by comradeship in arms will last for many a day; for the manhood of France has learned to respect the *curé* as a Christian and a gentleman, because they have seen him behave like one in the trenches and in many a post of danger more deadly than the battlefield.

To the British there is more than a suggestion of loss in the following veiled reproach:—

For three months, although all immediate danger to the capital has been removed, the citizens of Paris have cheerfully consented to being turned out of their cafés at 8 p.m. and out of their restaurants at 9.30. They have gone without music, without theatres, *cafés chantants*, politics, literature and art; and there has been no voice of complaint among them, because, by common con ent self-denial and thrift have been accepted as the first duty of every good citizen. For an Englishman, coming from the crowded music halls and football fields of London to the high seriousness of Paris, it is impossible not to feel that, as a nation, the English are paying a heavy price, in the domain of things spiritual, for the sense of personal security which has grown out of their naval superiority.

LABOUR CONDITIONS IN THE U.S.A.

THE most comprehensive survey of American life is always to be found in Dr. Albert Shaw's editorial notes, "The Progress of the World," which have contributed in no small measure to the fame achieved by *The American Review of Reviews*, now in its fifty-first volume. The very special circumstances which concern us at the moment in this country give the labour problem an added importance, and it is therefore of particular interest to note the conditions ruling in America to-day. Dr. Shaw's notes printed below represent the outstanding features of the trouble in the United States.

Unemployment: A National Problem.

The emergency of the past winter found the country quite as unprepared to cope with the evil of unemployment as it would have been in the event of foreign war to defend itself against any first-class Power. It is only within the past year or two that any great number of citizens outside the ranks of social workers has become seriously interested in the problem of finding work for the workless. It is not strange that there has been, thus far, a failure to agree upon any general remedial programme. In some of the States marked progress has been made in organising and improving public labour bureaus, State and municipal. At the same time there is a growing feeling in the country that the Federal Government itself must establish a national bureau that will, in some degree, control the entire situation. It will take time, however, to bring this to pass, and early in the winter it became clear that immediate relief in some form would be demanded in all of our great cities and in many of the smaller towns and villages throughout the country.



Chairman Frank P. Walsh,

of the Industrial Relations Commission, which has held Hearings in New York and Chicago.

A Serious Situation.

Inquiries made by the *Survey*, of New York, in seventeen of our largest cities showed that there had been in December an increase of applications to charitable societies ranging from 30 to 100 per cent. over the same period last year. With such conditions confronting them, city officials and charity workers could not wait to get together on any platform that involved the starting of new national machinery, but were compelled to adopt practical relief measures varying with the special needs of each locality. Besides, the problem as it presented itself was more than one of organisation or machinery. For the man without work the employment bureau

could be of no service unless there was a job that it could connect him with. At the beginning of the winter it seemed in many cities that the shortage of jobs was so serious as to amount to far more than a merely transitory condition. In many employments there simply was no work and no prospect of work for months to come.

Public Works.

The old way of meeting a crisis of this kind was to provide relief funds in the form of cash, and to distribute these as judiciously as possible among the families made destitute by unemployment. This method has never had the approval of intelligent students of the problem, and in the recent emergency it was almost universally discarded. Only one large city, Philadelphia, voted public money to be used in this way, the emergency relief fund of $50,000 being disbursed there by the Emergency Aid Committee, which was composed entirely of women. In other cities where appropriations had been made from the public funds attempts have been made to provide work to be paid for at a living wage. The city of Chicago, for example, kept all its Public Works employees at work much longer than in ordinary years, carried out extra park development work and extra street widening, and began the construction of school buildings that would ordinarily have been put over until spring. The Park Board of Minneapolis, for the sake of employing men whose families were in distress, started the clearing of a strip of lowland soon to be flooded by the building of a dam in the Mississippi. Cincinnati is putting hundreds of men to work on the new water-works loop and high-pressure fire service. The State of Massachusetts is undertaking the reclamation of wet lands, and has appropriated $50,000 for immediate expenditure.

Private Employers.

At the best, however, city and State governments can employ only a comparatively small number from the swollen ranks of the out-of-works. Private employers must take the chief part of the burden in times like this. Thus the Pennsylvania and allied railroad systems now building great terminals in Chicago are able, by advancing the beginning of the building operations, to give work to 12,000 men. There are not many instances like this, but throughout the country corporations and individuals, by undertaking work in the winter instead of waiting for spring, have been able to give employment in the aggregate to many thousands of workers who would otherwise have been without work throughout the winter. It is this fact that makes the outlook at the end of February for the country in general far more bright than it was at the end of December. To aid the emergency work in New York, Colonel Roosevelt generously gave $10,000 from the Nobel Peace Prize money awarded him in 1906.

New Leadership.

In any review of the winter's experience regarding unemployment three facts stand out: (1) the tendency everywhere to look upon the problem of unemployment as a big national question demanding the ablest statesmanship of our day; (2) the disposition to solve the special problem in each locality by the most direct and practical method—that is, by providing work instead of money; (3) the calling out in many communities of the best available talent for dealing with this problem, as instanced by Judge Elbert H. Gary's activities as chairman of the Mayor's Committee in New York and by the Chicago City Industrial Commission, headed by Professor Charles R. Henderson, and including representatives of the Harvester Works, the packing companies, the Western Electric, the Crane Company, the railroads, the building trades, and the Chicago Federation of Labour. The influence of these bodies has done much to induce employers to continue half-time labour where otherwise there would have been wholesale discharges.

Industrial Relations Hearings.

During the month of January and the first half of February the Industrial Relations Commission held a series of hearings in New York City which attracted the attention of the country to an unusual degree because of the prominence of several of the men who were subpœnaed by the Commission to answer its questions. Two purposes seemed to be in view in the holding of these hearings—first, obtaining the views of well-known capitalists and publicists on the relations of capital and labour; and, second, an inquiry into the aims and methods of several of the great foundations recently organised and endowed for educational and humanitarian objects. As regards the first of these purposes, the opinions of "captains of industry" and "money kings" are always of interest; and in eliciting these the commission was, in a

measure, successful. As to the second purpose of the hearing very little was disclosed that had not already been well known to the general public beyond the fact that such institutions as the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Sage foundations, the General Education Board, and other recently formed organisations of this type are officered and conducted, without exception, by the highest type of expert ability that can be commanded in this country, and that their possibilities for good to America and the world at large are practically limitless.

The Commission's Job.

Now that the Industrial Relations Commission has assured itself of these facts, the country would like to see it turn to some of those specific fields of investigation that were in the minds of those who secured the passage of the law creating it during the Taft administration. In 1913, after President Wilson had appointed the members of the commission, an article contributed to this Review suggested that the commission might find some of its most definite and broadest work in "overhauling our labour departments and correlating the work between States; in developing greater publicity as to sources of employment in terms of work; in standardising public minimums as to safety, hours, wages, and other conditions; and in developing machinery for mediation and arbitration and in advancing the bargaining that goes on about those minimums." Several of the commissioners appointed by President Wilson are known to be peculiarly qualified by years of study and experience to pursue just these lines of inquiry. There is a feeling that if they should be permitted to do this, the public interest would be better served and the Government's money more wisely expended than by holding repeated series of hearings on subjects that relate only remotely to these specific problems. It was stated last month by Chairman Walsh that the commission would begin at Chicago an investigation of the relations of transportation companies to their employees and that later Pittsburgh would be visited. Perhaps more concrete and useful results may now be hoped for.

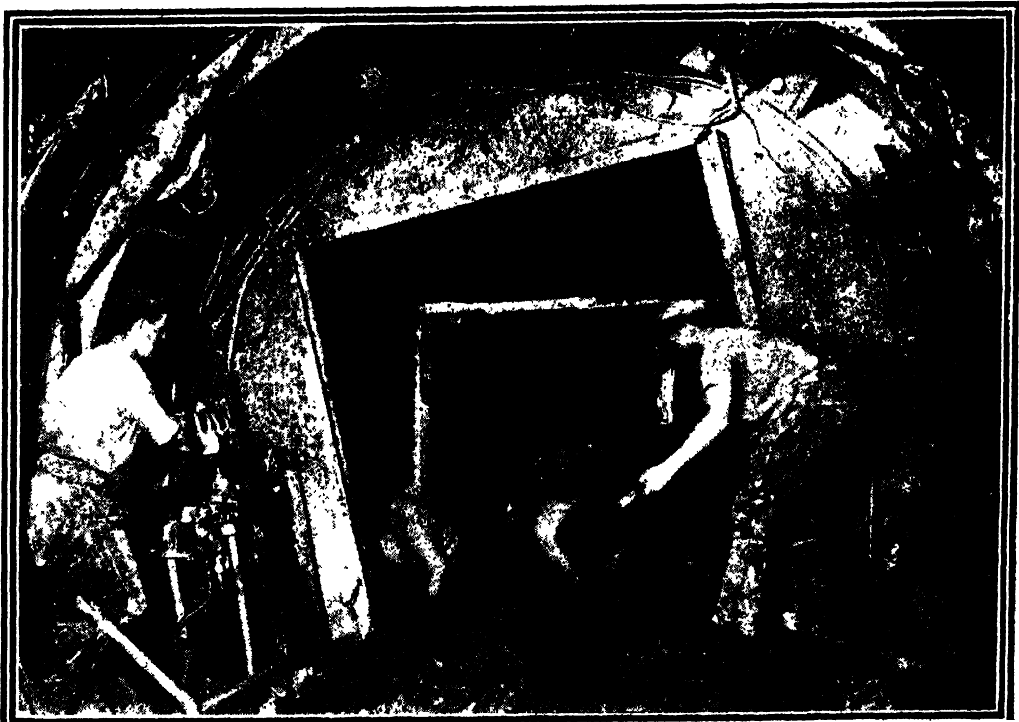


Photo by] **In Daily Peril: Skilled Workers Underground.** [*Barratt.*

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHILD.

A FARMER'S VIEWS.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

SIR,—To write a reply in answer to so formidable an opponent (for I cannot call him anything else) as the Secretary of the National Education Association is a big task for such a feeble pen as mine; but I am stimulated by the justice of my cause to take up cudgels on behalf of my brother farmers, in order to show to the British public the farmers' point of view in the matter of the employment of schoolboy labour in these times of great necessity.

In the first place, I venture to assert that, taking the country as a whole, just before the war we had just about a sufficiency of agricultural labourers on the land, with a leaning to scarcity in some parts. Then came the war, when most of our eligible young men were taken away—and rightly so, for if the young ones are not to defend the country, who is? With a great struggle and some outside help in addition to the regular influx of Irish labour, we managed to secure our harvest in fair condition, but in six or seven weeks instead of the usual month or five weeks.

Next we were urged by the Government and the people at large to grow as much wheat or other grain as possible, which we proceeded to do as far as we could, but many of us were unable to get as much in as in previous years. By the end of November the number of enlistments was so large that there was a great rush by the farmers to get hold of whatever horse and stock men they could to tide over the winter. Some were fairly successful, many had two or three men short, and others (the unlucky ones) were left almost without any men at all. Since that time many more have gone, so that in this part of the country (the East Riding of Yorkshire) there is hardly a farmer who is not shorthanded.

Mr. Mundella says that "the Board of Agriculture's latest official report gives it out that the shortage has proved no material hindrance and that there are plenty of Irishmen ready to come." Well, for once the Board of Agriculture is wrong, and there is a very acute shortage. If they will supply us in this Riding with 500 horse or stock men, we shall have no difficulty in placing them.

As to the supply of Irishmen, if they are as plentiful as they are said to be, why have they not replied to advertisements in Irish papers which my branch of the Farmers' Union has issued?

We are told that "No direct denial that adult labour can be obtained is put in the reports of the Farmers' Union." No, because it would be superfluous. When speaking on this matter at the annual meeting in London I was promptly pulled up by the chairman, who said it was no use talking on that subject as it was universally admitted to be correct.

Then Mr. Mundella goes on to say that we "will not pay men if we can get boys, and we will not pay big boys if we can get small boys for less money." Was ever such gross ignorance shown by a permanent official? Do the British public believe that I would rather employ two boys costing me each 15s. per week if I could get one good man at, say, 22s. per week, and who would do more work than both put together? We are accused of only giving 3s. 6d. per week for each boy. Where Mr. Mundella has got his figures from I am at a loss to know. The boys I am employing cost me the above-named sum of 15s. per week, when board and lodging are reckoned in.

Mr. Mundella says that "the greed and ignorance of short-sighted farmers are pressing the social and economic problems to an issue." I say that the war has denuded the country districts of their regular labour, and I leave the British public to judge between us as to which shows the greater ignorance. Are we to sit still, as we usually do, and let ourselves be accused of doing what no right-thinking man would ever do?

We are told that "the child who leaves school at twelve is doomed to serfdom." The only serfdom on the farms at the present time is for the farmer and his family. There is no other business to which a lad can be put that is so healthy and so well paid; their parents are anxious for them to come, and most of the boys themselves are as healthy and happy as the day is long.

Is farm labour scarce or is it not? Our branch of the Farmers' Union has taken the course recommended by the Government and applied many weeks ago to the various Labour Exchanges. Lately we have asked for only fifteen men to supply urgent needs, and up to the time of writing we have not had one satisfactory reply. THOS. CROMPTON.

Chairman, Driffield Branch,
National Farmers' Union.

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR

FRENCH.

VICTOR BORET gives his opinion very frankly, in *La Nouvelle Revue* for March 1st, on the subject of Germany and famine. He discourages those who are building cheerfully on the probability of Germany soon giving in owing to the shortage of food. He reminds us that Germany has the great advantage of being intact within her own frontiers, for the slight encroachments of the French in Alsace-Lorraine and of the Russians in Eastern Prussia count for little. People in Germany will never believe that Germany is defeated until her frontiers are crossed.

M. Boret believes that with care Germany can manage her food supply so as to keep going until the next harvest; it will mean going without luxuries, but it is possible. Taking last year's harvest, which was inferior to other years, and adding to this the few imports that have been smuggled in, and the extra cereals that have been cultivated since the beginning of war, there is yet a deficit of 15 per cent., and it is to meet this that Germany will find the difficulty. The Government has already taken over the supply of cereals and will shortly take over the potatoes; every town of a certain size is forming its stores of meat, which will be issued to the people by the municipality.

M. Boret thinks that it showed a want of foresight on the part of Germany when, at the commencement of hostilities, she boasted that she would never know food shortage, for this made the people less economical than would otherwise have been the case, and has brought about the necessity for the stern measures soon to be enforced.



Jugend.] [Munich

The Russian Winter, the English Fog, and Hunger.

The three treacherous Allies of the Triple Entente from whom so much was expected have to answer at court-martial for assisting the German Barbarians.

In *La Revue* for March, Henri Bergson, writing on the war, points out that Germany previous to 1870 was a country given to poetry, art and metaphysics, made for thought and dreams, and without a sense of realities, but that in time she would have awakened from this dreamy state and that gradually and naturally good administration and a closer union between the confederate States would have come about. However, Germany was not permitted to work out her own salvation in this peaceful manner. Prussia intervened with her machine-like officialism, and Germany had to choose whether she should copy her and become a machine, or continue on the way she was going. Bismarck decided for her. He saw that the one way to force the rest of Germany to follow in the wake of Prussia was to engage them in a common hatred, and a common victory; this was provided by the war of 1870, and, taking advantage of the victory, Bismarck bound Germany close to Prussia, and from that time onwards they were one.

Following on the war German commercial enterprises flourished extraordinarily, and this to the people seemed in some way an indication that they were the chosen people of the future, and with this idea in their minds they prepared accordingly. In the nineteenth century mechanical science came to its own, and Germany made full use of it in her huge industries: and not content with this she proceeded to form herself, her people and her government on the same lines, so that on the outbreak of the present war Germany was one vast machine from her commerce down to the children attending school.

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M. Bergson thinks that, had Germany managed to crush the Allies in the first months of the war, as she had hoped, this vast machine would have justified its existence; whereas, as things stand to-day, the machine is wearing out as machines do when exposed to too-long-continued strain, and, moreover, it is opposed to an army composed of men fighting for freedom and to right a grievous wrong. Under these circumstances he thinks there can be but little doubt as to the issue.

In the same number M. G. Bonet-Maury, writing on Dutch neutrality, thinks that the Allies' Press has been too hard on Holland, accusing her of letting through supplies to Germany and of a distinct partiality for that country. He points out that the only time that Dutch territory was violated by Germany, shots were fired by the Dutch on the invaders. As to the more serious question of supplying Germany with food, the writer explains that at the outbreak of war many merchantmen were already bound for Germany laden with contraband articles, and in many cases on their arrival in European waters were still ignorant of the fact that war had broken out. He also explains that the difficulty is to distinguish between the articles that are contraband and the conditional contraband. But everything that the Dutch Government can do is being done to prevent any act being committed contrary to the strictest neutrality.

M. Bonet-Maury is assured that Dutch sympathy is with the Allies, but, as he says, the position of Holland between her eastern neighbour whose promises even when friendly are to be feared, and her neighbour on the west, whose cruisers interfere sadly with her commerce, is not a comfortable one.

Writing on the war as seen from Rome, M. d'Albola sheds a very interesting light on the fluctuations of Italian sympathies during the last seven months. At the outbreak of war the vast majority of Italians feared that they might be called upon to join forces with Austria, their hereditary foe; therefore the announcement of neutrality came as a huge relief. From the very first the sympathies of the people have been with the Allies and, stirred up to the highest enthusiasm by the heroic defence of Liége, it only required a startling victory of the Allies for Italy to have joined them; but then followed the tragic retreat on Paris, which carried with it the resultant drop in the Italian enthusiasm—which, however, revived with the battle of the Marne. Since that time affairs have remained more or less quiet, with perhaps a majority in favour of neutrality, for it is brought home to everyone what a war means.

Speaking of the general Italian opinion, M. d'Albola says it is briefly this: The Italians feel that in maintaining the strictest neutrality they have already been of the greatest service to France, and that people are too apt to forget the fact, when urging Italy to enter in on the side of the Allies, that the Triple Alliance is still in existence, and that Italy was only acting in the spirit of the letter of the Treaty which permitted her to remain neutral. The Alliance is weakened, and in all probability will be broken, but for the moment it is still there, and those who desire an immediate participation by Italy are too impatient.

M. Marcel Prevost, in *La Revue de Paris* of March 1st, writes a letter to one Theophile, a pessimist of whom we have many prototypes in this country, and for all who suffer from this particular disease, for such it is, I recommend them to read M. Marcel Prevost's letter.

Theophile is a well-to-do man, fond of his comforts and his cuisine, and in time of peace depresses you with forebodings of calamity, and, having prophesied the war for twenty years, is elated when his prophesy comes true. Too old for the army, he refuses to undertake some service at home which would free another man to join, for that would curtail his liberty. He is one of the first to leave Paris on the approach of the enemy, as usual foretelling disaster—"everything is at an end; Paris is doomed," &c. When the tide rolls back again he is aggrieved, for does this not show him a false prophet? Later he returns to Paris and spends his time damping the hopes of those who foretell victory for our arms; he invariably doubts the official *communiqués* of the French, but shows a childlike credulity where news from Germany is concerned.

Have we not in England met many of his stamp? These should follow M. Marcel Prevost's advice to Theophile: Do something for your country, however small and insignificant, and that will clear away that pessimism which is a curse to yourself and your friends, and try and emulate the French soldier who when mortally wounded said: "I am finished, but long live France!"

ITALIAN.

In the face of the many assertions current that Italy is on the point of declaring war, it is worth noting that the reviews for March are distinctly unfavourable to immediate intervention. The latest issue of the *Nuova Antologia* (March 16th) leads off with a strong plea, signed "Victor," for neutrality for the present. It is practically an appeal to Italy not to allow herself to be rushed into participation in the "international conflagration," whether by friends or foes, and all the considerations of prudence—the cost, the financial strain, the commercial risks, the inevitable losses in men, the after misery that every great war entails, even the possibility of a German invasion of Northern Italy—are skilfully dwelt on in turn. The author asserts emphatically that the "interventionist agitators" are all to be found in the towns, and that "real" Italy, four-fifths of which is agricultural, is still entirely neutralist, and trusts the Government not to rush the country into any perilous adventure. E. Menegozzi describes some of the deplorable effects of the war on the Italian silk industry, and Gabriella Incontri sketches the work of the Geneva Red Cross Society on behalf of war prisoners, 1,200 voluntary workers dealing daily with 15,000 to 20,000 letters. While a wave of hatred, revenge and sanguinary madness passes over Europe, she says, Switzerland alone remains faithful to her serene spirit of philanthropy and helps and comforts the unhappy victims of the vast tragedy.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* is frankly Germanophil this month. One article by "X" on "Neutrality or War?" is obviously inspired from Berlin, presenting very ably the complete German apology for the events of the past eight months, and suggesting that Italy can obtain by friendly negotiation from her quondam allies all that she is entitled to ask. In another article, A. di Foperti quotes some of the more violent and "pernicious" things as to the destruction of German power in Europe that have been said in the French and English Press, and asks whether Italy is prepared to contribute to such results? Both writers dwell on the peril to Latin civilisation of the triumph of the semi-barbarous Slav race if the Teutonic barrier that now hems it in should be broken down—a fear which, however mistaken, is more real on the Continent than we in England realise.

The *Vita Internazionale* publishes a strong protest against Germany's submarine policy of "frightfulness," and declares that neutral countries ought at last to realise that a victorious Germany would be a terrible peril to the very existence of other nations.

Duke G. A. di Cesaro, in the *Rassegna Contemporanea*, discusses the forcing of the Dardanelles in all its bearings, and is of opinion that Russia is not going to be allowed to hold Constantinople, and that the Straits will be commercially free to all nations. He assumes that even her Asiatic possessions are not to be left to Turkey, and that Russia will take compensation in Armenia, France in Syria, and England in Arabia, and asks where Italy comes in? As a Mediterranean Power, Italy, he declares, will also have to have her share of Asiatic Turkey.

DUTCH.

In *Vragen des Tijds*, in the course of the sketch of the war during the month, the writer deals with the German outcry against Britain's attempt to starve the enemy. He points out what we all know—namely, that the Germans did not hesitate to starve the people of Paris into submission in 1870–1871, but he also reproduces a significant speech by Count von Caprivi, then German Chancellor, about twenty-three years ago. Caprivi stated that sea war must follow the lines of land war; that as armies encircled cities and prevented anything from going in or out, so must navies prevent the ingoing and outcoming with respect to countries. Caprivi supposed Spain as an example—probably because he did not wish to refer too pointedly to Britain—and pointed out that if Germany were at war with Spain her navy would blockade the coast, as it would not be possible to send an army into that country. All this shows clearly what Germany would do if she had the power, but because Britain is said to have that same idea in view, Germany complains.

In *De Tijdspiegel*, we have an interesting letter (printed in German) from Professor Hans Delbrück on the value of the neutral countries. It is called "After Peace." Although the Germans would like Holland and Sweden to join in the war, yet there is much to be said in favour of their neutrality. When the war is over, international relations among the Great Powers will be difficult, and internationalism will suffer unless it be kept

alive by the aid of the present neutrals. Those who are now enemies will find a common meeting-place on these neutral soils, and relations will ultimately be re-established. Naturally, the professor says that all Germans are determined on securing victory for the Fatherland. In a preface, this review cannot refrain from having a dig at the Allies. Britain wishes to extend her Asiastic dominions, France wants Alsace-Lorraine and Russia is anxious to seize certain wealthy European districts belonging to Germany and Austria. Another contribution is of an entirely different character; it is from the diary of a Protestant pastor, and he gives touching instances of comradeship between the wounded soldiers of both sides. He shows how British and Germans can be seen reading from the same kind of Bible, and remarks upon the pity of the circumstances that have made enemies of two peoples who have so much in common.

SPANISH.

La Lectura is full of war articles. In a review of the war, one writer ridicules the German blockade of Britain, asking what will it matter to that great country if she loses one, or even two, of her merchant ships each day. Lord Bryce's "Neutral Nations and the War" follows; it is a good translation. English books on the war are reviewed and then we have a remarkable article taken from a Buenos Ayres newspaper, in which the writer adopts a novel attitude. He says that they all admire France, because they have regarded that country as *the* one in which liberty flourishes, but none the less the sympathies of many people are with the Central Empires in this conflict. There will be advantages and disadvantages for all the world whichever side wins, but the fears entertained about German militarism are really groundless, for it will steadily disappear. Underneath that militarism there is real democracy; the German Socialists are in the majority, and they will gradually put an end to it. If Britain wins, all will be under her sway and that will not be good; if Germany triumphs, a real democracy will steadily arise. At first the military spirit will prevail, but will be transitory, speaking from the point of view of the life of nations. The French would give up the idea of the *révanche*, knowing that its realisation was an impossibility and there would be far more prospect of lasting peace than in the event of a German defeat, for then the Teutons will always be filled with the desire to rise again and re-take the provinces. This seems to be odd reasoning. The writer remembers that France had the provinces taken from her, but appears to think that she ought not to mind because they were German at one time. One might retort that, as those provinces have been French for so long, Germany ought not to have taken them from her. He says that the language is German; he forgets that, even were the statement quite correct, the sympathies of the population are mainly French.

Nuestro Tiempo publishes a lecture, delivered in the Madrid Athenæum, concerning the war and the political systems of Britain and Germany, at the conclusion of which the lecturer made some remarks on Spanish neutrality. Applying Mr. Asquith's principle that nations should not intervene except through some high moral motive, the speaker considered that Spain should remain neutral; whatever might be gained by intervention, in any case, would not be worth the sacrifice, whereas neutrality would enable Spaniards to exercise moral force in favour of humanity and civilisation. The criticisms of neutral countries had lessened the severity of acts which were regarded as necessary, and there was a great difference between what had happened at the beginning and what was happening now. The lecturer appears to have been confused about British titles, as so many foreigners are; he is said to have referred to "Lord Asquith."



Westminster Gazette.]

Another Victim of German Frightfulness.

"Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani."

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

PRUSSIAN INFLUENCES IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIANS tell us that the political sins of Russia in the past have been mainly due to Prussian influences. There has been, and still is, a reactionary party in Russia, and this party has been sedulously encouraged and strengthened by Prussian policy. Bismarck, indeed, openly stated in his Memories that the policy of the German Empire was to keep the reactionaries in power and to prevent the pacification of Russian Poland. And there have been an enormous number of German officials in Russia to assist in the carrying out of this policy; I am told that even in the Russian Consulate in London half the staff were Germans before the war began. It is at any rate certain that an evil influence of reaction and repression has been for long at work in Russia, and that the party of reaction has been greatly helped by her great Teutonic neighbour, which did not wish to see Liberal institutions established in the Empire of the Tsar. There is at present an extraordinarily deep conviction among Russians that their country is now freeing itself from that party, and that the eras of repression will not recur again.—DR. DEARMER, in *The Commonwealth*.

ARMY CLOTHING CONTRACTS.

WHY cannot the Government stop the letting and the sub-letting, and deal with all classes of contractors direct? It should not be impossible. As it is, small tailors and masters are taking work at low rates of pay, and distributing it among outworkers at the prices of slavery. I was shown a woman making trousers complete (making and finishing) at 6d. per pair; she could do three pairs a day; she had to pay 6d. for thread; she had 1s., therefore, to draw, and burn her own coals and gas, and pay her own rent out of that daily wage. Another woman was paid 4¼d. for machining and finishing, whilst some firms pay 5½d. for finishing alone. The demand for labour is so great that in some factories women have been employed to do the work of males. This change has been used to bring down rates of pay, to the great advantage of the employer. In one instance a woman band-cutter had been engaged at 20s. per week, the rate for male labour being 42s. per week.—JAMES HASLAM, in *The Englishwoman.*

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

PARTIES may rise and fall, using for their battle-cries the waning of Britain's greatness; pointing to the white-fringed green of the sea and crying aloud that our honour is falling to decay. But the sea remains our heritage; and the sea breeds up sailors who are independent of party; men whose forefathers wielded sponge and rammer under Nelson's eye. Navies come and navies go; the British sailor remains the same. Put him on the shot-smitten deck of a wooden clumsiness; coop him up in the steam-filled machine-shop that to-day bears the British flag; let a hideous death smite him down from a point invisible the British sailor does not change. No matter what his ship may be, he is there, as ready as of old to fight to the death, to nail the meteor flag to the mast, and carry it with him to glorious victory or the lowest caverns of the sea that Britain's heritage might be preserved inviolate, that British hearts may beat in ordered peace. It counts, the Great Idea, that is, the Idea that the sea is Britain's own inviolable possession. . . . Our British sailors the men who have made our heritage, men who will maintain it to the death go forward uncomplainingly to their deaths that Britain may live and glory in her goodly heritage till time shall cease and the sea shall give up its dead.—CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW, in *The United Methodist Magazine*.

THE ORDER OF DANIELITES.

IN 1874 we had the name under consideration. The desirables were, that it be: (1) clearly expressive of the principles; (2) euphonious; (3) international; (4) brief; and (5) lend itself to the secrets, tests, signs, grips, etc. The name of any living person (Richardsonite, etc.) was at once banned without consideration, as being, to put it mildly, bad taste. After fruitless consultations with all sorts and conditions of men, the Founder chanced to attend a "Moody and Sankey" meeting at the Agricultural Hall. The hymn "Dare to be a Daniel" was sung. The bad rhythm grated on his ear, and he promptly sang out, "Dare to be a Dan-iel-ite," as more in accord with "Standing by a *pur-pose firm*." This was the origin of the name "Danielites."—LIEUT.-COL. T. W. RICHARDSON, in *The Vegetarian Messenger*.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A TEACHER was examining a class of small boys in arithmetic. Addressing a particularly smart boy, she asked: "Can five go into one?" "Yes," came the answer at once. "You stupid boy," she said, "how do you make that out?" "Please, ma'am," he said, "I put five toes into one stocking this morning!" —*The Bairns' Magazine.*

THE handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out. One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said: "I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?" The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied: "I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella alreadty: he come twice a week, and I t'ink he no like you to come." —*Harper's Magazine.*

As a steamer was leaving the harbour of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain, and, pointing to the distant hill, inquired: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," replied the captain. "Well," remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just now told me it was Greece."—*The Boy's Own Paper.*

AT a dinner given one evening was a lawyer who did not appreciate the attentions of his neighbour, who began thus: "I suppose you gentlemen have strange cases to deal with at times?" "Yes," answered the lawyer. "Some very puzzling cases that almost confuse you and——" "Just so," said the legal gentleman with a determined look on his face. "I once knew a man who had one of those cases you mention, and after giving his whole attention to that case one night, when he finished he did not know what side of the case he was on, he was so confused." "Really," exclaimed the listener, delighted at having drawn the lawyer at last. "What sort of case was it?" "It was a case of champagne," replied the other, who was left in peace after that.—*Everybody's Monthly.*

"I WANT a good title for my new book," said the distinguished author to his bright young secretary. "Can you help?" "Which one do you mean?" "The retrospect dealing with the most famous British battles." "Ah! Why not call it 'Scraps of English History'?"—*Pearson's Magazine.*

Two privates were hotly arguing the merits of their respective regiments. One said: "When our colonel is dismissing us, he says to the officers, 'Fall out, gentlemen.'" "Why," said the other, "if our colonel said that, the whole blooming regiment would 'fall out.'"—*The Young Man.*

"FATHER," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study." "Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page. "Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I selected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take astronomy instead." The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply. Then she said: "No. You'll have to think of some better excuse for staying out at night." —*The Millgate Monthly.*

PROFESSOR: "If I fail to give a correct answer to any problem in mathematics that anyone present offers me, I agree to forfeit the sum of five pounds!" Voice in audience: "Make the date of my wife's birth agree with her present age."—*Windsor Magazine.*

JAMES ROSS and his daughter Janet, from Scotland, visited relatives in London. Day after day Janet and her father went sightseeing, always together. Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go to town alone occasionally, and added jokingly, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along." "Aye, auntie, but he wants me," explained Janet, earnestly. "He canna thole to stir oot o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna believe hoo fasht he is onywhere wi'oot me. Ye see, faither taa'ks sic braid Scotch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' aboot, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the conversin'."—*The Grand Magazine.*

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

RUSSIA.

Mr. Stephen Graham has given us a presentment of the soul of the Russian people as it has impressed his own soul, for which we owe him most earnest thanks.* He had been tramping through Siberia for months and had reached the frontier of China a little time before war was declared. He was at a restful Altai Cossack village, where the young men were busy with their scythes and the children gathering in the fruit when, on July 31st, the order came to mobilise. No one knew where they might have to fight or with whom, but at once tools were dropped, and in the most orderly fashion horses were looked over, accoutrements and clothing gathered, and all preparations made for the ride of nearly 1,000 miles before the railway could be reached. Word had come that the foes were German. Like many another Englishman, Graham was incredulous, for he knew what war with Germany must mean. Then came the service of farewell :—



Photo by] Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Stephen Graham.

What scenes there were that day! All the men of the village had become soldiers and pranced on their horses. At eight o'clock in the morning the holy-water basin was taken from the church and placed with triple candles on the open, sun-blazed mountain side. The Cossacks met there as at a rendezvous, and all their womenfolk, in multifarious bright cotton dresses and tear-stained faces, walked out to say a last religious good-bye. The bareheaded, long-haired priest came out in vestment of violet blue, and behind him came the old men of the village carrying ikons and banners of the church; after them the village choir, singing as they marched. A strange mingling of sobbing and singing went up to heaven from the crowd outside the wooden village, this vast irregular collection of women on foot clustered about a long double line of stalwart horsemen. . . .

"God is with you," said the priest in his sermon, the tears running down his face the while. "God is with you; not a hair of your heads will be lost. Never turn your backs on the foe. Remember that if you do you endanger the eternal welfare of your souls. Remember, too, that a letter, a post-card—one line—will be greedily read by all of us who remain behind. . . God bless His faithful slaves!"

Graham, too, travelled westward. It is not easy to find words fully appreciative of what he saw and heard during his journey; that to Russia this war is a Holy War, which the Japanese war was not, is to him incontrovertible. When war was declared, he says, Russia suddenly grew lighter, as if an evil spirit had jumped off her back. Mile after mile as he journeyed gave him interesting glimpses of the preparations.

When, in September, he reached Warsaw he found no depression of the national spirit—no strikes, no riots, no revolutionary propaganda; instead, an all-pervading cheerfulness and national unanimity which even

**Russia and the World.* By Stephen Graham. (Cassell & Co. 10/6 net.)

the most optimistic could not have foreseen. The absence of vodka would have made a blank in the peasant's life, for ordinarily he feels he has nothing of interest but to drink; now the war and its concerns have filled up that blank. Women and children vie with each other in helping, or are wholly given up to work for the soldiers, the wounded, and even the prisoners; whilst the Russian soldier goes to battle singing hymns and the children stop their daily tasks at the ring of the church bell to remember a prayer for their men in the field.

Mr. Graham is keen against the campaign of vulgarity, by which the minds of the masses are being poisoned. He gives a word of praise to Germans, to the English a stronger word, and says the Russians are a singularly noble, wild and simple people. He paints the contradictions well; thus:—

The Russian subtlety and contradictoriness, the Russian mysticism and unpracticality, above all things Russian national untidiness, are intolerable to the German. The German is filled with loathing directly he passes the Russian frontier; the difference between the well-built towns, storehouses and firm highways of Eastern Prussia and the wilderness of Russian Poland is almost incredible. To enter Russia is to step down into an inferior world, a world that needs setting right.

On the other hand—

The whole of Russian popular feeling is of tenderness rather than rapacity, and though, of course, there lurks in the Russian soul not only the brutal German but the more brutal Tartar, yet it is love to one another, fellow-sympathy in suffering, and gentle sociability that keep the great nation together. It is these that unite them round the sacred ark of the race. The Germans, sneering at the weak and at the victims of their lust for power, with their brutal materialism and their cruelty, represent that which is most foreign to the Russian heart, and consequently that which is most abhorred by all the people.

With foreknowledge he said:

The Russians cannot do much yet on German soil. Warsaw is going to be in danger off and on all the winter. Directly the Russians begin fighting on German soil they are up against German science, German railways, German technical superiority. The Russians have a much harder task than the French and English on the other side. You must depend on yourselves if you are going to win properly. When once the hands of the Germans are forced on the west Russia will follow heavily in the east.

He gives a testimony to the peasant's bravery, which every newspaper has confirmed:—

By all accounts, it was the enthusiasm and daring of the peasant soldiers that saved Warsaw from bombardment and German occupation. . . The peasants themselves are deeply calm regarding the spectacle of suffering and death. Death does not horrify them; on the contrary, the idea of glorious death is spiritual meat and drink to them. They love their brother soldier alive, but when he is dead he becomes something holy. This makes the Russian almost invincible. The only thing that could disturb the enthusiasm of the Russian troops would be the idea that they were fighting for a wrong cause.

And so, with opinions, anecdotes of the war, reasoned statements as to the difficult Jewish question, the promise to the Poles, and the Finnish anxiety, Mr. Graham presents his own impressions to the reading world. He closes with a warning against the idea that this war can be a last war, for Hate is always gathering to centres and discharging itself. He expects that one result will be a popularised Imperial service; but what we need to remember nationally and individually is that position in life is not the first thing, earning a living is not the first thing, commerce is not the first thing, but that all these things are added if we have first the will to serve an ideal. The peace that Christianity gives is the peace in the depths of the heart.

Friendly Russia, by Denis Garstin (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), also gives some notes about the declaration of war in Russia. The writer was living on the shore of the Black Sea at the time, and returning from a regatta heard that Russia would have to help the Serbs if Austria attacked them, and that all the strikes had stopped! Journeying to Moscow by train was a suffocating experience, and a moving account is given of the speedily-aroused enthusiasm of the peasants who were proceeding to the seat of war. Mr. Garstin says our Consuls were dumbfounded. When asked what to do, the only answer was "husband your resources." Some day this paralysis will assume its true aspect, and give another proof that war with Germany was to the ordinary Britisher an impossible event. Mr. Garstin's book opens with a humorous account of the two Russias. The Russia of tradition, a strange, savage country of passion and brutality, of grim cunning, murder and suicide, the knout and

broken hearts; so different to the real country Russian—kindly, generous, simple in life and gay. Oddly enough, a Russian workman, first met in Odessa and again in London, was full of sorrow for the terrible poverty he had seen in our city. Reading Mr. Garstin's book we are filled with amazement, and wonder whether we, too, all our lives have been imagining a bogey when there was only a friendly face.

THE MAKER OF THE FIRST AUTOMATIC GUN.

BUBBLING over with pugnacious life, these reminiscences of Sir Hiram Maxim * are not only fountains of the fun we need so much just now, but they contain the full American flavour which we Britons so much enjoy. Underlying the surface-brightness, however, is the deep seriousness of a man who has worked hard and suffered much, and who, conscious of great powers, has been incessantly chafed by the indifference of the incredulous. Beginning his story in jocular fashion, Sir Hiram says it would not be advisable for him to tell the *whole* truth, as it might entangle him in numerous lawsuits. Untroubled with religious proclivities, he tells his stories with engaging frankness, which may, however, be occasionally frowned upon by parents, especially the giving of a receipt for luminous hair-oil, which made one girl suppose her lover to be a saint on account of his halo.

Hiram Maxim's size and strength nearly stopped his career as an inventor—for though he had invented mouse-traps and tricycle wheels at the age of twenty, he heard so much of the exploits of Heenan and Sayers that he considered whether he would become a professional boxer, but was told by an Englishman:—

"Your eyes are altogether too large and prominent. Moreover, who ever saw a prize-fighter with such a big head? They are generally about the shape and size of a cocoanut."

Later on I saw old Dr. Springall, who had been my mother's physician, and was the only foreigner in town before the mill hands arrived. He was very wise, and I looked up to him with the greatest respect. He said, "Don't think of it; it is altogether beneath you; never give it a second thought." And I didn't.

By the way, we are informed that there were



Sir Hiram showing the Gun to his Grandson.

(Reproduced by courteous permission of Methuen & Co.)

* *My Life.* By Sir Hiram S. Maxim. (Methuen. 16s. net.)

no rats in Maine in those days, except in the seaports.

Space fails to recount all the perils of death, exploits of strength, and clever bits of workmanship which fill up this part of Hiram Maxim's life. The Civil War he seems to have passed through without taking much interest in either side. His brother volunteered, consequently he was exempt, his mother having but two sons. Time passed on, and recognition of his wonderful inventions had come before, in 1881, Mr. Maxim came to London as representative of the United States Electric Lighting Company, and began to turn his attention to an automatic gun. His animadversions against factory dirt and waste and the British workman's "cussedness" are intermingled with some amusing feats of strength and descriptions of his experiments. When, at length, the gun which fired 666 shots per minute was perfected, the Prince of Wales came to see it, as did Lord Wolseley, who said:

"It is really wonderful." According to his way of putting it, "the Yankees beat all creation; there seems to be no limit to what they are able to do." He expressed it as his opinion that it would not be long before someone would turn out a machine that would manufacture "full-grown men and women." Here I ventured to remonstrate, very much to the amusement of the party, saying I certainly would not undertake the job, because it would be extremely unpopular.

The War Office called him in to solve a problem about slow-burning powder, and though he, after many experiments, succeeded, his only reward was the assurance that certain scientific gentlemen would be furious on account of what he had done with his little microscope!

A company was formed—the Maxim Gun Company—and the secretary was ordered to see to the printing of the stationery. This came out as the Maxim "Gum" Company, and consequently Sir Hiram advises no one with a sufficient income to go into business! It would be interesting to know what he said to the secretary who had not read the proofs or forgotten to correct them.

Maxim improved upon his first automatic, and exhibited it. Here is his account of one of his callers:—

It was while this little gun was on exhibition at Hatton Garden that a tall and dignified gentleman called. He was beautifully gloved, and had a gold-rimmed monocle fixed in his eye. He told me in very stilted language that he had come to see the gun. He looked at it, took out his watch, expressed his doubts about it being able to fire six hundred rounds in a minute, and said he wanted to see the six hundred rounds go off. I said, "It costs £5 a minute to fire this gun. I will furnish the gun if you will furnish the cartridges." He was very indignant, and he left suddenly. Later on he said that I had insulted him.

So with story upon story, anecdote after anecdote, the "Life" goes on, until Sir Hiram closes with a natural outburst against the scientist who deplored that one so eminent as Sir Hiram should descend to prostituting his talents on quack nostrums. This because he has invented an inhaler which relieves him (and others) when suffering from bronchitis. He characteristically concludes that it is a creditable thing to invent a killing machine, but a disgrace to invent an apparatus to prevent human suffering.

WAR, LOVE, AND BRUTALITY.

RICHARD DEHAN never tires our patience by a long-drawn-out introduction,* though at times the meticulous carefulness with which she gives every little detail of a room or a dress makes one impatient, even whilst realising that that very carefulness of detail may make the impression stronger. The novel, we know, was commenced nearly two years ago, and was finished before the outbreak of the war; it is, therefore, a singular coincidence that it should relate to the 1870 conflict, with Bismarck as its outstanding character.

* *The Man of Iron.* By Richard Dehan. (Heinemann. 6s.)

One of the most interesting chapters is the description of the famous dinner taken by Bismarck, Moltke and Von Roon when the question of war or peace was being debated, and during which meal the Chancellor is said to have received the telegram from the King of Prussia which might have meant peace if its whole contents had been given to the world instead of the faked edition which was sent to the Ambassadors and the Press.

The hero of the story bursts upon us as a small boy attired in his first breeches, fighting furiously because his nurse, who has only put them on to see whether they fit, desires to take them off to remove the tacking

threads. The young pickle, having got under the dining-room table to frighten his stepmother, unintentionally hears words about himself which influence all his future life. It is novel to find the stage "aside" replaced by a man's other self reminding the older self of his earlier actions, and so giving us the necessary insight into the family affairs of the boy's father.

Carolan Breagh fails to pass his examinations, loses his father and stepmother during the Indian Mutiny, and at the age of twenty-three is stranded in Fleet Street, on a raw morning, with but a few pence in his pocket. He has just heard that his trustee has shot himself after losing Carolan's money. Going to see his step-sister, who is well placed in a convent, he faints with hunger, and is brought to by her comrade, a little French girl. He does not tell his sister his difficulty, but is rescued by an amusing old fellow, a publisher's warehouseman, and is launched, by his means, into the midst of the terrific fight between the opposing French and German armies soon after the episode of Saarbruck. Whilst plodding behind the German forces, he finds his pretty little French friend of the convent hunting vainly to recover the body of her dead father; and one of the really impressive episodes of the book occurs when Juliette entreats him to find her a priest who would hold the office of burial over her father's grave. Juliette is persuaded to remain in the house whilst Carolan returns to the field of battle for that purpose. He is passed by an old Abbé whose personality he vaguely remembers, and who willingly consents to act. The grave having been filled in, the prayers duly said. Carolan, strangely awed, afterwards makes his confession on the battle field at the old man's feet, only to learn later on that the Abbé had died a short time before, and that it could have been no mortal man who pronounced the Benediction.

The evil influence of the story is a woman, Juliette's mother, who, having deserted her husband and child, is acting as a spy on both sides, and has inveigled her daughter away from her protectress, intending to make use of her as a lure. At the time when Carolan finds her on the battlefield, Juliette had learned the plot, and was trying to make her way back to her old home at Versailles. The two get there after many adventures, and take up their abode in the very villa where, later, Bismarck dictated the terms of peace to M. Thiers. Juliette and Carolan disguised, the one as the mistress of the house, the other as a sort of stable boy, not only overhear some surprising discussions, but manage even to soften the hard-hearted Bismarck, so that he gives them passports and enables them to travel straight away to England in safety.

This is but a rough outline of a story filled with diverse incidents. The battle descriptions are told with such virile force that horror and pity become painful, whilst, oddly enough, the multiple adjectives and epithets of the earlier chapters are dropped as if they were just mannerisms, forgotten so soon as the author had got into full swing. There are humorous touches; for instance, Bismarck, with sardonic humour, plays cat-and-mouse with the young lovers, who have no idea that he had soon discovered their identity. Many personal touches make vivid the notabilities of that period—German, French, and English. One whimsicality there is which it takes time to forgive. The hero's initials are always tacked on to his surname in such a manner that the reader is reminded of a burly policeman. That Richard Dehan's last is equal to *The Dop Doctor* few will agree, but that is a mishap not uncommon to authors who have suddenly surprised the world with a remarkable creation.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

The Influence of King Edward and other Essays, by Viscount Esher (Murray, 7s. 6d. net). Though there is no preface, a dated acknowledgment to editors shows that Lord Esher intended to reproduce these essays before the war. That they are not still withheld would seem to show that he desires serious consideration for the thoughts given therein. Those on King Edward have something of the nature of a memento-mori. Lord Esher had the advantage of a personal knowledge of Queen Victoria and the King, and reading, one realises afresh the disadvantages of so strict a training for a lonely boy who loved people better than books; and the pity it was that the high sense of duty in both parents caused them to lose sight of the fact that their boy was very human. The essays

on "Imperial Defence" (1912), the "Naval and Military Situation" (1912), the "Voluntary Principle" (1910), etc., have lost some of their point in these last days; their value lies in the thoughts they suggest and the proof they give that even a statesman like Lord Esher considered that the odds were heavy against a war between any two or more of the great nations of Europe—though the "odd chance" made him insist upon the maintenance of a powerful navy and inclined him towards a modified conscription.

IN *Edward Carpenter* (Methuen, 5s. net) Mr. Lewis says, in effect, that the aim of Carpenter's writings is to open a door for man, to make an outlet possible for him; so, in similar fashion, Mr. Lewis has opened wide the window shutters behind which is Carpenter, thus showing us the man where before was only a name. Edward Carpenter was born in 1844, graduated at Cambridge, and for several years was curate to Frederick D. Maurice. At the age of twenty-five he began to feel he had a message to give, relinquished Orders and became a University Extension Lecturer. But he needed even more freedom, and so at last settled down as a market-gardener and fruit-grower in a little Derbyshire hamlet, thus earning his living in fullest contact with Nature, free to write as the spirit moved him. Naturally, Mr. Lewis occupies a good share of his first chapters with an analysis of the book with which Carpenter is largely identified. *Towards Democracy*, published in 1881, was twenty-one years in the making. Democracy to Carpenter is not the dictionary definition, "government by the people"; the meaning he gives to the word is "the world soul, delicate, frail, impalpable, the ever-ascending life, something which forms, grows, and expands within; something which ever and anon bursts forth and breaks through, bringing disorganisation and destruction to existing forms, that it may create the higher form." Like Nietzsche, he dreams of a higher type, to be gradually evolved from ideal to ideal until a millennium of freedom and joy be reached. It would be extremely interesting to take *Towards Democracy* and *Thus Said Zarathustra* turn and turn about, one day for each, and compare the resulting impressions left by the two philosophers. Carpenter stands for life and love. *The Art of Creation* is his most ambitious prose work; *Love's Coming of Age* deals with the questions of Sex and Marriage. Needless to say, Carpenter would give freedom to women. We search in vain for indications as to how his ideal is to be obtained; Carpenter simply points out a wider vision, not how to attain the road to it. For those who desire to study his works there can be no better method than to take first this appreciation by one of his disciples and then go on to the writings themselves. Mr. Lewis's book ought to have had a list of them.

WERE it not for the insistent declaration of Germany that in that country alone is to be found the intellectual and moral supremacy of the world, we should probably not have had such a collection of expert opinion as is given in *German Culture* (Jack, 2s. 6d. net). Edited by Professor Paterson, the several departments are the work of such men as Professor A. Thomson, Dr. M. Sadler, Professor Macgregor, &c. The contributions of the Germans to knowledge, literature, art, and science are dealt with in a spirit of critical appreciation, so much the more needful because the bombast of certain German writers and the bitter feelings aroused by the war might cause even the fairest-minded to forget that the world owes much to the splendid work and creations of Germany. The chapters on music, education, and politics show plainly their faults and perfections; that on science is particularly interesting, for it points out how international it is, and how impossible it is to decide that this or that discovery may be put to the credit of one man or another. The sets of tables, strangely contrary to ordinary opinion, show that in scientific discovery at least we can hold our own with Germany.

FICTION.

The Rat-Pit, by Patrick MacGill (Jenkins, 6s.). This "transcript from real life" by Rifleman Patrick MacGill is the full history of Norah Ryan, just a glimpse of which appeared in *The Children of the Dead End*. As dramatic, as straight to the point as the latter work, it raises even more bitter anger that in a community nominally Christian such things can be. And the remedy for the evil is far to seek. That there are occasionally

such oppressors of the poor as Farley McKeown, such inhuman priests as Father Devany, such lazy police in Donegal as described here, cannot be denied; the pity of it is that the oppressors are the fellow-countrymen and co-religionists of the oppressed. What a drawback to a West of Ireland district is the celibacy of the priesthood few realise so well as do those who know the difference from the English or Scotch village, where the pastor's wife has with her a band of women, who, with all their drawbacks at least do prevent the utter helplessness of villagers whose only superiors are such as Mr. MacGill describes as living in the Donegal townlet. Not that the author would prescribe a married priesthood as a remedy! It is not clear whether he has any idea of a remedy: his but to show the festering sore, to compel his readers to look at it. It would be unfair to his purpose to describe his story as one would the plot of an ordinary novel; he takes you from poverty, indescribable in fewer words than he gives, yet which does not destroy the soul, to a deeper d pth where in Glasgow slums soul and body are both destroyed and sweet Norah, the innocent country child, betrayed and deserted, bereft of home and kin, lover and child, dies, saved from death in the street by a kindly street-walke



Private Patrick MacGill
of the London Irish.

The Family, by Eleanor Mordaunt (Methuen, 6s.). A clever, forceful story with characters so strongly put that the effect is as of personal knowledge. The tale belongs to the mid-Victorian days when a highly-strung, delicate-minded and ignorant girl, without sex-passion, could be handed over to a fine animal for wife. Condemned to be the unwilling mother of about sixteen children, her passion of repugnance and suffering can be imagined. The Squire, who took no interest in his children after the puppy stage, and therefore never educated them in the true sense, was careless and extravagant and, finally, mortgaged his estate beyond redemption. The two sensitive members of his family had suffered shipwreck before that occurred. The "Family" is scarcely typical, and though every member fell lower and lower in the social scale, yet, because they were not sensitive, they were not nearly so unhappy in their meaner estate as is Miss Mordaunt in her pity for them.

A Shadow of '57, by A. M. Scott Moncrieff (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a fascinating love story, the scene being laid in a comparatively healthy Indian station, the characters regimental. The prologue tells of a shadow cast in the Mutiny year, which at first threatens to become painfully substantial in 1890, but is happily dispersed.

Tipperary Tommy, by Joseph Keating (Methuen, 6s.). A go-ahead story of the present war. Canavan, an Irish Welshman who has muddled away all his estate, enlists, and, owing to previous volunteer training, is sent at once to the Front. His adventures at Mons are of the miraculous order, but go with a swing. He is wounded and rescued by the girl who loves him and who has had her own troubles. There is a villain, of course, and a good plot.

The Holy Flower, by Rider Haggard (Ward, Lock, 6s.). Alan Quartermain reappears, retaining much of his old magic, and goes in search of a marvellous orchid and its white Guardian encountering fearsome adventures by the way.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

THE TWO BARRIES.

OF all curious dramatic alliances surely the strangest ever seen is this of Thrums and Montmartre. There is one public of the Revue and another of the Comedy which Sir James Barrie, when he likes, writes better than any man living. To whom but to Sir James, who has all the wilfulness of genius, would it have occurred to force and pen these divergent streams within the walls of one playhouse? That the attempt fails will not perturb lovers of the real Barrie, but that it should have been made at all is matter to make the judicious grieve with a grief the more poignant because in "The New Word," which precedes "Rosy Rapture," Sir James has made it tantalisingly clear that he has not lost his touch.

"The New Word" is "Second Lieutenant," and round it is woven a little semi-sentimental fireside scene which may be paralleled in thousands of English homes to-day. No one can convey more perfectly than Barrie the emotions of the domestic hearth and the embarrassments of ordinary family intercourse. Roger Torrance's new uniform has just come home, and he shows himself sheepishly to the family. His mother is frankly emotional, his sister flies to the piano and thumps out "See the Conquering Hero Comes," to the hero's acute anguish. His father alone, every whit as proud of the boy as the others, seems to treat the event with a reprehensible levity. The fact is, of course, that Roger and his father are intensely shy of each other. But when they are left alone, little by little their real affection shines out. Their tongue-tied, awkward efforts to break down the barriers of reserve which hide their deeper feelings provide the author with a true and moving theme, of which he takes the fullest advantage, with the help of some exquisite acting by Miss Helen Haye and Mr. O. B. Clarence. "The New Word" is so good that it should have been kept for the end of the evening. The Revue public can hardly be expected to stand homely sentiment. It doesn't. It streams in leisurely to the accompaniment of piercing draughts, the rustling of garments, and the noise of many feet; and those for whom five minutes of the real Barrie are worth a dozen "Rosy Raptures" suffer accordingly.

With the entrance of Rosy Rapture and our Disdainfully Melting Chorus, Sir James makes his bow and departs. Henceforth all is Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys-Gaby of the bare back, the amazing vitality, the incredibly clever feet, the French accent which makes of the English language a thing at once weird and incomprehensible. "Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus," calls itself a burlesque, but a burlesque which is indistinguishable from the thing burlesqued stultifies itself. "Rosy Rapture" is just a Revue. There is, of course, nothing to prevent Sir J. M. Barrie writing a Revue if he so desires, but one would at least have expected something unusual. Unfortunately we do not get it. We find very little of the essential Barrie, very little that any competent writer of this class of entertainment could not achieve off his own bat. That it is wildly incoherent goes without saying; that is the hall-mark of a Revue; but at times it is also dull, which a Revue should never be. On the other hand, there are, of course, bright moments, in some of which the hand of the author can be faintly traced; for example, a charming Anglo-French love duet between Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Mr. Jack Norworth, as a British Tommy, with one eye on a phrase book and the other on K. of K.'s regulations. But on the whole the best than can be said of Rosy Rapture is, that for people who like this sort of thing this is the sort of thing that they will like. We should have no quarrel with her in her proper place, on the stage of the Alhambra or the Empire; but that Sir James, whose true *métier* is comedy, should descend into the ring to compete with authors in another line of business who are quite able to hold their own with him is, to be quite frank, regrettable. On that famous evening of the Triple Bill two or three years ago Rosalind danced before our enraptured eyes at the very end to turn our heaviness into joy and to retrieve the situation. And now by a sad reversal of the process Sir James himself has contrived to ruin Sir James.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

SOME ESPERANTO MAGAZINES.

"It is a curious polyglot world of its own, in which you meet people from everywhere, and find them in all the essentials of human nature so much alike, that if you were blind and you made them all talk Esperanto, you would not know whether they were not all your own countrymen. Most of them are pleasanter in the sense of being less reserved than the English, but the springs of human nature are identical throughout."—W. T. STEAD on "The Second Conference at The Hague," August, 1907.

AMONGST the most important is *Esperanto*, the organ of the Universala Esperanto Asocio, the *locale* of which is Geneva. With its delegates in every country it has been doing a great work in the arrangement of correspondence between prisoners and interned, working with the Swiss office for the return to their homes of civilians under and over military age, and the Red Cross organisations. With regard to civilians it is significant that the ages at first were below 18 and over 50, they are now below 17 and over 60! With regard to the letter-post, some sad stories are given. Naturally many of the senders have no geographical knowledge. Some of the letters from the prisoners' camps in Germany have, for instance, been marked "Geprüft" (censored), or "Der Oberwachungs-offizier" (the Censor), and the puzzled recipient has supposed this to be the address of the imprisoned friend. A Wurtemburg wife wrote to her husband, who had been killed before the letter arrived. It was returned with the French stamp on it *décédé*. The unhappy woman thought that this was the new camp, and sent another most touching letter telling of her longing to see him, and signed by their four children. The Swiss postal officers sent this under cover to the post officials of her town, begging them to go to the poor widow and explain. An average 160,000 letters pass daily through the Bern Transit Office. Of course, *Esperanto* is severely neutral, but there are little indications all the same. There is a sorrowful remark about the impossibility of helping the hostages (who are far worse off than even the captive soldiers), because forbidden by the State which holds them captive; and there is a reference to "certain warring rulers not troubling about an oath of a former period"; certainly anyone can supply the name of "the rulers"! The leading articles refer to those "eminent persons," writers, scientists, and others who have led the people by the nose with their theories, and so have helped to make war a possibility, but who now instead of leading are following; instead of limiting the conflagration are feeding the fire. It is queried whether any will read their banalities later on, and to "The Future" upon which subject the neutral writer is very interesting.

For actual war news and defensive declarations the only journal is the *Internacia Bulteno*, published twice a month in Berlin under the authority of the German Government. It is naturally interesting to get the German point of view even when one's gorge rises against the speciousness of the arguments and excuses. No English paper, so far as we know, has given Bethmann-Hollweg's speech (of December 2nd) so fully as it is given here, punctuated as it is by applause and Hear, hears! The magazine, which is well illustrated, contains State documents and a diary of the war. In it both truth and untruth are so mixed that it is difficult to separate them. Here is an instance. Under December 17th is a notice of the bombardment of Scarborough, to this is added a note "that the English newspapers hypocritically complain that it is against international right because Scarborough is not fortified. Yet the *Times* publishes a map showing the position of the defences." Well, Germans might find that map, but I have searched the *Times* file in vain. Whitby possesses a coastguard station, so is "fortified." Naturally the full text of the conversations between two British and two Belgian attachés is given with long comments only "conversation" is replaced by "convention." The French Yellow Book is taken to pieces, of course, and the intention of England and Belgium to make war is proved by maps taken from an English officer, a prisoner, which were printed officially in 1912! One picture which may well provoke German indignation—but has a comic element—shows an illustration which is said to have appeared in a Russian journal. Three German officers in uniforms carrying pieces of plate have underneath the legend: "A group of German thieves with their thefts." Side by side is what purports to be the original picture which had appeared in a German paper some months before, and which represented the prize-winners in a German military footrace! The background of spectators is left out of the Russian picture.

DIARY FOR MARCH.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Feb. 25.—Disaster at New Hem Heath Colliery, Chesterton, Staffs.; 11 deaths.

Rise of ¾d. an hour offered by employers rejected by the Clyde engineers by 8,926 to 829.

Sir David de Villiers Graaff appointed Finance Minister in the Union Cabinet.

Feb. 26.—Deficit of £53,000 in the London Insurance Drug Fund for 1914 announced.

Government Committee appointed to inquire into the rise in the retail price of coal.

Return to work on March 1st of the Clyde engineers ordered by Sir George Askwith on behalf of the Government.

Feb. 27. America's sixth international Grand Prix motor-car race won at the Panama Exhibition by D. Rasta, an English driver, in 7 h. 7 min. 57 sec.

Feb. 28. Decision of the Austrian Government to put the country on rations announced.

March 1. -Dr. Feliciano Viera elected President of Uruguay.

March 2. Annual financial statement presented to the Legislative Council at Delhi by Sir W. S. Meyer, who announced a deficit of £2,750,000 for 1915 and also in 1916.

March 3.—M. de Giers appointed Russian Ambassador in Italy.

Attack on Mexico City by Zapatists repulsed with heavy losses.

March 4.—Return to work on terms of the Clyde engineers.

March 5.--Maximum fine of £50 with £70 costs imposed on Messrs. Lyons, caterers, for supplying meat unfit for food to the troops quartered at the White City.

March 6.--Resignation of M. Venizelos, Greek Premier. Dr. Steut appointed Greek Minister in Constantinople.

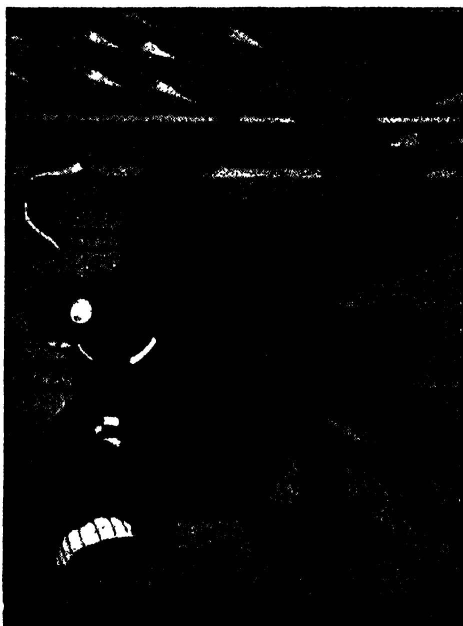
Meeting of Parliament in Portugal forbidden by the Pimenta Cabinet, and the President declared a Dictator by the Democratic Party.

March 9. -Deputation from the Commercial Parliamentary Committee on trade and the war received by Mr. Lloyd George at the House of Commons.

Conference of the National Council of Evangelical Churches opened at Manchester.

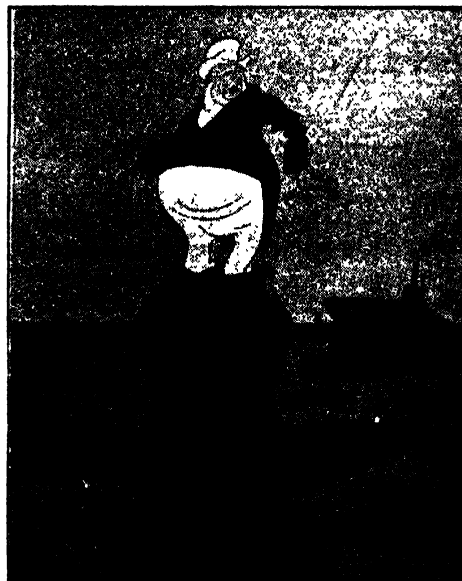
March 10. Release and exchange of all civilian invalids agreed to by the German Government.

Formation of new Cabinet in Greece.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

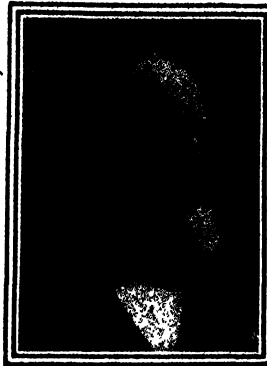
Down with Him!



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Splendid Isolation.

GERMAN PHANTASIES.



In 1901

"We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great." A bluebottle fly at the end of a telescope can conceal from the eye of the astronomer a galaxy of stars. Nothing is more certain than that the most important epoch-making things are never those which are most en evidence. They are usually invisible, always unnoticed. We marvel at the blindness of our predecessors who busied themselves about pompous trifles which have long been swept into the dust-heap of oblivion, and imagine that we at least have keener eyes and truer appreciation of the comparative importance of things.

But at The Hague the other day there arrived a letter from the director of one of the best news agencies ordering the curtailing of the reports from the Peace Conference. "No one in London," so ran the missive, "cares for anything at present but the news from the Transvaal and the latest scores of the test matches with the Australians." Yet the Peace Conference was engaged in founding what everyone admits to be the most important of all International institutions. It was busy creating at last, at the close of nineteen centuries of nominal Christianity, a Court which would at least give the nations a chance of appealing in their disputes to some other judgment seat than that of the God of War.

. what does the man in the street care for such things? Nothing, and less than nothing. He never did. He probably never will. He does not think. He only feels. And he does not understand.

"Progress of the World,"
July, 1899.

William T. Stead



PRINCESS MARY,

who attained her eighteenth birthday on April 25.

From a photograph by Campbell Gray

No. 305. Vol. LI.] [May, 1915.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *May* 1, 1915.

Russia's Successful Campaign.

The outstanding military operation of the month has been the Russian campaign in the Carpathians, which has been so far successful that when the melting of the snows rendered further operations impossible all the important passes, with the exception of the Uzsok, were in the hands of the Grand Duke. This advance, threatening as it does the heart of Hungary, is of the utmost importance, and Germany has accordingly sent heavy reinforcements to assist the Austrians, and an attempt was made to force the Russian flank from the direction of Cracow, but to no purpose. Meanwhile the struggle for the Uzsok pass continues, and as soon as the early spring floods have subsided the Russian advance will be prosecuted as vigorously as before. To parry this advance von Hindenburg will probably make one of his surprise attacks on some other part of the line in an endeavour to distract the Russian offensive, but we may be certain that it will be ineffectual. Outside the Carpathians the Eastern battle line has been comparatively quiet, and no important movement has taken place on either side.



Evening Ledger.] [Philadelphia.

But it always rolls back.

Advances in the West.

On the Western front until the end of the month much the same may be said. From the published dispatches we know that successful as was the action of Neuve Chapelle, it did not achieve as much as was hoped, nevertheless it was a notable advance. Another, though not so large a movement, resulted in the capture of Hill 60, an important strategic point a little south of Ypres. The French have made steady advances both around St. Mihiel and at Notre Dame de Lorette. Against these must be placed the German attack north of Ypres, where, partly by means of poisonous gases, they succeeded in driving back the British, French, and Belgian lines two or three miles. Part of this ground was immediately recovered, the Canadians especially distinguishing themselves, but for a few days the position was very critical. This may be the preliminary to another determined effort to break through to Calais, or it may be but an answer to the allied pressure all along the line. Whatever the cause, we may feel confident that the Germans will not long be able to maintain the offensive.

Constantinople. The attack on the Dardanelles had been practically suspended for some weeks, but towards the end of the month was renewed in conjunction with a British and French expeditionary force, under the command of Sir Ian Hamilton. A landing has been effected both on the peninsula of Gallipoli and the Asiatic coast opposite. We do not, of course, know the strength of the force, but it has a difficult task before it, and even under the most favourable circumstances it will take a considerable time before either it or the fleet come in sight of Constantinople, though there is no doubt they will eventually get there. These operations are of vital importance, for the fall of Constantinople will have a greater effect on the whole struggle than any local victory which may be secured on the eastern or western fronts and there must be no faltering until the object is achieved.



The East-African Campaign.

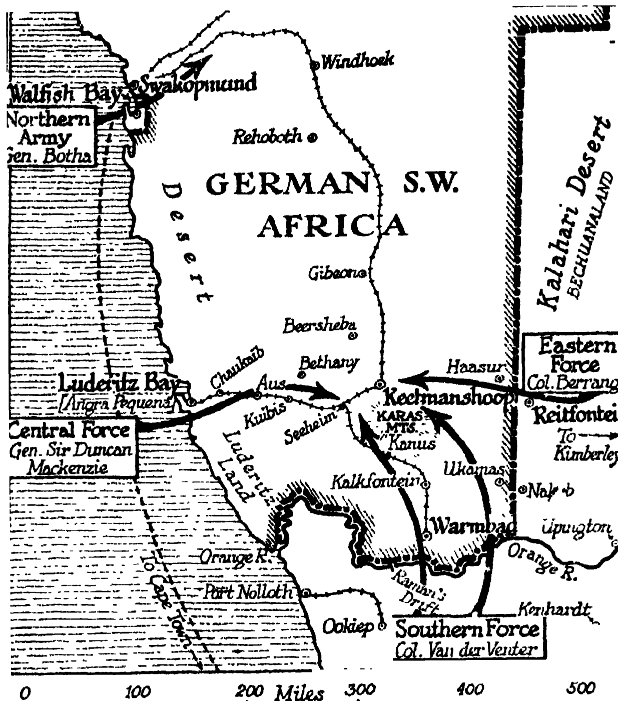
(Reproduced from "The Times.")

The Persian Gulf. People in this country are apt to ignore all the military actions that are taking place except those in Europe, and forget that the Empire is involved in no less than half a dozen campaigns affecting: the Indian frontier, where a very serious rising has been successfully suppressed; the Persian Gulf, Egypt, the Cameroons, German East Africa, and German S.W. Africa. Any one of these operations would, under normal circumstances, be regarded as a considerable campaign. This ignorance is fostered by the censorship, which has provided practically no news. Lately, however, the veil has been raised a little. A considerable success has been gained in the Persian Gulf, where a large body of Turks and Arabs have been defeated with great loss. The British force remains in possession, but is prepared for further attacks which are certain to follow, as the Turks seem to be in considerable strength, and have been joined by large

numbers of Arabs, whom it had been hoped would remain neutral, even if they did not assist the British.

The Cameroons. In Africa the conditions in the three theatres of war are very different. In the Cameroons the advance is taking place slowly but surely, successive German posts being captured with little loss. In East Africa matters are very different, for the Germans are in greater strength than the British, and the latter have been compelled to defend their own frontier. Two incursions into the enemy's territory ended in disaster at Tanga and Jassin. The censorship has been particularly strict with regard to these operations, information as to the surrender at Jassin, which took place in January, having only just been published. and then only as a reply to the German report. What has happened since then nobody knows, but, until the British force is considerably strengthened, any operations other than purely defensive will be quite out of the question. Meanwhile, it has been clearly shown that "no news" in that quarter does not by any means signify "good news." As to events in Northern Rhodesia, the absolute silence which has existed since the beginning of war is still unbroken.

German S.W. Africa. The Union troops have made very rapid advance into German South-West Africa. The three detachments of the Southern army, advancing from the coast, the south and the east, have united at Keetmanshoop, the most important point in the south. Little opposition from the Germans was encountered; the physical conditions of the country, however, are formidable obstacles in themselves; but the desert and the lack of water, owing to the poisoning of the wells by the enemy, have been brilliantly overcome. General Smuts is in charge of the southern army, which is now advancing north towards the capital, Windhoek, while the northern army, under General Botha, is approaching the same place from the west. The hardest fighting is still to come, but we are perfectly safe in trusting Botha and Smuts to carry matters to a successful conclusion. It is a high tribute to the Dutch genius that the two men who have led South Africa in politics should also be able to take command in the field.



The South-West African Campaign.
(Reproduced from "The Daily News")

German Diplomacy. No better illustration could be given of the childishness of German diplomacy than her dealings with the

United States. All the results of her propaganda in that country are repeatedly nullified by a single act on the part of the German Government. The latest example was the Note presented by the German Ambassador, which practically reproved the United States for selling munitions to the Allies, and also for not insisting that Great Britain should allow food into Germany. The Note was bad enough in itself, but by publishing it without the consent of the American Government Count Bernsdorff made matters infinitely worse, and raised a storm of indignation throughout the country, and led to a demand for his recall. The American reply was a model of dignity, but was, nevertheless, a sharp rap over the knuckles for Germany. A significant indication of the futility of Germany's threat to organise the German-Americans in Germany's interest was provided by the elections in Chicago. This is the most German of the American cities. The Democratic candidate, of German extraction, ran on what might be called a purely German ticket, with the result that all the non-hyphenated Americans rallied as a man, and the previous large Democratic majority was turned into a sweeping defeat. No stronger demonstration could be given than that the majority of the American people, whatever their original country, are Americans first and last and all the time. The drowning of an American on the *Falaba* further helped to undo the German propaganda.



Daily Chronicle.]

The Poison Bombs.

HUMANITY: "Is there no limit to Kultur?"

German Barbarity.

In other directions Germany seems determined to alienate all the Neutrals. Holland particularly has suffered, two or three of her boats having been sunk without the least reason. The Scandinavian Powers have also suffered heavily in the same way. In fact, during the last half of the month more neutral ships have been sunk than British. The offender makes no excuses for this conduct, and puts all the blame on the Neutrals themselves. These methods of carrying on war have created a feeling of indignation throughout the world, but of that Germany recks nothing, and seems determined to go from bad to worse, and now no surprise will be felt at any methods, however barbarous, that she may stoop to in order to snatch a temporary advantage, or maybe to avert her final defeat. The ruthless sinking of the *Falaba* caused a wave of horror throughout the world, similar to that which followed the destruction of Louvain. This has been followed up by the use of poisonous gases, and, what has up to now been considered as exhibiting the worst criminal depravity, the poisoning of wells.

Brutality to British Prisoners.

Upon occasion the Devil can quote Scripture with a vengeance, and Germany acts with the same lack of principle when she appeals most solemnly to International Law, often in so doing quoting conventions which she



Drawn by A. C. Michael] [*Illustrated London News.*

The British Prisoner of War in Germany, 1915.

"Prisoners of War . . . must be humanely treated!"—*Hague Peace Conference*, 1907.

herself had earlier repudiated. She has often urged that The Hague Conventions are not binding, because Servia has not ratified them, yet she appeals to them when it suits her book. Again, she has at times defended her action in Belgium, saying that Prussia only signed the Treaty, and so it was not binding on Germany, while in the case of the sinking of the *W. P. Frye* she agreed to compensation in virtue of Treaties signed between Prussia and the United States. In all her dealings she shows that what she considers right is the only law, the legitimate feelings and desires of others count as nothing. It is a mentality with which it is almost impossible to deal. It is useless to make any appeal to moral or ethical standards; they exist no longer so far as Germany is concerned. Great Britain is thus placed in a particularly difficult position as regards the British prisoners in Germany. Rumours of bad treatment have long been current, and these have been confirmed by the White Paper published on the matter; but what can be done? The American Ambassador has intervened at our request, and has done everything in his power, but on the German side he is up against a brick wall. Any appeal to Germany for fair treatment falls on deaf ears; reprisals would be fatal as well as contrary to our national instincts. Germany does not care what happens to her prisoners in this country, and she would seize the slightest pretext to make counter reprisals out of all proportion to the imagined injury. In fact, when about to employ new barbarous methods, she invariably justifies herself on the ground that she is only following the enemy's lead. Though nothing can be done, the German conduct most assuredly strengthens our determination to carry on the war at all costs until this demon which inhabits the German mind is exorcised, and the only reply is the utter defeat of the German armies. After the war Germany will realise what it means to have lost the good opinion of the world.

Greece and the *Entente*.

M. Venizelos has always been recognised as one of the first statesmen of Europe, and his letter to his King outlining the reasons why Greece should join the *Entente* is worthy of his reputation. The clear exposition he gives of the very complicated question should have been enough to persuade his Sovereign. Though it failed, there seems little doubt that Greece will shortly do as her late leader wished, if not before the General Election, most certainly after, as there is every indication that M. Venizelos will be returned in overwhelming power, even though his willingness to make large concessions to Bulgaria is certainly not popular with his countrymen. Bulgaria as ever is the crux of the matter. At the beginning of the month it seemed as though she might be embroiled with Serbia, owing to a frontier raid by Bulgarian komatadjis. The two opposing accounts differed on nearly every point, but happily the matter was settled apparently satisfactorily. It is reported that Roumania has come to a settlement with Bulgaria; however, she has always declared that she and Italy will move together. All these countries are to a certain extent sitting on the fence, and in Bulgaria and Greece the military leaders seem convinced that Germany will be victorious. The slow progress and apparent failure of the attack on the Dardanelles has also acted as a check on intervention. For Italy the critical moment is at hand, and possibly before this gets into the hands of our readers she may have taken the decisive step. Everything seems to point to her joining the Allies. Von Bülow has failed in his mission, and the negotiations between Italy and Austria have come to an absolute deadlock, if they have not actually been broken off, and every preparation has been made

with a view to war. The neutralists are still numerous and powerful, however, and may not be so easily overborne as some imagine. May 12th, when the Italian Parliament meets, is generally held to be the date by which Italy is expected to make her definite decision.

Japan and China.

Vague reports as to the progress of the Japan-China negotiations are constantly appearing; from these Japan seems to be getting nearly all she wants. Of definite news there is none. Count Okuma, whose administration obtained a decisive majority at the recent General Election, sent a message to the New York *Independent* on April 3rd, in order to allay American fears. In it he says:—

> When the negotiations are disclosed it will be found: That Japan has not infringed the rights of other nations. That Japan has adhered strictly to the principle of equal opportunity. That Japan is not attempting to secure a monopoly in China. That Japan is not attempting to create a protectorate over China. That Japan is not seeking to secure in China any advantage which does not accord with the Anglo-Japanese alliance or with any treaties or undertakings with the United States. We have fully informed the United States and the other interested Powers as to Japan's purposes. We believe that they are satisfied. The negotiations between Japan and China are nearing a satisfactory conclusion. Japan is quite confident of the rectitude and good faith of her position. Japan is merely seeking to settle outstanding troublesome questions in a way looking toward permanent peace and good understanding.

These are comforting assurances, difficult to reconcile, however, with the Japanese demands, though these are said to have been modified. Sir Edward Grey has given no indication of this country's attitude beyond asserting his adherence to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, guaranteeing the independence and integrity of China. The embarkation of troops for use in China turns out to be even on a larger scale than at first stated, and it looks very much as though Japan intended to urge her demands by force of arms. As both Great Britain and Japan assert that the terms of the Alliance will be maintained, it is sincerely to be hoped that the final arrangements will show considerable modifications in the Japanese terms. Japan cannot exist without European support, especially British, and it would be only to her detriment to alienate this country, since, whatever concessions she obtains from China, she is not rich enough to develop without foreign assistance.



Jugend.] [Munich.

Japan in the Chinese Field.

"The harvest is good; I invite you all to the harvest celebrations."

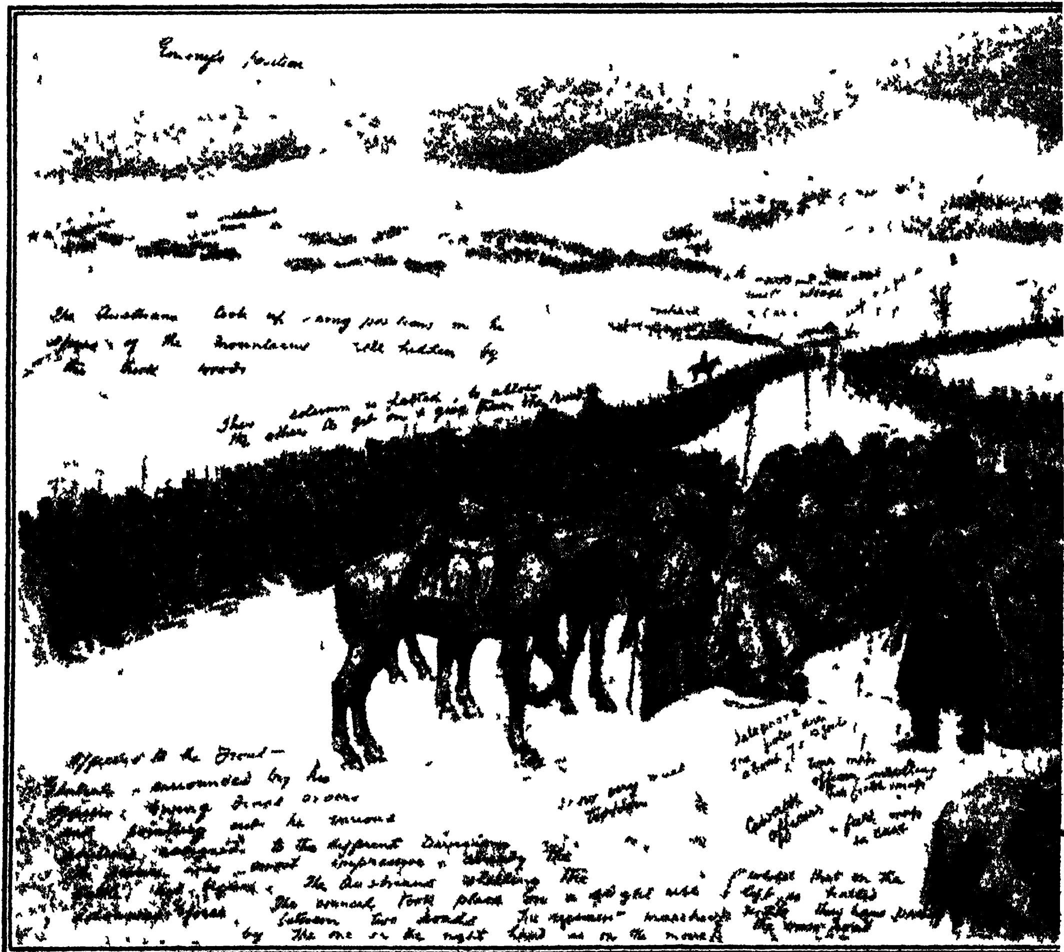
Our Blockade.

In naval matters the month has been very quiet, though rumours have been rife. The submarine blockade has been even less successful than before, though the treatment of the ships destroyed has been more inhuman. The British blockade has, however, been quite effectual, and Germany is completely cut off. Naturally the United States had something to say about this blockade, but her Note was marked by the friendly spirit which has

all along characterised the relations between the two countries. The Note objected to the blockade as being a totally new departure in naval procedure, but acknowledged that modern conditions had not been contemplated when the various conventions, dealing with such matters, were drawn up, and that Germany's action had necessitated some retaliation. Altogether, it was merely a formal protest, and as such excited great indignation in Germany. The United States appreciates the fact that we shall interfere as little as possible with her trade, and will make adequate compensation whenever necessary. There is bound to be some friction arising out of the blockade, but we may be absolutely certain that it will lead to no open rupture with America.

Zeppelin Raids.

The Zeppelins have been active again, and have paid three visits to this country, but, though they dropped many



Reproduced from]

WITH THE RUSSIANS.

From a Sketch

bombs, no lives were lost. It is rather difficult to determine the objects of these raids; the first may have been intended as an attack on Newcastle, but the others apparently had no particular town as their objective, and most certainly they have not succeeded in striking terror into our hearts. Perhaps the real purpose of these Zeppelin raids is to reassure the German people that they are still in existence. In spite of repeated failure, the Germans have still implicit belief in their efficacy, and we may expect further air raids in the near future, though with the short summer nights the difficulties will be greatly increased.

Future Security of the World.

In this country there has been of late a fuller realisation of the true meaning and seriousness of this war. That it was not so before was due partly to our insular position giving us practical immunity from attack, and partly because the seriousness of the



IN THE CARPATHIANS. [*Illustrated London News.*

by Bebbings Wright.

situation was not fully explained to the people, all bad news being kept back or glossed over. The losses at Neuve Chapelle, the need for an enormous output of shells, has brought the situation home to everyone. The extreme suggestion that in order to cope with the situation total prohibition of alcohol might be advisable probably brought the real position home to many who have so far been but slightly touched by the war. If we are to have any hope of a future era of peace, it is essential that everyone in this country should realise the grim horrors of war. The lives of the large majority of the people in the United Kingdom have hardly been disturbed by the war. It is the only argument there is in favour of conscription, that it would be the best way of bringing home to everyone something of the true meaning of war, and without that knowledge it is to be feared that this country will not insist that wars shall cease in the future. It is Great Britain's place to take the lead in the measures that must be taken after the war, for the future security of the world, and there is the danger that she will not adequately fulfil her part, simply because she will have been sheltered from the worst effects of the storm which is uprooting the homes of tens of thousands in Europe. However, it is a comforting sign that there is an awakening to the necessities of the occasion.

The "War Babies."

The statement (probably a gross exaggeration) that in one town alone over two thousand children are expected to be born in the next few months (mostly the illegitimate offspring of soldiers) has raised a very serious question, for which many solutions have been suggested. Though this problem has been accentuated by war conditions, we are faced with the revision of the law in this matter. No one wishes to visit the sins of the parents on the children, which is what happens at present, but it is difficult to know how the stigma of illegitimacy can be removed. Certainly, if any steps are taken now, it must not be only as a war measure, but as a permanency, as it will be impossible to discriminate in favour of the "war baby." Other issues are opened up by this question, the necessity of providing for an adequate birth-rate in order to meet the loss occasioned by the war. The present conditions and those following the war will tend to diminish the number of marriages. This is chiefly because the lowering of earnings of the majority of the people will prevent many marrying who would otherwise do so, or, if it does not prevent the marriages, will certainly lower still more the already low birth-rate. What can be done to obviate this danger? The country needs more children. This is a practical issue for the eugenist. State provision for motherhood might help, but unless adequate it would probably result in an increased birth-rate where it is least required. The whole subject of the birth-rate in relation to the welfare of the nation is a very complicated question, on which there seems to be no definite knowledge, and without such knowledge it is impossible to decide what course should be pursued in the present circumstances.

Munitions of War.

The country has been much agitated over the question of the supply of munitions, especially with regard as to how far that supply has been affected by drink. Very exaggerated statements have been made and believed, only to be contradicted, with the result that the nation as a whole is still completely in the dark as to the true state of affairs. Drink has had a deleterious effect, but the wholesale charge against the workers has been proved false, and naturally gave rise to much resentment. The great strain of continued overtime has

certainly as much to do with the lowering of the standard of efficiency as anything else, and naturally leads to a greater demand for stimulants. The armament producing trade is not yet organised so that every man can be employed solely on the production of munitions, but no doubt the Committee appointed by the Government will soon remedy that. All along there has been too much attention directed to the workman's side of the question, as though he and he alone were to blame, but there is also strong evidence that the employers are not wholly free from censure. However, if the facts of the case are put frankly before the nation it is certain that employer and workman alike will respond at once, each making the necessary concessions which will result in a larger output. As to the question whether we are obtaining enough munitions very contradictory statements have been made. The real fact is that, however great the output is, we never can have too many shells, and that though at present the army is not being actually hindered by a shortage, yet every additional shell makes progress easier and ensures fewer casualties amongst the soldiers themselves, so that however much the output increases during the war it will not be in excess of military requirements.



Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

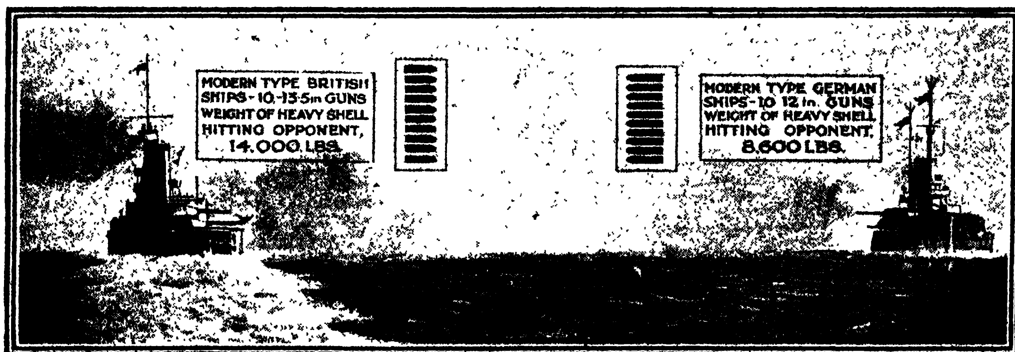
General Sir Ian Hamilton.

Coal.

A strike is threatened in the coal trade, owing to the refusal of the colliery owners to come to a Conference with the men with regard to their demand for a 20 per cent. war bonus. No actual strike is likely to take place, since in the last resort the men themselves would probably not stop work. The owners, however, come out in a very bad light. It would have been thought that after the report of the Coal Commission the colliery owners and the coal merchants should have in all decency donned sackcloth and ashes and repented of their ways. For what did that very mild Commission report? Though there is no "ring" in London the merchants arbitrarily fix what price they think fit, and of any increase the colliery owner receives half, with the result that though the total rise in the cost of production and distribution has been at most 3s. per ton, the retail price has been raised from 7s. to 11s. per ton. Thus both the coal merchant and the colliery owner are making at least an extra 2s. clear profit each on every ton. A more scandalous abuse has seldom been exposed, and it is no wonder the Committee recommended that the Government should assume control. Apparently the merchant and the owner have no shame, for they continue

on their wicked but profitable course unabashed. Another evidence of unjustifiable profits has been brought out by the balance-sheet of a milling firm, showing an increased profit of some hundreds per cent., while the price of bread still rises. There may be some other explanation than pure exploitation of the needs of the people, but it is hardly to be wondered at that the working class should be restive when they see such huge profit being made from the necessities of life.

The Government and Drink. Owing chiefly to very contradictory statements on the subject, the drink question has become much obscured. Starting with the magnificent example of the King, the self-sacrificing spirit in dealing with the matter gradually evaporated, until now a breaking of the Party truce is threatened. If the question had been treated solely from the standpoint of self-sacrifice and high ideals much might have been done, but unfortunately the Government proposals enable the Trade to affirm that they are being deliberately attacked, and so to rally their supporters to their defence. The Government control in certain areas is a step in the right direction. It is humiliating to think that alcohol may be responsible for the outbreak of Party warfare, and it does not look well for future legislation in that direction, when even the greatest crisis in the nation's history cannot alter the feelings of the Trade. However, it is essential that there should be no Party quarrel in this matter and that the Government should be supported. No Government is perfect and all are bound to make mistakes, and this Government is no exception; but on the whole it has done marvellously well and has earned the right to complete support by all parties, without which the national endeavour must be handicapped. There has unfortunately been an outbreak in certain papers against the Government; this has taken the form of violent attacks on individual members, with the object of discrediting the whole. These attacks have only the most fantastic basis, but must weaken the solidarity of the nation. They are, of course, most demeaning to the papers themselves, which is of no consequence in this country, as these have long ago fallen from their former high estate, but the enemy is strengthened in the belief that Great Britain is weakening, and is already sick of the war, which cannot but encourage them to more strenuous action.



Ten German Shells Against Ten British, Showing the Difference in Weight.

In this diagram we have a modern British super-Dreadnought firing a discharge of ten shells from her 13·5 guns against a modern German vessel firing the same number of heavy shells. The first weigh 14,000 lb. and the second 8,600 lb. This gives a superiority of 5,400 lb. to the British vessel.

Drawn by G. H. Davis, in "The Sphere."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

March 25.—Dutch steamer *Medea* sunk by German submarine *U28* off Beachy Head; crew saved.

March 26.—German submarine *U29* reported sunk with all hands.

Important Russian success in the Lupkow Pass reported..

March 27.—German submarine *U37* rammed and sunk off the Isle of Wight by British steamer *Lizzie*; all hands lost.

British steamer *Vosges* sunk in the Channel by a German submarine; 2 killed by shell-fire.

British ship *Aguila* torpedoed off Pembroke by a German submarine; many lives lost.

French advance in Alsace and the Meuse district reported.

March 28. British steamer *Falaba* torpedoed south of St. George's Channel by a German submarine; many lives lost.

Sinking of a German submarine off the Dutch coast by the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamer *Brussels* reported but not confirmed.

Bombardment of the outer forts of the Bosphorus by the Russian Black Sea Fleet begun.

March 29. British steamers *Crown of Castile* and *Flaminian* sunk off the Scilly Isles by German submarine *U28*; crews saved.

Capture of Hartmannsweilerkopf by the French announced.

March 30.—Austrian rout in Bessarabia announced.

Austrian tug *Belgrade* sunk in the Danube by Serbian artillery.

Mar. 31. French steamer *Emma* torpedoed off Beachy Head by a German submarine; 19 lives lost.

German submarine rammed and sunk off Dieppe by a French warship.

April 1.—British steamer *Seven Seas* sunk off Beachy Head by a German submarine; 9 lives lost.

British trawlers *Gloxinia, Jason*, and *Nellie* blown up in the North Sea by German submarine *U10*; crews saved.

Norwegian barque *Nor* sunk in the North Sea by a German submarine; crew saved.

Landing at Lisbon of crew of British steamer *South Point*, which had been sunk in the high seas by German submarine *U28*.

Bulgarian raid on the Serbian frontier near Valandovo.

Occupation of Aus by the Central Force of the Union troops operating in German South-West Africa announced.

April 2.—Text of correspondence relating to the treatment of the crews of German submarines held prisoners by Great Britain published.

British steamer *Lockwood* torpedoed and sunk south-west of Start Point by a German submarine; crew saved.

Dutch steamer *Schieland* sunk in the North Sea by explosion; 1 death.

Newfoundland fishing-boat *Paquerette* torpedoed and sunk off Cape Antifer by German submarine.

April 3.- Bombardment of Zeebrugge by British cruisers.

Turkish cruiser *Medjidieh* blown up by a mine in the Black Sea.

April 4 Sunk in the Channel by a German submarine, British steamer *Olivine* and Russian vessel *Hermes* and off Land's End British collier *City of Bremen*; 4 lives lost.

Continued French progress in the Woevre announced.

Bombs dropped by a Taube on Newkerk Church, near Ypres, during religious service; 13 deaths.

Retreat of the Austro-German army operating in the Carpathians reported by Russia but denied by Austria.

April 5. British steamer *Northlands* torpedoed and sunk off Beachy Head by a German submarine and British trawler *Acantha* sunk off the Farne Islands by a German submarine; crews saved.

Russian offensive on the front west of the Niemen continued.

German steamers *Goethe, Hemroth* and *Emden* sunk by mines in the Baltic.

On behalf of the Captain and owners of the *William P. Frye*, sunk by German armed liner *Prince Eitel Friedrich*, the American Government presented a claim against the German Government for $228,000 (over £45,000) as compensation.

April 6.—French activity in the Meuse district reported.

According to German casualty lists, Germany lost 31,276 officers of all ranks up to March 15.

Text issued of the American Note to Great Britain in reply to the Order in Council establishing reprisals against German trade.

April 7.—Severe fighting in Flanders, especially on the Yser, reported.

Rustok Pass captured by the Russians.

April 8.—Summary published in Paris of the results won since April 1 by attacks on the German lines between the Meuse and the Moselle.

German armed merchantman *Prince Eitel Friedrich*, which had taken refuge in Newport News, surrendered to the American Government and was interned.

April 9.—White Paper issued containing the correspondence relating to the treatment of prisoners of war and interned civilians in Great Britain and Germany respectively.

Capture of Les Eparges by the French announced.

April 10.—British steamer *Harpalyce*, engaged in Belgian relief work, torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine after leaving Rotterdam; 17 lives lost.

April 11.—Harrison liner *Wayfarer* torpedoed off the Scilly Isles by a German submarine; the vessel succeeded in reaching Queenstown; 7 deaths.

German armed liner *Kronprinz Wilhelm* sought refuge in Newport News.

April 12.—To show Germany's resentment at the treatment of the crews of German submarines in Great Britain, 39 British officers were removed from an internment camp and put in cells under military arrest.

April 13.—Despatch from Sir John French published.

Defeat of a Turkish force at Shaiba.

April 14.—Airship raid on the North-East coast; bombs dropped but very little damage done.

Dutch vessel *Katwyk* torpedoed and sunk off the Dutch coast by a German submarine; crew saved.

Defeat of a Russian force on the Stry reported.

April 15.—Further despatches from Sir John French published.

British casualties up to April 11 estimated at 139,347.

British steamer *Ptarmigan* torpedoed and sunk off the Dutch coast by a German submarine; 8 deaths.

Bombardment of Eregli and Zunguldak by the Russian Fleet.

April 16.—German air raid on the East coast and bombs dropped on Lowestoft, Maldon, and Southwold, but no material damage done.

Text published of the Notes exchanged between Sir E. Grey and the Chilian Minister respecting the sinking of the *Dresden* in Chilian territorial waters.

Brilliant success of the Allies between Arras and La Bassée reported.

Allied air raid on Ostend.

April 17.—British transport *Manitou* attacked in the Aegean Sea by Turkish torpedo-boat; 51 lives lost.

While attempting a reconnaissance in the Dardanelles, British submarine *E*15 ran ashore on Kephez Point; crew captured by Turks.

Hill 60 near Ypres taken by the British.

April 18.—British trawler *Vanilla* blown up in the North Sea by a German submarine.

Greek steamer *Ellispontos* torpedoed and sunk off the Dutch coast by a German submarine; crew saved.

British and Colonial troops carried 200 metres of German trenches in Belgium.

April 20.—Occupation of Keetmanshoop, German South-West Africa, by Union Forces.

April 22. German advance in the Ypres district owing to the discharge of asphyxiating gases by the enemy.

Greek sailing ship blown up in the Aegean Sea by a floating torpedo; 12 deaths.

April 23.—Fierce fighting all along the Yser Canal reported.

April 24.—St. Julien taken by the Germans, who again made use of poisonous gases.

April 25.—Occupation of Lizerne by German forces.

Violent fighting at Ypres continued. General attack on the Dardanelles by the Fleet and the Army resumed.

April 26.—Lizerne retaken by Franco-Belgian troops.

All German attacks repulsed north-east of Ypres.

Desperate battle in the Carpathians reported.

April 27.—German advance south of Dixmude checked by the Belgians.

St. Julien retaken by the British and Canadians.

Death sentence passed at Döberitz on Private Lonsdale, a British prisoner, for striking a sentry, confirmed by the Senate of the Imperial Military Court at Berlin.

French armoured cruiser *Leon Gambetta* torpedoed and sunk off the Italian coast by an Austrian submarine; about 600 lives lost.

Bombardment of the Straits resumed.

Three warships penetrated the Gulf of Smyrna.

April 28.—German advance in the Champagne district

April 29.—Incessant fighting in the Dardanelles and capture of 3,000 prisoners by the Allies reported.

Current History in Caricature.

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.*



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

Don Quixote of Berlin.

WILLIAM: "You see, Bethmann, no trace of France remains. I will now pass on to deal with the others."



De Amsterdammer.]

The Stoppage of Dutch Ships.

"Look here, you chaps, are you starting on me now? Just stop it. I haven't anything of yours."



Westminster Gazette.]

De Piratico Inquirendo.

PIRATE: "Ach! you mozz not dake me to prizzon—id is verboten by International Law!"

JOHN BULL, A.B.: "*You're* a nice one to talk about International Law!"



Cape Times.]

One Blockade Deserves Another.

JOHN BULL (putting on finishing touch): "I'll teach 'em to talk to me about Blockades; let 'em try and get over this!"

[The Allies will now prevent anything whatsoever either entering or leaving Germany.—*Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons.*]



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Bellicose Italian.

(1) " Viva la guerra ! "
(2) " Hallo ! he isn't dead ! Viva la neutralita ! "



L'Asino.] [Rome.

Teuton Gifts to Italy.

DURING THE WAR : Germany offers Trieste and Trent.

AFTER THE WAR : Either (1) Germany, victorious, will say, " The promised gifts. Oh ! they have gone to join Belgian neutrality," or (2) Germany, defeated, " I can do nothing ; you must ask those people over there."



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Neutrals' Banquet.

THE NEUTRALS : " Cook them a little more, please. . . .We are waiting."



Hindi Punch.]

The Maid of Athens in a Dilemma.

GREECE : " To be or *not* to be neutral, that is the question. And no very comfortable circumstances to decide it in ! "



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Dardanelles.

Our teeth are good, but the bone is very hard.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Knocking him off his Perch.

THE TURK: "Whew! They're making this place too hot for me. I'll have to seek a new roost in Asia."



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

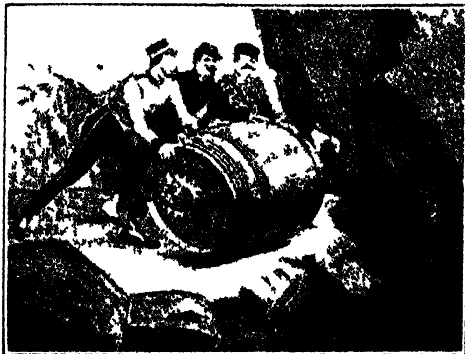
1815—1915.

NAPOLEON: "And this little pigmy has the cheek to pretend to take my place. The only resemblance will be that his Waterloo will take place just a hundred years after mine."



American.] [Baltimore.

Caught with the Goods.



De Amsterdammer.]

Into the Abyss.

Russia, France, and England are regulating the consumption of alcohol.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

While one is about the business there is also this alcoholossal monster to destroy.



Tennessean.] [Nashville.

Reciprocity.



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

1815—1915.

Bismarck watches the destruction of his handiwork.



Daily Chronicle.]

The Brunt of the Battle.

KAISER WILHELM: "I am keeping the enemy out of my own country."

FRANZ JOSEF: "Yes, I feel you are."

Cables received convey news of Austrian defeats in the Carpathians.

DUTCH DEFENCE.

GERMAN Diplomacy has blundered so badly in the case of Belgium that an attack on Holland is not outside the possibilities of the immediate future, and the recent threat to Dutch shipping may mean an attempt to over-ride the neutrality of Holland. The following article, reprinted from *The American Review of Reviews*, gives a clear idea of the sacrifices which war would inflict by reason of the loss of many square miles of dearly-won Dutch territory.

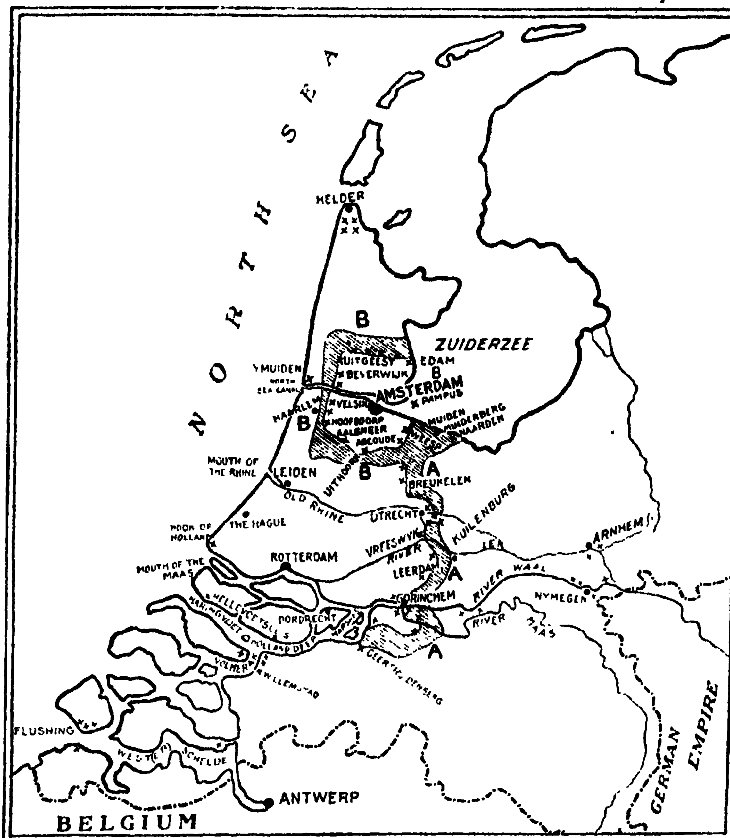
HOLLAND'S PLAN OF DEFENCE.

By DR. R. J. JESSURUN.

IN the early days of the war, when speculation of all sorts was rife, the military value of Dutch support was frequently discussed. It is often forgotten that the Dutch military system and organisation, as is the case in general with the smaller nations, is principally calculated with a view to the defence of its own territory. While the Hollanders have been successful in making the conquest of their country most difficult, it does not follow that the participation of their forces in another rôle, as supporters of the Allies' campaign, for instance, would greatly influence the outcome, especially as long as the opponents of the Allies show no sign of diminution of troops in the field.

Under such circumstances it is easy to imagine that the Dutch forces might be obliged to return to the task for which they were especially designed, probably considerably weakened in the meantime.

And what does the defence of Holland mean? It means a gradual abandonment of the greater part of her territory and a retirement of all her forces behind a line of defence, known as "the New Holland Water-Line," of great historic fame, but conveying to other than mili-



Map showing Holland's System of Defence.

The shaded portion shows the ground which would be inundated for defensive purposes, the water being maintained at a uniform depth of one foot. The Hollanders would make no serious attempt to hold the border country, which does not include a single important town, against an attack. They would retire beyond the water-line A–A–A, and if it should become impossible to hold that the army would concentrate within the section B–B–B. An attack from the sea is impossible, except at points which are strongly fortified, because the coast is barren waste and the water is shallow.

tary experts a vague idea of its real nature.

In this manner the Dutch expect to be able to put up the most effective defence of the remaining part of the land, comprising the most populous and wealthy provinces and all the large cities. It is a method of defence that is ancient and has been frequently tried under the most unfavourable conditions. Four times it has proved the salvation of Holland, threatened by the greatest armies France could assemble. As the present name indicates, the line runs in a somewhat different course to that of the old days, and has therefore gained in strength.

This New Holland Water-Line is a long barrier of fortified places, running from the Zuiderzee at Muiderberg and Naarden along Breukelen and Utrecht, to the river Lek at Vreeswyk, from there to the river Merwede by Gorinchem, and finally to the waterway called the New Merwede near Geertruidenberg (see map).

The particular strength of this system is derived from the peculiarity of a large part of Dutch territory. Great portions, of the western provinces especially, lie below the high tide of the rivers and surrounding seas, and having been at regular intervals inundated, were for the most part unfit for habitation or cultivation. Most of these marshlands and lakes have been reclaimed during the past centuries by a system of drainage known under the name of "inpoldering."

A protective dike is first built around the territory to be reclaimed, after which the pumping out of the water is proceeded with. This necessitates an ingenious system of canals and reservoirs, as often the water has to be conducted to a series of such reservoirs, each at a little higher level, until a river system is reached, into which the water can, at the proper moment, be finally passed.

This same arrangement remains necessary after the work is completed, to maintain normal conditions in the reclaimed area, called a "polder," now dry land, and often as much as twenty feet below the high tide of the neighbouring rivers.

This will enable us to understand the condition which can be brought about when that defensive line is made ready for action. It is simply a reversal of the usual process that will then take place. From the rivers, and in case of an unusual drought from the nearby sea, water is let into certain canals through the regulating sluices in order to raise the water level till an inundation of a desired area, stretching itself just before the above-described line of fortified places, is accomplished, without penetrating, however, the territory behind the line, of the same nature and equally low, but properly protected.

The whole operation can be performed in the short space of a few days, and this, independent of the height of the surrounding tide, which was not the case in olden times. In order to obtain this independence and the proper control of the depth of the inundation, additional works had to be erected besides those already in existence for the ordinary use of drainage.

Thus a sheet of water about four miles in width can be placed before the entire line of forts, the depth of which can be regulated. This is very essential, as to be effective a special depth, of less than one foot, must be maintained, at which navigation even in flat-bottomed boats is impossible, while this is sufficient to make wading out of the question, owing to the spongy nature of the soil and the innumerable deep trenches and small canals intersecting this whole territory at very short intervals which normally serve for irrigating purposes.

In a few hours the soil changes into a soggy mass and will not bear the weight of even the lightest troops.

It would, however, be erroneous to imagine that thus is formed an unbroken barrier, as such is not the case. All the great communication routes are left open, and passage through the inundated area is possible along those highways. This will be obvious when we remember that in the lowlands all the highways, as well as the railroads, run along the top of dikes, for reasons easily understood, and are thus situated often many feet above the surrounding meadows. Those who have travelled through Holland are familiar with the sight of grazing cattle far below, and ships sailing above our heads. The great rivers flowing between their dikes keep the communication further open.

It will be quite evident that the only available entrance to an approaching army is over those dike roads or along the rivers. At these points we shall find the strongest fortifications dominating the narrow avenues, through which only small forces can pass at a time. Superiority of numbers counts here for little. Furthermore, modern military

engineering has at its disposal numerous devices for making attempts at passage difficult and hazardous for the enemy.

The above-described defence system is completed by the fortifications of the Holland Deep, Volkerak, and Haringvliet, all broad stretches of water, while an approach from the sea is guarded against by the coast defences, consisting mainly of the fortifications of the mouths of the Maas and the fortress of Den Helder at the extreme northern point of the mainland of the provinces of North Holland.

The Hook of Holland and the harbour of Ymuiden, at which points the sea canals of Rotterdam and Amsterdam terminate, are equally protected.

These are the only available entrances on the Dutch coast for large ships, with the exception of the route along Flushing and the Wester Scheld to Antwerp, for the defence of which (lying, however, outside the above-described protected area) fortifications are to be found, mainly around Flushing.

The entire North Sea coast of Holland is sandy beach and is protected by practically an interrupted line of sand dunes, stretching a few miles inland. This explains the absence of other than mere fishing harbours. The ocean here is so shallow that ships cannot approach the coast, and navigation is only possible several miles off.

At the northern end the New Holland Water-Line meets the second defensive system of the country, the fortress of Amsterdam. This is the section selected for a last stand, when the former more extensive line has become untenable. Everything else is then abandoned, the whole country left to the enemy, while all the remaining forces concentrate in this position.

The method used here is based exactly on the same principle, the obstructing line of water forming in this case a complete circle, intersected again by the communication routes. The Zuiderzee forms the water barrier on the eastern side, while inundation is applied everywhere else. The fortification runs as follows: From the Zuiderzee at Edam to Uitgeest, then southward to the east of Beverwyk, Velzen and Haarlem, from there through the Haarlempolder, formerly the Haarlem lake, in the direction of Aalsmeer and Abcoude, finally through Weesp to the Zuiderzee (see map).

The participation of Holland in the war for other reasons than the defence of her rights or neutrality seems unlikely. Territorial aggrandisement at the expense of a neighbouring State is quite foreign to the thoughts of the Hollanders, and would, therefore, be no incentive.

To have her territory enlarged by the annexation of a section inhabited by people of another, especially larger nationality, would not be a source of additional strength, but, on the contrary, would in the future be a disturbing element and a cause for ill-feeling.

In the final adjustment of affairs at the conclusion of the war, it may be expected that many questions will arise of vital importance to a State situated in the midst of the warring nations. An adequate military preparedness will then prove equally valuable, and assure her greater consideration.

HOLLAND READY.

THE Germans are persuaded that the resistance of the Dutch to their passage across Holland would not be more formidable or more successful than that of the Belgians, who, moreover, possessed a strong barrier fortress in Liége. But in this assumption they may be mistaken, for many reasons, and not the weakest part of the argument is in considering the forces which may cross the Dutch frontier in this month of May as the equal of those who broke into Belgium in August and forced their way to the Marne and the Aisne. We must also remember that the Dutch are not unprepared. Their active army and their landwehr have been mobilised during the last eight months, and the constant training in the field which has formed part of the mobilisation has made the Dutch army far more efficient than it was ever before. In August the Belgian troops were attacked half-ready and before they had got their wind. If Holland had been attacked at that time it would have been the same thing. But now it is different. The Dutch military authorities have not been idle; never before has Holland had an army so ready to take the field, and at the least it numbers 300,000 effectives.—"EN VEDETTE," in the *Fortnightly Review.*

AFTER THE WAR.

THE NEED FOR A LEAGUE OF PEACE.

IS this to be the last great international war? Everyone hopes and trusts it will, and most are eager to do all in their power to bring about that result. That hope animates many of our soldiers who are fighting, and their determination that it shall be so will be enormously strengthened by their experience of what war really means. It is those who are left at home, who have not experienced the war at first hand, who will be the determining factor as to what course shall be pursued after the war, and it is for them to see that such a course gives some hope of permanent peace and does not continue the old practices which have brought on this war and which will inevitably bring on other wars in the future.

It is the people who must decide; it must not be left to the diplomats. Excellent though they may be, all their traditions are conservative and mediæval, and if it is left to them they will naturally cling to the old methods, and will look askance at any new ideas.

The vast majority of people loathe and detest war. Yet up to now there have been few vigorous efforts made to make use of this mass of people who passionately desire peace.

What is the chief difference between those who desire war and those who desire peace which enables the former to gain their end in spite of the fact that they are numerically so few compared with the latter? The main reason is that war is highly organised, while peace has no organisation. Those who desire war have a weapon ready to be used, and prepared for use, always at hand. What more natural than that, having spent millions in setting up the machinery, they should finally insist on using it? Being fully organised, they know how and when to grasp the opportune moment, leaving the unorganised lovers of peace no time to prevent the outbreak of war.

Peace has practically no weapons always prepared with which to combat war. The Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration is the only peaceful organisation at present in existence. It has performed exceedingly good work, but it alone is not enough; it forms but the nucleus from which vaster things must grow. To combat the war instinct it is not enough to destroy its organisation, which can soon be replaced; it is essential to create an organisation which will actively work to maintain peace.

How is the catastrophe of war to be avoided? This conflict, and the proceedings in the years that led up to it, provide an object-lesson as to what ideas must not be followed and what conditions must be avoided. The idea that huge armaments can ever ensure peace, or do ought else but emphasise racial antagonism, has now but few adherents, and if that policy is persisted in after this war, then a future conflict is inevitable, and in the meantime all hope of any social progress must be abandoned, and Europe will definitely have retrogressed towards barbarism. If there is no reduction in armaments, and if nothing is done to remove the fear and distrust of nation for nation, then this mighty outpouring of the nation's blood and treasure will have been utterly wasted.

In time, no doubt, the moral feeling of all nations will increase until it is strong enough to prevent war, but as yet Europe as a whole has not reached this stage, and meanwhile something must be contrived to keep the peace.

The most hopeful idea to pursue is that embodied in the phrase "The United States of Europe"—that is, the federation of the nations under a Supreme Council consisting of representatives of each State, which would deal with any new sources of trouble—political, racial, and economic. Such a federation would be

the best method of preserving peace; but though it will probably be achieved in time, it is almost certain that it cannot be set up immediately after the war is over. Steps, however, can be taken which lead in that direction. The formation of what is known as a League of Peace is finding strong support in nearly every country, both belligerent and neutral. It is not proposed to give more than the outline of the scheme here.*

As soon as possible after the Treaty has been signed the Allied Powers should invite all the other Powers to a conference to draw up a convention forming a League of Peace. This convention should bind all the signatories to submit all disputes which involved simply the interpretation of treaties and international law to an International Court. Disputes arising out of questions of "honour, vital interests, or independence" which have been excluded from most arbitration treaties which have been signed up to now, and which are the most fruitful cause of wars, could not be dealt with in this way. For such cases the Powers should agree to submit the dispute to The Hague Court, or, if not arbitrable, to a Council of Conciliation, which would seek the best way of settling the question.

It is essential to the success of such a Council of Conciliation that a delay should ensue between the outbreak of the dispute and the appeal to arms, in order to give the Council full time for complete deliberation. Such an arrangement has been already agreed to in the case of the Bryan Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, the time for deliberation being fixed at one year. There is no doubt that, given such a delay in which to think over the matter, the parties to the dispute would reconsider their position, and wiser and saner counsels would probably prevail. The percentage of disputes which could not be settled by a year's deliberation would be practically infinitesimal. Mr. W. T. Stead used to maintain that thirty days' delay would be enough to bring about a peaceful solution, or at least postpone, probably indefinitely, the outbreak of war, so that a year should give ample time.

Such a convention, if kept, would certainly secure peace, but this war has shown that treaties are broken without the slightest compunction on the ground of necessity. At present International Law has only a moral sanction. This moral sanction is almost bound to be increased as a result of this war, owing to the reaction which will set in in its favour. But at present moral sanction is not strong enough alone to enforce the law, and it is always possible for any Power to tear up a convention. The sanction of all domestic laws is force; and, expanding this to International Law, some form of force must be found to induce the nations to keep the law. In time, as the force of moral sanction increases, it will be possible to do away with any other form, but at present that stage has not been reached.

How can that force be supplied? The creation of a separate International Army and Navy to act as a police force is too complicated and risky, but the same result may be obtained otherwise. The parties to the convention should also agree that, in the event of any nation refusing to bring a dispute before The Hague Court or the Council of Conciliation, all the other signatories of the convention should combine in the first place to bring economic pressure to bear on that country. This pressure would consist in cutting off all supplies, all loans, and possibly interrupting the telegraph and postal services. Such a pressure would in all probability be sufficient to bring the recalcitrant Power to book; but, in case it failed, a further agreement is necessary between the signatory Powers that they would all combine to assist with their military and naval forces any nation who was attacked by any Power refusing to follow the rules of the convention. Thus each Power would know that in breaking the convention it would array practically the

* For a fuller description of this scheme see G. Lowes Dickenson's brilliant and inspiring pamphlet, *After the War*. (A. C. Fifield. 6d.)

whole of Europe against it. In such a case it would probably not be necessary to use the armed forces, but their presence would always be a guarantee against a sudden aggression of one nation against another, which is what every nation fears, and which is the prime cause of the building up of armaments.

The more Powers to join the League the better, but it is not necessary for effective working that all should do so. A combination of the present Allies with Italy and the United States would probably be quite strong enough to carry out the plan. The lesser Powers would, however, be only too eager to join; the Scandinavian Powers may even be said to have led the way already. If Germany would join, its success would be an absolute certainty: and unless the retribution extorted from her is too crushing, there is no reason why she should not do so. In any case, if she did not join at first, there would be nothing to prevent her adhering later.

This seems the only way in which any of the Powers could be induced to consider the question of disarmament. Such a disarmament might be decided upon by the Conference, but in any case immediately after the war none of the belligerent Powers will be in a position to make any large increases, and in the process of time, as the feeling of security from attack, as provided by the League, increases, the nations will be only too willing to agree to a reduction. Though there are in every country bellicose people who believe in war, yet the vast majority are only too anxious for peace and a reduction of the intolerable burdens which preparation for war incurs.

Of course, there are many details in this scheme which require careful consideration, and certain conditions which are essential for its working, but in broad outline it is certainly the only plan that has been put forward which has a hope of accomplishing the desired end. That it will work absolutely smoothly, and that it will do away with all wars, is not to be expected. There are risks involved in the scheme, but they are certainly less than those run if the pre-war conditions are perpetuated.

The League of Peace would also be an active peace organisation, and besides urging peace when a dispute arose, it would set about anticipating and providing for any disputes which might arise in the future. There is no reason why the representatives of the League should not meet every year to discuss points which have led to friction, or complaints that have been made against any member of the League. There would be no bounds to the questions discussed, and gradually its sphere of activity would be increased till, at last, it would develop into the Governing Council of the United States of Europe—or, perhaps, the United States of the World.

Such a League would not in any way do away with The Hague Conference, but would work in conjunction with it. The Conference will have much work to do. Many questions of International Law will have to be reconsidered in the light of the war; also, it is necessary to set up a standing Court which shall give decisions on matters which are purely questions of interpretations of the law and of treaties—that is, purely judicial matters. Such a court, called the Court of Arbitral Justice, was discussed at the last Hague Conference, but came to nothing. There is no reason why The Hague Conference itself should not draw up a League of Peace between all the nations of the world; if so, much the better. The Hague Conventions, however, have to be agreed to by every Power, if they are to have any practical value. The League of Peace to be successful does not need the co-operation of every nation; therefore, a separate conference of those anxious to join such a league is necessary.

WILL BELGIUM REVIVE?

By EMILE CAMMAERTS.

THERE is a feeling abroad concerning the future of Belgium which might cause mischief if the plaintive wailings of scaremongers remain unanswered. Some people will always take the pessimistic attitude—partly because they suffer from bad digestion, or from their liver; partly because, on equal terms, the pessimist enjoys a considerable advantage over the optimist. He is sure to be listened to. He plays on people's weakness, on people's anxiety. Faith is a heavy sleeper, whilst the slightest ill-omen awakes Doubt and Fear. This is the alpha and omega of the art of prophecy, and it has been applied all over the world since time immemorial.



An Ardennes Village.

I have actually been asked if Belgium would ever recover from her wounds. "Supposing the Germans driven out of the stricken country, could she ever revive from her ashes? So many men have been killed, so many towns have been destroyed, ought we not to face the facts and consider that, for a long time at least, Belgium's future development will be hampered by the effects of this war?"

Such a question ought to be shelved at once as the evil fruit of cowardice and morbidity. We cannot, however, afford to do that at a time when so much depends on public opinion in this country. How could people become interested in the different funds raised for the Reconstruction of Belgium if they entertain serious doubts concerning her future prosperity? How are they to devote their time and their money to a deserving but hopeless cause? For this reason, but only for this reason, I am compelled to oppose facts to facts and to show that, this time at least, the pessimistic attitude is not necessarily the "clever" attitude.

Let us first consider the toll on human life. We do not yet possess any official list of the Belgian casualties in the Army. There is, however, one figure which can give us a certain idea of the number of our men fallen on the field of honour. The field army, which did most of the fighting at Liége, at Haelen, before Antwerp and on the Yser, was, in the beginning of August, 120,000 strong. It was reduced to 35,000 men in the beginning of November.*

This does not mean, of course, 100,000 dead. There were at the time nearly 20,000 wounded in England, and the Germans boast of having made 35,000 Belgian prisoners. Counting, however, the losses at Liége and at Namur, we might roughly estimate the number of men killed or disabled for life at anything between 50,000 and 60,000. Compared with the total strength of the Belgian Army at the beginning of hostilities, this figure is terrible enough. But I scarcely need to point out that it cannot affect the welfare of a population of over eight million.

It is true that to this number we shall be obliged to add some new casualties before the war is over, and we must take into account the ever-increasing number

* Owing to reinforcements and fresh recruits, it numbered about 50,000 at the beginning of the year, and it is now "nearly restored to its former strength."

of unarmed civilians who have fallen victims to German "frightfulness" during the first weeks of hostilities. After the news of Aerschot and Louvain reached us these numbered perhaps a few thousands, but since we have heard what has been going on in the south of Belgium—at Arlon, at Namur, at Tamines, at Andenne, around Dinant, and in the south of the Luxembourg province—we begin to ask ourselves if the number of our martyrs is not almost equal to the number of our soldiers fallen on the battlefield. For instance, about a hundred men fell at Louvain; from six hundred to seven hundred were wantonly murdered at Dinant. Some who escaped the German bullets died of hunger, illness and exposure.

But even putting things at their worst, even if we had to double and treble our losses, they would only represent about two per cent. of the total population. The toll on the French male population is bound to be heavier at the end of this struggle. And who doubts of France's recovery?

We are, of course, implicitly relying, in such a calculation, on the return of the million and a half Belgians who have sought refuge in England, in France and in Holland. But we need not entertain much fear concerning this point. Except for a few skilled workmen, who might have found good employment in England, the immense majority of the refugees are bound to go back.

Most of them belong to the agricultural population of the Flemish provinces and are deeply rooted to the soil. Many of them have left in Belgium some property, a house, a field, which is all they possess in the world. Belgium is the country of small properties; one-fifth of the adult population is made up of landowners. So that even if the sure instinct of patriotism failed the refugees, their interest would bring them back to their native towns, to their native villages. Anyone who has seen how reluctant these people are to leave their home right in the zone of war, preferring to run the risk of a daily bombardment, as for months in Ypres, rather than take to the road, cannot entertain any doubt concerning the prompt return of the refugees.

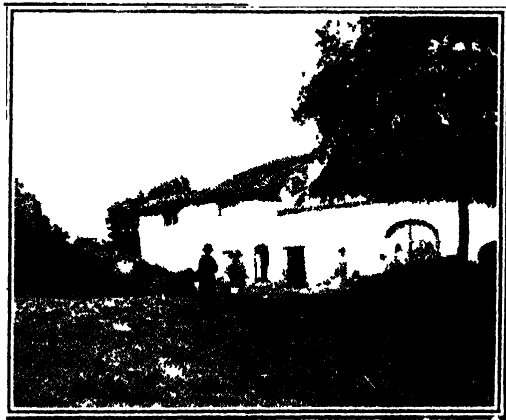
It is certainly a pity that so many Belgian workers are obliged to-day to live in idleness in England, in order not to compete with English labour. But out of this evil, some good will come, on the day of the German retreat. Even those who would wish to stay here will be obliged to go back. No other alternative will be left to them.

If we consider the question of material damage wrought by the Germans in Belgium, the picture becomes somewhat more alarming. Over two-thirds of the country the railways have been cut, the roads destroyed, the bridges blown up. Charleroi, Namur, Malines, Antwerp, and the surrounding villages have suffered heavily from bombardment. Visé, Aerschot, Louvain, almost all the villages between Louvain and Malines, Termonde, Andenne, Tamines, Dinant and the surrounding countryside, Dixmude, Nieuport and Ypres have been entirely destroyed. In the Luxembourg province alone more than 3,000 cottages have been burnt. The Halles (University) and St. Pieter Church in Louvain, the Termonde Cathedral, the old church of Nieuport and the Ypres Cloth Hall are wrecked beyond recognition. The Malines Cathedral and many other historic buildings are gravely damaged.

In this enumeration I have not discriminated between the towns and villages destroyed wantonly by the Germans without any military purpose, such as Termonde, Louvain, Dinant or Tamines, and those which have suffered in consequence of the war, such as Nieuport or Dixmude. It is enough to glance at the list of names to realise that three-quarters of the damage done has been caused by the German Reign of Terror. No money will, of course, ever compensate for such artistic losses as Ypres and Louvain. Neither can we obtain even an approximate idea of the

total value of the property destroyed. In Antwerp alone - and Antwerp has only had to sustain a short and partial bombardment in Antwerp alone, the losses amount to £3,000,000. Under the circumstances, it is hopeless to endeavour to guess how the Belgian Government will ever extricate itself from its financial difficulties. It seems that no war-indemnity will ever repay Belgium for such destruction. But why should we look so far ahead?

Here is a rich and fertile country, full of hard-working men, enjoying the sympathies of England, of France, of America. She has inexhaustible natural riches (the Germans will not be able to take her coal mines away). Her people have an inexhaustible supply of goodwill (everyone who has seen how the Belgian peasants reclaim and fertilise the moors of the Campine and the rocks of the Ardennes will never doubt this). There is and there will be credit, because Belgium, even if the Germans had destroyed every cottage, every factory, would still become a good business concern. Antwerp will still be one of the finest ports in Europe and the cattle will still graze the rich meadows of Flanders.



Typical Cottage of the Ardennes

Whether we consider the loss of men or the loss of property, even in making allowance, for all the ruins which the German retreat is bound to accumulate throughout the country, the mere suggestion of failure or bankruptcy seems absurd. The most superficial glance at the map of the country, the slightest knowledge of her resources should dispel any doubt on the subject.

There is another idea which might cause great mischief. Some people having discovered that all Belgians are not pure heroes, are already foreseeing the decadence of our public spirit. I have even read somewhere that such a decadence was to be foreseen as a sort of fatal reaction. The strain has been too great. Belgium must pay for it.

This new form of pessimism is much more difficult to fight, and consequently much more harmful. It is a clever way to spread distrust without substantiating one's argument, which would be worthy of the German Press Bureau. Needless to say, some painful incidents which took place at Earl's Court were the pretext of these utterances.

We might ask ourselves why, because a man or a nation does a good thing to-day, they are bound to do a bad thing to-morrow. We might even say that experience and common sense are absolutely opposed to such a course. Things and men go from bad to worse, and from good to better. But we should never be able to crush the sting out of such an argument if we kept in the sphere of general principles.

It is mainly the pretext for such generalisation which shows its vanity. Because a few refugees, at Earl's Court, have proved themselves bad characters, it does not follow that the spirit of the whole Belgian nation is suddenly collapsing. A certain percentage of criminals in any large agglomeration is perfectly normal, and would occur, under similar circumstances, among any nation in the world. If some Belgians have not proved worthy of the generous hospitality which has been extended to them, there is absolutely no reason for us to say that the war is responsible for it. Even supposing that their idleness in almost all cases

their forced idleness—might have had a bad influence on their morality, do not let us lose sense of all proportion. What are the few hundreds which might be more or less affected in this way beside the seven million who have stayed at home? If life is too easy for some refugees, it is emphatically not so for the bulk of the nation, according to the last appeal made by the Comité de Secours. If, on one hand, a few thousand Belgians are allowed to enjoy the benefits of British hospitality, on the other, we hear that, at the present moment, 1,500,000 Belgians behind the German lines are completely destitute, and that, before harvest time, this number will be doubled. So that the "harm" done in England will be largely compensated by the "blessings" of German occupation.



Photo by] *[Daily Mirror.*

Amid the Ruins of the Famous Halles.

It is quite natural that after the first wave of enthusiasm a few people—there are happily very few of them—should experience a certain disillusion. But I feel, at the same time, that we cannot afford the least misunderstanding when the independence and integrity of Belgium are still in jeopardy, and that it is the duty of any of us who are at all able to do so to answer such criticisms before they have done more harm.

Let us, by all means, estimate our enemy at its true value; let us even be to a certain extent pessimistic concerning the immediate results which may be achieved by our armies on the field. But let us never doubt the issue: the crushing of German militarism and the restoration of a new Belgium, fortified by trial, emerging from blood and fire, younger, stronger than ever.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

NO ONE has a more thorough knowledge of Africa than Sir Harry Johnston, who has served in official capacities in practically every part of the Continent. In addition to which he has studied more profoundly than any other person the economical, racial, and linguistic conditions of the country. Any statement from him as to the future of Africa is therefore of inestimable value, and seldom has there been given a lecture fuller of information and practical suggestions than that delivered by him before the Royal Geographical Society and published in *The Royal Geographical Journal* for April.

After dealing shortly but fully with the question of the indigenous races, the diseases, the mineral, vegetable, and animal wealth, the languages and the future railway development of the Continent, the main portion of the lecture was taken up with geography of the country in reference to German possessions as they were before the war, as they might have been if she had not precipitated the war, and as Sir Harry thinks they should be after the war. No one has ever accused Sir Harry Johnston of being an anti-German, and no one has testified so strongly as he to the benefits Germany has conferred on the world; therefore his deductions are not biassed by any inborn violent feeling against that country, but simply dictated by the absolute necessities of the position.

Starting with praise for the magnificent work performed by the German explorers, Sir Harry traces the growth of the German colonies, and points out that Great Britain never hindered German colonisation. He says:—

Our objections to a German Africa largely partook of sheer surprise at Germany wishing to become a colony founder or a foster-mother; and once the surprise was got over we proceeded with no great amount of ill-will to make clear the path of Germany for colonial enterprise. We did nothing to prevent her getting hold of the north-east third of New Guinea or of various archipelagoes in the Pacific. We ceded to her our little colony of Ambas bay, founded by the Baptist missionaries on the Cameroons coast; we only retained Walfish bay and the guano islands on the coast of south-west Africa, though we had prior claims to the whole of that region; and, in short, by about 1890 we had actually facilitated the acquisition by Germany of a colonial empire exceeding 1,000,000 square miles, mainly situated in Africa. As a further proof of our goodwill we had presented her with the little island of Heligoland, which has since proved such a vital point in the coast defences of north-west Germany.

Germany's main ambitions, however, were really directed towards North Africa, Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli, in each of which places she was baffled. Sir Harry proceeds to give a picture of what might have been but for the war:—

France would very probably have been willing to surrender all French Congo (and the right of pre-emption over Belgian Congo) except a coaling station and *pied-à-terre* at the Gaboon, if Germany had been willing to retrocede Metz and French-speaking Lorraine and to extrude Luxembourg from the German Customs Union. The sacrifice of territory by Germany would have amounted barely to 500 square miles. France would also have been willing to give Italy a considerable hinterland in the Tripolitaine in exchange for the city of Ghadames, and Britain have done her share of renunciation in regard to the by no means valueless Libyan desert, in order to open to Italian enterprise a route to the heart of Africa along the slopes of the Tibesti highlands.

Belgium might have been willing to sell to Germany the bulk of the Congo basin in exchange for a small portion of French Loango and a tacit or avowed renunciation of any German claims over the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which would thenceforth have come within the sphere of Belgian political influence and protection.

Great Britain would not have opposed any enlargement of Germany's colonies in Africa, provided her special vested interests in Katanga were recognised and the Cape-to-Cairo free route assured by a direct connection being granted between Uganda and the north end of Tanganyika. Under such circumstances Portugal might have been induced by financial considerations to sell or to lease Southern Angola to Germany, where, in any case, British concessions were on the point of being made over to German capitalists; and a portion of the "Caprivi" strip in Zambezia would have been exchanged for Walfish Bay. At the same time it might have been possible for Great Britain to consider the transference of the island of Zanzibar to Germany in return for the connection between Uganda and Tanganyika; but provided only that all this rearrangement were accompanied by a definite settlement of the Franco-German quarrel

over Lorraine and Alsace, and that all danger of the occupation of Luxembourg were removed. We could only have afforded to transfer the island of Zanzibar provided we were assured as to Germany's future intentions. The surrender of Metz would have been a sufficient safeguard in this respect. France, thus completely set free from the chance of any unprovoked or sudden German aggression on her eastern frontier, could well afford to cede nearly all French Congo to Germany and the French right of pre-emption over the Belgian Congo. While Belgium, on the other hand reassured as to Luxembourg, which would then tend to gravitate towards the Belgian sphere, might well feel inclined to make considerable additional concessions of Congo territory to the German power. Great Britain, set at rest as to the prospect of a Franco-German conflict, and any German designs on Belgium, would have used all the influence that was fair and friendly with Portugal to secure for Germany all reasonable means of developing the commerce and industries of the Portuguese Congo, and perhaps also of Southern Angola.

The war has ruined completely this scheme, and now " the result of any peace at all tolerable to the Allies must result in Germany being left with no 'colonies' outside Germany from which she can once more renew her intrigues with the non-Caucasian races to fight or to rebel against their Caucasian neighbours or guardians." Sir Harry goes on:

There may be trifling adjustments of frontier between themselves and Great Britain or France, but not in any way to their disadvantage. Portugal may allow British Nyasaland to reach the navigable Zambezi as against the acquisition of Tungi bay on the far north (Ruvuma estuary); Belgium may exchange the inconvenient strip of Bangweulu territory and the right bank of the Semliki against better access to Lake Albert and the shores of Lake Kivu, the last named forcibly taken from the Congo State by Germany fifteen years ago. France will regain all that portion of French Congo ceded to Germany in 1911, and in addition much of the south and east of German Cameroons. The north-west of the Cameroons, including the Sanagá river, must be added to British Nigeria. On the other hand, much of Togoland may go to France, to the adjoining state of Dahomé. The southern two-thirds of German South-west Africa (including Swakopmund, north of Walfisch Bay) is already passing to the Union of South Africa; but the northern third (including the negro territories of Ovamboland and Damaraland) might preferably be governed by the administration of the British South Africa Company, on the same lines as Barotseland. Rhodesia at present has no outlet to the sea. Such an arrangement might, when wealth comes to this region of South Central Africa—as assuredly it will—give to Rhodesia a port on the Atlantic much nearer to England than Beira or Capetown. Lastly, German East Africa will become British East Africa.

In East Africa we may legitimately give ourselves the satisfaction of at last linking up the route between the Cape and Cairo; an idea, I should like to remind you, conceived (even before it was fostered by Cecil Rhodes) in the far-seeing, poetical mind of Edwin Arnold, who advocated it first in 1876 in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*. The life-work of Sir John Kirk must be given its coping-stone. But for the sudden German intrusion in 1884-85 Sir John would have succeeded in bringing under the British sceptre, with the full consent of the Arabs as well as of the natives, the whole of East Africa between the Portuguese possessions in the south and Italian Somaliland on the north. Throughout this vast region there is one easily acquired lingua Franca -Swahili. Zanzibar and the Zangian coast for something like 2,000 years have been the source of such civilization as has reached these regions, and Zanzibar might once again become, as it was in the palmy days of Sir John Kirk, the virtual capital of East Africa. In fact, just as we have an Empire of India we might some day have an Empire of Zanzibar.

A great increase of British territory indeed, but Sir Harry says:—

You will see that I have been very generous in regard to the British flag, but without forgetting that it is over much of Africa merely the flag of a guardian, and not of the heir; who is still a minor in capacity. I have made a fairly close study of Africa since my first landing on its shores in 1879, and have read, perhaps, as deeply in the imperfect history of Africa as anyone else. I emerge from these studies honestly convinced that, with all its faults and imperfections, British rule has brought more true civilisation, greater liberty, greater happiness to the African continent than that of any other Power.

Sir Harry Johnston deals with the same question in *The Nineteenth Century* for April. He is convinced that the acquisition of Morocco was the first object coveted by Germany as the outcome of a successful attack on France:—

In my articles and addresses I dealt out full justice to the remarkable ability of the Germans, their great courage, intelligence, and adaptability to local circumstances. But I could not tolerate the idea of their entry into North Africa as a ruling Power. I felt in recent years that the slightest concession to them—even such as a coaling station on the coast of Morocco—would

entail eventually a losing battle on the part of the French, and that it would be even more fatal to British interests. If Germany had got possession of Morocco, she would have been able before long to bar the British sea route to the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the Suez Canal; and, secondly, she would have menaced most seriously the British sea route to the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, and South America. The Germans themselves were good enough geographers to realise that Morocco was the necessary basis on which their world-power must be reared.

It is only by seizure of the African Colonies that any kind of compensation can be obtained from Germany for the frightful losses she has inflicted :—

It would be an altogether short-sighted policy on the part of the rest of Europe to attempt to starve out and eradicate such a splendid people in mind and body as are the various Teutonic nations. But with Christianity must go justice, and with generosity and forgiveness safeguards against any further attempts at a forcible establishment of German rule outside Germany. Therefore I assert, as a necessary condition of our future political geography, that the map of Africa of the future must be without a German possession on it, even though in course of time the German trade with Africa may grow to larger proportions than it attained in the days before the War broke out.

But, in answer to those who fear that, in replacing Germany "we may institute unjust conditions of life, labour and property amongst the real owners of the land in the Cameroons, East and South-West Africa—the negro or negroid natives," Sir Harry says :—

I should like to point out, as a corollary to the addition of German South-West Africa, East Africa, and the Western Cameroons to the British Empire, that there must go out to the world and to the intelligent natives of those regions some assurance that Britain steps into Germany's place resolved to maintain in the lands newly added to her Empire *absolute free trade, respect for the private property of natives* and for *tribal property*, full liberty for missionaries to reside and to circulate and *a veto against distilled alcohol*.

He asserts further that :—

The Allied Powers should pledge themselves that in all territories, colonies, and spheres of influence taken away from Germany and attributed to themselves, German goods and German commerce generally should, *so long as she kept her treaty obligations*, be treated on the most favoured nation basis—that is to say, not suffer from any differential duties as regards imports or exports. In fact, under these new conditions, Germany would find (in the external empire that she and Austria-Hungary have jointly lost) almost as good a market for her industries and her commercial enterprise as she had prior to the War. But if she failed to maintain any agreement she might make in regard to the regulation of naval or military armaments or limits of territory, this clause of the Peace Treaty would fall *per se*, and German commerce henceforth be at the mercy of the Allied Powers over a very great proportion of the Old World.

"LEST WE FORGET!"

To the Editor, THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

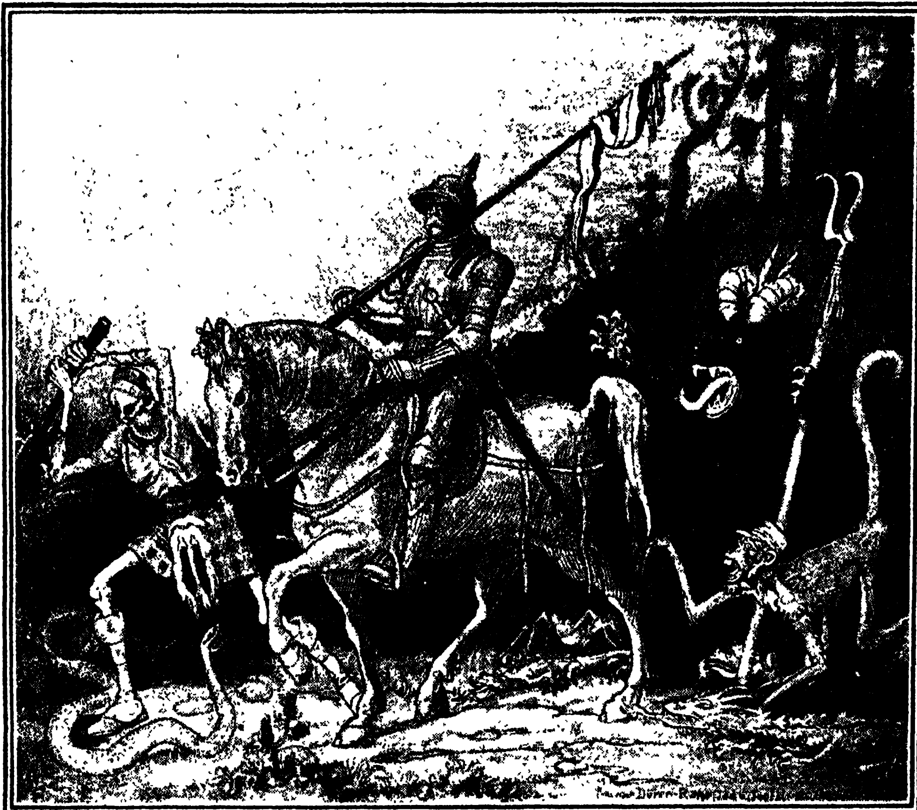
SIR,—Readers of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS will hardly need reminding that the third anniversary of the loss of the *Titanic*, with over 1,500 lives, occurred on the 15th ult. Although several shipping disasters have taken place attended with great loss of life since that mighty liner met her doom through a "grievous error" in navigation the wreck still remains the biggest catastrophe at sea in the world's history, both as to the size of the vessel and number of drowned. At a time when international attention is absorbed by the excitements attending the clash of arms over such a widespread area, the revival of controversial subjects embarrassing to the authorities is to be deprecated, but "lest we forget," it should be pointed out that the increased safety at sea, which so many hoped would result from the lessons of the *Titanic* wreck is not yet in sight, and THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS has consistently supported this view. Anything approximating reasonable security will never be achieved until certain articles of the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea are revised—particularly Article 16, with its undefined meaning of "moderate speed." I dealt fully with this question in an article published in THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS last May. When the courage and heroism displayed during those dreadful hours preceding the great ship's plunge beneath the ice-covered waters are remembered, one is tempted to ask, "Was it in vain they died?" I believe that the great reformer, and founder of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, meeting his end with that calmness and fortitude of which we have been told, must have felt less of the bitterness of such a tragic death in the sure belief that reform would speedily follow on that enormous and unnecessary loss of life. Yet the debt we owe that vast company of drowned is still unpaid.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES J. PAGE.
Bengal Pilot Service (retired).

8 Westcliff Mansions, Eastbourne.

GERMAN "HUMOUR"
AS PRESENTED BY HER CARICATURISTS.

BISMARCK'S centenary and the attack on the Dardanelles have produced many cartoons. As regards the latter, they all predict the ultimate failure of the attempt. The German War Loan calls forth much self-congratulation. Italy is reminded that she is still bound by the Triple Alliance. The British blockade, of course, is hailed with derision, and Britannia is shown calmly sailing through International Law (p. 396). America still comes in for much abuse—this time for the mildness of her notes to England, which Grey is supposed to consign to the wastepaper basket (p. 397). The drink agitation calls forth comment (one cartoon is nearly untranslatable: "Kater" means literally a cat, but is used to express the next morning feeling after a night of drinking). India is still supposed to be on the point of rebellion. England having buried Humanity, Honour, and Justice, attempts the same with Truth, but unsuccessfully (p. 398).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

Bismarck, 1815-1915.

"We fear God and no one else."

[*After Dürer's "Knight, Death and Devil."*



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Bismarck's Tower.

"He has built us a strong house, safe in God in spite of every storm."



Jugend] [Munich.

Who knocks?



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Giant and the Pigmies.

"To deal with Giants one must oneself be a giant."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Vain efforts in 1914-15.

"As long as the fellow has on the Bismarck boots we cannot pull him down."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Sphinx of the Bosphorus.

"There is no return for any ships that enter."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

"It's a long way to Constantinople."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The British Lion and the Key of the Dardanelles.

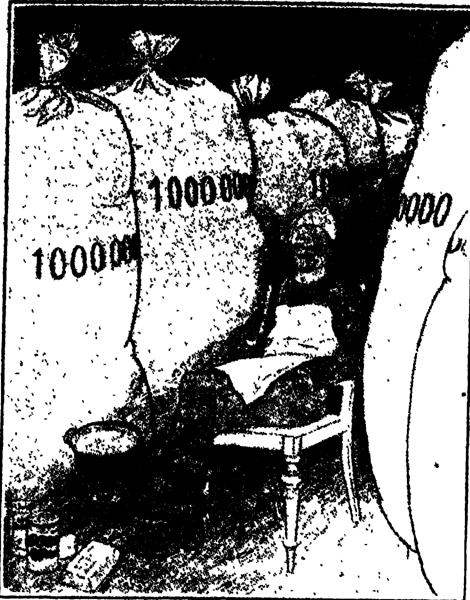
He makes another spring and again he fails.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The hard Dardanuts.

THE FRIENDLY TURK: "Won't you bite out a few more teeth?"



Jugend.] [Munich.

The Nine Milliard Loan.

"So this is another barbarian trick of ours."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Nine Milliard Loan.

"Now, soldier, are you satisfied with your protection?"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Feast in East Asia.

JAPAN: "You may look on, but you must not take part."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Japan and China: The "Open" Door.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Italy and Intervention.

FRANCE: "Join with us. The word 'Loyalty' is only an invention of the German barbarians."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna

The Syrens.

Trying to entrap the Neutral nations.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

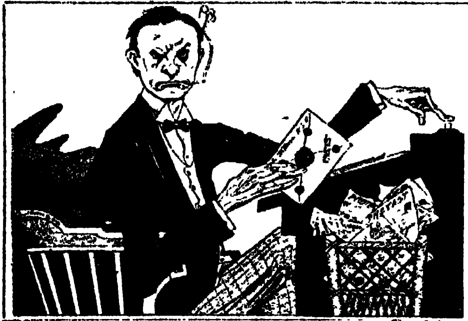
The Paper Blockade.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Rule Britannia.

Paper is even as thin as water.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

In the English Foreign Office.

GREY: "Damn it all! the waste paper basket has not been emptied, yet!"



Lustige Blatter] [Berlin.

Salome 1915.

BRYAN: "Your dance pleases me; what reward do you wish?"

GREY: "Give me the head of the man who will not do my bidding; give me Wilson!"



Simplicissimus] [Munich.

Wilson's Wrapper.

"Here is a shell. It is done up in a little note of protest, but you need take no notice of that."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Wilson's Ultimatum to England.

"If you do it again, well . . . well, we will send you another Note."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Disenchantment.

Since we stopped drinking our "Kater" has grown greater.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

St. George of England the Dragon-Slayer.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Indian Elephant.

"The eternal firing in Europe has driven this beast mad."



Jugend.] [Munich.

The English Cemetery.

The Briton wished also to inter Truth, but she rose up each time and confronted him with her glass.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

HOW TO STOP STRIKES.

CONTRIBUTORS to *The Quarterly Review* must pass the severest of tests before their papers are included in that historical record of contemporary thought and opinion. This incontrovertible fact adds to the value of "A Skilled Labourer's" article on "Strikes from the Workman's Point of View," and should prove a corrective to much amicable rubbish too frequently found cumbering the pages of some of the serious magazines. The writer does not waste time in discussing the economic issues, which lead nowhere, but insists on the human side of the problem and reveals the true inwardness of the worker's motives in striking for improved conditions: The abiding cause of discontent is the denial of justice or fair play in the treatment of the worker and the privileges accorded the professional man, aptly illustrated in the following:—

The average working man holds very decided opinions concerning his own and other people's holidays: "How is it," he asks, "that the more mportant a gentleman's work is in the place, so much the longer is the period for which he can be spared from it each year, and things—including his pay—go on just as though he were there? How is that, though I may be entitled by rule to a few days' leave each year, of course without pay, yet, when I have a single one of those days, there is generally a fuss? And why, if my time is of so little value, must it be checked to the half minute, while the man whose time is paid on a very much higher scale may wander in half or three-quarters of an hour late daily? It is a crime for me to lose half a minute (valued at a fraction of a farthing) once a year, while the other man may lose his shillings' worth every day. I pay heavily for the small loss, he pays nothing for the greater."



From a Drawing by Bert Thomas in "London Opinion."

The Tolerated Tiger.

["Capitalism has voiced no protest against the State control of workshops, although the measure is pure Socialism."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE CAPITALIST: "To think I should have lived to approve the harnessing of the Socialist tiger to the nation's needs."

The dependence of the worker is shown to be at the root of the mischief: "The working man who is in full work—earning his weekly wage fifty-two times a year—is in much the same financial position as a trader unable to make net profit would be; all the gross profit is absorbed in working expenses." This is, of course, a paraphrase of the old saying that the labourer "lives to work and works to live." The writer blames the Press for its lack of help and its tendency to exaggerate the facts and mislead the public; and who will be found to deny the truth of this assertion: "It is probable that had there never been a strike, or anything akin to a strike, the earth's population might be broadly divided into two classes—slave-owners and slaves"?

Turning from the general argument which is conducted by "A Skilled Labourer" on a high plane of sweet reasonableness, we come to an original suggestion, which suggests the only way by which the "gentlemen" will ever realise the conditions endured by the "lower classes":—

What then is to be done? Are the occasionally working rich and the ever-toiling poor to remain so very far apart? The following suggestions, put forward in all humility and as a mere tentative outline of possibilities which would at least go far to satisfy working men, may be of some service. This is an age of specialisation: why not a new type of specialist, an Average Adjuster in matters of labour? Such an expert would need to have received an education on quite definite lines with a view to the office he is to fill. This education would require to be of a peculiarly high order, but its catholicism must not depend on a knowledge of the classics. Firmness, tact and dignity would of course be essentials. Ability to sift evidence from the standpoint of common sense rather than a comprehensive legal training would also be indispensable.

But above all he must have an intimate knowledge of working-class conditions. To obtain this he must actually become a workman for a time—a period of certainly not less than three years. This will be the most difficult part of the training, for it must be thorough if it is to serve any useful purpose; he must live on his pay, not embarking on this period with a well-stocked wardrobe nor receiving allowance or presents from his friends; indeed, his communication with them ought, if the thing is to be thorough, to be rigidly restricted. Moreover, he must understand at the outset that "not feeling quite the thing" is to entail no stoppage of work—a fact he would soon learn for himself, but it should in common fairness be impressed upon him at first. Then, and only then, it seems we shall get a sufficiently large class of men capable of presiding at labour enquiries, men who will know both sides of the question. Having held such an enquiry, it might be best for the "Adjuster" to submit his conclusions to a small committee of his colleagues, and their pronouncement might become automatically an *ad hoc* statute. It may be objected that Sir G. Askwith is here already to do this sort of work. From the working man's point of view Sir George has done splendidly; but my middle-class friends tell me that it is easy to settle strikes by giving in to the striker. Are there many men who will act upon sympathy for the under dog in the teeth of their own friends' opposition, unless beside sympathy they have also exact first-hand knowledge upon which to base action which is not conventional? Sympathy plus experience gives a greater fund of moral courage than is usually derived from sympathy alone.

NOT TOO OLD AT SEVENTY (?)

DR. BINNIE DUNLOP writes a vigorous reply, in *The Nineteenth Century* for April, to Dr. Brend's article "On the Passing of the Child," which was noticed in our pages last month. The effect of the two articles on the lay reader is to produce great confusion as to whether a high birth-rate is to be desired or not, and affords but another instance of the ease with which the same statistics may be made to prove diametrically opposite contentions. Dr. Dunlop, arguing from the Neomalthusian, combats directly Dr. Brend's assertions. The rise and fall of the birth-rate and the death-rate are intimately connected, and many instances are given to show that the death-rate has risen in those countries where the birth-rate has risen; the death-rate has remained stationary where the birth-rate is stationary; and a falling birth-rate is accompanied by a falling death-rate:

The only satisfactory explanation of the very remarkable way in which the death-rates follow the birth-rates—*i.e.*, of the strikingly high correlation between these rates, is the Malthusian one—namely, that in every country in the world (except New Zealand, and perhaps also Australia) the birth-rates are, though in varying degrees, still excessive, and that the populations, in these varying degrees, are all pressing on their means of subsistence.

What happens when an excessive birth-rate falls is that the infants, children, and adults live longer because of their share of the insufficient food-supply being increased. In 1876, when our birth-rate was 36 and our death-rate 21, the average duration of life was about 35 years. As the birth-rate fell, this steadily increased, till now it stands at about 53 years. Why, therefore, should we not go on reducing the birth-rate so long as the average duration of life goes on increasing—in other words, so long as the death-rate falls with it? But Dr. Brend apparently believes—and this is one reason for his pessimism—that an average duration of life of 53 years is as high as we can expect to get. To this, indeed, he seems to attribute the arrest in the fall of the death-rate since 1912. He should have observed, however, that the birth-rate has also been practically stationary since 1912, and should consider whether the Maternity Benefit (to which and similar schemes he seems partial) has not actually had the effect of arresting the fall of the death-rate by arresting the fall of the birth-rate—that is, by encouraging an increase

of the already excessive birth-rate among the poor. But what grounds are there for supposing that we have already reached the maximum average duration of life? None, except the determination, which we have been exposing, to ignore the economic or Malthusian factor in the maintenance of high mortality rates. Every thoughtful person must see in the mass of poverty still in our midst a potent cause of shortened lives. What reason is there to suppose that the average duration of life in a sufficiently fed community would not be over 70 years?

Assuming that an average duration of life of 70 years is possible, and that our coal and iron advantages will continue enabling us to maintain our annual increase of population of 1 per cent., the death-rate will at least continue falling with the birth-rate till the latter reaches 20 per thousand. "But," may exclaim someone who has more faith in numbers than in the abolition of poverty and unfitness, "the birth-rate may go on falling for many years after the death-rate will have ceased to fall with it." The general answer to this is that there is still a very large proportion of unmarried men and women in the population, and to suggest that most people will be glad to be married and have at least two children when, through the reduction of rates and taxes and charitable demands by a low birth-rate among the poor, they will be able to do so easily; the particular answer is to point to New Zealand, where the birth-rate, having fallen till the average duration of life had risen over 60 years, ceased to decline and the marriage rate increased. Another objector may, with Dr. Brend, deplore the thought of a larger proportion of people in the population being over 40 years of age. But surely the steadily rising average duration of life means that men and women are retaining their youth longer as the pressure of life diminishes. In another decade the age limit for war service may well be over 40 years. Moreover, a country wants money as well as men for national defence, and it is the people past 40 who are the main reservoir of savings and of experience

With regard to Germany's more rapid increase, Dr. Dunlop says:—

If any people had reason to be alarmed about the falling birth-rate it would be the Germans. Whereas ours has been decreasing by about 0.8 per thousand per annum, theirs has in recent years been falling by over 1 per thousand—thrice as fast as ours, and the fastest in the world. The figures from 1908 onwards were 32.1, 31.1, 29.8, 28.6! It is safe to assume that in 1914 Germany's birth-rate was only 25.6, as against our 23.6. The poverty which must follow her tremendous expenditure of money in the war will surely accelerate the decline of the birth-rate, so that it will overtake ours within three or four years' time, and approximate to the figure in France within a decade. Moreover, her huge sacrifice of breadwinners, as well as the expenditure of money, must raise the death-rate in the coming years much more than will happen in our country. Germany's rate of natural increase will probably fall below 7 per thousand, while ours, if we do not exceed our present rate of casualties, and if we afterwards capture some of her trade, will very likely continue at about its present rate of 10.

WAR A NON-PRODUCTIVE LUXURY.

IN *The Fortnightly Review* L. G. Chiozza Money states his own views as to the effect of the war on British industry, and in the course of his paper, criticises a recent article by Mr. Hobson on the same subject:—

Mr. Hobson speaks of taking out of the reduced real income of the nation an enormous sum for war expenditure, which, in its turn, implies a reduction of the real income available for the current consumption and savings of the nation. But you no more reduce the income of the nation by spending several hundreds of millions in a year upon war than you do by spending it upon non-productive luxuries or amusements in peace. The fact is that the citizens of a big nation are apt to be too much impressed by big figures relating to themselves. In the first year of this war we shall spend probably about £500,000,000. Let us compar this with only a few items of normal peace expei aiture:

Yearly expenditure upon—	£
Alcoholic drink ..	160,000,000
Non-alcoholic drink	70,000,000
Tobacco	35,000,000
Motor-cars	75,000,000
	340,000,000

A nation which can find in *every* year of peace £340,000,000 to spend on such things as beer, spirits, and motor-cars need not wonder at the comparative ease with which it can find £500,000,000 in a single year for war. And the items I have named are, of course, but a few out of many which go to make up the expenditure on forms of luxury by all classes in this country.

THE attention of readers is drawn to Order Forms on page 444, by the use of which THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS can be sent to soldiers and sailors serving their country at Home and Abroad.

THE VICTIMS OF "KULTUR."

REMEMBER THE SOLDIER.

SIR THOMAS BARCLAY, in an article on "The Hague and Other War Conventions in Spirit and in Practice," in the *Nineteenth Century*, points out that the public generally overlook the fact that:

There are two distinct currents of action in relation to war: the motives and determination of the governing bodies and classes who decide whether there shall be war or not, and the more or less willing or unwilling obedience of the nation who do the actual fighting. The antagonism between the two currents is submerged in the initial excitement, but the sufferings of the soldier and others victims of war and the mercy the soldier fighting for his life shows to his opponent when overcome survive the war, and former belligerents and neutrals alike then think of endeavouring to attenuate its horrors. To these feelings of pity and mercy we owe the different international conventions entered into for the purpose of attenuating the cruelty of war to the soldier and its hardships for civilians brought into immediate contact with invading forces.

This humanitarian object underlies not only the conventions signed at Geneva and St. Petersburg, but mainly also those signed at The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. When, therefore, noncombatants and civilians talk lightly of retaliation by non-observance of these conventions they overlook their true character, which is that of a pronouncement by civilised mankind in favour of the individual soldier, whose life and limbs through no fault of his own are at stake.

He deals with each of the conventions and shows their objects have been essentially philanthropic attempts to mitigate the sufferings of the individual soldier. He, poor man, is apt to be forgotten by the people at large, and Sir Thomas rightly puts in an eloquent appeal on his behalf:—

No one who has seen the hospitals of France, seen the ghastly shrapnel wounds, seen jaws wrenched off by the mere splinter of a shell not larger than a little-finger nail, seen gangrene and tetanus, seen deaf wards and blind wards, can have the hard civilian heart which in its ignorance regards the soldier as a mere automaton and the treatment he receives as a mere matter of business bargaining. The soldier's wounds and fate are a matter for the solicitude of mankind. The soldier merely fights as a matter of duty or discipline or in his own defence. Political hatred, if he ever has any, soon vanished after he reaches the fighting line, and thenceforward he only feels for the wounded man and the prisoner a comrade's pity. Surely pity for the soldier who is sent to fight for the ambition of those who sit at home should rouse the world against the gratuitous horror of the present War. The work of the Conferences at which the different Conventions, dealt with in this article, were signed was prompted by this deep sense of pity for the victims of war.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE Editor of the *English Review* in discussing "Our Duty to the Prisoners" says the straight thing:—

The Germans should be given clearly to understand that in the event of the maltreatment of prisoners or of their slaughter, the Allied Powers will hold the crowned heads, the Princes, Generals, Ministers, and higher officials responsible, who will be tried accordingly. Sooner or later there will come peace, and the Germans will have to accept the Allies' terms. On that day of reckoning judgment will be passed. We sent Napoleon to St. Helena. If the Germans kill these prisoners we must send the Kaiser and his confederates to their deaths

We ought to proclaim this to the whole world —now. It is the only way to deal with the Germans; moreover, it is the way they would deal with us. It is suggested in France that the Allies should not discuss terms with the Kaiser and his Generals, but with delegates of the German people. The idea is good, but to carry it out we have first to beat the Germans to the necessary point of submissiveness, which is to say we have got to humble them. It is there that the danger to the prisoners lies. The imagination reels before the idea of a Russian invasion of Austria with the consequent madness of the German soldiery, the utter ruthlessness of the means they would adopt to defend their homes. In such a crisis the prisoners may well become a source of trouble. Those who think the Germans would place the welfare of their prisoners before their own safety ignore the German character. If ever such a crisis occurs, there will be deeds done in Germany unrecorded in all history.

BUT still the central fact remains that if the Allies win this war in such a way as will enable them to impose their will upon the vanquished, they will be guilty of treachery towards posterity if they do not boldly face this problem of the division of Asia Minor. It will be such a chance as may never recur again during the century. There is no room for clemency to the Turk. His past record is infamous, and he decreed his own destruction when he sold himself to his German paymaster.—J. B. FIRTH, *Fortnightly Review.*

INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH.

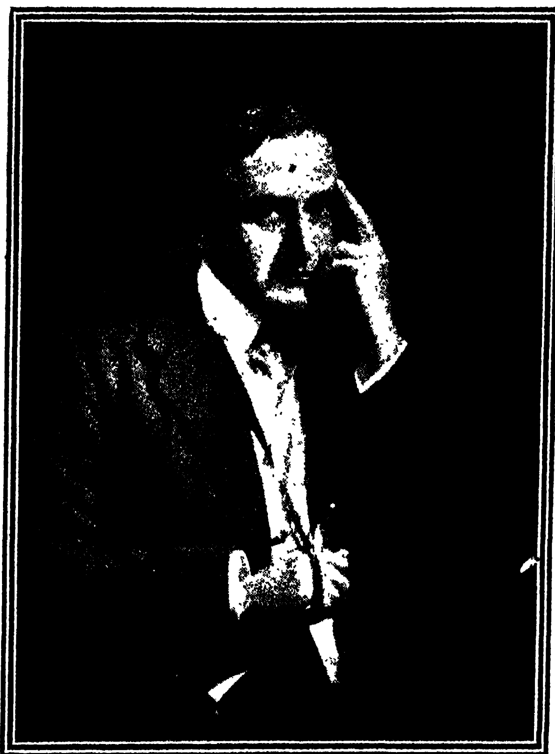
THWARTING THE TORPEDO.

IN *The Dublin Review* that well-known naval writer, A. H. Pollen, makes a careful survey of the successes achieved by the submarine and its effective arm, the torpedo. Mr. Pollen comes to the conclusion that both the submarine and the torpedo have been considerably overrated, the fact being that "the torpedo is not a weapon of precision." This opinion is based on recent "achievements" claimed for the submarine :—

The official submarine war began on February 18th and only seven merchantmen were hit and eleven attacked in the first fortnight. In the whole period from January 21st to March 3rd there were 4,519 arrivals and 4,115 sailings. It is presumably safe to say that each ship sailing and each ship arriving was, on an average at least twenty-four hours in the war area, so that, omitting all the warships and the transports, there were less than ·2 per cent. of targets hit and less than ·4 per cent. of targets attacked to targets available.

At this period Germany was credited by competent critics with at least thirty, and possibly with sixty, submarines. Surely these figures of the numbers of ships attacked (less than thirty out of 8,000) are eloquent testimony to the extreme difficulties that beset the use of the submarine as a ship; and the fact that only one target was hit out of each two that were fired at shows how greatly the power of the submarine to destroy, when it had inveigled itself into a position from which to attack, has been overrated.

Mr. Pollen has earned a reputation for careful statement and the nervous may take comfort from the following :—



Mr. A. H. Pollen.

And the interesting thing to remember is that the non-success of the enemy's submarines was not immediately due to any anti-submarine campaign of ours, but simply to the employment of ordinary vigilance pitted against the natural limitations of the submarine itself. With von Tirpitz's December threat that Germany would send her submarines to attack British trade there began the development of English counter-offensive. It was this counter-offensive that so many had in mind as the second necessity of war at the time of the Scott controversy. What was neglected in peace we were driven to when the trouble began. At the time of writing it is impossible to specify what the means of the counter-defensive are, and it is equally impossible to estimate their efficiency. If forty submarines cannot make more than sixteen hits on 8,000 targets it may be partly due to their limitations, partly to the efficiency of the means taken to attack them. For myself I have a great faith in the efficiency of these means, and it is my belief that they will so profoundly affect the employment of submarines as to make even the shadow of menace from this source seem ridiculous.

"DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER."

FREQUENT references have been made to the mysterious invention of Lord Dundonald which was submitted to the British Admiralty over a hundred years ago. The invention was tested by a board of experts, who reported that the method was too terrible for adoption by any civilised power, for it would have shocked humanity and made wars between

nations impossible, a condemnation and recommendation in one some may think.

The well-known writer on American naval matters, Edgar Stanton Maclay, contributes an article to *The North American Review* in which he suggests an explanation of this formidable engine of destruction:—

While engaged in researches in the British Museum library, the writer found a small pamphlet, published in London toward the close of the eighteenth century, which described an invention of "burning-glasses," whereby it was claimed that man was enabled to grasp the "veritable bolts of Jove himself" and hurl them at his enemies. It fills out with convincing amplitude every detail of what was claimed for Dundonald's destroyer. It is not known if Dundonald obtained the ideas for his machine from these "burning-glasses," but it is known that the latter were experimented with by English scientists early in the nineteenth century, and results were obtained which fully substantiate Dundonald's claim that any foe, whether on sea or land, would be annihilated by their "terrific" power.

The essential idea of this singular device was the arrangement of several hundred mirrors in a great frame, at such angles as to catch and concentrate the rays of the sun on any desired spot. The power of these concentrated rays was so great as to explode any magazine, quickly set all woodwork in a flame, and to cause the instant death of any human being who came within the influence of their scorching breath. It was claimed that, so great was the heat generated in these concentrated sun rays, they could be swept along a line of advancing troops, causing each man to drop dead the moment the rays fell upon him. As is well known, wood entered largely into the construction of forts a century ago, when exploding shells were almost unknown. Gun-carriages were almost entirely of wood, while the "mantlets" that guarded each embrasure in the fortifications at Sebastopol were made of wood. With the terrific heat of these concentrated sun rays pouring into their embrasures, it was claimed that no men could stand by their guns, while all woodwork would be instantly set on fire. . . . Just what was the "distance" necessary for the most effective operation of these "burning-glasses" is left to conjecture, but when we read how Archimedes, by means of polished metal mirrors, burned completely to ashes the Roman ships besieging Syracuse, and that Proclus by the same means destroyed the galleys of Vitalian when attacking Byzantium, we can believe that the opponents were not very far apart. That these reports of ancient "burning-glasses" are not entirely mythical has been demonstrated by modern scientific experiments. With only five plane mirrors in a frame, Kircher concentrated a degree of heat at a point one hundred feet away sufficient to ignite wood; and he concluded that by increasing the number of mirrors he could develop almost any degree of heat. He visited Syracuse, and, from actual measurements, declared that the Roman galleys could not have been more than one hundred feet from the "burning-glasses" of Archimedes. By using one hundred and sixty-eight mirrors Buffon constructed a frame by which he set fire to the hardest wood at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet. Increasing the number of mirrors to four hundred, he found that he could melt lead and tin at one hundred and fifty feet.

That these "burning-glasses" were known in England at the time Dundonald made his invention is shown in the fact that an English artisan named Penn constructed a powerful lens by which steel and flint were melted like wax, while a ten-grain diamond, after being subjected to this heat thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains.

With these well-authenticated modern experiments before us we can readily understand how it became merely a matter of mechanical ingenuity to arrange these "burning-glasses" for war purposes.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

KAISER WILLIAM (High Priest of the Military Moloch): "I thought I was greater than God; now am I to be crushed under my own idol."

RACIAL RIVALRY

THE WAR OF THE EUROPEAN CULTURES.

In *The Forum* for April J. Salwyn Schapiro reviews, pleasantly and impartially, the Culture which, it is claimed, is the issue of the present conflict. Each side, he writes, denounces the other as barbarian, and asserts itself to be the lone defender of European civilisation. Philosophers, poets, and novelists have rushed in where militarists have so deeply trodden, there to do battle for their particular "cultures."

To conserve the best interests of the nation, says Mr. Schapiro, the German has developed an organic view of society—namely, that the various classes must work in harmony in order to ensure the well-being of the community; hence the control of social forces by the State becomes an integral element of *Deutsche Kultur* :—

To the State is assigned the co-ordination of all social and economic activities, and the welfare of each group is carefully guarded by a system of enlightened and painstaking legislation. The State teaches the farmer how best to utilise the soil and protects his product by high tariffs and low railway rates. It aids the investing capitalist by a fine system of banking facilities and concessions in foreign parts. It aids the merchant and manufacturer by far-seeing regulation and by putting at their service the best commercial and scientific knowledge of the day. It aids the labourer by giving him manual training and protecting him from foreign competition by strict immigration laws. If the labourer was refused a share in the government he was insured against sickness, protected against his employer, and given a pension in old age. For the first time in history the State appeared in the guise of a friend of the lower classes. Unfortunately this magnificent social State called Germany is dominated by a feudal autocratic spirit and the masses receive the benefits grudgingly, for they fear that power not of themselves which makes for efficiency and prosperity.

Of all the nations of the world, he goes on to say, France has borne a charmed life. From being a second-rate Power in the days of Louis XVI. she rose to dominate the world during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. Her continually recurring resurrection is to be ascribed, in the main, to the significant fact that France is the only nation of modern times which can boast of a fusion between culture and public life :—

The French State is the co-ordinator and even the inspirer of art and literature; between the arts and the Government there exists an *entente cordiale*. This gives a toughness to the national fibre unknown among other peoples. When the nation is struck down in defeat the glow of the French imagination warms the national wounds and heals them. Lamartine, Hugo, and Michelet did it after Waterloo; Renan, Zola, and Daudet did it after Sedan. In this way art has come to the aid of France as science has to Germany. A complete absence in France of mediævalism, either in its robust form as in Germany or in its decadent form as in England, makes her as truly modern as she is civilised. French patriotism exhibits all the intensity and fervour of a religious emotion for the Frenchman beholds in the ever-present image of *La Patrie* a source of spiritual life.

Mr. Schapiro states his belief, in an eloquent conclusion, that England, with her New Individualism radiating social emotions, her tolerance and her mellowness, not autocratic Germany, however efficient, will lay the spiritual foundations of the society of to-morrow :—

It is commonly supposed that the Englishman lacks philosophy because he does not express his *Weltanschauung* as stridently as the German or as attractively as the Frenchman. It is rather in his *way of doing things* than in his formulations that one catches a glimpse of the Englishman's general views, for he endeavours to hide his philosophy under a bushel lest he be suspected of the cardinal sin of "doctrinairism." Toleration is the one word which fully explains the Englishman's *way*. No man is more willing to abide the presence of all sorts of ideas, to consort with them freely even though superficially and to refrain from harshness to opponents. This "give and take" attitude of the Englishman has produced a spirit of moderation which mellows every class in the nation. The aristocrats are conservative, not reactionary; the middle classes more radical than liberal; and the working man, faintly socialistic. The British Empire itself is the only example of a great political society held together by a community of ideals. The grant of local self-government to South Africa after the Boer War had cost Britain so much in blood, money, and more still in pride, is the most magnificent example of toleration in all political history. "How about Ireland, India, and Egypt?" it may be asked. The answer is that Ireland is

already assured of self-government, and India and Egypt will, before long, be prepared to assume the same responsibilities.

INFERIOR AND SUPERIOR RACES.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, in an admirable article appearing in *The North American Review* for April, shows that the nations now at war do not desire to destroy each other, because each is necessary to the other, but that each belligerent desires to cripple and get its opponent at a disadvantage so that it will be compelled to accept a subordinate position. To gain superiority they are willing to sacrifice wealth and blood, and are eager to destroy their neighbours' property and kill and maim as many of their young men as is necessary to win:—

When I consider the cost of this war; when I think of the blood that has been shed; of the property that has been destroyed and the misery that has been caused—I am sometimes inclined to thank God that I am not a member of a superior race. Rather I am disposed to thank God that I belong to a people that cannot hope and does not desire to prosper at the cost of any other race.

There is a certain advantage in belonging to a race that has to make its way peacefully through the world; a race that prospers, if it prospers at all, because it has made friends rather than enemies of the people by whom it is surrounded. There is a certain satisfaction, also, in belonging to a race whose hope of success in the world consists in making itself useful to the world, and it is not wholly a disadvantage to the Negro that, though he should fight in every war as he has in this, it is not to maintain his own superiority, but that of some other race, that he fights.

These considerations have raised in Mr. Washington's mind the question as to what is meant exactly by racial superiority. In particular it has raised the question in regard to subject races, as to what sort of superiority they should strive for. There is only room for one race, one group, and finally one individual to be superior, if superiority consists in holding a place on top with everyone else somewhere between that place and the bottom. On the other hand, there is opportunity for almost every one to be superior if superiority consists in performing some kind of service in an exceptional manner:—

Therefore the races which are down and are seeking to rise should consider this road to superiority. They will make a mistake if they imitate the superior races in the struggle for a superiority that is grounded on force and conquest. We should ask each nation that claims to be superior, before we accept it as such and set it up as a model for ourselves, in what precisely its superiority consists. Nations, races, and individuals should not be classed as superior simply, but we should know in what they are superior and then we can determine whether we desire to imitate them.

What we should strive to do, to put it simply and squarely, is contribute our part toward bringing into existence a civilisation in which superiority is based on service, and not contribute more than we have to to maintain a civilisation in which superiority is based on force. We should look forward to a civilisation based on racial peace rather than one based on racial war and racial subjugation.

Superiority in the future, Mr. Washington asserts, will depend more upon excellence in some service for the common good and less upon success on the field of battle. He looks forward to a time when no individual and no race will be considered superior to another merely because, being on top, he or it is able to hold that other race or the other individual down.

THE FUTURE OF TSINGTAU.

WHAT is to become of Japan's new acquisition, the leased territory of Kiaochau from which she has displaced Germany? In a recent issue of *The Japan Magazine* will be found an interesting series of opinions on the subject contributed by Dr. Sakutaro Tate, Dr. Uzukawa, Dr. G. Soyejima, and Dr. Saburo Yamada.

The general view is perhaps best expressed by Dr. Uzukawa, who says that the occupation of the place is now Japan's by virtue of war and that she should hold it. From a legal point of view Kiaochau is German territory and not Chinese, and as Japan has taken it from Germany there is no obligation to relinquish it before the expiry of the lease. Japan went to war with the express purpose of driving Germany from Kiaochau, and if Japan should now restore the place to China she might concede it to Germany again, when all Japan's sacrifice would be to no effect. It is useless to have China promise not to give it again to Germany, for China has no way of backing up her agreements by force.

Should Japan, he adds, for reasons now unforeseen be obliged to restore Kiaochau to

China the following points should be duly insisted upon :—

1. All rights formerly possessed by Germany should be handed over to Japan and then passed on to China, without any interference from a third party.

2. All government property in the territory should be sold to a private party.

3. The territory should be placed under Japanese control to the extent of precluding its ever being again ceded to a third party.

4. The German mining concessions and railways should be ceded to Japan.

5. China should pay Japan proper compensation for what she has lost in men and money on the reduction of Tsingtau.

6. In restoring Tsingtau to China we must never admit that it is Chinese territory any more than Wei-hai-wei, Port Arthur, or Dairen is Chinese territory. It is German territory until the lease is cancelled in a legal manner.

Dr. Sakutaro Tate draws attention to the fact that in the ultimatum sent by Japan to Germany it was expressly stated that the demand for the evacuation of Tsingtau was made with a view to restoring it to China; but, as Germany did not accept the conditions, the proposal thus came to an end. In any case, he remarks, it must be borne in mind that the terms of the lease require that in case Germany should restore the territory to China before the ninety-nine years of its limit expired, China is bound to compensate Germany for her outlay on the place. Of course these terms would have to be complied with no matter who holds the lease.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

In the second Galton Lecture published in *The Eugenics Review* Prof. J. A. Thomson deals with "Eugenics and War." The ancient wars probably did weed out the less strong and the less courageous on each side, but in modern times this is distinctly dysgenic. This is especially so in countries where the voluntary system of military service is in force, where "the call of their country attracts a larger proportion of the more chivalrous, the more virile, the more courageous" :—

It is said that there are in Britain about 6,250,000 men between 18 and 45, 13·8 of the total population; if we have, as may be necessary, an army of three millions, that would mean almost every second man between 18 and 45. Even if it were every second man by lot, the thinning might mean only a terrible mortality, but if the fitter join the army in larger numbers and are thinned in larger proportions war must be regarded as a dysgenic eliminator.

Dealing with the struggle for existence in general, the Professor points out :—

The mode of the struggle for existence is not always competitive, and the result of the struggle for existence is not always the discriminate elimination of the relatively less fit to the conditions. Sometimes all that we can discern is a thinning—not a sifting- and that does not in itself make for evolution. The only result of the struggle for existence that necessarily makes for evolution —progressive or retrogressive —is discriminate selection, where the survivors survive in virtue of the possession of a particular character—which may be better weapons, stronger armour, swifter feet, greater maternal success, or a more developed capacity for obeying the law of the jungle.

A broad survey of the realm of organisms shows that a very large proportion of time and energy is given over to activities which are not greatly, if at all, to the advantage of the individual. Borne on by impulses and instincts as imperious as hunger and thirst, how many animals spend themselves for their race. It is their meat and drink to do so, and Nature takes advantage of their capacity for self-forgetfulness. In some types it seems almost extreme, as Cresson says: "Everything for the species; everything through the individual; nothing for the individual." In Goethe's words, "Nature holds a couple of draughts from the cup of love to be fair payment for the pains of a lifetime." The continuance of the race is often very costly or even fatal to the parent, and there is exhaustion of energies in securing the safety and sustenance of the young. It is a great fact of Organic Nature that, while competitive individualism pays up to a certain point, survival and success are also to those types in which the individual has been more or less subordinated to the welfare of the species. Part of their fitness is in being capable of self-sacrifice. This is part of Nature's strategy, which man has not adequately appreciated.

These are the higher lights in the struggle for existence, while war, biologically considered, is a reversion to the crudest form of that struggle which brings with it terrible risks :—

and when we hold up our hands at the frightfulnesses committed by our enemies we should remember that we are not exempt from the risk of slipping down the rungs of the steep ladder of evolution. In the actual environment of war "the decent garments of custom are often torn off," and the Berserk discovered; and for those who are not fighting there is also, and less excusably, a tendency to reversion because of our necessary pre-occupation with a struggle

which, though embellished with the latest scientific devices and illumined with the finest heroism, involves a recrudescence of primitive passion. We may already see the deterioration in ungenerous and inaccurate depreciation of German culture, in unworthy scares, in unkindness to aliens, in suggestions of barbarous reprisals, and so forth. On the whole we are behaving well, yet it may not be amiss to remind ourselves of the solemn biological and psychological fact, that the past lives on in our present, with the risk of "Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud." What sowings of dragons' teeth there must be in this terrible struggle; is it weakness to be afraid lest by and by, in the crop that springs from them there be something worse than armed men?

How can we counteract these dysgenic tendencies? Prof. Thomson expects there will emerge a greater respect for eugenic ideals, encouraging less celibacy and earlier marriages. A deeper study of the declining birth-rate is essential in order to check it differentially. The realisation of the wastage of war should make us consider more seriously other vital forms of wastage, such as those brought about by alcoholism and tuberculosis. He begs for no economy in noble luxuries, in pictures and music, books and lectures, theatres and higher education, since the leaders in those branches are among the higher, less readily replaceable members of the community, and lopping off of supernecessaries means the crippling of our supermen.

Any such proposition as the introduction of compulsory military training after the war would be non-eugenic and contrary to our racial temperament, and is one of the roots of militarism. Three hopeful considerations come out of this war:—

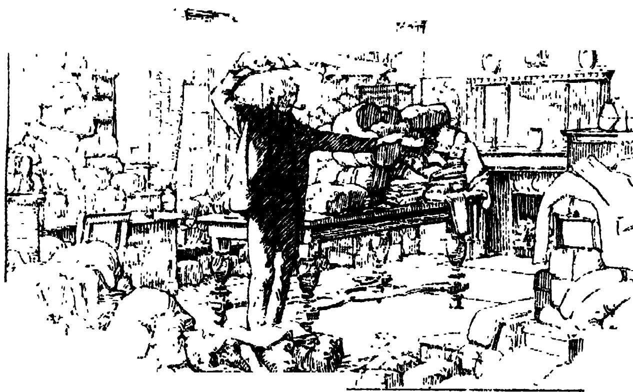
(1) The war is likely to demonstrate the value of constitutions which can endure without stolidity, which have resiliency without "nerves." We may look forward to a heightening of the standard of all-round fitness. There may also be a wholesome reaction from the two chief forms of national weakness, and an endeavour to improve the conditions which tend to increase these.

(2) In the second place this is a time of vivid national self-consciousness and of freshened idealism, and it is possible that the spiritual momentum of this may enable us to go ahead. It is just possible that we may be brought by the war nearer the idea and the actuality of a positive peace, of entering more fully into our kingdom.

(3) A third consideration is also full of hope, that one of the almost certain results of the war will be an increased sense of solidarity among the various self-governing Dominions of the British Empire. We are going to know and to like one another better, having fought together, rejoiced and sorrowed together: we are going to see more of one another as distance-annihilating devices increase and cheapen. Perhaps we shall evolve a great confederate organisation for the common tasks of peace.

AN ARMY AUXILIARY.

AMONG the many noteworthy efforts to help our soldiers at the Front, the work of Mr. John Penoyre, of the Inner Temple, is deserving of special notice. When the winter set in Mr. Penoyre wrote to *The Times* for old sweaters, which he offered to dye and dispatch to the soldiers. The response was immediate and continuous, with the result that 13,443 sweaters were received and that number of soldiers and sailors received the adequate comfort ensured by that all-fitting garment. Our sketch shows the indomitable collector surrounded by his temporary stock-in-trade, and Mr. Penoyre may be heartily congratulated on his success.



In his Chambers: Overwhelmed by Sweaters.

"WHY DO THE NATIONS RAGE?"

THE CURSE OF NATIONALITY.

IN the *English Review* W. L. George delivers himself of much invective necessary to a calculation of "The Price of Nationality." The writer produces the answer in his first sentence, "The price of nationality is war," and then proceeds to show the details of the sum in deduction :—

War can be stopped only by removing that difference which we call nationality. An idea which would much more effectively than their patchwork adjustments have occupied the powerful pens of Mr. Wells, of Sir Randall Cremer, of Mr. Carnegie (who, in 1913, congratulated the Kaiser on his peaceful reign), is the destruction of nationality. I will be told: "Be practical; what is the use of preaching Utopia?" The answer is that Utopia was once preached to twelve men and became the greatest reality the world has ever known. The campaign must be against the gospel which bids us shed our humanity and hate the stranger: many ignoble phrases have been pronounced in history, and one of them is Nelson's: "Boys! Love your enemies, but hate a Frenchman like poison!"

Nationality means separation. Separation means ignorance. Ignorance means fear. Fear means hatred and striking lest you should be struck. It is a fiction, a monstrous illusion. Germany believes that she fights a stifling commercial tyrant; Great Britain believes that she fights an oppressive drill-sergeant. Both are wrong: it is a fight between German and British thrones, nobles, banks, shareholders, and merchants. The people who fight harbour the piteous illusion that they fight for an ideal; they fight merely for the nation idea. When the world was the playground of tribes nationality, a curse already, was understandable; Israelite must fight Ammonite to prevent him from looting his flocks.

The first step is the suppression of monarchy:

No man will argue that republican France and constitutionally monarchic Britain are responsible for this war equally with autocratic Germany, Austria, and Russia. The conclusion is that the activities of the peacemakers should after this war be directed towards the removal of one great war factor—the thrones.

For two States cannot be unified so long as they etain their thrones: no monarch will, save by orce, accept an overlord, except where there is such a tradition. (As in Germany.)

OUR PORTRAIT.

JOHN GALSWORTHY is an artist, and has succeeded in presenting the characteristics of those enigmatical creatures inhabiting these islands. The article appears in the *Fortnightly Review* and is truly a searching "Diagnosis of the Englishman" (written originally for the edification of our Dutch neighbours). After indicating why we deserve the complimentary label "Bulldog," Mr. Galsworthy says:—

For the particular situation which the Englishman has now to face he is terribly well adapted. Because he has so little imagination, so little power of expression, he is saving nerve all the time. Because he never goes to extremes, he is saving energy of body and spirit. That the men of all nations are about equally endowed with courage and self-sacrifice has been proved in these last six months; it is to other qualities that one must look for final victory in a war of exhaustion. The Englishman does not look into himself; he does not brood; he sees no farther forward than is necessary; and he must have his joke. These are fearful and wonderful advantages. Examine the letters and diaries of the various combatants, and you will see how far less imaginative and reflecting (though shrewd, practical, and humorous) the English are than any others; you will gain, too, a profound, a deadly conviction that behind them is a fibre like rubber, that may be frayed and bent a little this way and that, but can neither be permeated nor broken.

When this war began the Englishman rubbed his eyes steeped in peace, he is still rubbing them just a little, but less and less every day. A profound lover of peace by habit and tradition, he has actually realised by now that he is in for it up to the neck. To anyone who really knows him *c'est quelque chose!*

It shall freely be confessed that from an æsthetic point of view the Englishman, devoid of high lights and shadows, coated with drab, and superhumanly steady on his feet, is not too attractive. But for the wearing, tearing, slow, and dreadful business of this war the Englishman—fighting of his own free will, unimaginative, humorous, competitive, practical, never in extremes, a dumb, inveterate optimist, and terribly tenacious—is equipped with Victory.

The Consolation Bureau, by David Lyall (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is the collection in book form of various stories supposedly gathered through the inquiry columns of an evening paper.

MEN OF THE MOMENT.

THE CZAR.

STEPHEN GRAHAM'S enthusiasm for the Russian peoples is infectious, and his article on "The Russians and the War" in *The Atlantic Monthly* is packed with realistic glimpses of this remarkable nation. Mr. Graham interviewed the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and here is some of the dialogue :—

We talked of the Czar. "I wonder if people abroad realise what a great thing the vodka prohibition is," said Sazonof. "We are sober from end to end. We look for extraordinary results when once the war is over and we have time to develop in peace."

"It is making the Czar very popular," said I. "Even in our country many of those who have felt themselves out of sympathy with Russia begin to point to the Czar as to an ideal monarch."

"Isn't the Czar splendid?" said a young baroness who was present; and she told a story of his visiting a hospital in Poland and talking with the soldiers.

"He entered the hospital accompanied by many officials and court dignitaries, and passed with them into one of the great general rooms, where lay several hundred wounded men. The chief surgeon was about to show him round when the Czar, evidently in great emotion, turned to him and the rest of the decorated officials around him, and said, 'Leave me here alone.' They bowed and scraped, but did not go out. 'Leave me here alone with the soldiers,' said the Czar again. 'I wish to speak to them myself.' When he had said these words the surgeon and the rest slowly and, as it were, unwillingly went out, and the Czar was left alone with his poor wounded soldiers. He talked with them for a whole hour. So he got rid of that terrible old background of official Russia and was himself. Don't you think it a beautiful picture of the Czar alone with his people?"

"The Czar has a beautiful character," said Mme. Sazonof. "Everyone who comes into touch with him personally feels his tenderness toward his fellow men, his delicate consideration for all people with whom he has to deal."

JOFFRE.

ERNEST DIMNET'S word-portrait of Joffre appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* is a comprehensive survey of the career of the great general in whose hands France has placed her immediate destinies. After showing the remarkable devotion of Joffre to his profession and the mastery secured by him in all the essentials of leadership, the writer says :—

When Lord Kitchener, a man who does not deal in superlatives, said in Parliament that Joffre is not only a great general but a great man, he simply recognised this rare association of two orders of superiority in the same person. M. Briand had the same impression as early as 1911, when General Trémeau died and Joffre was suggested as his successor. "This is our man," he said to M. Poincaré after their first meeting. M. Briand is no strategist; he only felt the personal power of the future general-in-chief.

What this power consists of can be stated only in general terms. People wrongly speak of Joffre as the great Taciturn. It is true that he cannot speak in public, and prefers silence to the ordeal of attempting what he knows he cannot do well; but all his friends are unanimous in describing him as a sociable, nay, a genial person. The many Parisians who have met him of a summer morning, merrily riding in the Bois with his step-daughters, are sure that this powerful horseman, with an open countenance and the shrewdest eyes to light it up, is no mere cold-blooded scientist. In fact, all those who have come in contact with Joffre have felt the presence of a welling source of inner conviction which may not be enthusiasm, but which creates it. What is this particular faith the contagion of which nobody can resist? Nothing more than the certainty of victory, but in a degree which nobody else has attained, and with a background of judgment which cannot be mistaken for mere sanguineness. That is the conviction which Joffre communicated, not only to his military collaborators, but also to the five or six Cabinets which have succeeded one another since 1911. Even the last two, consisting of Radicals who were opposed to the Three-Year-Service Law, who leaned to pacifism, and who must have been startled when the written proof was placed before them of the aggressive intentions of Germany, were reassured on the eve of the formidable war by something irresistible in the voice of the Generalissimo.

BLATCHFORD THE PROPHET.

ONE of the best-advertised men in the world is Robert Blatchford, editor of *The Clarion*, author of *Merrie England*, the Socialist who prophesied the war and was scorned as a narrow-minded jingo. But, unlike other advertised notabilities, Blatchford is even worthier than his reputation and has won his position by sheer grit. Aubrey Wilmer gives the readers of *The London Magazine* a sketch of Blatchford's "romantic career," and the brevity of the record is its only fault. Here are a few extracts:—

Mr. Robert Blatchford has had a remarkable career. He has been an actor and an errand-boy and a brushmaker and a tramp and a time keeper and a soldier, and an author and a dramatist, and a lecturer and a stump orator, and Heaven knows what besides. He was never "educated," but he knows far more than mere schooling can teach.

On the subject of his education he has written in characteristic style.

"I learnt," he says, "from soldiers and sailors, from tramps and peasants, from girls in dancing-rooms, and from beggars in the street. I learnt from actors and journalists, from blacksmiths and bargemen, from parsons and poachers, from colliers and slum children, from my wife and my babies, from my mother and my friends. I learnt from the great poets and teachers and thinkers of the world. I learnt from poverty and from failure, and from enmity and from love."



Mr. Robert Blatchford ("Nunquam").

Reproduced by courtesy of "The London Magazine."

. . . . .

Blatchford was six years in the Army, his regiment being the 103rd Fusiliers (2nd Dublins). He never shot anything more than an iron target, but before long he had risen to the rank of sergeant, and before he left he had become a fervent admirer of Britain's "contemptibles."

"I love the Army," he has written; "and I love old Tommy Atkins.

"I love the scarlet and the fife and drum.

"I love the high road and the tramp of feet.

"I love a rifle as one loves a living thing.

"I was happy in the Army.

"I am glad to have been a soldier, even for a little while. I am proud of it."

Blatchford, however, was not a typical Tommy, and the typical Tommies of his regiment marvelled at his temperate ways.

"Look at 'im," they used to say. "'E don't drink, 'e don't fight, 'e don't swear, 'e don't collect no sweet'earts, and yit—'e can shoot like an angel."

"THERE is, I believe, a letter in existence written by Lord (then Sir John) Fisher in 1905, which contained two prophecies, both of which have been fulfilled to the letter," says an anonymous writer in the May *Pearson's Magazine*, who is described as a personal friend of Lord Fisher's. "They were these: 'There would be war with Germany in 1914, and Captain Jellicoe would be the Admiralissimo.' It shows the far-seeing character of the man and the imaginative quality of his naval policy. Sir John Fisher saw that if the challenge to the British Navy came anywhere it must come in the North Sea. He watched the progress of the Kiel Canal, which was nearing completion. He saw in that great undertaking the keystone of the naval power of Germany and he determined to neutralise it. The answer was the Dreadnought—a ship that would put the Kiel Canal, as it were, out of action for an indefinite period."

IMPRISONED RUSSIA.

WHILE Germany threatens Britain with a paper blockade and Britain is actually enforcing one against Germany, few observers have realised the fact that with the closing of the Dardanelles in winter Russia has been subjected to an absolute blockade. Some of the effects of this strangulation are dealt with by W. F. Batten in a very informative article, entitled "The Opening of the Water Gates," appearing in *Chambers's Journal*, from which we quote the following:—

For months past the closing of these Straits has been bringing misery to millions not only in southern Russia, but in Rumania as well, because of the enormous amount of agricultural and other produce of the Russian Empire (and to a lesser extent of the Rumanian kingdom) which has been held up as effectively as if the Black Sea had suddenly run dry. One of these commodities—corn—if available, would amply suffice to bring down the price of bread in these islands with a run. A Russian well posted in the figures of his country's export trade stated recently that at least thirty-three million quarters of wheat alone, besides very large surplus stores of barley, oats, and rye, with a large amount of beet sugar, are now available for export to this country. Much of the wheat, too, is of the finest dry quality, which will stand changes of climate and a long sea journey better than any other. The Russian wheat crop of 1913 was an enormous one; and even that of last year, though smaller, left a good margin for the foreign markets. But, as Russia badly needed to transform this potential wealth into gold, it was suggested by financial experts that the corn might be transported *via* Vladivostok or Archangel. That looked very feasible on paper, but in practice proved quite unworkable. . . . True, Archangel is but seven days by sea from Britain; but the limited facilities of that port are now required almost exclusively by the Russian Government for the import of war materials and stores, and are not adapted for handling large quantities of bulky cargoes continuously. The fact is that grain export from any of the northern ports is both difficult and expensive, they being farthest from the great grain-growing districts, whilst the route from the Black Sea *via* the Danube and Galatz is not a suitable one either. So far, therefore, as this country and the present season are concerned, the only key to the deadlock lay in the possibility of forcing the Straits; all the more so, too, because unscrupulous American operators have been manipulating the wheat market for the last three months. As to this, however, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* (thanks to her fifteen-inch guns) proved the biggest bear in the American "wheat pit" that ever appeared in "the ring."

SERBIA'S COMMUNES.

IN *The Contemporary Review* students of civic institutions will find an article of exceptional interest; it is written by Adolphe Smith and is entitled "Zardrougas: The Strength of Serbia." The purpose of the paper is to discover Serbia's secret whereby in a period of two years this small nation has defeated the Turks, the Bulgars, and finally the overwhelming forces of Austria. As the writer says, "such a phenomenon needs explaining." Mr. Smith is surprised that previous writers have failed to trace Serbian vitality to its true source, which he believes is none other than the Zardrouga, a family institution peculiar to that country. Making a comparison with the Russian Mir the writer says:—

The Mir is a municipality run on communistic principles; the Zardrouga is only a family estate, but it is also run on communistic principles. If, however, the Zardrouga is smaller, poorer, weaker, it is much better, much more thorough in what it does, and, in comparison with its size, stronger. In any case, its strength has been the salvation of the Serb people.

The Mir is certainly more like a communistic commune than the Zardrouga. The Mir is self governed, so much so that it is not satisfied with a majority vote. It often prefers to devote several years to discussing important matters, such as the subdivision of land, rather than take action before it has obtained a unanimous vote. Order is sometimes wanting, but freedom never. With the Zardrouga, on the contrary, there is no vote. It is not a representative institution. It is a patriarchal despotism that does not aim at communism in the literal sense of the term. It does strive to secure the best interests of all concerned; but this could not be done if the community shared and shared alike all that it possesses. The chief of the Zardrouga governs according to the well-known maxim, "To everyone according to his needs, and from everyone according to his capabilities." Therefore every member is given, so far as the Zardrouga can afford to do it, what he needs; but in return he must work in the manner that will best serve the common interest. While the Mir means a district, an entire village, sometimes a federation of villages, the Zardrouga, whether large or small, consists exclusively of members of one and the same family. Consequently, it varies greatly in size and wealth.

It may be somewhat disconcerting to those who dream of the millennium to find that while some Zardrougas are quite rich others are poor; but the consoling fact remains that one and all are much more prosperous than their neighbours who own and work an equal amount of property for their own individual advantage.

LABOUR'S DEMANDS.

A COLONIAL VIEW.

WE are so much engrossed with external threats and internal difficulties that it is difficult for the average man to form a correct judgment of current events; it is, therefore, valuable to get the opinion of those who while of us are yet sufficiently removed from the centre of unrest to observe things in due perspective.

The following comment is from the pen of Mr. Lindsay Crawford, whose notes are a special feature of *The Canadian Magazine*, which deserves to be widely read throughout the Empire:—

In the United Kingdom a serious strike has been averted by the strong action of Mr. Asquith. At first sight the demands of labour looked like blackmail, but a closer scrutiny of the conspiring causes of the agitation for higher wages revealed the fact that the demand is not wholly unreasonable. The manufacture of the munitions of war is bringing much grist to the employers, but there does not appear to be any corresponding advantage for the worker beyond the certainty of steady employment while the war lasts. One of the necessities of life in regard to which the poor have no compensating advantage over the wealthy is in the provision of food. Eggs, milk, and other necessaries of life often cost the poor more than the rich, as the latter can buy in quantities and their credit is always good. The worker earning two pounds a week pays as much, if not more, for food as his employer, who is buying his way into the peerage. The war was bound to have a hardening effect upon prices, and prices have gone up to a level that makes a serious drain upon the slender incomes of the working classes. A comparison between prices this February and last shows the following increases: The price of wheat has increased by 72 per cent. over last February, and by 66 per cent. over the average. Flour has advanced by 75 and 66 per cent.; sugar by 72 and 53 per cent.; and coal by 15 and 14 per cent. Meat shows the smallest rise—6 and 12 per cent. in the case of British and 12 and 19 per cent. in the case of the foreign article. These figures are formidable, and are largely due to the enormous increases in freights owing to the shortage of available tonnage. The wiping out of the German mercantile fleet, for instance, removes from the high seas 14 per cent. of the total tonnage. In addition the British Admiralty have commandeered at least 10 per cent. of the total mercantile tonnage for military purposes. The opening up of the Dardanelles will cause a decline in prices and ease the labour situation in Britain. The demand for more wages by the shipwrights of the Clyde and Mersey will, it is hoped, be met in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, for the working classes of the United Kingdom have not shirked the sacrifices which war demands.



Mr. Newton MacTavish.
Editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, Toronto.

The Graves at Kilmorna, by P. A. Sheehan (Longmans, 6s.), is not a novel, but the tragic story which none could read unmoved of a noble Irish youth, who, a Fenian in '67, condemned to death, was reprieved, and spent ten years of agony in Dartmoor. Myles Cogan finds his countrymen degenerate, given over to materialism, yet sorrowing that there are no magnificent art galleries scattered through the country nor universities in its large towns—he infers that it is because of democracy!

MACHINERY MASTERS MANKIND.

PROFESSOR JACKS in his essay on "The Tyranny of Mere Things," in *The Hibbert Journal,* touches the heart of a great problem, none other than man's destiny and part in the world's economy. The argument opens with an illustration which has transformed conditions in modern times:--

In their origin tools and machines represent the effort of man to facilitate the satisfaction of his natural wants. These natural wants are the necessity which is mother to invention.

But every such tool or machine, when invented, gives rise to a further necessity, economic in nature, which the inventor perhaps did not foresee, and which in course of time tends to overshadow and obscure the original wants served by the contrivance. This is the necessity of keeping the machine in continuous working.

Tools have made "business" the dominating factor of our lives, in the same way our minds are subjected to ideas:--

Throughout the whole of its history the human mind has been engaged in fabricating conceptions, or, as some prefer to say, in giving birth to ideas. "Force," "matter," "law," "knowledge," "happiness," "virtue," "society," "government," "popular rights," "order," "progress," "evolution," are examples of these ideas. In their simpler form they are the "tools" of thought; in the more complicated they may be compared to "machines"; in the most complicated--that is, when combined into systems of science they resemble the economic mechanism of an industrial society, or even a great military organisation.

These conceptions are inventions or "spiritual tools" which hold most minds in bondage, the Professor elaborates his parallel and shows that "the cult of mechanism has established itself in the innermost chambers of the spirit." The writer proceeds to examine the interaction of militarism and industrialism and claims that they have their origin in a common source. Industrialism is generally accounted as making for peace and yet:--

Reflecting more deeply on its failure to keep the peace, a suspicion gains ground that industrialism after all must be reckoned, in and for itself, among the positive causes of war. By increasing the wealth, the ostentation, and the pride of the peoples, does it not serve to accentuate their rivalries, to deepen their jealousies, and to inflame their predatory passions? Is it not true that wherever great treasure-chests exist, there will robbers be found also; and is the treasure less provocative of covetousness when gained by commerce than when extorted from the labour of slaves or exacted by the ransom of conquered cities? Are two nations, rich and happy in the sort of happiness that comes from riches, more likely to be friends than two poor nations each possessing nothing which tempts the cupidity of the other?

For example, is not one of the chief causes of the present hostility between Germany and Great Britain to be found in the fact that both of them, as we say "have done so well in business"? Is it of no significance that war broke out at the very time when each was "doing better than ever"? Eliminate, from the complex of conditions out of which the war arose, the circumstance that industry had made both these nations rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and may we not say without hesitation that war between them would not have taken place?

Further, it is suggested that militarism has been useful in holding in check the disruptive tendencies of pure industrialism; the future is hidden from us, but the writer has some glimmerings of hope:—

But there is ground for hope in the very magnitude of the present calamity. All the nations involved in the struggle are learning the same lesson *at the same time*. All are engaged *together* in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls. A piecemeal repentance of the nations, following a series of partial conflicts, might effect very little; a simultaneous repentance imposed by a world-war, may effect a great deal.

Whatever new wisdom, whatever vision of the weak spot in civilisation, is coming to ourselves as a result of the war, we may be very sure that the same wisdom, the same vision, is coming to our enemies. Realising this, may we not believe that beneath the fierce and cruel oppositions of the hour a profound principle of unity is at work?

IN the last issue of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS there was a quotation from *The World's Work* dealing with Mr. Starmer, the editor of *The Northern Echo*, in which appeared a statement that *The Northern Echo* was the first halfpenny morning paper published in this country. We have received a communication from *The Dundee Courier*, pointing out that it was published as a halfpenny paper for two years before *The Northern Echo* appeared. We take this opportunity of calling attention to the inaccuracy of the statement with regard to *The Northern Echo*, for which, of course, we were in no way responsible.

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN.

MARY BOAZMAN, in *Woman at Home*, provides some very outspoken remarks on "The Manners of Different Professional Women." The professional woman, says the writer, is a newcomer, who stormed and carried a new country for herself. "The entrance of women into professional and business life is changing the manners of the sex, even in the schoolroom." Advice is given as to what is necessary for the success of a business woman, thus: "You must seem to know even when you are profoundly ignorant." "You must publish your triumphs and be directly silent about your defeats." The writer says that since Longfellow and a grateful country canonised Florence Nightingale, the trained nurse has been a romantic figure, and proceeds:—

Her manner expresses her innate conviction that she is of value to the community. It is not self-assertive, but commanding, at its best, maternal. She knows so much better than you do what is good for you. No doubt her air of authority owes some of its force to her distinctive garb, and the various councils which have appointed health visitors to advise the poor in their own homes have found it necessary to enjoin that these shall wear uniforms if their admonitions are to be treated with respect.

To the nurse's mind her patients are as irresponsible as children, and even the greatest thinker of the age, stretched on a sick bed, is not allowed a will of his own, and must take medicine and food when he is ordered. Nurses may be very nice or very nasty, very kind or very hard, but they are never meek or shy, perhaps because they chiefly associate with the sick, who are necessarily inferior, mentally as well as physically to the healthy.

One or two curious idiosyncrasies have marked the nurses I have met. One was a remarkable fondness for dances and theatres, and a jolly capacity for throwing off their cares, for rarely are nurses pessimists, in spite of the depressing nature of their work. Another surprising feature was the multitude of little fads they indulged in. Nurses are usually provided with hot-water bottles, air-cushions, spirit lamps, etc., and have brought the science of comfort to a fine art.



The Trained Nurse: A Romantic Figure.

We are indebted to the Editor for our illustration.

ALMOST every newspaper report of a volcanic eruption contains a reference to "flames and smoke" issuing from "the burning mountain," though this description of the phenomena is completely inaccurate. During an eruption there is practically no flame, and certainly none that can be seen except close to the crater; no smoke such as issues from a chimney is ever produced; and there is no burning in the ordinary sense of combustion, as in a fire. These elementary facts have been taught to thousands of school children for the past twenty years, yet popular writers and journalists seem still to be unaware of them.—Professor R. A. GREGORY, in *The School World*.

CAN EARTHQUAKES BE FORETOLD?

DR. CHARLES DAVISON, in an article on "The Prevision of Earthquakes" in *Science Progress*, says that of course it is impossible to say that an earthquake will occur on a certain day at a certain place, but any knowledge on the subject possesses "such untold value for the dwellers in seismic countries that it does seem worth while to examine the progress that has been made in the hope that further knowledge and greater experience may in time to come lead us to the desired goal."

He examines the phenomena which attended the earthquakes at San Francisco in 1906 and in Japan in 1891. At San Francisco an extraordinary movement took place along a fault running in a north-west south-east direction; "for a total length of 290 miles the surface-crust on both sides of the fissure slipped in opposite directions . . . . tearing apart with resistless force every work of human hands that crossed the line," the shift varying from eight to twenty feet. Forces must have been acting along this fault for some time previous to the earthquake with gradually increasing strength until in 1906 they were strong enough to overcome the resistances opposed to them, and then the sliding movement takes place rapidly, which causes the disturbance. But before the actual catastrophe some movement takes place and the crust along the fault will be deformed. If a line were drawn at right angles to the fault, it would show signs of curvature before its severance along the fault takes place, and by studying such a line indication might be given of a coming disturbance.

It will be obvious that this method of foreseeing earthquakes, for which we are indebted to Prof. H. Fielding Reid, is at present in an early stage of development. Until another earthquake occurs along the same fault we have no conception of the time occupied by the process of preliminary curvature, or whether the displacement occurs as a climax to a rapid increase of curvature. The time involved may be too short to be of practical service. But the method of forecast is well worthy of examination and development. It is quite possible that it may, in course of time, lead to valuable results.

With regard to the Japanese earthquake the phenomena were different, but also give a method of prevision. It was also caused by a fault displacement, but only for about forty miles and was remarkable for the great number of shocks which followed it:

The area mainly affected by the earthquake of 1891 occupies about 20,700 square miles, but the great majority of the shocks originated within a more limited region of about 1,345 square miles, or 13 per cent. of the above. This may, for convenience, be termed the "earthquake zone."

Studying these shocks it is found that

the first and most obvious symptom of the coming earthquake was a rapid increase in the frequency of shocks in the earthquake zone with respect to that of the shocks in the area immediately outside it.

Another significant feature of the fore-shocks of this earthquake is their distribution along the fault system. During the five years 1885–89 they shunned as far as possible those areas which, towards the end of 1891, became most prolific in aftershocks; their distribution in space was apparently without law. But with the beginning of 1890 a remarkable change took place. There were still one or two districts in which they were more numerous than elsewhere; but, on the whole, the centres of the fore-shocks cling to and mark out the fault-system that came into action in 1891. Thus the second and no less significant feature of the fore-shocks is that, within two years before the earthquake, they not only became relatively more frequent, but were distributed with some approach to uniformity over the entire fault-system.

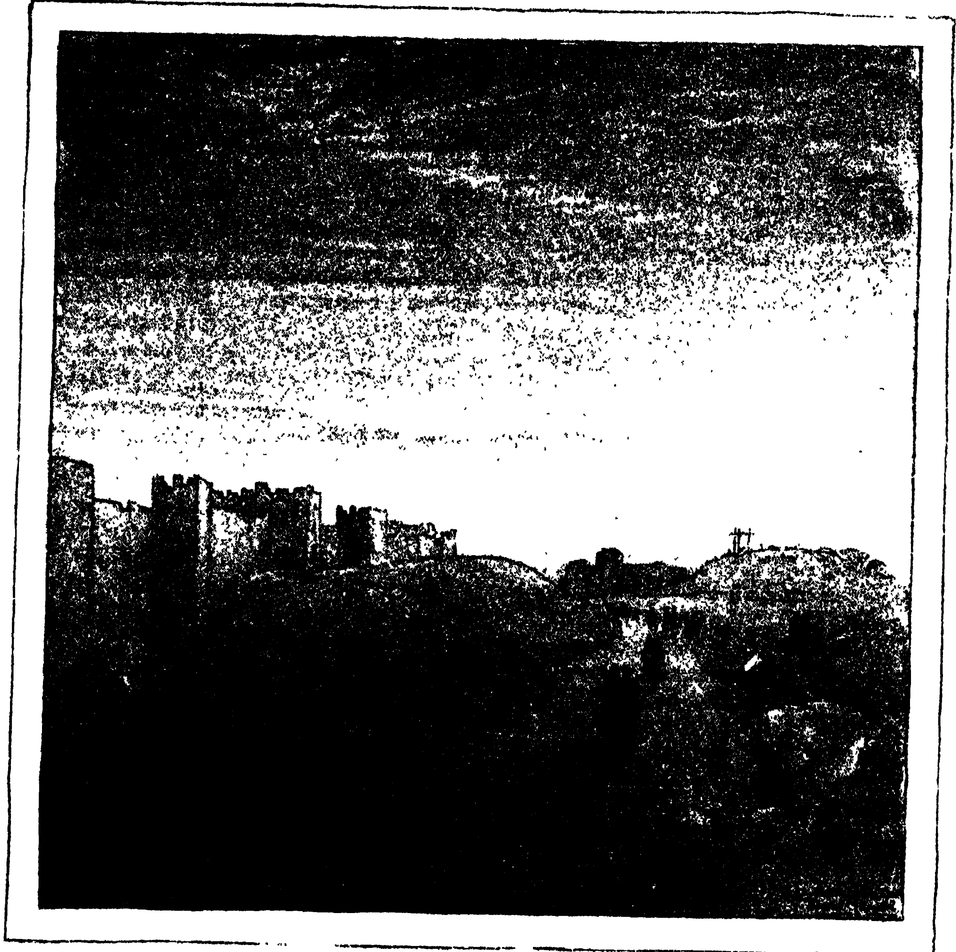
Thus we have reason to believe that the increase in seismic activity along a known fault and the tendency to uniformity in the distribution of that activity along the fault may be heralds of the great crust-movements which cause disastrous earthquakes. The method, of course, can only be of service in countries in which earthquakes are fairly numerous and occasionally violent, and in those alone in which there exists an efficient system for the observation of earthquakes. Such conditions are satisfied at present in but one country. In the empire of Japan about a thousand earthquakes occur every year. They are so carefully studied that few, if any, escape investigation. Every few years one of considerable violence takes place. There can be no country, therefore, in which the practical prevision of earthquakes can be more readily effected.

The Mysterious Three, by W. Le Queux (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A most amazing story of a respected county landowner who has had dealings with coiners, and is consequently compelled to abscond with his wife and daughter from his mansion, to the dismay of his daughter's lover. He finds her, of course, after perils by fire, assassination, and so on.

THE PLACE OF CRUCIFIXION.

FROM an article in *The Treasury*, "A Painter's Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," by Donald Maxwell, we extract the following:

The question of the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre is one around which a whole literature has arisen. The purchase in 1894 of a referred to as the Gordon tomb, because General Gordon took a great interest in it and believed that it ought to be preserved, though it seems that he never actually stated that he thought it was the sepulchre of Our Lord. The familiar reference to "a green hill far away," and the numerous paintings of the Crucifixion have made people imagine that Calvary was a hill, but the



"The place where Jesus was Crucified was nigh to the City."

rock-hewn sepulchre north of Jerusalem, and the claim made more recently by a group of quite sincere but rather uncritical enthusiasts that it is undoubtedly the tomb in which our Lord was laid, has added considerably to the interest of the problem involved. Sentiment rather than knowledge was the leading note in a great many of the arguments used in favour of this traditional site, the arguments against it and the arguments for the new site which is generally gospels do not so describe it. . . The fact that the High Priests, who could not approach the place of execution on account of ceremonial defilement, were able to see what was going on supports the idea of the position of the crosses being on a hill.

By courtesy of the Editor we reproduce a sketch made last summer outside the north walls of Jerusalem.

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

AN ADMIRAL ON ALCOHOL.

As an officer who had served in every port of the world, from Spitzbergen to the tropics and principally in hot climates, with fifty years of active service, he testified to the advantage of total abstinence in health, in clearness of brain and intellect, and, above all, in the matter of influencing others to help themselves. His deliberate conviction was, from experience, that if a man wished to keep his bodily power and his mental, physical, and intellectual forces tuned up to the highest degree of efficiency, whether he be commanding a fleet or whether he be a man pressing the button of a 13·5 in. gun, and firing at an enemy 19,000 yards off, it was much better he should have nothing to do with alcohol. For, although he may not appear to feel any ill effects from taking a small quantity, yet the most searching scientific and practical tests in this and other countries, all conclusively prove that alcohol does affect the system injuriously and especially the brain.—ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE KING-HALL, K.C.B., in *The Workers' Onward.*

THE EARLIEST MEN OF DEVON.

IT is proved beyond all doubt, by the animal remains and the stone implements found side by side in Kent's Cavern at Torquay, in Devonshire, that man has existed in England not only six, but far more than sixty thousand years. In that cavern the sure indications of man are found side by side with the remains of three kinds of animals. In the first group we have animals which are utterly extinct, such as the cave bear and the sabre-toothed tiger. In the next class of animals we have those which though not utterly extinct, such as the reindeer, yet are exterminated in Britain. And in the third class we have animals still living in England, such as the hare and fox. Many ages ago England was united with the Continent, then was the age of the cave bear; and in the deepest deposits of Kent's Cavern the remains of that extinct beast and the rude stone implements of man are found lying together. So great is the age of the earliest men of Devon that the best authorities are almost afraid to say. It is so great that a very low computation gives it at some hundreds of thousands of years.—R. R. RODGERS, in *The New-Church Magazine.*

NATURE AND THE COUNTRYMAN

WHILE the poet sings of sunrise he is fortified by the thought of cigarettes and a sofa in the late afternoon, when the clouds weep tears of regret for their morning prodigality. The man who writes of the "whistling blast" should meet it as I have met it, coming over the hills from the north-east, laden with sleet, at 6 o'clock on a January morning. The clerk who longs for the open air during the sweltering July weather should go out and help a man pitch hay for eight hours, and know the joy of a back made sore by hard labour, perspiration and dust. The person who sighs for "the clean country" might go and help his cousin clean out a ditch in late autumn or early spring, but he will need to take his best boots with him, for he will be obliged to stand in two or three inches of water for eight or ten hours a day. The man who is hankering after "God's fresh air" does not realise the surfeit the shepherd gets of it as he feeds his folded sheep on a bleak plateau, seven days in each week, all through the winter. . . . It is time we got rid of all spurious ideas of Nature and saw it as it is, both cruel and beneficent; sometimes beautiful, but often quite ugly. This accomplished, we may get nearer to understanding the countryman and his life.—A. W. ASHBY, in *The Highway.*

ROAD DUST PREVENTION.

FROM experiment granular calcium chloride would appear to be a particularly suitable, effective and cheap dust preventive for estate and farm roads. The granulated material was spread evenly over the road surface with a shovel at the rate of ½ lb. per square yard on two successive evenings, giving a complete dressing of 1 lb. per square yard; this application was found effective for two months. The material is hygroscopic, *i.e.*, it absorbs available moisture and so keeps the road surface continuously sufficiently moist to prevent the formation of dust. It is free from offensive odours, and does not adhere to, or injure, boots of pedestrians, rubber tyres, or the feet of animals. The cost of the material was 50s. per ton, so that the cost of the dressing per square yard was just over ¼d.—*The Colonial Journal.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR

FRENCH.

Writing in *Le Correspondant* of April 10th on the failure of the Holy War, George Marçais points out how utterly the Germans were disappointed in their attempt to cause a rising of the faithful in Algeria. Turkey appeared to the Arabs at one time as a wonderful country, which they venerated; gradually the veil was torn aside, and after, first, the Italian-Turkish war and, later, the two Balkan wars they had far less veneration and reverence for her. The Sultan is to the Arabs rather a shadowy personage, and in all things they are more influenced by the priests immediately about them; therefore by the fact that the proclamation of the Holy War was not taken up vigorously by these latter, who resented the fact that in this proclamation the Sultan was cat's-paw to Germany, the whole seriousness of the declaration was not brought home to the people. In any case, the Arab knows that under French rule he is happier and wealthier than if he were once more under the Turkish flag, and freer in his religion and in every other respect than if Germany were his master; and, thinking in this manner, the Algerian ignores the pronouncement of the Holy War, forced from the Sultan by his German masters, and remains loyal to France in thought and deed.



[Kultur Carto

Kultur Protector.

Those Minor Germans Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner: "Hail, Saviou Krupp; how can we ever thank thee?"

In *La Revue de Paris* of April 1st M. Reiss, Professor at the Lausanne University, gives a most interesting but, at the same time, a most terrible account of the atrocities committed in Serbia by the Austro-Hungarian troops. He was appealed to as a neutral by the Serbians to come to Serbia to investigate the truth of their statements as to atrocities committed. He agreed, although sceptical. He did his work thoroughly, and came away convinced of the correctness of the allegations.

The reading of the atrocities committed is not pleasant, and it is difficult to credit the fact that men could be brought to such a condition that they could do some of the deeds recorded here.

M. Reiss got his stories from Austrian prisoners and Serbian soldiers and civilians—all of them eye-witnesses of the events they record. Having gathered his stories, the writer endeavoured as far as possible to verify them, which was naturally not possible in all cases. However, in the many that he investigated he found abundant proofs of the truth of the statements made to him, of wholesale murder of prisoners and of civilians, including large numbers of women, children and old men. He blames the authorities in power far more than the common soldiers, for he believes that the latter were repeatedly told that the Serbians were little better than savages and that they must be killed or they would inflict hideous tortures on the Austrians if captured. All the official proclamations contained instructions that towards the Serbs the greatest severity was to be exercised; thus urged on by their leaders, the men, once fired by the lust of blood, were not to be

restrained—although alas! there was little evidence of any desire on the part of the officers to try to do so.

M. Henri Newill, writing in *La Revue* for April on Roumania, the Balkans and the War, maintains that Roumania has never been in doubt as to which side she should join in the struggle. The miseries of her brothers under the Austrian yoke—miseries doubled since the outbreak of war—have caused her to hate Austria; but the time was not ripe for her to come out into the open as a friend of the Triple Entente; she was not prepared; her army was not trained and her war materials had to be brought up to the standard. Now, however, she is ready; she has an army of first-line troops of 400,000 men, nearly 800 cannons and 400 mitrailleuses; of second-line troops she has about 250,000 men who would be able to serve in two or three months' time; she is therefore ready, and awaiting the right moment to step into the fray and co-operate with Russia. It is probable that the Roumanian offensive will be taken on two different routes simultaneously. A strong army will pass by Predeal and the valley of Buzau to meet the Russians coming down from Galicia and Bukovina, and thus take the Austrians in the rear, while as to the main Roumanian force, after crossing the Danube between Negotin and Turnu-Severin, it will enter the Serbian department of Timok to attack the flank of the Austrians operating against the Serbs in the region of Moravia, and bar the route of Vidin and Bulgaria, which is evidently the objective of the Austrian Chief of Staff.

But it is to be feared that the Austrians, especially if they have a victory over the Serbs, and can count on the co-operation of the Bulgarians, will not wait for the Roumanian intervention, but will themselves take the initiative and offensive, and with their armies which they have concentrated in the north of the Austro-Roumanian-Serbian frontiers, with the support of formidable artillery, will content themselves with throwing aside the Serbian right wing, and advancing, as soon as the road is clear, directly on Bulgaria, taking possession at the same time of the Negotin-Nisch-Salonic railway, Roumania's only line of supply. Assured as they are of Roumania's hostility, Germany has everything to gain by striking the first blow. Roumania would then have to face on the Danube the whole of the Bulgarian first-line army—at least 300,000 men—and on her Western frontier the German Corps coming from Orsova and the Iron Gates. In the meantime the Turks, whose best troops have been kept in the strategic triangle Midia-Kirk Kilisse-Enos, will undertake to hold Greece, who, in accordance with her alliance with Roumania and Serbia, will have entered into the strife. Thus the German Chief of Staff plans to neutralise Roumanian intervention on behalf of the Triple Entente by the action of Bulgaria in favour of the Triple Alliance, and the Greek intervention by that of Turkey. The result of this new war let loose in the Balkans will certainly not be to modify the situation on the European field of operations, and will deprive Serbia of the help of Greece and Roumania, which was to have saved her.

DUTCH.

ANOTHER instalment of "Leaves from My War Diary" is given in *De Tijdspiegel*, the writer telling how they reached Sottegem after some trouble in avoiding the on-coming Germans, and how they listened to the singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as they stood outside a Roman Catholic Church. He reminds his readers that that was the hymn sung by those who went down in the *Titanic*. As the people came out of the church they stared at him and his companion: the priest saw them and spoke. The writer is a Protestant, and the priest said there were many Protestants round about and then explained why the people were staring. They had not previously seen a British officer in uniform.

In the sketch of the war that appears in *Vragen des Tijds* each month a very impartial account is given of current events. This month the question is asked whether the attack on Dutch ships is a mistake or an intentional affront. It looks much like an affront. Another contribution to this review is a report of an address on "War and Criminality." The now notorious Bernhardi stated in his book that war was an agent of civilisation, and that leads to the interesting question whether crime increases or decreases during war time. Criminal statistics of France and Prussia during the years preceding and following the last struggle are shown in conjunction with those of Holland, Belgium, and Britain during the


Hindi Punch.]

Throttling—or, In the firm Grasp of the British Jack Tar.

same period. Whereas the "curve" (as scientific men call it) for the non-belligerent countries remains almost level, that of the combatant nations shows an extraordinary drop during the years 1870 and 1871. Does this decrease bear out the Bernhardi theory? It may be that the diminution is due, not to the moral effect of war, but rather to the fact that every mind is filled with the awe of the struggle and evil minds have not the scope for ill-doing which they have under normal conditions. Again, laws are usually administered more strictly in war time, while new and more rigorous laws are enacted.

SPANISH.

Nuestro Tiempo contains an article on the "Maritime Struggle." In the course of prefatory remarks, the writer explains why Great Britain changed her foreign policy, giving up her "splendid isolation" and making treaties with other Powers. He is not a friendly critic. He refers to a remark about moribund nations, which he says was uttered by Lord Salisbury at the time Spain was wrestling with the Cuban insurrection, and expresses the opinion that Britain would not have conquered the Boers if the South Africans had had the assistance of men like the North Americans who helped the Cubans, and, as it was, Britain succeeded only by adopting methods which she had condemned Spain for using. The South African war taught the British many lessons and hurt their pride; they saw that they must not rely entirely on themselves or they would be beaten in a struggle with a European Power, for of what use would be an army of 150,000 in view of the tremendous effort required to overcome the Boers? So the British sought allies and King Edward did his utmost to aid that policy; hence the friendship with France and Russia and the alliance with Japan. The arrangement with Japan enabled the British to concentrate their fleet against the Power that threatened their naval supremacy. It is strange that the writer of this article, like many other foreign writers, overlooks the possibility of Britain raising a large army; perhaps, even at this late hour, he believes what Marshal von Hindenburg affects to believe—namely, that our new army is a myth. In his review of the course of the war, Sr. Mariano Marfil dwells on the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain in connection with the control of the sea


Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Churchill's Flag Trick.

BRITANNIA: "I dare not go out in these shabby clothes."

CHURCHILL: "Very well: steal some better ones!"

by the latter; the States, he thinks, have reason to think seriously of acquiring vessels of their own, for the continued maritime supremacy of Britain may prove unfavourable to the United States. The alliance with Japan is fraught with consequences that may cause anxiety to the Government and people of North America.

In *La Lectura* we have a contribution on the importance of Constantinople. Is it so important for the Power that holds it? Circumstances have changed since Napoleon called it "the Key of the world." Russia will doubtless possess it ultimately, seeing that France and England can no longer prevent her and apparently do not wish to do so. It will be useful to Russia, but will it give her the important naval position for which she may be hoping? Most probably not.

BLAMING BRITAIN FOR THE WAR.

Scientia continues its "Inquiry upon the War" in the April number. It contains articles by Professor Hartmann, of Vienna, and Professor Brentano, of Munich, on the causes of the war. Both, of course, put down the chief blame to Great Britain, owing to her fear of German commercial rivalry. There is not much new in their statements, but there are points in the articles which are exceedingly interesting. Professor Hartmann gives the following view of Great Britain:—

One always considers England as the type of a modern State; but that is because Great Britain alone is considered, and not the British Empire. Without doubt the English Constitution is democratic, but it only applies to Great Britain . . . it must be remembered that no class of Junkers exists more powerful economically and socially than in the home of Parliaments, and that one of the fundamental principles of modern democracy, obligatory military service, could not be introduced into the country until war broke out.

If we consider the English Constitution from the point of view of the Empire, we find that it is a strictly limited oligarchy, ruling its subjects through the intermediary of pro-consuls, while, with the exception of the Mother Country and the self-governing Colonies, only a sixth part of the population takes part directly or indirectly in the government. As to foreign policy, it is solely under the control of the Imperial Government, and even the self-governing Colonies have no say. Three hundred millions of Hindoos—to say nothing of Egypt—have been dispossessed of all political rights by the English domination, and it is not the case of a semi-savage race, nor merely a case of provisional organisation. The English have only granted political freedom—and that only after the experience with the North American States—to the Colonies which are of the same nationality as herself, and they jealously maintain elsewhere their position of the dominant race as regards their subjects.

In fact, says the writer, the British are the least democratic and free nation in the world. Compare with this Professor Brentano's recital of the modest ambitions of Germany:—

As regards Germany, she had only one thing to fight for. She is not fighting for more territory, the acquisition of which appears to her indispensable; that is why she has never raised the question of incorporating the German provinces of Austria in the German Empire, and still less could she think of acquiring French or other territory. She has no need of colonies as outlets for her growing population, as is often said. Since she became a prosperous industrial country she can furnish occupation for all her sons within the Empire, of which the proof is that she has become a country of immigration, and needs thousands of foreign workmen every year to accomplish her economic tasks. But what Germany has need of is a free arena for the development of the forces of her people. And in fighting against England for the freedom of the seas she will assure this free development not only for herself, but for all the peoples of the earth. She is fighting the same fight for the whole European civilisation against Russia, the determined enemy of that civilisation.

There is also an article by the Russian Professor Kostyleff on the "Psychological Factors of the War," in which, ignoring the actual events leading to the war, he finds that only in the German mind was there any psychological tendency towards war.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The Tommy on leave from the Front had been given a free railway pass to take him home to see his people, and he utilised part of his brief holiday to get married. On the return journey when the ticket inspector asked to see his pass he produced by accident his marriage lines. The inspector handed the paper back with a glimmer of a smile. "This is a ticket for a very long and wearisome journey, young man," he said, "but not on this line."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

A gentleman who had married his cook was giving a dinner party, and between the courses the good lady sat with her rather red hands spread on the tablecloth. Suddenly the burr of conversation ceased, and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of his hostess said pleasantly: "Awful pause!" "So they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened colour; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."—*Royal Magazine.*

A musketry instructor, after watching a private miss the target with nineteen consecutive shots, exclaimed "Ugh! Don't waste your last bullet; go behind that wall and blow your brains out." The private disappeared behind the wall and a shot rang out—"Heavens! the fool's done what I told him," howled the sergeant; but a minute later the private reappeared: "Sorry, sergeant," he said apologetically; "another miss."—*St. Martin's-le-Grand.*

An Irishman bought a ticket and then, going out on the platform, said: "How soon does the train start?" "Why, there she goes now," said a porter. "You've just missed her." The Irishman leapt on the line and set out in pursuit of the train with all his might. But in a few minutes he came trudging back. A laughing crowd had gathered. "Well, did you catch her?" asked the porter. "No," was the answer, "but, be jabers, I made her puff!"—*Cassell's Magazine.*

"A train leaves London," said the teacher, "travelling forty miles an hour. It is followed thirty minutes later by a train travelling eighty miles an hour. At what point will the second train run into the first?" The class seemed at a loss; that is, all except Willie Green, who was standing in the aisle, vigorously wagging his hand. "Well, Willie," said the teacher. "At the back end of the rear car."—*Bairns' Magazine.*

There were visitors at school one afternoon, and the teacher was very anxious that her pupils should appear to advantage. "Now, children," she said, during an examination in geography, "what is the axis of the earth?" There was silence for a moment, and then a small girl raised her hand. "Well, Dorothy," said the teacher, "how would you describe it?" "The axis of the earth," said Dorothy, proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves." "That's correct," nodded the teacher, approvingly. "Now could you hang clothes on this line, Dorothy?" "Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "Why, Dorothy!" exclaimed the teacher, in surprise. "What sort of clothes?" "Imaginary clothes, ma'am," said the child, calmly.—*Harper's Magazine.*

At the Wesleyan Chapel in a Lancashire village, a double bass had been introduced to assist the organ. One Sunday morning during the sermon, a big bull got out of a field and came down the road bellowing as he went. This discomposed the minister, who, looking back towards the singers' seats with a grave face, said: "I will thank the musicians not to *tune* during service time; it annoys me." Everyone was surprised, but nothing was said, and the sermon was resumed. Presently the bull gave another vent to his feelings, and then the minister became frantic. Stopping short, he faced round to the double bass player and said: "Mr. L., I particularly request you not to tune your instrument while I am preaching." This was altogether too much. Poor Mr. L. rose in his place and snapped out at the preacher: "It isn't me, sir; it is Farmer B's old bull."—*The Choirmaster and Organist.*

AT THE "OLD VIC." AGAIN.

SO many worthy even noble enterprises usher themselves into the world with the flourish of the trumpets of advertisement only to vanish into the darkness with no funeral note that it is peculiarly pleasant to congratulate a movement which, reversing the usual process, has from small beginnings achieved an unequivocal and thoroughly well-deserved success. Such has been the Shakespearean season at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, which, begun seven months ago tentatively and unpretentiously, reached its climax at an afternoon performance on Shakespeare's birthday, when before a house densely packed from floor to ceiling some of our best known actors and actresses gladly seized the only opportunity open to them in London to do homage to his memory.

The achievement of those who so pluckily determined to give South London Shakespearean plays at popular prices, if South London would have them, cannot be overstated. The enterprise was fraught with difficulties. Two evenings a week only were available at the Vic. for theatrical performances, opera and lectures having prior claims. Waterloo Road is a desperately poor neighbourhood, and to reach the desired audiences prices must be lowered almost to vanishing point; they range, in fact, from twopence for a gallery seat to a shilling for a stall. It followed that if the venture were to be put on a solvent basis consistently full houses must be the rule, and even so the help of a loyal body of actors who were prepared to work whole-heartedly for the good of the cause and not with any expectation of making fortunes for themselves was essential. Would Shakespeare draw full houses? The example of the West-End theatres was not encouraging. They were serving up the lightest possible fare—



Photo by] [*Claude Harris.*

Miss Estelle W. Stead as Hermione.

musical comedy, farce, anything to detract the mind from the heavy oppression of war. Except for two not very successful revivals of historical plays, and a season of repertory at the Coronet, no Shakespeare has been played in the West End since the war began. Presumably the managers thought the times were too much out of joint for our greatest poet to make any popular appeal. Altogether the omens were far from favourable.

But enthusiasm makes light of difficulties and dangers. At the very outset "The Taming of the Shrew" established that the quality of the performances was to be very high, and the patrons of the Vic. and many hundreds of Shakespeare lovers from all parts of London were not slow to realise that on any Monday or Wednesday evening they could see a Shakespeare play, simply staged and well and sincerely acted, for a perfectly absurd sum. The London County Council, too, wisely understanding the educational aspect of the question, arranged that the children of the Council Schools could attend the matinées, counting the time as school hours, and one of the pleasantest sights imaginable was the Old Vic. crammed full of boys and girls all sitting enthralled at "Hamlet," or chuckling happily at "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One afternoon three thousand children saw "The Tempest," and for most of these three thousand Prospero's Enchanted Isle and the love of Ferdinand and Miranda must have opened wide the windows of their souls to magic undreamed of in their small philosophy of sordid streets and grimy playgrounds. That such an afternoon should be possible stamps the season as a success, and furthermore all concerned can unreservedly compliment themselves on having kept the flag of Shakespeare flying when all the other theatres in London might be almost suspected of taking Germany at her word and relinquishing him to her as an alien enemy.

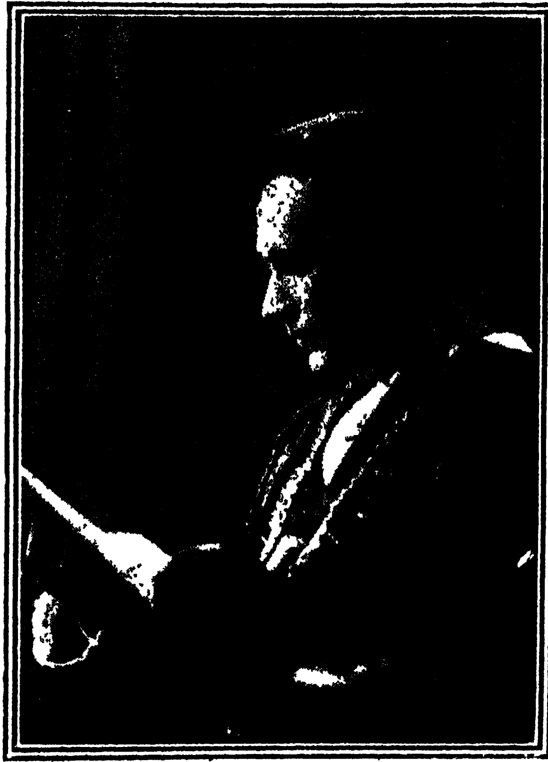


Photo by] [Strand Photo Studio

Mr. William Stack as Hamlet.

Altogether thirteen Shakespeare plays have been produced: "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Comedy of Errors," "Twelfth Night," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "The Winter's Tale," "Othello," and "Julius Cæsar," and in addition "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," and "King René's Daughter" were played. At the start of the season Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton rendered valuable service as producers, and later Mr. Ben Greet supervised a rollicking performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (in which he himself played Bottom) and also "Othello," "The Winter's Tale," and two or three others, while Mr. Ben Webster made himself responsible for "As You Like It," and Mr. Fisher White for "Julius Cæsar."

If the numbers of performances are any test of popularity, "The Tempest," which was performed eleven times, and "The Dream," with nine performances, were the prime favourites, but "Othello" had a remarkable reception and, unexpectedly enough, "The Comedy of Errors," which

was played as it should be played, in the spirit of broadest farce. As a matter of individual preference I thought the production of "The Winter's Tale" was the best of the series. Miss Estelle Stead, who, for some time, has been steadily consolidating her reputation as a Shakespearean actress, was seen at her best as Hermione, a dignified, sincere, womanly portrait, which visibly moved the audience, and the whole company rose to the height of the opportunity provided by what some consider Shakespeare's most human play. Miss Stead and Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Fisher White, and Mr. William Stack shared between them Shakespeare's superb gallery of heroines and heroes. Of Mr. Fisher White it is sufficient to say that (as one would have expected) he was a tower of strength as Caliban, Macbeth, Iago, Shylock, and Leontes. Miss Thorndike, too, of course, did excellent work, notably as Lady Teazle. Mr. Stack's achievement was amazing: Hamlet, Petruchio, Bassanio, Ford, Antipholus, Feste, Macduff, Orlando, Autolycus, Lysander, Othello, Brutus, Marlow, and Charles Surface, a record of which any actor might be proud. His Hamlet, in particular, was a fine study in its straightforwardness and freedom from eccentricity.

But, after all, it is ill work to single out individuals or individual performances. The "Vic." season would not have achieved success had it relied on stars; it was the spirit and go and the freshness of the performances which brought full houses, and for that the company as a whole must take the credit. The capabilities, enthusiasm, and power of hard work can best be realised when one considers the labour, mental and physical, of rehearsing fifteen classical plays in seven months for an average of four performances apiece. Their reward was in their audiences. In the comedies the laughter sometimes drowned the dialogue on the stage: during the tragedies you could have heard a pin drop. Emphatically it has been proved for the hundredth time that with Shakespeare the play's the thing. It is at such performances as these that one arrives at a true understanding of the plays, for the actors, feeling only a deep love and reverence for the magic of Shakespeare, bring that love and reverence over the footlights straight into the hearts of the audience. The English temperament remains to-day very much as it was when the plays were written three hundred years ago. No other nation understands Shakespeare as we do, though some may profess to appreciate him more. England and the English people lie an open book in his plays for all to read—the love of open air, the essential honesty, the humour, the hatred of meanness, pettiness, cruelty, and wrong. It is good that English children should be brought up to love Shakespeare, that through him they may come to appreciate how goodly is their heritage.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

SOME READABLE NOVELS.

THERE is no lack of light novels just lately. Max Rittenberg publishes in one volume his series of tales of a crook entitled *Gold and Thorns* (Ward Lock, 6s.) in which the sinner reaps the reward of his villainy, and we needs must pity him. Miss Porter gives us a further episode in the life of Miss Billy (*Miss Billy's Decision*, by Eleanor H. Porter. Stanley Paul, 6s.), who, it may be remembered, descended upon three bachelors demanding a home and was received as a boy on the strength of her name. In this part we have more of her amusing adventures ending with her prospective marriage, but even if she really does marry the man she loves, surely we shall get some more of her doings by and by; she could never become an ordinary indoor wife.

Tainted Gold, by H. Noel Williams (Stanley Paul, 6s.), is an absorbing detective novel with an original plot, the key to which is not forthcoming for a good time; a "hold-up" at a country house by an American "joint"; and a pretty little love affair which gives point to a story strongly emphasising the need of money if the sleeping sickness is to be properly fought.

The Heiress of Swallowcliffe, by E. Everett-Green (Stanley Paul, 6s.), opens with a scene in a country church when a stranger present forbids the marriage of the heroine after the publication of the banns. Thereafter the story of a girl quietly brought up, whose life is nearly wrecked by the parents who love her and the friend who misleads.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

TWO BONAPARTES.

In the course of his enquiry into the circumstances of Napoleon's life in St. Helena,* Mr. Young found that to acquire the proper atmosphere a residence on the island would be a great advantage. Hence one of the strong impressions left by his book is the pity of its desertion. Since the opening of the Suez Canal St. Helena has not been so frequent a place of call as formerly, consequently the garrison has been removed and trade is non-existent. Yet the climate is lovely, and the scenery, though on a small scale (for the island is only about the size of Jersey), is nevertheless grand. Imagine what a lovely place for a rest-cure it would be! Not that Napoleon appreciated it as such, but then he wanted to be treated as an Emperor whose presence as a guest was an honour, instead of being a bugbear to every Court in Europe. where the one absorbing fear was that he would escape thence as he had done from Elba. It having been supposed that his escape from that island had had the connivance of its Governor: Sir Hudson Lowe, was probably chosen as a person not likely to be hypnotised by his charge. How difficult his work was Mr. Young has fully revealed. A sort of Court, with courtiers always longing to get away home, yet jealous of each other and perpetually quarrelling; an ex-Emperor ill and sullen, one of whose amusements was apparently to make the task of his guardians as uneasy as possible, was not conducive to ease. It was considered necessary that the Governor's orderly should see Napoleon at least once a day, but Captain Nicholls complained continually of the difficulty he had to obtain even a glimpse of him. When asked if he might pay his visit, the Emperor would send word that he was ill, though his "not at home" might mean that he was taking a walk in the grounds! Sometimes the unlucky orderly managed to get a chance view. On one occasion Count Bertrand was sent to tell him that if he looked through the bathroom window he might have the privilege of seeing an Emperor in his bath. He hurried at once to the spot, but could not see for the moisture on the window. Reporting this to Bertrand, the window was opened and he saw Napoleon up to his neck in water. Usually, however, Nicholls complained that he had to wander around the house and grounds in all weathers for ten hours at a time, with Napoleon taking occasional peeps at him through a hole in the shutters; the orderly had even been jeeringly told that he might be able to see him through the keyhole. No wonder that after a year of this he implored to be allowed to return to his regiment, but how petty such a revenge was on a man who was only doing his duty! The present situation with the fear of spies may help us to realise that Europe was so afraid that England would not do its duty and keep the captive safe, that at one time Commissioners from the Powers were in residence on the island, adding greatly to the difficulties of the Governor. On the other hand, Mr. Young truly says that our own policy was not so generous as it might have been. Where, for instance, was the need to deny Napoleon the acceptance of books sent him to allay somewhat the dreariness of his exile? Why not have allowed him to ride about free from observation? In such circumstances it may well be imagined that his death from cancer was a relief to all concerned. The six years of his life on St. Helena are fully described in these two volumes, the result of long and earnest research in every direction. His will is in itself a curiosity, occupying about eleven pages.

It is curious to turn from these serious and painstaking volumes to the breezy and brilliant story of Napoleon's niece, the Princess Mathilde,* whose long life ended about ten years ago. Her father Jerome, who married Miss Patterson, was a rake, a fop, and a spendthrift, yet adored by his wife Catherine of Wurtemberg. After her mother's death the Princess was taken to Stuttgart, and then went to live with her father at Quarto, near Florence. "It is easy to understand," says the author, "the affection which the Princess Mathilde always exhibited towards Russia. From her earliest years she was always brought up in an atmosphere of gratitude to the Czar Alexander" . . . (her mother's cousin). "Mathilde must often have heard from her mother's mouth how

Napoleon in Exile. By Norwood Young. (Stanley Paul, 2 vols., 32s. net.)

* *The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte.* By Philip W. Sergeant. (Stanley Paul, 16s. net.)

Alexander was their constant friend, while almost the whole of Europe was bitterly hostile." It was perhaps because Count Anatole Demidoff was a Russian that the Princess Mathilde thought of marriage with him after the idea of a union with Prince Napoleon had been given up, though the main cause was doubtless the desire to escape from the uncomfortable residence at Quarto, and her longing wish to live in Paris, which she could do as the wife of Count Demidoff. But the marriage was a very unhappy one and a separation was agreed upon. Henceforth Mathilde did very much as she pleased. Mr. Sergeant makes his "good Princess," with all her faults, live before us amidst the romance and vicissitudes of her life; she might have married Napoleon the Third if she had wished. The book is full of that chatty gossip about everybody which sheds such light upon the notabilities who thronged Princess Mathilde's salon during her fifty years' eventful residence in Paris. She had known four generations of men famous in art, science, and politics—as her biographer says, "to exhaust the list of Mathildiens would be impossible." It must also be remembered that she herself was an artist of no mean power, whilst her cosmopolitan ancestry endowed her with wide sympathy, except for everything which had anything to do with England, the persecutor of her great uncle. Germany apparently had nothing to do with his exile! Those who love romance, and especially royal romance, will find great entertainment here.



The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte
(After Giraud).
Reproduced by courtesy of Stanley Paul.

A FAMOUS DIARIST.

No apology is needed for such a work as this.* Most people know of the Saint-Simon Memoirs by hearsay; few have read them, for the twenty volumes in their crabbed French are enough to frighten off ordinary folk in these days of little leisure, even supposing the originals are come-at-able.

This issue is to consist of six volumes, the abridgement being chiefly the omission of arid discussions upon matters of purely contemporary interest, precedence, etiquette, parliamentary encroachments upon the privileges of Royalty and the aristocracy, and so on. The reader is transported by Saint-Simon in Pepys fashion right into the period in which he lived himself, its battles, intrigues, coarsenesses, religious and other difficulties, with all those petty details which throw such light upon the manners of the time.

The present volumes commence with 1691 and end with 1707, and it is safe to say that in these sixteen years no person of importance to France escapes some notice; in many cases personal details are crowded in, for the Duke was a gossip of the first water, intensely curious, and his position enabled him to gratify that curiosity.

Mr. Arkwright was confronted with the problem of bowdlerising, but resolved not to be too squeamish, as, though no more delicate

* *The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon*, by Francis Arkwright (Stanley Paul, Vols. 1 and 2 10s. 6d. net each).

than others of his time in his expressions, Saint-Simon is never immoral.

The first events mentioned in the diary are the sieges of Mons and Namur, at which Saint-Simon, a youth of seventeen, was present; and at one time prevented a food and forage difficulty by himself swinging a sack on to his horse and riding off with it to the troops, so heartening those of less degree to their work. He tells a strange tale of the battle of Friedlingen, in which cavalry and infantry on both sides fought quite independently of each other. There is a comic story of the politeness of a prisoner and his capturer, in which neither slept on the one mattress, but each on the floor on either side. It is useless to attempt any transcripts from such a mass of interesting adventures and Court incidents, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Arkwright will give a full index later on, for Saint-Simon is continually saying: "The other details I mentioned before," or "I will refer more fully to this later on"—and it would require a prodigious memory to connect these various scattered details.

BOOKS GERMANE TO THE WAR.

The Amateur Army, by Patrick Macgill (Jenkins, 1s. net.). Rifleman Macgill is bound to be vivid in all he writes, and this reproduction in book form of his impressions of the life of a unit of the 2nd London Irish Battalion shows no failure in that respect. It may be remembered that his statement that "it was rumoured that the Colonel and he were the only true Irishmen in the battalion" was indignantly denied, but it is to be hoped that no one will controvert his story of how his Colonel sang at a concert a marching song composed by one of the "rookies." Here is one of his stories: "Wankin is eternally in trouble . . . but the officers who have been victims of his smart repartee fear him more than they care to acknowledge. . . . A battalion kit inspection took place early one December morning. Wankin had sold his spare pair of boots, the pair that is always kept on top of the kit-bag; but when the major inspected Wankin's kit the boots were there, newly polished, and free from dust. Someone tittered . . . and the major smelt a rat. He lifted Wankin's kit-bag in his hand and found Wankin's feet tucked under it—Wankin's feet in stockinged soles. The major was justly indignant. 'One step to the front, left turn,' he roared. 'March in front of every rank in the battalion and see what you think of it.' With stockinged feet, cold, but still wearing an inscrutable smile of impudence, Wankin paraded in front of a thousand grinning faces and in due course got back to his kit and beside the sarcastic major. 'What do you think of it?' asked the latter. 'I don't think much of it, sir,' Wankin replied. 'It's the dirtiest regiment I ever inspected.'"

Alsace and Lorraine, by Ruth Putnam (Putnam, 6s.). This precise account of one of the chief storm-centres of rival nationalities is very valuable at the present juncture. Giving not only the history of the named provinces, but of the wider lands bound up with them from Cæsar to Kaiser, and written by a neutral in no wise affected by the desires of either of the combatants, it is impartially founded upon documentary evidence. No one old enough to remember and interested in the 1870 conflict will undervalue the difficulties which will accompany any resettlement. In 1911 a constitution was granted by the Reichstag, and, say some writers, if this constitution had been in vogue thirty years earlier instead of the semi-military administration it would have been an efficient instrument.

The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer, by Coulson Kernahan (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net). These "true pictures of splendid patriotism" are told with all the *verve* and pathos of the writer, who is now acting as Honorary Recruiting Officer. Though beyond the age-limit for the Territorial Force, he applied to serve again, when a far from congenial task was given him—that of persuading younger men to a duty and dangers which he was himself prevented from filling. The result has shown how wise was the Brigadier-General who required of him such a service. Mr. Coulson Kernahan's chief hope in publishing these stories is to hearten other honorary recruiters and to assist the cause. The man must be impervious indeed whose blood does not tingle as he reads. Some of the records are full of pathos.

That of the brother, for instance, who *would* go into the Seaforth Highlanders, though unsuited; deserted and was brought back to Mr. Kernahan by an indomitable sister who knew it was the only safe course, and who is now proving that her courage and Mr. Kernahan's tact and kindness have set him on the high road. Or the much sadder story of the lady whose only child and only support enlisted and was killed because he and she were ready to give all for their country. Here is a comical example of what goes on in a recruiting office: –

"What I want to know," said the young fellow in the cloth cap and tweed suit, "is Why-when-they-wanted-to-relieve-Antwerp,*they didn't send us?*"

"Who is 'us'?" I queried.

"Why, the R.F.A., of course," he said proudly. "We'd have saved Antwerp, and given the Germans what for in no time!"

"Oh," I said, "then you are in the service. I am glad, and I am sorry, as I had hoped to enlist you. And how long have you been in the Royal Field Artillery?"

The face of the Ought-to-have-been-allowed-to-save-Antwerp gunner fell, but I liked him, for his pardonable, boyish swank notwithstanding he was no liar.

"Seven days," he said.

But Mr. Kernahan wishes others to rise up and help, so he tells how recruiting meetings are run, things a recruiting officer has to put up with; some recruiting "don't's," etc., and, as an appendix, Mr. Sladen's speech at the initiation of the movement for providing recruiting bands.

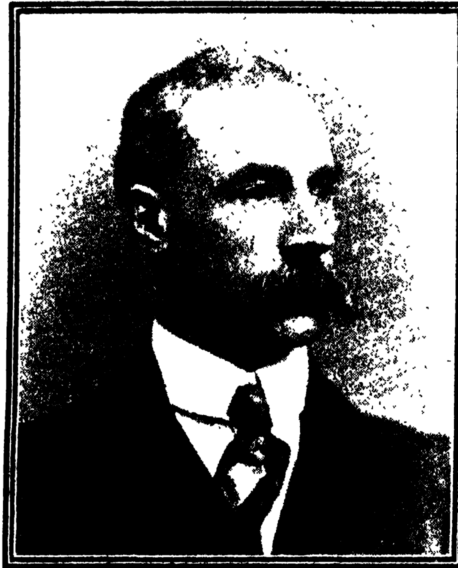


Photo by] [*Emberson and Sons*

Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

The Healing of Nations, by Edward Carpenter (George Allen, 2s. net). These "scattered thoughts" of a deep thinker upon the hidden sources of the strife of nations, that "working out and expulsion on the surface of evils which have long been festering within" do not, says the author, pretend to any sort of completeness in their embrace of the subject. The opening section on War-madness is dated September, 1914. The case for and against Germany is most interesting reading, but whether dealing with that, or with the good that must come out of the suffering, or the fact that all the nations are as branches of the one great Tree of Life, Carpenter must be read as a whole to be understood. His conclusion would seem to be that we are shaping our way towards a real Democracy, with the attainment of which wars will become rarer.

Belgium the Glorious.—To be issued in 14 monthly parts at 7d. each (Hutchinson), this pictorial and authoritative record of a fair country plundered and destroyed will be cherished, even if with angry sadness, by all who knew something of the beautiful buildings gone for ever. Part IV. gives Dixmunde and Bruges. Antwerp has already appeared, and Part V. will contain other Bruges pictures and Zeebrugge.

Journal d'une Française en Allemagne (Perrin, 3 fr. 50).—The writer of the journal was staying, when the war broke out, with a French-born German princess in Silesia. Taken unexpectedly, the lady at first did not attempt to get home. When she did it was to find nerve-straining difficulties. But the interest of the journal lies in the account of the attitude of those by whom she was surrounded, and in the appendices giving the excuses for the war of German men of eminence, such as Houston Chamberlain, Ostwald, Lasson, and others. That Germany must dominate the world because only she knows how to organise is the most modest of their claims.

Papers for War Time, issued by Humphrey Milford (Oxford University Press, 2d. each), are remarkable tracts which should be widely

read. Their basis is, in brief, the conviction that the war was morally bound on us, that love and forgiveness are as binding in war as in peace, that supreme reliance should be placed on spiritual forces, and that it is the duty of the Church to make a new effort to realise its own positive ideal of brotherhood and fellowship. No. 25 contains the Bishop of Winchester's *The Visions of Youth*; No. 26 is *Bernhardism in England*, by A. Clutton-Brock; a later one is *The Only Alternative to War*, by the Rev. Herbert Gray, M.A.

FOR THE GENERAL READER.

Round the World in Strange Company, by N. Everitt (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net). Mr. Everitt only takes us to the United States and British Columbia in this volume. He leaves us at San Francisco on his way to Yokohama. Written to interest and amuse, the author begins this at the very first, for not having come to any decision as to where he shall commence his world journey he decides by spinning a coin, and gives his reasons. We are next entertained by an interview with "Cooks," and an exact explanation of auction pool. There is as much vim and go in Mr. Everitt's descriptions of his travels as there was, according to him, in the concert provided by the Zoofoo Band of Warmstream Stokers on board the *Mauretania*. His humour is sometimes cynical, but he always sees the fun of things, even when shot off a broncho bucker which was given him as a mount by way of a practical joke. His testimony to American kindness and hospitality is strong.

An Englishwoman in a Turkish Harem, by Grace Ellison (Methuen, 5s. net). Miss Ellison's love for and sympathy with the Turkish ladies whom she knows so well must make this terrible time doubly sad for her. To her the most cruel of Germany's crimes is the dragging of Turkey into the conflict. Some of the material of this volume was sent to the *Daily Telegraph*, and records her impressions after the Balkan war. Miss Ellison paid an interesting visit to Brusa, one of the places in Asia to which it is suggested the Sultan may retire. Another topic of interest is her estimate of Enver Pasha. As always, her descriptions of social life in Constantinople are varied and unusual, for she has been present at all sorts of family occasions and State ceremonials.

Abbas II., by the Earl of Cromer (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net). Anything from the pen of Lord Cromer demands attention, but this record is unique, inasmuch as it describes the ex-Khedive of Egypt more fully than would have been desirable before the present crisis. That Lord Cromer had a difficult time during his administration was fairly well known. How difficult the Khedive made his position this book reveals. In his preface Lord Cromer strongly emphasises the supreme importance of keeping low the taxation of the fellah and the Soudanese tribesmen. It is because State expenditure has been carefully controlled and adapted to the financial resources of the country that there has been as yet no general discontent in Egypt.

Insects and Man, by C. A. Ealand (Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net). A thoroughly expert account of insects, harmful or beneficent in their effect upon mankind, the result of long and laborious research. Fortunately there is a possibility of insect control by man, otherwise the prospect would be terrifying indeed. Designed as an introduction to the study of economic entomology, its style will make it attractive to the general reader besides which it shows what curiously little attention has been paid to the historical significance of endemic disease. What effect has malaria had upon the life history of Greece? How great, for instance, is the harm the mosquito plague has done to the State of New Jersey! The introduction of the gipsy moth into the United States reads like a romance, and truly herculean were the labours of those who successfully completed the Panama Canal, in their antecedent attack upon the mosquito pest.

Memory Training, by Ernest Wood (Theosphical Publishing House, 6d.). A capital essay upon the training of the memory, with practical exercises for self-tuition. Some parts are too complicated for the rapid life of the city dweller, but students will find that the representation of figures by letters in the chapter on "Numbers and idea

images" is most helpful when dates have to be memorised; for instance, it is easy to forget that Alfred the Great built a fleet to resist the Danes in 897 A.D., whilst the phrase "Fleet by King Alfred" easily remains in the mind. "F" represents the number 8; b = 9; and K = 7 by the system advised.

Sea-Pie, by J. E. Patterson (Max Goschen, 7s. 6d. net). These further reminiscences of a sailor whose journeyings were in very rough waters are, the author tells us, mainly the experiences of other men. They come from all sorts of places and were told in varying circumstances, the moonlight dog-watch, Eastern and Western caravanserais, by camp-fires, in hospital, and elsewhere. *Sea-Pie* is a hotch-potch of stories, just as rasen-hash, the renowned dish for which Mr. Patterson gives the recipe, was a conglomeration of queer ingredients. Here it is: "One pint of sea-water to six of fresh, pepper, mustard, slices of lean bacon, the remains of a tin of corned beef, onions, potatoes, blue peas which had been soaked in soda-water, fins, heads and tails of cod, and small suet dumplings with tiny cubes of bacon in them. The whole to be cooked in a big fish kettle for an hour and a half . . . the result so delicious that the sweets of a houri's repast would have gone untouched beside it!" But such short extracts from *Sea-Pie* give but a very inadequate idea of the humour, the pathos, the adventures gathered here for our delectation. One of the notable characters is nicknamed "Shivers." At sixty-four years of age he was straight as a foremast and still of uncommon strength. Unshaven, with greyish-black hair, his hands and features made a battered picture of stormy memories, and some of these memories were doled out, a few sentences at a time, when teller and listener were seated together on the fo'c'sle-head in the night watches. In the days of which Mr. Patterson tells few smacks had steam-driven capstans; they all depended on sail, and for the six winter months life on the bitter North Sea was a hard struggle against adverse elements. Here is a picture that will give us some little idea of what our navy has suffered these months past:—

The wind came off that Swedish shore with a grip like pliable ice. The washing-up of seas on our weather side made icicles hang from the rail. These slowly grew in length and thickness until, as that second day wore on to night, they touched the deck and were the girth of a man's arm. Ropes were stiff with frozen spray; the decks sloshy and unsure under a coating of half-formed ice that would have become hard but for our continual treading in it and the occasional heavy swish of waters over the decks.

Mr. Patterson learnt his trade in a fishing-smack, spent many years as an able seaman, and, visiting distant ports, has carried in his memory the strange tales some few of which are given in *Sea-Pie*.

Letters to a Niece on New Church Subjects, by H. N. Morris (New Church Press, 1s. 6d.). Delightful explanations of Swedenborgian tenets in the form of letters to a young enquirer. The quiet and kindly spirit which animates the New Church is prominent, for "in all the teachings of the New Church one thing is continually insisted upon—they are to be brought down into life; into the home life, into business life, into political and into social life, and in so far as they are brought down into life they will make the earth a heaven indeed." The letters also contain a reference to a new movement in India—the formation of a Hindi Swedenborg Society.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The ninety-first issue of *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* (Whittaker, 3s. 6d. net) needs no recommendation, the Editor's note is dated January 11th, and so brings the matter fairly up to date.

The Year's Art (Hutchinson) opens with a witty survey of the past year by the Editor, A. C. R. Carter, and its useful budget of information is supplemented by illustrations as usual.

The Catholic Directory, published at the very small sum of 1s. 6d. (Burns and Oates), contains some nine hundred pages of most varied information, whilst

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England (S.P.C.K., 3s.) contains an epitome of the various institutions connected with the Church and the decrees of the Church councils amongst other important matters.

FICTION.

On the Fighting Line, by Constance Smedley (Putnam, 6s.). The "Line" is a row of pictures of successful soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, put on the shelf of the heroine's sky parlour to remind her that anything can be done if you work hard enough and never give in. There is much pathos in this story of a young girl, the daughter of a poet father, and a mother who, unable to comprehend, despised him because he was not a successful man, and made her child see through her spectacles. The deaths of her parents left her to fight the world as a typist. Full of idealism, her awakening was rough, and she even got on to the starvation line. There are many other interesting people -artists, business men, suffragettes, etc., in this characteristic tale of life in London.

The Invisible Event, by J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick, 6s.) It is not very easy to say which is the invisible event which gives the title to this third volume of the trilogy which is now brought to a conclusion. In it the character of Jacob Stahl progresses to a still higher level, chiefly through the influence of the girl-woman whom he persuades to defy the conventions. Some part of the story, if not biography, would seem to be the result of personal experience and is, therefore, the more humanly and interestingly told. It is certainly representative of the common feelings and happenings of everyday life. Jacob Stahl becomes a novelist and gets good reviews, except from the *Times* and the *Telegraph*. Well! it is a moot point whether talent and fine treatment should ensure recognition for an author who describes the marriage ceremony as "paying a shilling to some authorised person," and that is how our author speaks, and perhaps his creation did the same in his novel. Jacob Stahl is married, but his wife dislikes him and refuses to live with him. She wronged him by marrying, yet refused a divorce. Stahl finds in his boarding-house the one woman who is his pair, and this girl, Betty, the daughter of a clergyman, has somehow never before been an object of love to anyone. For months Betty struggles between her love for Stahl and what she calls her cowardice in fearing to outrage the conventionalities; for she does not count her intended life with Stahl a sin. Practically the tenor of the book is that religion is narrow-mindedness and marriage old-fashioned, yet through it all there is nobility of spirit and the suffering that calls for sympathy. Circumstances at last enable them to marry, and we leave Jacob Stahl "reaching out to those eternal values that are ever beyond his grasp," but full of comfort in his wife's love and his unselfish joy over and care of their three fine children.

Loneliness, by Robert Hugh Benson (Hutchinson, 6s.). It is quite in keeping with his life's work that this last novel of Monsignor Benson should show that the truest happiness may be found in renunciation of earthly happiness for Christ's sake. His heroine, a charming girl with an exquisite voice, has always been lonely until, beginning to be recognised, she comes in contact with the son of a rich banker, who makes a capital comrade. They become lovers, but the man knows that his people will never consent to a marriage and the girl knows that being a Catholic she must give up her Church unless the intending husband promises that all the children shall be brought up Catholics and the marriage be performed by a priest. Her love for Max is so overwhelming that she resolves to marry without the sanction of her Church. Then follow two catastrophes: first, the utter loss of her voice and the consequent desolation; secondly, the death of the friend who has loved and cared for her. In this crisis her soul returns to its first love; Religion asserts itself and in the last scene her renunciation of Max and her entry into the peace of the love of Jesus is wonderfully told. The reader realises even better than Marion that the union of the two would never have brought real happiness, for in truth Max was scarcely her equal. This is but the theme of a story which has many interesting characters, especially that of Marion's friend, and a high and pure note. The description of Marion's first appearance in Grand Opera as Elsa is most effective.

The Splendid Blackguard, by Roger Pocock (Murray, 6s.), pictures a hero with unnumbered adventures. By birth a Spanish grandee, he thankfully becomes one of the Canadian Mounted Police after being saved from starvation by a Red Indian girl. Emphatically a man's story, it is a queer compound of devilry and odd bits of sentiment.

ESPERANTO NEWS.

THE Esperanto motor-ambulance has done good work in Belgium, and the money for a much needed second has been subscribed.

From Dr. Zamenhof word has come that the remaining portions of the Old Testament are now ready, but it would be too great a risk to send the M.S. from Warsaw at this present time; moreover, it appears that Esperanto is under difficulties with the Censor. All the same, communications have reached us from Russia begging for English correspondents.

From Dr. Zamenhof a most interesting Open Letter to Diplomatists has been received, of which an English and Esperanto version is published in *The British Esperantist*. Here are some remarkable extracts. After pleading with the diplomats to examine betimes their awful and responsible task, he continues:—

However much you desire to satisfy the peoples, however just you may endeavour to be towards various races, you will achieve nothing by readjustment of the map, for every apparent act of justice towards one race will be at the same time an injustice to another race. The present times are not like the ancient times: on every disputable portion of the earth there have laboured and shed their blood not *one* race only, but *other* races; and if you decide that this or that portion of land must belong to this or that race, you will not only not do a just act, but you also will not remove on that land the cause for future strife. In handing over any territory to the people of this or that race, you will always do an injustice to other people who have the same natural rights in respect of that territory. The only really just decision which you can make is: to declare emphatically as an official, deliberately adopted and fully guaranteed decision of all the European nations the following fundamentally natural, but hitherto unhappily ignored, principle:

THAT EVERY COUNTRY MORALLY AND MATERIALLY BELONGS TO ALL ITS SONS IN PERFECT EQUALITY OF RIGHT.

That is, that in his private life every citizen of every state has full right to speak whatever language or dialect he chooses to speak, and to hold whatever religion he wishes to hold; that if in the public institutions one sole state or local language is used, that is a concession of the minority to the majority, merely for the sake of convenience, and not as a humiliating tribute on the part of inferior races to a dominant race. Since the race-names which many kingdoms and provinces still bear are a chief reason why the inhabitants reputed to be of one origin consider themselves as the masters of the other inhabitants with another reputed origin, therefore every State and every province must bear the name, not of some race, but one merely neutral and geographical.

It would be best if, instead of various large and small European States, we should some day have proportionally and geographically arranged "United States of Europe."

Dr. Zamenhof goes on to explain his idea that the racial names of countries are a source of strife. (He is a Lithuanian by birth, though cosmopolitan in spirit). He concludes with this appeal:—

Gentlemen, diplomatists! After the terrible murderous war which has set mankind lower than the most savage beasts, Europe looks to you for peace. It looks not for a temporary pacification, but for a constant peace, such as alone is worthy of a civilised human race. But remember, remember, remember, that the only means to attain such a peace is: to remove once for all the *chief cause* of the wars, the barbarous survival from pre-civilised antiquity, *the dominance of race over race.*



Cape Times.]

The Admiral of the "Mine."

"I've a Mine at the mast!" said he,
"For a Mine is the sign for me,
That the world may know
I'll send below
All ships on the mighty sea."

[" *The Admiral's Broom*" *adapted.*]


In 1903.

I close this character sketch by paying a personal tribute of affection and gratitude to one, who, although he has ever been a fighter, has nevertheless never allowed the vehemence of controversy to embitter the sweetness of his soul, and who, in the midst of the stormy controversies in the heart of which he sometimes seems to live and move and have his being, has preserved the gentle lovingkindness of a child. Apart from the opposition excited by his political activity and the suspicions which are aroused by his theological liberality, I doubt whether he has an enemy in the world. Such men as Dr. Clifford are indeed of the salt of the earth. He has never failed, he has never feared, he has never deserted the good cause, nor has his place ever been vacant in times of danger. He is a man of faith, a man of hope, and a man of boundless charity, and yet for all that he is the doughtiest fighter and the most impassioned platform orator to be found in England at this moment.

From a Character Sketch of Dr. Clifford,
in the "Review of Reviews" for October, 1902.

William T. Stead



AFTER THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA."

From a Drawing by S. Begg in "The Illustrated London News."

No. 306. Vol. LI.] [June, 1915.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *June* 1st, 1915.

The Enemy's Ally.

The past month has been the most momentous through which this country has passed since the beginning of the war, and though it has resulted in a truer realisation of the meaning and seriousness of the situation and of the absolute necessity of combined national effort in order that we may exert the nation's power to the fullest extent, yet it has also produced some results which no Briton can look upon without shame and fear for the future. The freedom of the Press is one of the glories of Great Britain, and the Fourth Estate has maintained and increased its influence and position simply because it has as a whole never allowed freedom to descend to licence. Before the war in certain sections of the Press this feeling had distinctly weakened, and its responsibility and its high calling were ignored when it clashed with the furtherance of purely personal ends. When the war broke out this policy, temporarily forced into the background, was not abandoned, and has gradually come to the forefront and culminated in the dastardly attack on Lord Kitchener. Luckily the unpatriotic Press over-reached itself, but it must by no means be supposed that this failure will prevent the Northcliffe gramophone Press from carrying out exactly the same tactics in other directions unless strong action is taken to punish the offenders for their crime. For their action is nothing more or less than an encouragement to the enemy, and must act as a deterrent to recruiting. It is in this last matter that we must seek for the explanation of such conduct. At the very outset of the war the Northcliffe organs started a demand for Conscription, and ever since they have used every opportunity, legitimate or otherwise, to urge it as the only possible solution; every suggestion that the voluntary principle was not producing sufficient results has been made the most of; every hint let fall by public speakers, responsible and otherwise, in favour of Conscription has been boomed to the skies; and though the magnificent response to the demand for men has nullified these tactics to a large extent, yet they have shown clearly that nothing matters except the adoption of Conscription. Other newspapers and men have advocated the same thing, but their methods have been quite legitimate, and have not been characterised by the absolute unscrupulousness of the Northcliffe Press.



[*Pall Mall Gazett.*

The Path of Honour.

Conscription? No!

This campaign has been assisted by the lack of precise figures with regard to the number of recruits and the number of men still available. Some form of compulsion may eventually be necessary, but the numbers to be obtained by the present methods are by no means exhausted, and when the evils attendant on Conscription, both now and after the war is over, are considered it will at once be seen that they are in no way counterbalanced by the extra men which could be raised by that method. This is a fight against Prussian militarism, and no better justification of that militarism could be found than if we were to set up a similar system in this country. Conscription spells the complete overthrow of our free democracy, which is our hard-earned and most cherished heritage attested by the voluntary enlistment of three million men, and to adopt such a system as the legacy of the war would be the highest compliment we could pay to Prussian methods, and would constitute a fatal blow to liberty not only in this country but throughout the world. But there is no need for it. The great majority of the remaining available manhood in this country is anxious and willing to enlist, especially since the stupendous nature of the Allies' task is more and more fully realised. If any hold back it is simply because they cannot decide whether or not they are helping the country more by staying at their work or by entering the Army, and that is a question in which they are convinced the Government will give the direction when found necessary. The authorities should know what trades are essential to the country in order to maintain our economic position, which is admittedly an overwhelming factor in securing the final success of the Allies. Let the Government take a census of the men still available—a proceeding by no means complicated if full use of the civil administration is made, a source of assistance which has been almost entirely neglected up to now and then a definite declaration will be met by a willing response. This action would immediately release numbers of men anxious to join. In any case, so strong is the feeling against Conscription that very many men who have not joined as yet would do so at whatever cost to themselves and their dependents and employees rather than become conscripts. The nation must have the question put clearly before it, and be given a space to decide before Conscription is brought into play. If this is done we are convinced that the results



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Sea Gets Rough.

THE GOVERNMENT: "And we thought we knew this water so well."

will be such that there will be no need to have recourse to any measure of compulsion. Conscription is entirely foreign to the ideals of the British nation as a whole. It spells for democracy the downfall of every hope of progress, for once instituted it can only be thrown off with the greatest difficulty, and British democracy will have none of it unless it is rushed into it without a chance of reply. This is not to say that a form of National Service will not be ultimately desirable, but if any so-called system is instituted at the moment it would be Conscription in the strict military sense without any pretence of civil control which is the only safeguard against militarism, naked and unashamed, from which Heaven save us!



Photo by] [*Central News.*

British Soldiers equipped against German Poison-Gas.

Our men with respirators and goggles.

Government by Coalition.

As far as this country is concerned, the political happenings at home have tended to overshadow the events of the war. The Liberal Government has ceased to exist, and a Coalition has taken its place. The change came suddenly, and outwardly without any great compelling reason. Minor causes there were, but not such as could not have been overcome by strong measures on the part of the Government. Certainly there are few advantages to be achieved by a Coalition, which is alien to British politics, and the disadvantages are many -principally the lack of the best material for an alternative Government, together with the elimination of any considered criticism. The Coalition must justify itself by results, for it at least should secure a greater unity of purpose and a more thorough mobilisation of the country's resources in prosecuting the war to a finish. We hope and believe it will succeed, and there is only one course for the country to pursue, and that is to give the Government whole-hearted support. It is the result of our detachment

from the war that after the first national outburst in August, owing to the slight dislocation of trade and commerce, the nation soon returned to its normal condition, and political faction and rivalry sprang up again. The Coalition should end this, and it will be helped by the various occurrences which have brought the meaning of the German menace more clearly home to this country. The late Government is partly to blame for its own downfall. It failed to make full use of its powers and opportunities. The nation was prepared to accept strong measures, but they were not forthcoming. The most lamentable failure was on the drink question. It might easily have been made an exhibition of truly national endeavour if the King's example had been followed up strongly and immediately, and the country would have supported the movement. Instead, lamentable weakness and vacillation were shown, and the usual compromise implied a political fiasco which should have been avoided at all costs. The opportunity has passed never to return. The country wants strong and decisive measures, and wants them at once, and, in so far as the Coalition provides them, it will succeed. The immediate business is the organising of the supplies of munitions and of men, a heavy burden the overworked War Office has attempted to shoulder without full civil co-operation. This neglect must be remedied without delay.

The Lords of the Admiralty.

As to the new Cabinet, criticism can lead to no good. We deplore the loss of Lord Haldane, who deserves so well of his country and has encountered such slanderous attacks. It is a pity Mr. Redmond could not see his way to join the Coalition, and his absence makes Sir Edward Carson's inclusion all the more remarkable. Naturally Lord Kitchener remains, the Press attack having only increased his prestige; he may or may not have been responsible for the lack of high explosive shells, but he is the only man for the War Office, as the nation has clearly shown, and whatever mistakes he may have made are as nothing to the wonders he has worked, and which he alone could have performed. Where, however, there will be a feeling of insecurity is at the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill has left, and no one but appreciates the magnificent work he has done in that department, and at the same time we lose Lord Fisher as well; this is indeed a disaster. He has even more right at the Admiralty than Lord Kitchener at the War Office; he is a man of absolute genius, such as we have not had in the Navy since Nelson. He towers head and shoulders above his colleagues. The Navy of to-day is his creation, and he knows better how to handle it than anyone else, and he is the only man who should be in charge of the "conning tower of the Empire." We have other distinguished and capable men in the Navy, but they lack Lord Fisher's elemental genius, and this is not the time when we can afford to dispense with one of our greatest men.

Enter Italy.

It is probable that the past month will be looked upon as the turning-point of the war. There has been a culmination of German barbarities, which have turned practically the whole world against her, but the most decisive event has been the entry of Italy into the arena. Her action has been anticipated for some time, and was no doubt delayed by the skilful manœuvres of Signor Giolitti. Himself a neutralist, he held a commanding majority in the Italian Parliament, which he managed by various means, unscrupulous and otherwise, to keep true to him in spite of the growing

THE ADRIATIC SEA.

Showing Italian and Austrian Interests.

feeling in favour of intervention. Signor Salandra was thus handicapped from carrying out his policy, and when the agitation, headed by D'Annunzio, for intervention reached such great proportions, he took the drastic measure of resigning. It was a magnificent political move. Giolitti would not form a Ministry, and his hold over his followers was immediately destroyed. Salandra resumed office, and when the Italian Parliament met on May 20th intervention was voted by enormous majorities, and a few days after Italy declared war on Austria. Already, on May 4th, she had repudiated the Triple Alliance on the ground that Austria had broken the treaty by her action against Serbia. What line of action Italy will take is not yet revealed. Probably she will not take the offensive into the Trentino, as the country is very difficult. More likely she will give assistance in Gallipoli, and also in Serbia and on the Dalmatian coast. In any case, she will force the detachment of many Austrian and German troops from other theatres of war, and thus render immense service to the Allies. Germany and Austria are naturally furious, while the Allies heartily welcome her adhesion both on account of the assistance she can give, and also because it was felt that a nation which has made such great sacrifices for liberty could not stand aloof in such a struggle. Italy has come to an understanding with the Entente Powers as to the settlement after the war, and we trust that this will avoid friction in the partition of the Dalmatian coast. Unfortunately voices have already been raised in this country in favour of giving Serbia practically the whole of Dalmatia, and this has caused uneasiness in Italy, which claims the district on historical, political and national lines, for, without wishing to deprive Serbia of ample outlet to the sea, she has always considered Dalmatia as her true frontier. This debatable land is historically Italian, the question of division on national lines is practically unsolvable, since the Italians and Slavs have intermarried, and there are numbers of people of mixed nationality who proclaim themselves Italian or Slav according to circumstances. Whatever becomes of the country there will always be the two races side by side, one ruling the other; and the Italians maintain, from the point of view of progress and liberty, the Slavs (Croats and Serbs) in that district are more likely to secure better treatment under Italian rule than the Italians would receive from the Croats and Serbs. Italy does not want the whole Dalmatian coast, but is determined not to give up all to Serbia. There will have to be some give and take, and as Serbia will probably owe the abandonment of any future invasion on the part



Pasquino [Turin

Italian Neutrality.

When the 20th of May arrives.

of Austria to Italy's intervention, she will no doubt modify her claims in the end. The Dalmatian question is typical of the extreme difficulty of settling regions of mixed nationality on national lines, and there are other parts of the Austrian Empire where the same troubles will arise.

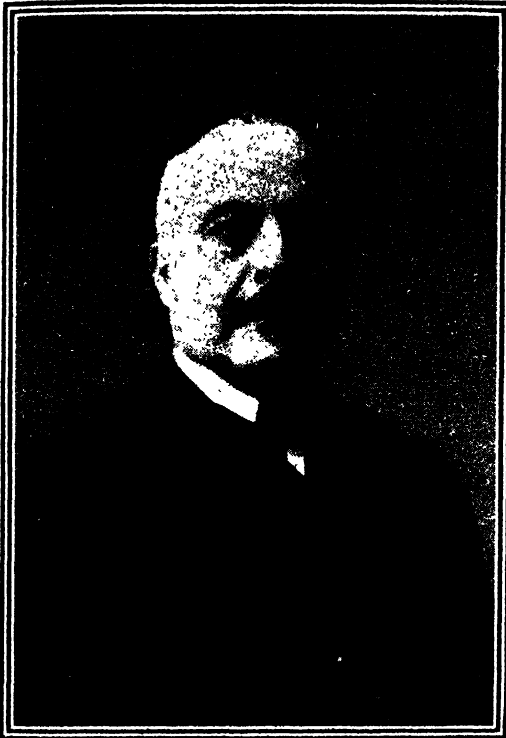


Photo by] *[Underwood and Underwood.*

Signor S. E. Salandra,
Prime Minister of Italy.



Photo by] *[Underwood and Underwood.*

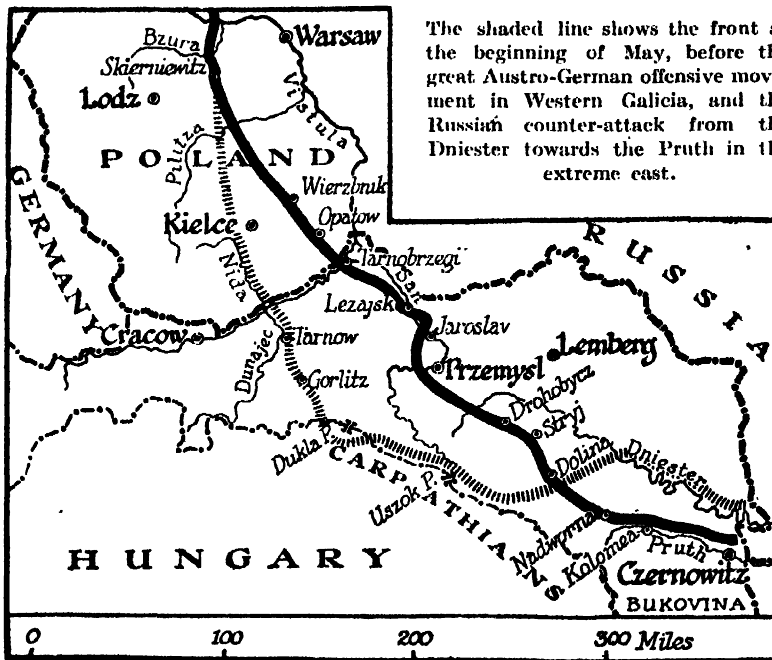
Baron Sidney Sonnino,
Italian Foreign Minister.

The Fighting East and West.

The actual fighting on the West has been very favourable to the Allied forces. The French have, by magnificent fighting, made a pronounced advance in the direction of Lens. The British, after failure to take the Aubers ridge, have made good progress north of La Bassée, while the German offensive at Ypres has been stopped, in spite of the plenteous use of poison gas, and the enemy driven back some distance. The need for high explosive shells is now the chief obstacle to further advance, but these should soon be forthcoming, and even without a complete supply an advance is inevitable. On the Eastern front the Russians have been thrust back a long way by a violent German offensive towards Przemysl; and, though it has been held up at the River San, nevertheless Russia had to withdraw her troops from the Carpathian passes. This constitutes a very severe check to the Russian progress, although Germany has secured no decisive success. The Germans have also advanced towards Riga in the north, but are being pushed back, while in Bukowina the Russians have made considerable progress. As usual, the German success is due to her superior organisation and the Russian shortage of equipment and munitions,

which prevents her from developing her offensive.

Fine Work at the Dardanelles. At the Dardanelles progress is steady if slow; the landing of the forces was a wonderful performance, in which the Australians and the New Zealanders especially distinguished themselves. The casualties have been heavy, and are bound to continue so, and it will be some time before the Narrows are forced. The effect on the Balkan States has been good, and Bulgaria especially seems to be nearer a decision than before. Greece is still undecided, and the King's illness has suspended all political action for the time being, but Italy's intervention must greatly influence the situation in the Balkans. It has been understood all along that Roumania's action would depend upon Italy, but there are many reasons delaying her participation in the struggle.



Last Month's Fighting Front in Poland and Galicia.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Daily News."

General Botha's Victory in South Africa. General Botha continues his victorious career, has captured Windhock, the capital of German South-West Africa, and has formally annexed the colony. What has happened to the German forces is not stated; there must be between 8,000 and 10,000 still at large at the very lowest estimate. They may carry on a species of guerilla warfare, but are not likely to have much success against the South African troops. More probably they will retire northwards to Portuguese East Africa, and then attempt to cut across Rhodesia into German East Africa. This will be a hazardous undertaking, and we may be quite sure that General Botha will take all measures to prevent its accomplishment.

The Action of America. There is only one Great Power now remaining neutral, and the United States may not remain so for long. She has been deeply stirred by the outrages on her citizens which culminated in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. She has addressed a firn. note to Germany demanding the abandonment of the methods of piracy. The reply has not yet been received, but if it is unfavourable it is difficult to see how America can refrain from taking hostile action. If she does so she cannot give any military assistance to the Allies, but in other ways she can do



THE EMPIRE'S TROOPS IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

Australians and New Zealanders landing at Gaba-Tepe. Note the Red Cross Station for wounded on the left.

From a Drawing by S. Begg in "The Illustrated London News."

much. She can organise her munition factories to give a maximum output, and she can assist financially by loans, and also she can absolutely cut off all supplies to Germany. In this way she would be of more use in bringing about the desired end than by raising and training a large army for use in Europe—a policy which is altogether against her oldest traditions. Whether she would be content with such a passive *rôle* remains to be seen. Her participation would have a great moral effect, which might even react on German opinion if outside action can produce any change in that nation's desire for "world-power or downfall."

The Unforgivable Crime. Is there any depth of frightfulness and infamy to which Germany will not descend in order to further her ends? The world has been aghast at the happenings of the last month. The use of poisonous gases and the sinking of the *Lusitania* have brought home to this country the nature of the forces we are combating in the struggle against Germany, and what are the "*ideals*" that we are trying to overthrow. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, though in itself not a much more frightful deed than many which had preceded, yet the magnitude of the crime impressed the imagination, and this act may prove the most disastrous of the deeds of frightfulness that Germany has committed. At a stroke it finally alienated the sympathy of the world from her, and probably gave the last touch to Italian sentiment, while it made this country absolutely implacable in its determination to carry through the war to the bitter end. Unfortunately at the same time it gave rise to actions which are a disgrace to Great Britain. The attacks on German and alleged German shops, though the reason which prompted them is understandable, yet were absolutely inexcusable, and have besmirched our fair name. The rioters were not solely to blame: that rests also on the section of the Press which openly urged them on, and on the authorities, who did not at once discourage the outbreak by severe penalties. The conduct of the British people up to that time has been a subject of pride, when it is compared with the disgusting lack of self-control which characterised the South African War.



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.
Vision of King Herod after the murder of innocents.

The Bryce Report. The simultaneous publication of the Bryce report on German atrocities in Belgium added but further to the indignation. Many had believed that the reported atrocities had been grossly exaggerated, as is usually the case in war, but the Report leaves no loophole for such a belief. As there is every probability of Germany resorting to other devices against humanity, the question arises what course shall this country pursue? Nothing we do will dissuade Germany from her evil ways; holding the Kaiser personally responsible will have no effect since he feels quite safe.

That plan has worked successfully with regard to Turkey, and we trust it will do so again in connection with the Armenian massacres. Reprisals are abhorrent to the British mind, and, of course, are out of the question in cases where no military benefit will be obtained by them; but as regards the use of poisonous gases apparently we are to make use of them, but it should be clearly demonstrated that such use is absolutely essential to our hope of victory, otherwise it will not compensate for the loss to the soul of Great Britain which will result from such a descent from our ideal. Such reprisals can only lead to further atrocities until war will become but a combat of wild beasts aided by all the devilish inventions of misapplied science.



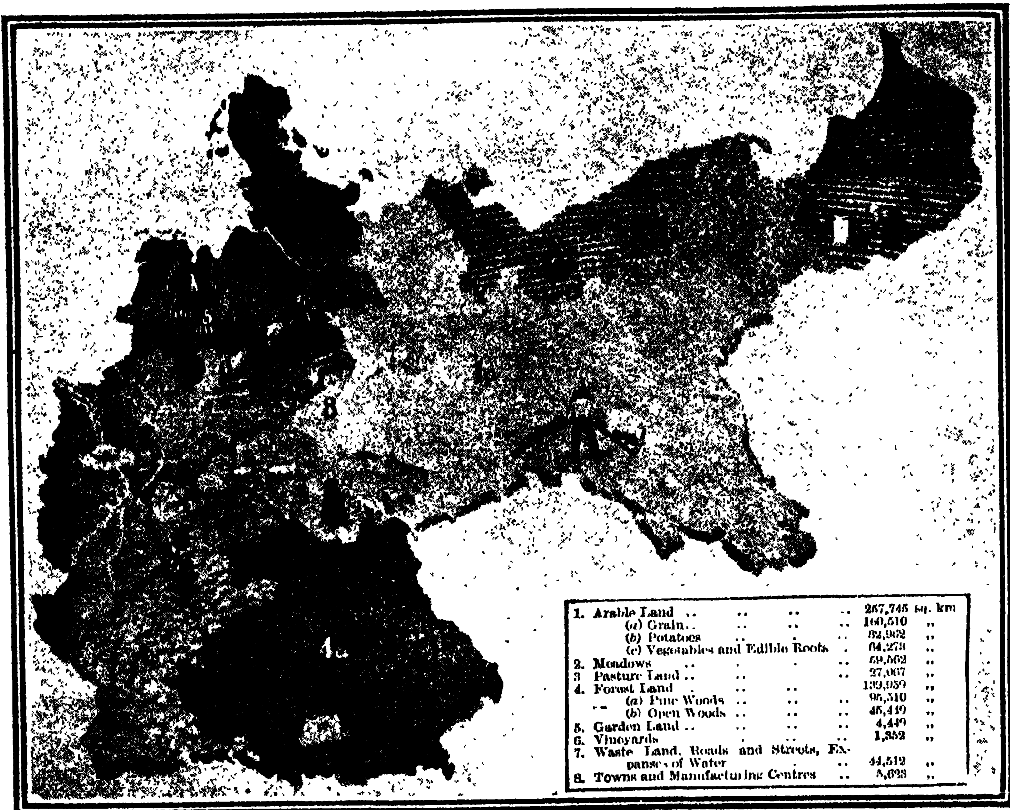
Evening Sun] [N York.

"Contraband of War."

The Final Overthrow. What is ultimately to be done to Germany to make her pay the penalty for her sins? Those responsible must be overthrown and cast for ever out of power. This can only be effectively done by the Germans themselves, since retribution vented upon the ruling classes by the Allies would but strengthen their hold on their countrymen. If the German nation pronounces their punishment their doom will be sealed. The German people will only do this if they are convinced that their leaders have led them to ruin and disaster, and the only way to ensure this is to inflict utter and complete defeat on their armies in the field. This end is a long way off, but there must be no slackening until it is accomplished, whatever the cost, for there will be no hope of permanent peace until the German military ruling class is overthrown, and its power broken beyond the power of recall.

The Empire United. The Government did the only possible thing when they announced that they would consult our self-governing Colonies when the peace terms are discussed. Any other course would have been a betrayal of the bonds of Empire. But they should have gone farther, and should have summoned the representatives of the Dominions at once and given them full knowledge of what we are doing and the lines of our future policy. Only in such a way can the Dominions feel that they are truly one with us in this conflict, and only thus can they get a true insight into all the conditions which will effect the conditions of peace. Until now

they have never fully known the direction of Great Britain's foreign policy, nor have they been consulted. In the future this must and will be changed, and our foreign policy will be directed by the Empire, and not by Great Britain, and therefore the sooner the Dominions receive full knowledge of the considerations that govern that foreign policy the better will they be able to fulfill their task when the war is over. The Government has become representative of all parties in Great Britain, and it is only right that the Dominions should be included. The utmost strength of the Empire will certainly be needed before victory is obtained, and no better way can be found of discovering how best our resources can be employed than by having representatives of the Colonies here in London in close personal touch with the Government, when everything can be discussed fully and explained. Such a meeting would be very popular in the Dominions and would greatly increase the help which is now being so generously given, as well as laying the foundations of a permanent unity and closer co-operation between the scattered members of the Empire.

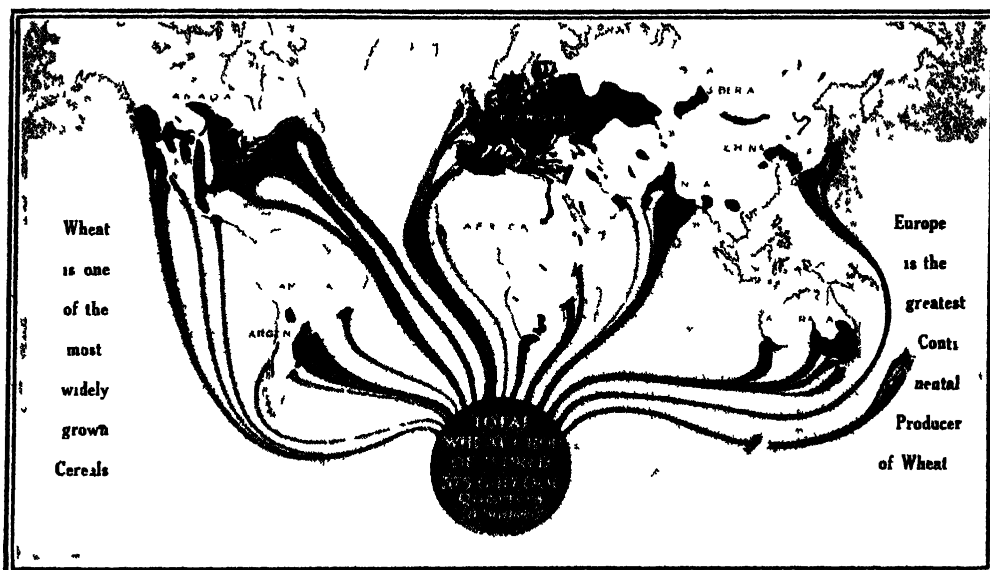


Germany's Food Problem. The size of the Cultivated Areas—and others.

How all can Help.

While people question how best they can help towards the successful termination of the war, there is one way in which every man, woman and child, whatever their ages or disabilities, can do to help. The war is

costing an incredible amount, so large that the figures convey nothing to the average person, but the obligation must be met somehow. Rich as the nation is, it will find some difficulty in meeting the debt, and it is essential to strengthen our reserves to the utmost extent. Therefore it is the duty of everyone to cut down waste to nothing, and practise the most rigid economy so as to increase the savings which may be invested in Government loans. Germany is doing so, but in this country there has been a tendency to increased spending, due partly to higher wages. Every penny saved will help the country to pay its debts abroad and subscribe successfully to the enormous loans which must be raised in this country. This is an immensely valuable service which can be rendered by everyone. Rigid economy and increased savings should be the universal watchwords and the motto of every household.



Wheat and its Vital Importance to the Nation.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT PRODUCERS
For the season 1913-14 the [illegible]

	Quarters
Russia	[illegible]
U S A	9[illegible] 000 000
India	4[illegible] 000 000
France	[illegible]
Italy	[illegible] 000 000
Canada	[illegible] 000 000
Argentine	[illegible] 00 000
Germany	[illegible] 000 000
Hungary	1[illegible] 000 000
Spain	13 000 000
Australasia	13 000 000
Rumania	10 000 000
Austria	8 000 000
United Kingdom	7 000 000
Other countries	3[illegible] 000 000
	[illegible]91 000 000

WHEAT SELLING COUNTRIES
The following figures refer to wheat and [illegible] flour —

	Quarters
U S A	[illegible]
Argentine	[illegible]
Canada	[illegible]
Russia	[illegible]
India	[illegible]
Balkan States	[illegible]
Australasia	[illegible]
Other countries	[illegible]
	85 [illegible]

WHEAT BUYING COUNTRIES

	Quarters
United Kingdom	[illegible]
Italy	[illegible]
Germany	8 [illegible]
Belgium	6 [illegible]
France	5 [illegible]
Holland	[illegible]
Other countries	[illegible]
	[illegible]

DIARY OF THE WAR.

April 30.—German air raid on Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds; no lives lost.

Sinking of Tyne trawler *Lilydale* off the Berwickshire coast and of British steamer *Mobile* off Lewis Island by German submarines; crews saved.

Bombardment of Dunkirk by German artillery; 20 killed.

After several skirmishes, Libau-Romney railway line captured by German troops.

Report of operations in the Dardanelles from April 25 to April 29 issued.

May 1.—British torpedo-boat destroyer *Recruit* and British trawler *Colombia* sunk near the North Hinder lightship by two German destroyers; later the destroyers were chased and sunk by British destroyers; 39 men missing from the *Recruit*.

American steamer *Gulflight* sunk off the Scilly Isles by a German submarine; 2 deaths.

German aeroplane lost in the North Sea.

Germans again attacked Hill 60 near Ypres, but were repulsed in spite of their use of poisonous gases.

Bombardment of Metz by the French.

Occupation of Kubas, German South-West Africa, by Union troops.

May 2.—British trawler sunk off the Tyne by a German submarine; crew saved.

Norwegian steamer *Baldwin* sunk in the North Sea by a German submarine; crew saved.

Two German attacks against the Allies on the Yser Canal and north of Ypres repulsed with heavy losses; poisonous gases again used.

Number of Germans killed in the Battle of Ypres estimated at 12,000 to date.

Bombardment of the outer forts of the Bosphorus by the Russian Black Sea Fleet.

May 3. Eleven British trawlers—*Martaban*, *Mercury*, *Uxbridge*, *Hero*, *Iolanthe*, *Northward Ho!*, *Rugby*, *Coquet*, *Progress*, *Hector*, and *Bob White*—sunk in the North Sea by German submarines; also British steamer *Minterne* off the Scilly Isles; all crews saved.

Heavy defeat of the Russian Southern Armies.

May 4.—Turkish defeat in the Caucasus announced by Russia; 3,500 Turks dead.

May 5.—By means of poisonous gases German troops again obtained a footing on Hill 60.

Official report issued stating that on the occupation of Swakopmund by Union troops on January 6, six wells were found to have been poisoned by the Germans.

Occupation of Kariblb by Union troops.

May 6.—British liners *Centurion* and *Candidate* torpedoed and sunk in the English Channel and off the Irish coast respectively by German submarines; also sunk were British schooner *Earl of Lathom* off Old Head of Kinsale, several trawlers off Yorkshire, and a Danish steamer in the North Sea.

May 7.—Cunard liner *Lusitania* torpedoed and sunk some miles off Old Head of Kinsale by a German submarine; 1,131 lives lost.

British torpedo-boat destroyer *Maori*, struck a mine near Weilingen lightship, foundered.

Struggle for Hill 60 continued.

Violent artillery duels in the Argonne.

Re-invasion of Galicia by German troops reported, also a Russian retreat from Hungary.

Note sent to Turkey by Sir E. Grey, through the American Ambassador, stating that the British Government would hold the members of the Turkish Government personally responsible for the lives of any British or French subjects sent to the war zone.

State of siege declared in Angola.

May 8.—Capture of Libau by the Germans.

May 9.—Dispatch published from Sir John French describing an important advance against the German lines between Armentières and La Bassée.

May 10.—White paper issued containing reports by American officials on the treatment of British prisoners of war in Germany.

Zeppelin raid on Southend, Westcliff-on-Sea, and Leigh; 1 death.

Great advance on the western front by the Allies reported.

Three German attacks north of Lombaertzyde repulsed.

Dunkirk again bombarded.

Fierce fighting from Arras to the sea reported.

Enos abandoned by the Turks.

Telegram of condolence sent to Washington by the German Government expressing sympathy at the loss of American lives on the *Lusitania*, but stating that she carried a cargo of ammunition and contraband.

May 11.—A Taube flew over St. Denis near Paris; bombs were dropped, wounding many people.

May 12.—Report of the Bryce Committee on German atrocities issued.

Repulse of a German force east of Ypres.

British battleship *Goliath* torpedoed and sunk by a Turkish destroyer inside the Dardanelles; 484 lives lost.

Occupation of Windhuk by Union forces under General Botha.

May 13.—Important French victory at Carency reported.

Russian advance in the direction of Bukowina announced.

Austro-German advance in Galicia.

Sinking of two Turkish gunboats and a Turkish transport in the Dardanelles by British submarine *E*14 reported.

May 14.—The return from Gallipoli to Constantinople of 50 British and French subjects rewarded the efforts of Sir E. Grey and Mr. Morgenthau, American Ambassador at Constantinople.

May 15.—French advance at Souchez reported.

Austro-German rout in Galicia officially announced in Petrograd.

May 16.—Dispatch from Sir John French published announcing the breaking of the German line over a two-mile front.

German position between Festubert and Richebourg-l'Avoué taken by the British.

May 17.—Zeppelin attack on Ramsgate; 2 victims died some days later.

Zeppelin attack on Calais; 4 deaths.

May 18.—British steamer *Dumcree* torpedoed and sunk off the Cornish coast; crew saved.

Poisoning of a river near Ypres by the Germans reported.

May 19.—British steamer *Dumfries* and trawler *Lucerne* sunk off Hartland Point and Fraserburgh respectively by German submarines; crews saved.

Passage of the San and capture of 7,000 prisoners claimed by Austro-German reports.

Battle north-west of Gallipoli and the town of Dardanelles destroyed by the Allies.

Sinking of Australian submarine *AE*2 in the Sea of Marmora on April 30th reported from Turkish sources; crew taken prisoners.

May 20.—Attack by the French on Notre Dame de Lorette and the mountain now entirely in the hands of the French.

Germans defeated by the French north of Ypres.

Reports from the Dardanelles that the Allies have occupied positions on the Krithia Heights.

French steam-trawler *St. Just* sunk by German torpedo off Dartmouth; 13 lives lost.

Sinking of Hull trawler *Chrysolite* by German submarine off Peterhead announced; crew saved.

May 21.—The sailing vessel *Glenholm* sunk by German submarine off Berehaven; crew saved.

May 22.—War acts by Austria against Italy—returning the Italian mails, tearing up railway line, and arresting Italian sympathisers in the Trentino.

Norwegian steamer *Minerva* torpedoed by German submarine about 100 miles off the mouth of the Tyne; crew saved.

May 23. Furious attacks by Germans at various points between Arras and the sea, north of Ypres, north of La Bassée, etc.—repulsed by the Allies and advance by the Allies of several hundred metres north-east of the Chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette.

Capture by the Russians of several villages in Galicia.

Turkish losses at the Dardanelles now estimated to amount to 80,000.

Swedish steamer *Hernodia* mined off Soderarm; crew saved.

May 24. Declaration of war against Austria by Italy, followed by manifesto of the Emperor of Austria characterising the declaration as an act of perfidy.

Departure from Rome of the Austrian Ambassadors and Consuls to the Quirinal and the Vatican; also Prince Bülow and the Bavarian Minister to the Vatican; and departure from Vienna of the Italian Ambassador.

Italian operations opened by naval attack on the island of Porto Buso

Austrian air and naval raid on the Italian coast from Venice to Barletta.

Fresh attacks by Germans east of Ypres; poisonous gas and asphyxiating shells again used and portions of the British line taken.

British progress at Festubert reported.

May 25.—Invasion of Austria-Hungary by Italy near Friuli, Udine, and Trieste, and several villages occupied.

Further determined German attacks on Ypres.

French successes north of Arras and elsewhere; and furious German attacks on the plains of Lens repulsed.

In the Dardanelles the Allies reported to be steadily gaining ground.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

**"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns*.**



Westminster Gazette.]

The Puff Adder.

Now Infesting Flanders.



The Daily Chronicle]

The Super-Savage.

THE HEATHEN SAVAGE to the Gentle German: "I've just been reading about your doings in Belgium. Pray have my place on the pedestal."



Evening Sun.] [New York.

The Dropped Pilot.



Rand Daily Mail.]

A Thorough Gentleman.

THE GERMAN STOAT (to the British Bulldog): "You may kill me, but I mean to make a devil of a stink first."



Westminster Gazette.]

His Latest Battue.

The Kaiser is very fond of being photographed after a battue in his fantastic Imperial hunting costume, designed by himself.





Pasquino.] [Turin.

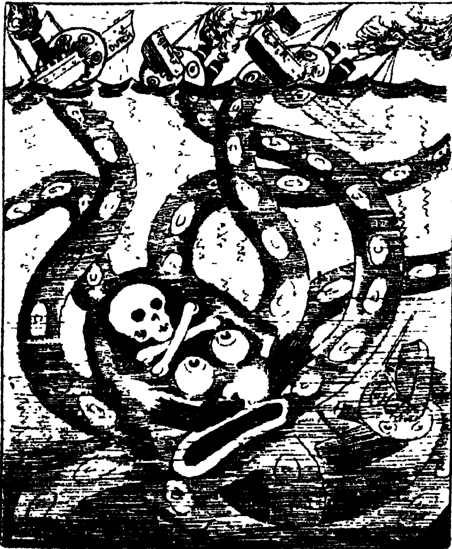
(i). The "Lusitania."

GERMANY: "What is there to protest about? War is War."

(ii). The English Blockade.

GERMANY: "What barbarity! He is making me eat K bread."

Pasquino cleverly illustrates Germany's attitude towards her own deeds and those of her enemies. *The Melbourne Punch* represents the German submarine fleet as an octopus, while *De Telegraaf* suggests that cowardice is the reason for the attacks on merchantmen.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

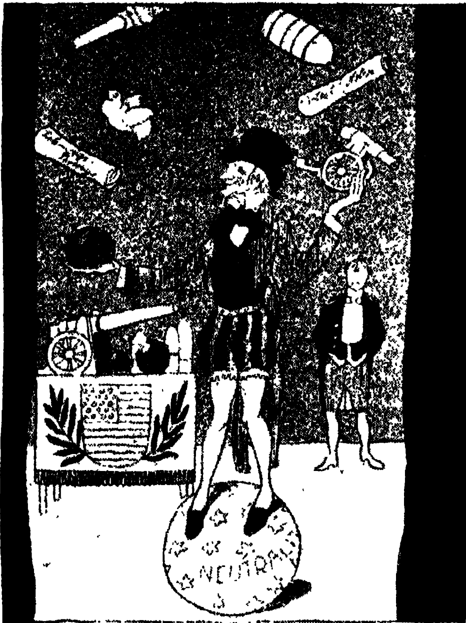
The Monster of the North Sea.

Note the Kaiser's face in the Octopus.



Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

"This is much nicer than attacking ships which can fire at us."



Nebelspalter.] [Zurich

American Neutrality.

Great Variety Attraction in the War Theatre.

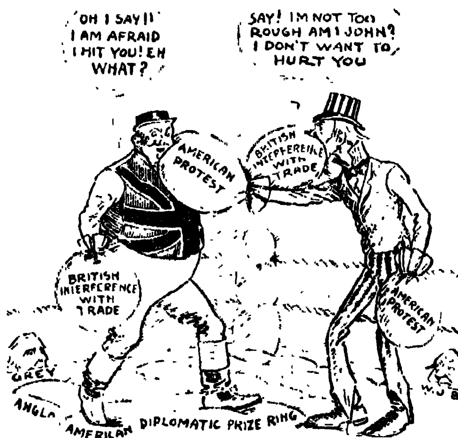


Le Rire.] [Paris.

A Separate Peace.

GERMANY: "If ever I catch you around this shop, I will reduce you to K K. bread and water for the rest of your lives!"

Le Rire deals with the rumours that Austria and Turkey desire to make peace, much to the anger of Germany. *Nebelspalter* depicts America juggling with munitions, protests and doves of peace, while maintaining her neutrality.



Bock's Weekly.] [*Montreal.*

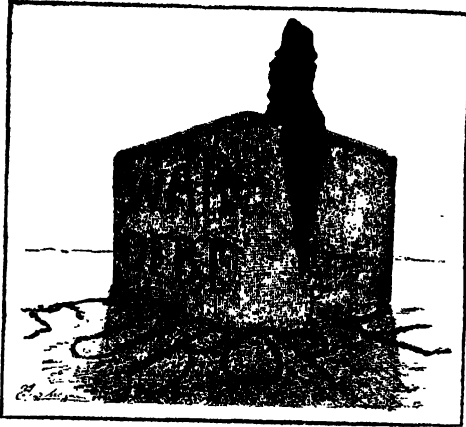
Always the Gentleman.



Cape Times.]

April 1st.

BOTH: "They fooled me to the top of my bent."—*Hamlet.*



Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"A Little Souvenir for Posterity."



De Amsterdammer.]

The International Women's Conference.

The effect of the protest of the French women.



The Daily Chronicle.] Edmund J. Sullivan.

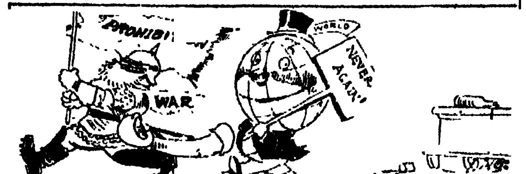
The End of Militarism.

De Amsterdammer depicts the sensation at the Women's Congress caused by the reading of the French protest. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* gives a timely reminder of one of the consequences of the war.









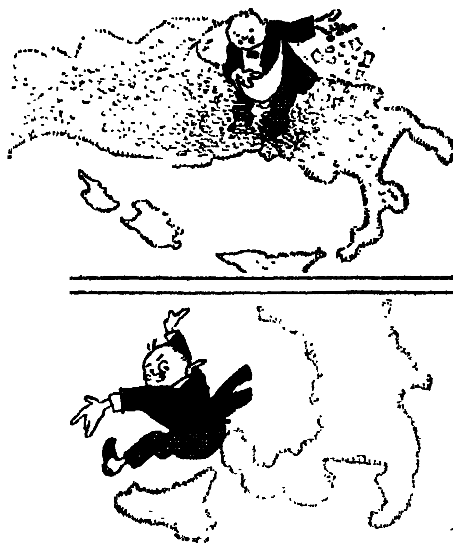
Register and Leader.] [Des Moines.

The Irony of it.



Oregonian.] [Portland.

Yesterday Italy was Swinging by One Toe.



L'Asino.] [Rome.

Von Bülow's Task in Italy.

The beginning—and the end.



Hindi *Punch.*]

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lip.

The House of Lords threw out the Executive Council Bill for the United Provinces.



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

Austria is unwilling to give up her possessions at Germany's request.

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore? Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

TRUTH ABOUT WAR-BABIES.

SLANDERING THE HEROES OF THE MARNE.

By JAMES MARCHANT (Hon. Sec. National Birth Rate Commission).

THREE related evils invariably accompany standing armies—prostitution, illegitimacy, and venereal diseases. They decimated the armies of Napoleon, and they are the worst foes of our own forces. In some of these respects a voluntary army is better than a conscript one. Conscription means more widespread disease and a lower moral tone.

Happily the diseases following vice are at last being investigated by a Royal Commission, which expects to issue its report in the autumn.

The evil of prostitution is not peculiar to any nation or time. And illegitimacy is an almost constant factor in the vital statistics of all countries. To each 100,000 of the *population* a ten-year average of illegitimate births shows 95 in London, 332 in Berlin, 467 in Paris. The latest returns for 1913 of our own Registrar-General show: in the North, 13,314 illegitimate out of 312,447 births; in the Midlands 11,851 out of 273,731; in the south 10,099 out of 227,856: in Wales 2,645 out of 67,856; in England and Wales 37,909 out of 881,890 births.

A selection of a few cities gives interesting results:—

Birmingham has 784 illegitimate out of 23,395 births.
Bristol has 310 illegitimate births out of 8,095.
Derby has 109 illegitimate births out of 2,917.
Canterbury has 33 illegitimate births out of 485.
Gateshead has 138 illegitimate births out of 3,466.
York has 110 illegitimate births out of 1,979.
Cardiff has 201 illegitimate births out of 4,790.

If the county boroughs and rural districts are compared, we get: county boroughs in the North, 6,968 illegitimate births out of a total of 164,452; in the rural districts of the North, 1,940 out of 41,853. County boroughs in the South, 1,442 are illegitimate out of 27,121 births; rural districts, 1,843 are illegitimate out of 40,699.

Taking the grand totals: the county boroughs of England and Wales give 295,916 births, of which 12,672 are illegitimate; the rural districts 174,492 births, of which 8,214 are illegitimate.

I have not the latest returns for London districts at hand, but some tables were prepared for me several years ago covering periods of ten years, and they show the number of illegitimate births of each thousand births during the years 1894–1904 in different metropolitan districts:—

St. Marylebone	179·5
Westminster	53
London City	41
Whitechapel	24
Mile End Town	16
Strand	62
Chelsea	49
Woolwich	18
St. George's-in-the-East	18
Stepney	10

Now these figures have a bearing upon the present alarmist outcry. They show that neither the ignorance nor the poverty of the district tend to illegitimacy. Perhaps the reverse.

The problem, then, of illegitimacy is always with us. If the proportions were ascertainable, my impression is that per 1,000 of the civil population supplies almost as many cases as the Army and Navy—class for class.

Owing to our falling birth rate, and no doubt because of the intense admiration we have for our brave men who have flocked to the Colours, the nation, or some considerable section of it, desires to make the best of the evil which has produced what are unhappily, and I think wrongfully, called "war babies." Most of them would probably have been born had there been no war. There is a wicked attempt to put the normal proportion of illegitimates upon the shoulders of our soldiers. They are very convenient scapegoats. There is another very real difficulty to face. It is obvious that we shall be unable to distinguish between illegitimate children during the war. All will be war babies; and that means we must provide for some 30,000 to 40,000 of them who are born this year. If the nation is prepared to do so, well and good. It would be a better and wiser thing to do than to attempt to discriminate between the illegitimates of soldiers and sailors and those of the civil population and to care for the latter only.

Now I must enter an indignant protest against the assertion of Mr. Ronald M'Neill, who seems to have started this deplorable controversy by a letter in *The Morning Post*, in which he makes most scandalous charges against our Army. He calls the illegitimate children to be born "offsprings of the heroes of the Marne," and he asks: "Are they to carry through life the stigma of shame for 'irregular birth'?" He says "he has heard of one county borough where there are more than 2,000 young women and girls about to become mothers."

I will come to his figures in a moment, but it is perfectly obvious that the heroes of the Marne, who belong to the regular Army and who were preparing to leave these shores almost as soon as war broke out, are not the fathers of these unborn children. I call upon Mr. M'Neill to substantiate this foul charge against the honour of our heroes of the Marne, or to tender them or the nation an abject apology.

I challenge him to produce not 2,000, not 1,000, not 500, but 100 authenticated cases, with names and addresses, of young women and girls expectant by our heroes of the Marne in one borough. I have taken some pains to inquire in several of the centres where large bodies of troops have been quartered, and in every instance I am informed on competent authority that the alleged evil is grossly exaggerated. I have made inquiries through doctors, lady health visitors, midwives, social workers who usually take these cases, and have followed up every assertion in the Press of the numbers of war babies to be born, and in every case I have found scarcely any evidence to support the flagrant exaggerations. Those who are in the best position to know the facts indignantly repudiate the allegations. I do not say they do not exist, but I venture to assert that, allowing for all the circumstances of overcrowding caused by a bad system of billeting, of the emotional disturbance engendered by the pathetic partings and the glamour of war, the number of lapses amongst our men has been little above the average, and that in many cases the women and girls have been as much to blame as the men—perhaps more so. I have been shocked to see the behaviour of seemingly respectable young women and girls who had often no inducement from the men. Natural! Very likely. But do not let us put all the blame on the men.

There has been a phase of this subject which has been peculiarly painful. Some time ago I received copies of a printed leaflet which had been widely circulated, calling upon young women of independent means to face the odium of illegitimacy and bear a baby to some soldier to take his place should he be killed. The document referred to several verses of Holy Scripture in support of its patriotic (?) appeals. I am glad to say the author has now been prosecuted and fined £100, and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution. It is alleged that a number of girls have taken this step as a patriotic duty to the State. I gravely doubt whether such a motive has operated in any instance. But such a document reveals how deeply war shakes the foundations of the morals of a community. And accompanying this new patriotism is a popular revival of the old demand for the legitimatising of the children of unmarried mothers.

It is well, therefore, to set out the serious disadvantages of illegitimacy. First, the death rate amongst children so born is abnormally heavy. In the returns recently published I find that, of 1,000 births in London the death rate amongst the legitimate under one month is 32·50, of illegitimate 71·45; 1–3 months, legitimate 19·18, illegitimate 55·94; 9–12 months, legitimate 13·91, illegitimate 22·02. That the prevalence of common infectious diseases, tuberculosis, diarrhœa, and enteritis is almost twice as great amongst the illegitimate, whilst developmental and wasting diseases show that in London of legitimate births between 1 and 3 months there are 4·97 deaths, of illegitimate 16·18; and of miscellaneous diseases the legitimate under one month have 7·66 deaths against 31·00 of the illegitimate. I notice that Mr. Harrison talks glibly about the biological necessity of these lives to the State. After the scandalous misuse of biological necessity by the German advocates of war the appeal to biology might be left alone. It is not a popular or reliable tribunal.

These ghastly facts should make any young woman shrink from the mere thought of bearing an illegitimate child. Such a child is nearly always unwelcome. The father in 99 per cent. of the cases certainly does not want it. The mother, however much her maternal instincts may at first respond to its cry, soon finds it an encumbrance, which she is only too willing to drop; but she cannot. The girl who takes a false step

quickly loses her situation, is frequently turned out of doors, is left to bear the shame and living burden and shattered health alone. She loses her chance of happy marriage, she is ever reminded of social disgrace and blasted hopes, and if she is driven by these cruel circumstances to the streets she falls under the law. What motive could lead her to strike a bargain which yields her the wages of death?

And amongst the disabilities of the illegitimate there is one not usually recognised, but it is very real. Again and again young men who have been illegitimate have told me of the dreadful loneliness of their lives.

Should these dire results be modified?

Our hearts say, "Yes, certainly." But we must also remember that they are the strongest of deterrent influences, and we should hesitate how far we tamper with them. This, too, is not the ideal time to alter the laws. Scotch law may be better than English; but we had better not change horses until we are across the present deep river. Some are desirous of making it known (they even expect the Church or Prime Minister, perhaps the King, to do it) that during war time such breaches of the moral law are to be condoned. Surely we have had enough breaches of law, international and moral, to satisfy for a century. Mr. Austin Harrison, in *The English Review*, frankly says, in pleading for the war babies: "For the time being there are no laws . . . for the while there is no morality in our modern civilisation." Therefore kill and slay and throw the reins upon the neck of unbridled passion. Surely this is the time to cling to such moral law as remains, not to throw it aside in a sentimental fit. *And in future the women must have their say when these laws are changed.*

My heart goes out to the victims of passion. They must be saved; but in saving them we dare not cast down the barriers which keep others from falling over the precipice. The best thing to do is to give all our attention to helping the mother and child. How can this be done?

First there is one urgent legal reform which would meet a serious need, and which could be safely made. Our bastardy laws, which make it impossible for these children to be legitimatised even after the marriage of their parents, ought to be changed. I have spoken to many ecclesiastical authorities, and I have been assured that no objection could prevail against an immediate repeal, so that subsequent marriage made all the children born out of due season legitimate. It is to be hoped that the Coalition Government will bring in such a measure without further pressure.

Secondly, we should establish a committee of married ladies in every district to discover the facts.

Thirdly, they should visit the expectant mother and help her in every possible way over her trouble, and make proper medical provision for herself and her child.

Fourthly, and this is the most difficult task, they should arrange wherever possible for the child to be brought up in the family of the girl's mother. This would be the best thing for the child.

If a true marriage can be arranged between the parents of the child, well and good. But from prolonged investigations covering many cases I am persuaded that such marriages are very frequently unhappy. It is often jumping head over heels out of the frying-pan into the fire. If the young mother and her child cannot be received into her home again then it will tax the wise and loving care of the Committee to place the mother in such circumstances as will enable her to earn her own living and support her baby, or to place it in some institution where it will be well cared for and brought up to a useful career. The workhouse is not the place. It would permanently brand the children. State aid might be given to such institutions; *but it should be accompanied by State inspection. Indeed, all rescue homes should be under State inspection, and they should be required to maintain a proper standard of accommodation, food, etc.* The mother would then be free to return home or to her situation. But, however kind people may be to her, however much they may honestly try to forget her lapse, even perhaps to condone it, life will never be the same again, and a haunting sense of shame will long be hers in the silent hours. The grave injustice of it is that the man cannot suffer in an equal degree. But maternity here carries greater responsibilities than paternity.

Say what one will, do what one can to soften the lot of the unmarried mother and her child, that lot is unenviable. And the attempt to glorify it, especially by some women writers, is wickedly to deceive their weaker sisters and to lead men astray.

A CHANCE FOR THE COALITION.

SHOULD PRICES BE CONTROLLED?

THE VIEWS OF OUR READERS.

THIS is a big question, but some answer must be found if the present value of a pound sterling is to possess any relation to the twenty-shilling standard of the last fifty years.

High prices for luxuries leave the general public unmoved, because there is always the option of doing without; but when necessities are tending to cost double the pre-war price, then the family budget on the old scale becomes a sheer impossibility.

This last fact not only affects the working-classes but is hitting the middle classes with equal severity. This reason accounts in a large measure for the unrest, culminating in strikes by the former class, and in very real distress for the quiet, uncomplaining ranks of the lower middle-classes who have brought themselves up in due respect of authority, and consequently have almost suffered an eclipse of their political powers.

These conditions tend to worsen, and, therefore, constitute a serious menace to the quiet steadfastness of the nation whose moral support is an essential to victory.

Many are prepared to ignore the pressure on the working classes, pointing to the increased earnings, which are admittedly much above the *normal*; but this can only affect at the outside, one-third of the workers; the remaining two-thirds are subject to the full restrictions following the reduced activity and output of hundreds of trades and businesses.

If, for the sake of argument, one admits that, on the whole, labour has little to complain about there still remains the clerks, warehousemen, shop assistants, and the army of small tradesmen and professional men and women whose income has shown a marked abatement since August last, and who are faced with prices which appear to be no less than extortionate. The coal scandal is a case placed beyond dispute, and is in effect a blackmail imposed on every household, rich and poor, throughout the land—the result of a ring—or its absolute equivalent—whose operations the Government so far have failed to scotch or even check. The public possesses a poor memory, but we can prophesy that the unpatriotic conduct of the coal-dealers will be exposed in full, for the facts tally in few respects with the gloss of the official report, and there is no mitigation of the greed which has exploited the situation to the utmost.

If the Government refuses to impose a maximum price for coal there is little prospect of any attempt to control food prices—until the mischief is so appallingly obvious that even Whitehall will elect to face the problem.

The Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS has attempted to elucidate the opinion of representative men and women of all shades of opinion, and, apart from the natural diversity of attitude, there is practically a consensus of opinion that some action is imperative.

So far a consideration for the principles of political economy has been allowed to govern the situation; this is expressed briefly in the fact that high prices attract goods to the British market in spite of the threat to our commerce and the risks incurred by merchants shipping to these shores. This opinion is held by Lord Grey, who writes: "I have not arrived at the conclusion that the time has come for the Government to fix the price of wheat. That must be governed by the

supply, and so long as the seas are kept open our ports are open to the supply of wheat from all parts of the world." It is certainly better that high prices should rule rather than that the nation should be faced with shortage of food stuffs. But is that the only alternative?

Mr. J. W. Prothero, the Editor of *The Quarterly Review*, also is of opinion that fixing a maximum price would "so reduce the supply that the remedy would be worse than the disease; and that if anything is to be fixed it had better be the profits."

It is suggested that the Government should enter the market, buy at present prices (rather than wait for further increases), and sell at an established minimum, the taxes to be applied to meet the deficit. This may appear the rankest heresy to the economists of the old school, but "necessity knows no law"!

The work of the Navy is beyond praise, and has resulted in the maintenance of Britain's overseas trade, but it has come as a surprise to many that notwithstanding our naval supremacy we are paying prices approximating to the siege prices which Germany is forced to pay as the penalty of the loss of her maritime fleet.

We print below a selection of the opinions expressed on this important matter, by a number of distinguished correspondents, who are not desirous of appearing as critics of the Government at this time although admitting that "their action has been most unfortunate." The importance of the matter is, however, a good and sufficient reason for everyone to urge a solution upon the new Cabinet.

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON.

I THINK some such action on the part of the Government to prevent the exploitation of the poorer people (the vast majority of our 45 millions) is absolutely necessary. It is not sufficient to tax war profits as some have proposed, because the money thus raked in will stay in the coffers of the State and not recoup the unfortunate folk who are attempting to live frugally and decently on small incomes. I have, of course, seen the findings of the Coal Committee, but I have yet to learn that the Administration intends to give effect to the conclusions of this report in time to check the threatened increase in the price of coal next autumn. Except, perhaps, in the East of London (where sweated labour still exists among women employees), I doubt if there is so much suffering amongst the actual "poor" as in the ranks of the middle classes, of those who pathetically cling to a certain standard of life associated with personal cleanliness and attractive home surroundings. Many such are out of employment, and are not of a sex or of an age to find employment in the war. Their very self-respect prevents their complaining or asking for relief. To these decent-living temperate folk the exactions of butcher and baker, of grocer and greengrocer, of coal merchant and gas company, and of rate-determining public bodies are really cruel, are productive of something like despair. The Government has to some extent legislated or provided for the labouring classes in these critical times (for which it deserves due credit); but it has not so far taken sufficiently into consideration the claims of the lower middle class to protection against extortionate purveyors, heartless corporations, and extravagant public departments.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD.

IT appears to be a painful necessity that Government should at once intervene for the purpose of controlling prices.

No doubt many tradesmen will scorn to put money into their pockets by an unjust use of the stress and strain of our national life under this unprecedented war; but this is not the case with all. There are those who have not patriotism enough, nor justice enough, to keep them from plundering the people.

The coal trade has already been condemned. The owners and shareholders of the breweries and distilleries have defeated the efforts of the Government to make our army and navy more effective for waging this tremendous battle.

The bread of the people is seriously threatened, and unless Government takes immediate action the tragedies of this war will be incalculably increased.

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

I THINK the Government ought to fix maximum prices at once, at any rate on some of the leading articles of consumption. Their neglect to face the most obvious economic problems affecting the wage earner has been most blameworthy, and were it not that working class incomes, owing to overtime during the week and to Sunday labour, are in so many instances so much higher than the normal, this neglect on the part of the Government would have had the most serious consequences on the national mind and temper. This censure is particularly necessary as regards coal. The most trivial of the recommendations of the Coal Committee have been put into operation, so that it might be said that something was done. The important ones, which would have had a swift effect upon prices, have been neglected.

Everything shows that prices are still rising, and if anything should happen to reduce wages to something like their normal levels he is a bold man who would prophesy with a light heart as to what would happen.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

YES, I think time is over-ripe for some department to deal with the cost of food to the poor. When fairly good wages are being earned the Government of the day are apt to forget the millions of poor who never have a chance to buy decent food in time of plenty. It must be worse now for them. Yet the nation wants these children of the poor to grow up strong, healthy and vigorous. We must help them now, if help is to be of any use to them at all.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

I am sorry it is not possible for me to give a lengthy reply to your communication about fixing maximum prices. I think there is no difficulty in doing this in the case of coal. It might be more difficult in regard to wheat, which is a commodity we do not wholly control. But I am sure it would be a good thing, and have a considerable effect on prices, if the Government would enter into arrangements with the Canadian Government for commandeering next year's harvest. There is no immediate prospect of a decline in prices. They are certain to go very much higher.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

I SHALL be glad to support anything that is practical, but I hope that the fall of the Dardanelles will have a tendency to lower prices.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER.

I AM entirely in favour of the imposition of maximum prices by the Government as the only means of checking the deliberate exploitation of the public, particularly with regard to coal and bread.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

A RISE in the price of necessaries seems to me one of the consequences and punishments of war, and the idea that natural consequences can always be averted artificially by Governments is a delusion. In so far as holders of necessities make unusual profits, they are mulcted by a very unusual income-tax. In so far as exploiters endanger the State, there is the remedy of court-martial under the Act for the Defence of the Realm.

MR. H. M. HYNDMAN.

As a member of the National Workers (War Emergency) Committee, I have done my utmost to press this crucial question of food prices upon our Cabal of a Government. The Report on Food Prices drawn up and published by that Committee is by far the most valuable statement published so far. It has been widely used, of course without any acknowledgment.

At the beginning of the War we urged upon the Government to commandeer all home-grown wheat at current prices, and to buy in America and Canada. . . . This I believe has been partially done: that is to say, the wheat has been bought, but no attempt has been made to reduce prices. . . .

The worst feature of the whole matter is that the *very poor* are suffering most. There are thousands of terrible cases all over the country. Unfortunately, these people are not organised and are not vigorous enough to agitate. So they and their children starve now and will starve more. . . . I am afraid we shall not get any serious movement on this prices matter till too late.

THE REV. JOHN CLIFFORD.

By W. T. STEAD.

With the retirement of Dr. Clifford from the pastorate of the Westbourne Park Chapel, Nonconformity loses its most eminent representative. Loses is, perhaps, too strong a word, for, though he has given up active preaching, there is nothing in this world which will stop him from continuing his activities and in any crisis of the nation or the Churches he will be found in the forefront of those who are battling for righteousness and progress.

Dr. Clifford was one of Mr. W. T. Stead's greatest friends and supporters, and stood by him in all his great undertakings. We reproduce below part of a Character Sketch, which was written by our late Chief in 1902.

LOOKING back over the past, I do not remember a single great crisis either in the affairs of London or in those of the nation or the Empire in which Dr. Clifford did not unhesitatingly take his stand among those who were contending for the triumph of the higher over the lower ideal. He did not calculate the numbers, or wait to see how the cat was going to jump. Time and again he has thrown in his lot with those who for the moment were doomed to certain defeat; but, as Lowell said of an American of the same type, "he saw God stand upon the losing side," and that was enough for him.

He is a good man to have at your back in a fight, is Dr. Clifford. He has not always got the thought at the back of his head that it would be wise to squint round the corner to see how he might cut and run if the fight became too fierce. There are some men who are magnificent fighters in a cause which is obviously winning all along the line. No one can be more valiant than those who see that they are destined to seize the camp of the enemy. Of a far higher type are those who go forward cheerfully, although they know that the close of the day may find them lying on a stricken field or captives in the hands of their foes.

My first experience of Dr. Clifford as a comrade was after the publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," when he formed one of what was known as "the team" who supported me in going from town to town, from city to city, from platform to platform, to plead the cause of the defenceless girlhood of England. In those days of stress and storm I learned to understand and appreciate the sterling qualities of my comrades, and to form a quantitative estimate of the intrinsic force and value of the services which they rendered. Dr. Clifford was one of the best. Loyal and true, he never flinched—he never failed. His hearty sympathy was an unfailing refreshment. After the faculty of being able to bestow hard knocks upon your adversary, one of the most invaluable of the qualities of a comrade i to dispense the wine and oil of sympathy and of affection amongst your friends. Dr. Clifford was down at the Old Bailey every day during the trial which arose out of "The Maiden Tribute," and when I was an ordinary criminal convict in my solitary cell in Coldbath-in-the-Fields it was the familiar form and cheery voice and kindling eye of Dr. Clifford which first lit up the gloom of the prison. Very soon afterwards came Mr. Waugh and Sir George Lewis; but Dr. Clifford got ahead of all the rest.

My experience in that campaign in "The Maiden Tribute" has been the experience of all those who have had the good fortune to work with Dr. Clifford. Although so doughty a combatant and so vigorous an exponent of "the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," few men

are of a more tolerant temper or more indifferent to the points upon which his friends and allies differ. In this mood he differs greatly from that of other notable leaders in our political and religious campaigns. All this springs, I suppose, from his happy knack of approaching everything from the point of view of sympathy rather than antipathy, of endeavouring to see the good in things rather than to fix his gaze upon the evil.

This is chiefly due probably to natural temperament; but who can say how much we owe to his tutor in the Midland Baptist College at Leicester, who, on hearing one of his earliest sermons, preached when a student of only eighteen, administered to him a criticism which has left a lifelong impress upon his character? Young Clifford had been, in his own phrase, doing a great deal of denunciation of the faults and foibles of Christian people. His tutor, who was unexpectedly present, sent for him at the close of the discourse, and pointed out that it was indiscreet for a lad of eighteen to indulge in such wholesale reproaches, and then he added: "I would advise you, Mr. Clifford, to throw your pepper-box away and take a pot of honey round with you." "That piece of advice," said Dr. Clifford, "altered my style." It is possible that some of our clerical friends may not find very much of the pot of honey in Dr. Clifford's recent educational deliverances. At the same time, no one can deny that he is a genial in the midst of controversy; and if he in his polemics knocks his opponent down, it is with a good straight blow from the shoulder, which carries no malice with it, and, when the fight is over, no one is more ready to shake hands and be friends.

Another tribute of the man, gratefully remembered because delightfully felt by all those who come in contact with him, is his radiant optimism. He is always battling with evil, but it is in the spirit of one who knows that evil is transitory and must pass. Pessimism, of course, is nothing but applied atheism, and all gloom and depression are due to the extent to which the subtle poison of unbelief has eaten its way into our faith in God. Dr. Clifford is a cheery apostle of progress.

With him nothing is more characteristic than his reply on one occasion to a Social Democrat, who remarked at the close of Dr. Clifford's address: "Our lecturer thinks that the world is getting better. Now, I don't think it is." "But I *know* it is," replied Dr. Clifford. "I know that when I was eleven years of age I was called at six o'clock in the morning to go and work twelve or fourteen hours in a lace factory, and I know that no boy will be called at six o'clock to-morrow morning to be forced to work twelve hours in any factory in the land."

Before he was eleven years of age he left school and became "jacker-off" in a lace factory. His duty was to get the lost bits of thread left on the bobbins in making lace and tie them together so as to form a continuous thread which might be used again. His hours were long, his fare scant. "Many a time," he says, "I have gone on working from Friday morning right on to Saturday evening without break." This was in the closing year of the first half of the nineteenth century. He had a good mother, and a grandmother who only failed six months of being a centenarian. From his father he inherited much of the Methodist fire, but from his mother came his devotion to the denomination of which he is now the most prominent representative.

The real education of a Nonconformist youth in those days came from the Sunday-school and the chapel. The Sunday service and family prayers were far more potent in quickening the mind and rousing dormant faculties into being than the spare and scanty teaching of the schoolroom. Before he was fourteen Clifford experienced the change through which those pass who enter into the new life. At that time he had been seriously and even distressingly troubled by the problems of personal sin and salvation, and the way of peace and life. In his case the conversion came suddenly. A hymn

expressive of the confidence that God was always found by those who sought Him, lifted, as it were, the burden from his child's soul, dispelled his darkness, and gave him a consciousness of peace and joy which has never left him. Two months afterwards he was publicly baptised according to the rites of his own denomination, after having undergone the customary ordeal of investigation by pastor and deacons as to the sincerity of his repentance, and his clear acceptance with heart and head of the Christian faith.

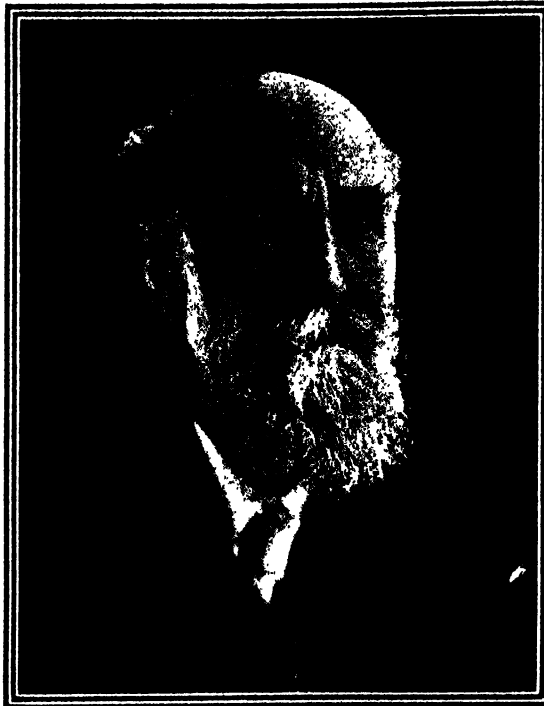


Photo by] [C. Vandyk, Ltd.

The Rev. John Clifford.

The pre-eminent characteristic of the man, beyond the buoyant and almost boyish cheerfulness (which is due to the care which he has taken of his health, the regularity with which he practises on parallel-bars, his early rising and his frugal life), is that of an all-round interest in the affairs of men—especially in those of men in the city in which he dwells. The leading part which he has taken in the agitation against the Educational Bill is characteristic of the man. It is not the first time that he has rendered conspicuous service to the cause of national education campaign. He has been accused of inflaming sectarian passion, and it must be admitted that, especially in dealing with Catholicism and Sacramentarianism, he has beaten the pulpit drum ecclesiastic very vigorously. Dr. Clifford is ever a Protestant, and is almost passionately anti-clerical. The stand which he has taken against the Educational Bill of the Government is extreme and uncompromising to the last point. Dr. Clifford on the platform and Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the Press are perhaps more responsible than any other men for advocating a resort to the *ultima ratio* of British Democracy, and the adoption of a policy of passive resistance to the payment of the Education rate if that rate is imposed for the purpose of supporting the denominational teaching of which they conscientiously disapprove.

I would conclude by paying a personal tribute of affection and gratitude to one who, although he has ever been a fighter, has nevertheless never allowed the vehemence of controversy to embitter the sweetness of his soul, and who, in the midst of the stormy controversies in the heart of which he sometimes had to live and move and have his being, has preserved the gentle lovingkindness of a child. Apart from the opposition excited by his political activity and the suspicions which are aroused by his theological liberality, I doubt whether he has an enemy in the world. Such men as Dr. Clifford are indeed of the salt of the earth. He has never failed, he has never feared, he has never deserted the good cause, nor has his place ever been vacant in times of danger. He is a man of faith, a man of hope, and a man of boundless charity, and yet for all that he is the doughtiest fighter and the most impassioned platform orator to be found in England at this moment.

HOW TO INSURE CIVILISATION.

THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL AWAITS THE NATIONS.

THERE is only one organisation at present in existence with all the necessary machinery ready at hand for the active propagation and maintenance of peace, and that is The Hague Conference, and its machinery must be used to ensure a permanent peace. The suggestions that have been made for various conferences and leagues which should be set up to bring about that end (such as the League of Peace dealt with in our last issue), though excellent and probably perfectly capable of achieving their object, all suffer from one drawback, and that is that they do not exist and must be created. In international affairs it is always extremely difficult to bring into being a meeting of the representatives of the different Powers. Therefore it is more practicable to use existing institutions. Of course, if the machinery in existence is incapable of accomplishing the object desired, it must be replaced by something that will. The Hague Conference can be made to serve every purpose of a "League of Peace," the difference being that The Hague includes all the Powers, while a "League of Peace" could work quite successfully with a limited number of Powers; of course the more representative the greater certainty there would be of success.

The Third Hague Conference is bound to meet as soon as possible after peace is declared, since it must revise international law; but if it confines its activities to that academic duty, it will be limiting its usefulness to a criminal extent. With the nations all represented, all of whom will have suffered in one way or other from the war, if their endeavours are turned in the right directions, great things may be accomplished.

The Conference was originally called to bring about disarmament, and thus prepare the way for universal peace. It failed in that endeavour, though in other directions it accomplished much. Why did it fail? Why was it that it scarcely touched the question for which it was summoned? Almost entirely because the nations came to the Conference with ideas which were quite incompatible with the spirit of Peace. They came to discuss Peace in terms of War, and with the idea of the permanency and immanence of war always in their minds.

In the case of the Second Conference it was even worse, since the almost unanimous opinion of the delegates, which coloured and shaped nearly all the discussions (though not openly expressed), was that a conflict between Great Britain and Germany was inevitable. Under these circumstances was it surprising that no advance was made? At the Third Conference, if the delegates are inspired by the same feelings, and if they do not think of peace in terms of peace, instead of in terms of war, then nothing will result. There must be a change of heart in dealing with the question: a realisation that, as the rights of the individual must sometimes be sacrificed for the benefit of the State, so the rights of the nation must sometimes be sacrificed for the good of the world at large.

Is there any chance that these conditions will be fulfilled? Most assuredly. Before peace is arrived at the Prussian ruling class must be overthrown, and that will be a lengthy affair, by which time the combatant nations will be bled white, and will be in a state of mind in which they will welcome any way which will secure them from a repetition of this tremendous catastrophe. None of them, for a time at least, will be in a position to start piling up armaments, and, if the opportunity is properly seized, may even welcome some form of disarmament. The great thing is not to waste the opportunity afforded by The Hague Conference. It may come to nothing, though that is exceedingly improbable, but everything

which gives any chance of peace must be seized upon. Therefore we must insist that the Third Conference shall meet as soon as possible after peace has been declared, whoever summons it. Further, that when it does meet it should not confine its attention simply to questions of international law, but should fulfil the function for which the First Conference was originally called—that is, to discuss practically and not academically measures to be taken to ensure peace. If before it meets a "League of Peace" has been established, so much the better, as the procedure will be simplified; it will then only need to expand the "League" to include all nations. If not, the programme to be urged should be that laid down for the League of Peace.

The main thing is that in The Hague Conference we have an instrument ready to hand to bring about permanent peace. Let us not throw it aside, but on the contrary make the fullest use possible of it, even if we are endeavouring in other ways to attain the same end.

THE MORAL FOR ENGLAND.

"Under our present system there is neither effective publicity nor any means by which people and Parliament can express a clear verdict about foreign affairs."

UNDER the above sub-title a writer in *The Round Table*, like a good architect, surveys "The Foundations of Peace," and the sentence quoted suggests the most ominous fault in the structure of democratic government. The position is quite beyond dispute, and after noting that the democracies trusting overmuch in the force of public opinion are liable to be overborne "under the onset of tyranny," points out :—

But in our case it has not been so much that democracy has been at fault as that democracy has never had a chance. Under our centralised system the people are never really educated about the foreign problem, and they never have the chance of expressing a judgment about the policy which should be pursued. Parties in a democratic country with a single legislature are mainly divided on domestic issues—Education, Home Rule, the powers of the House of Lords, Tariff Reform and so forth. Hence, except at times of crisis, the judgment of the constituencies is made upon these issues, and not upon those of foreign policy or defence. To avoid disaster, these subjects are treated as being in the main non-party. The only result is that they are pushed into the background, and get hardly any consideration at all. Criticism, the lifeblood of democracy, is almost impossible. If it comes from the Government side, it is made ineffective by the knowledge that, if it is backed by a vote, it will endanger the whole internal policy of reform which the party exists to carry. If it comes from the Opposition, it is equally ineffective, for the vote is of no importance, and the criticism itself is discounted on the ground that it is made in the interest of party gain.

In a word, the vexed and complicated issues involved in citizenship make it difficult for the average elector to make his voice effective in such matters as the treaty with Japan or the grant of self-government to India, and the writer makes the following suggestion :—

For this evil there is only one effective cure, the division of the bodies which are responsible for external and internal affairs. There ought to be one body which is responsible for foreign affairs, for defence, and for the government of the Dependencies, with power to raise the taxation required; there ought to be another body to deal with internal affairs, education, labour problems, local government, tariffs, the land, and so forth, and with power to raise the taxation required. Each would have a Cabinet responsible to it. Each would require to go at regular intervals to the electorate to endorse or reject the policy of the majority. In this way on the one hand the immense volume of the business of the country would be divided between two bodies of men—as it is in America and every British Dominion, though their problems of government are far less complicated than ours, and on the other it would be possible for Parliament and the people to obtain information about foreign policy and to control it on broad lines. Democracy may have its defects, but a system which purports to be democratic and which yet affords none of the safeguards of democracy is bound to fail. The present demand for the democratic control of foreign policy is absolutely sound. Owing to the excessive concentration of our governmental machinery, foreign policy has been secret, it has not been subject to criticism, and it has been disastrously timid because the public have been ignorant about the issues, and the Minister has never known whether his policy would have their support. So long as the present concentration continues, so long will our foreign policy be autocratic, weak and dangerous.

PEACE MILITANT.

"In times of War prepare for Peace" must be the motto for many months ahead, and the article in *The North American Review*, from the pen of that brilliant playwright, Percy Mackaye, is full of suggestion. Spasmodic protests against the horrors of organised murder have not availed to avert the present disaster, and if we are content with our humiliation the future holds no brighter prospect than a recurrence of racial feuds. The following extracts from Mr. Mackaye's serious study reveals the mechanism of "glorious war" and indicates that we must attune our minds of deliberate purpose if we desire to invest Peace with the attributes of splendour which should be her peculiar prerogative:—

Is there a substitute for war?

"When peace is made as handsome as war," said the President of the United States in a recent speech, "there will be hope of war's passing." This pregnant phrase was but a fleeting remark of the President, not elaborated nor urged further upon the thought of our people, yet it involves an idea of deepest public importance.

It is hardly conceivable, in short, that human beings should for ages have endured the organised waste and torture of war if the magician Art had not hypnotised their imaginations and led them by glorious visions to the charnels of battlefields.

For let us remember it is art—the colourful art of the theatre, its music, spectacle, and symbolism put to war's purposes—which has exerted this hypnotism toward destruction. In this time of world havoc, therefore, shall we not ask ourselves:

How may the glorious visions of dramatic art lure the imaginations of men away from war to peace?

How may peace be made "as handsome as war," and as compelling?

Let us consider some of the "handsomeness" of war, and some of the ugliness of peace, as these exist.

War is made splendid by noble human attributes: by self-sacrifice, courage, patience, enkindled will-power; it creates out of petty dissensions, as by magic, the majestic solidarity of a people; within national boundaries, it exalts social service.

For these valid attributes and incentives, the devisers of war create magnificent symbols. Under their expert control, the chaotic, drifting, meanly competitive life of every-day peace becomes transfigured by order, discipline, organisation, imbued with a majestic unity of design: *the enacting of a national drama, in which the people themselves participate.*

Yes, the designers of war are masters of imaginative appeal. Of the realism of war—of death, mutilation, hate, hunger, rape, stench, disease, bonded generations, and national debt—they are purposely uneloquent. Instead—and wisely, for their ends—they exalt war's self-sacrifice, heroism, solidarity; and for these they create impassioned symbols of colour and grandeur.

In rivalry with these radiant appeals the artless disciples of peace present—what? Their meek symbol—a dove.

Now nothing may be more potent to the multitude than a symbol. The flaming colours of a flag have set cities on fire; the refrain of a song has wrought revolution. The cartoonist interprets the vast social forces of his time almost wholly through symbols. In appealing to the popular imagination, therefore, it is of prime importance to a cause whether its symbols are dynamic or sedative.

Of all causes in history the cause of international peace is probably the noblest, yet—of all symbols appealing to the world's imagination—its symbol, the dove, is probably the most anæmic. Some other, more compelling, must take its place before its cause can plead effectually against that of its rival. The Dove is no match for the Devil. If war is ever to be vanquished, it will be by St. George or Raphael, not by the bird of Noah. In brief, it is only Peace Militant, not Peace Dormant, that can supplant the heroic figure of War in the hearts of the nations.

But by Peace Militant I do not mean Peace panoplied upon Dreadnoughts, glaring at her image in two oceans through Krupp-steel binoculars—for such is that false peace, no other than war disguised, which betrayed the world in August, 1914.

No; I mean by Peace Militant not War disguised as a hypocritical time-server, but

War self-purged and self-subdued to the functions of social service; not Peace armed with a sword, but Peace armed with *the symbol of a sword*—that "moral equivalent of war" of which William James has written with wise eloquence.

But the mere existence of a moral equivalent is not enough; it must be made effectual. Social service exists among all peoples, but it is not made to appeal sufficiently to popular imagination.

My object, then, in this article is to suggest that *the "moral equivalent of war" can be made fascinating and effectual by utilising (and perhaps only by utilising) the dynamic arts of the theatre to give it symbolical expression.*

Thus a practical substitute for the dramatic conflict of war would be its moral equivalent expressed through the manifold forms of dramatic art.

In seeking, then, a moral equivalent for war, what moral equivalents do we find under the conditions of peace?

In business, the prevailing conditions of peace are drab and selfish; its dramatic conflicts are sordid, petty, when individualistic; and when they are corporate they are no less sordid on their vaster scale. Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, ennui, death, hatred, and dulled despair that to millions of labourers the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison.

These are fundamental facts which all workers for permanent peace must face in their problem. The conditions of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity.

As superstructure upon this sordid base rises the dwelling of conventional calm we call "peace," wherein the minority thousands pass their lives in comparative satisfaction and leisure.

These drab, chaotic, suffering conditions of our "peace," however, are transfigured by the ever-growing numbers of those who are working to make them lovelier and more just.

Drab, that is their disease.

Their dreams are more glorious than the dreams of war; their dreams are incarnadine, flushed with fighting angels; but they clothe them—and they *stifle* them—in drab. That is their dire heritage from the Puritan.

War's ministers are wiser. They acknowledge the eternal pagan in mankind, and utilise it. Even Cromwell marched to rhythmic drums. So—to cope with war—the organisers of peace must acknowledge man's paganism, and exalt it.

Such is the basic appeal of the Salvation Army; and such, in a subtler sense, is the secret of the extraordinary growth of the Boy Scouts organisation and of the Camp Fire Girls.

In the appeal of each, idealism adopts its special symbolism.

General Booth, Baden-Powell, Luther Gulick—each in his own way—seeks to popularise William James.

The moral equivalents of war, then, are ineffectual in our prevailing society from two chief causes:

First, the fighting armies of peace are not properly organised; and secondly, their functions are not properly symbolised.

To achieve these two great objects, mutually related, may well become the function of a new profession of the twentieth century—the profession of Civic Engineering. For the problems involved are so large and various that their solution takes on the dignity and efficiency of an expert science, essentially related to that which has solved so grandly problems like the building of the Panama Canal.

To achieve the first object, organisation, will require the directive insight of one who may aptly be called the Political Engineer; to achieve the second object, symbolism, will require the Dramatic Engineer.

The present time is peculiarly auspicious for this widened civic scope of the theatre's art. On the one hand, that art itself—rekindled from within by the constructive discoveries of its creative artists in production, architecture, music, and the dance—stands at the threshold of a splendid renascence. On the other hand—stirred from within by the portentous menace of world war—civic ardour has never been more deeply roused than now to discover effectual means for combating the enemies of society—poverty, disease, unemployment, political corruption, and all the hosts of embattled ignorance. To this war against all social and economic causes of war dramatic art offers a popular symbolism of magnificent scope and variety: it offers a new method of social science.

Thus, developed as an expert profession, this potential science of dramatic engineering may yet become a powerful national factor in organising militant social service as an effectual substitute for war.

GERMANY'S STRATEGIC RAILWAYS.

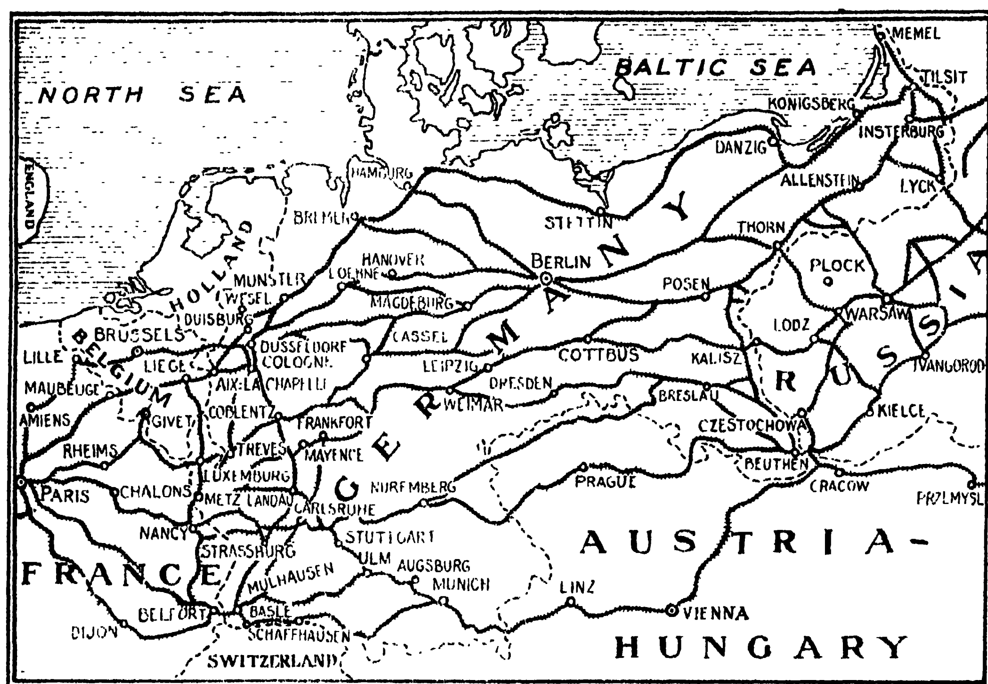
(REPRODUCED FROM "THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.")

A French writer, Victor Cambon, expresses in *La Nature* his astonishment at the ease with which the Germans transport, in a few days, the large masses of their armies between the east and west frontiers of the empire. M. Cambon recently interviewed some prisoners in Morocco who had fought in Belgium during August, had been sent from there to eastern Prussia against the Russians, and were then returned and captured about the middle of September in the battle of the Aisne. Such mobility would have been impossible except for the number and careful organisation of the German railways. Without railways, declares M. Cambon, the forces of Germany against the Allies would have been overcome in a few weeks.

The railway system of Germany extends about 60,000 kilometres (37,000 miles) in length, and covers an area of about 540,000 square kilometres; it is more extensive than the French system, but, considering the difference in population of the two countries, the number of kilometres per inhabitant is about equal. In Germany, however, the double track lines are much more numerous than in France, some lines indeed having four parallel tracks. The chief difference between the two countries is especially noticeable in the extraordinary development that the Germans have given to their connecting and crossing railways, to stations, and to loading platforms. A knowledge of military science is not necessary to realise the importance of these points and their value in military transport.

Nearly every line has through express service. Punctuality of departure and arrival is, so to speak, mathematical. There is no doubt that this customary order and precision have operated most favourably in the celerity of military transport.

A glance at the map of the railway system indicates that the most numerous and most



How Germany Transports Troops.

This Map shows the East and West Lines and the numerous routes between the Russian and French Frontiers of Germany.

important lines are those that traverse the country from east to west. Fourteen lines of track cross the Rhine between Basle, on the frontier in Switzerland, and Wesel, near the frontier of Holland. But, on the other hand, on either bank of the Rhine two parallel roads follow its course faithfully, north and south, comprising a system of communication perpendicular to the fourteen lines that cross it.

By virtue of these two latter lines the Germans are able to throw at almost any point on the left bank the troops brought in from the east by any one of the fourteen main arteries. These lines are, without doubt, of greatest importance. Other lines that stop at the right bank, coming from the mountains of the Black Forest or the Taunus, are of secondary importance; nevertheless, they constitute an added number of lines of communication.

Beginning at the south there are:—

First: the Baden line between Mulhouse, Basle, Lindau, and Munich.

Second: the Great International Line, from Paris to Vienna, via Strasburg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Augsburg, and Munich.

Third: the line between Metz, Saarbruck, Landau, Bruchsal, Heilbronn, and Nuremburg.

Fourth: a line of first importance from Metz to Frankfurt, via Bingerbruck and Mayence. A system of complicated lines, with Frankfurt at the centre, branches out in all directions.

Fifth: from a military point of view the most important line of all; constructed since the war of 1870, it joins Metz directly to Berlin, by way of the winding valley of the Moselle, passing through Trèves, Coblenz, Cassel, and Magdeburg. The Germans call this line by the name "Canonstrasse." It joins the network of lines that the German military staff has built about Metz in the last few years, and it is the last in the series of communications by which Germany is able to penetrate France without traversing Luxemburg or Belgium.

Sixth: at Cologne to the north, where the Rhine is crossed by a four-track bridge, is the main route from Paris to Berlin via St. Quentin, Maubeuge, Namur, Liége, Verviers, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne—the route of the 1914 invasion.

Seventh and eighth: from Aix-la-Chapelle a line branching toward Düsseldorf and another toward Duisburg.

Ninth: a final passage over the Rhine at Wesel leads the Germans not only to Belgium but also to Holland.

By the complicated Rhine-Westphalian system one may reach by parallel or diverging routes the large centres of Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, Magdeburg, Leipsic, Dresden, and Berlin.

As to the routes that the Germans may take for transporting their troops brought from the west to the far-reaching Russian frontier, M. Cambon says:

If we suppose the military trains to be taken from the heart of Germany by way of the foregoing lines we see that these armies are able to travel to the eastern frontier by way of Cologne, Bremen, Hamburg, Stettin, and Bromberg; to the Vistula base by way of Berlin, Posen, and Thorn; or to Cracow by way of Leipsic, Torgau, Breslau, Beuthen, or by way of Dresden and Prague, or finally by way of Munich, Linz, and Vienna.

The travelling distance between Belgium and these various points varies from 1,200 to 1,400 kilometres. Thirty-six hours is sufficient for the journey. The main questions, however, are arrangements for embarking platforms sufficiently large and handling equipment sufficiently powerful to avoid obstruction and delay, and, at the same time, rolling stock with an enormous capacity. On these points the Germans have been prodigal in their efforts. Their embarking platforms astonish one by their immensity and the perfection of their management. In the year 1912 Prussia alone spent 480,000,000 marks toward increasing the rolling stock of its railways. It is not improbable that the general staff has been able to run over the various lines a train of fifty cars every ten minutes, 6,000 cars every twenty-four hours; this would represent an army of 100,000 men transported in two days from one end of Germany to the other.

OF all neutral Powers of the world the United States had the best reasons for acting the part of umpire during the present war and denouncing the "new piracy" and the other infractions of the laws of God and man. For allowing that opportunity to pass America probably more than any other country will most seriously suffer, even if the inhabitants of the United States be not eventually forced by circumstances to adopt some conscriptive system for the maintenance of their naval and military systems. America, having abdicated her position as the champion of "a lofty conception of the common welfare of humanity," is looking not to the millennium but to the next war, and, apparently, does not yet apprehend all that she has sacrificed. The Hague Conventions constituted the supreme interest of the United States in this war.—ARCHIBALD HURD, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

GERMAN ILL-WILL ILLUSTRATED BY CARTOONISTS.

ONE notable omission in the German cartoon papers is any reference to the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Whether this is due to Government instruction we do not know, but usually such a subject is seized on with avidity. The German protest against the American traffic in arms remains unabated.

There is much rejoicing over the success at Ypres, and emphasis is given to the fact that France and England announced their intention to take the offensive, while Germany did not. The use of poison gas is also gloried in (p. 484). The attack on the Dardanelles is another fruitful subject, and naturally the Allies are shown as suffering defeat, the German leaders von der Goltz and von Sanders being represented as immovable rocks. The occupation of Lemnos and Tenedos also calls forth protests (p. 485).

Egypt is a sore subject, though it is still maintained that England will soon have to leave. The comments on Japan show the Allies as willing to surrender anything to that nation (p. 486).

The fiction that the British Fleet is in hiding is still maintained, and the Spaniards are urged to eject England from Gibraltar (p. 487).



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

Bryan.

"I am the spirit of Neutrality, Mr. Bryan, and I protest in the name of my American friends against the misuse of my clean name, which you seek to besmirch with your trade in munitions."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Neutral.

"But, Jean, you know I am also giving the German something."

"What, then ?"

"My hand."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Papal Envoy and the American Leaders.

"Tell the white father at Rome that our great spirit is no longer called Manitou, it is now Dollar. Why should we bury the tomahawk when we can get money for it in Europe?"



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

America and the Vatican.

THE POPE: "How can my angel of Peace fly when you are always putting shells in her pockets?"



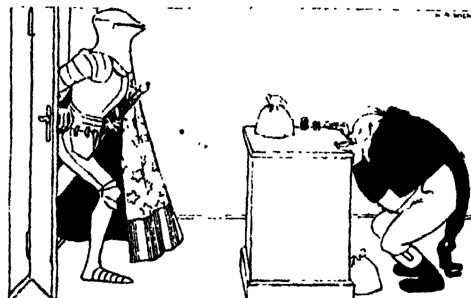
Jugend.] [Munich.

Monroe and Wilson.

"Who is that boy, Wilson?"

"He is called 'America for the Americans.'"

"No, it is now America for the English and Japanese."





Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

(1). JOHN BULL: "Damn! here comes an armourclad protest from America!"

(2). UNCLE SAM: "Don't be alarmed; I have only come to offer more munitions."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Blunder against "Bon Ton."

JOFFRE (indignantly to Prince Rupprecht): "But your offensive was unannounced."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

"Will you allow me to seize your offensive?"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

The Spring Storm.

German poison gas in Flanders.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Before the Last Round.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Watch on the Dardanelles.

ENGLAND: "Goddam! these rocks have such a Prussian formation!"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves.

THE ALLIES: "Help, baba!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Meal off the Islands.

Will he never be satisfied? (The rabbits are labelled Lemnos and Tenedos.)



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Poseidon in the Fatal Camp by the Dardanelles.

"Poor Poseidon, what is the use of your trident against the bayonets of Allah?"



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

The Honourable John Bull Seizes Egypt.



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Progress in Egyptology.

"At last I am beginning to understand the meaning of the hieroglyphics." ("Raus" is German for "Get out.")



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Powers and Japan.

WHAT WILL THE GENTLEMAN ORDER ?

On the Menu is written "Manchuria, Indo-China, Hong Kong, Philippines, Pacific."



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

Japan in China.

How Japan seeks to fulfil her task of culturising China.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich

Thrifty Britannia

I must clean them every week so that when peace is made they may still be as new.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin

Looking out for Hindenburg.

"Ivan Ivanowitch, we must be sitting on a trembling poplar."

"No, Your Majesty, it is an oak; the trembling must have some other cause."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

The German - Austrian - Hungarian - Turkish mill received such a powerful swing from the Spring winds that it has become very dangerous for the attacking Don Quixotes.



Ulk.] [Berlin

The Rock of Gibraltar.

"Destroy him, you Spaniards, destroy him!"
When May 20th arrives.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

NATURAL AND INEVITABLE ALLIES.

A wise traveller will naturally choose to visit the best of actual nations; and an American has more reasons than another to draw him to Britain. In all that is done or begun by the Americans towards right thinking or practice, we are met by a civilisation already settled and overpowering. The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years since Egbert, it has, in the last centuries, obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity, and power of mankind with its impress. Those who resist it do not feel it or obey it less. . . . The American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ONLY a short year ago men were discussing the union of America, Britain, and Germany as the ideal alliance for the preservation of the peace of the nations. Germany has by her own acts eliminated herself for generations from any such combination, unless a republic rises to express some measure of civic freedom, but there remains the possibility of a closer understanding between Britain and the United States.

The whole ground of unity is surveyed by George Louis Beer in *The Forum* in a convincing article entitled "The War. The British Empire and America," which explains at length the circumstances which led to Germany's diplomatic isolation and, most important of all, the ensuing cohesion of the sister nations which constitute the British Empire.

The writer shows that America's aloofness from European affairs has resulted in the sacrifice of interests and principles which could have been averted by "friendship with Great Britain," and continues:—

The most vital question now confronting the United States is whether the traditional policy of no entangling alliances and of no interference in European affairs shall be continued. In the days of our weakness this was the path of wisdom, but circumstances have changed. Hitherto we have, in general, merely insisted upon our international rights, but have sedulously refrained from assuming our share of the responsibilities for securing "the public rights" of the world. Our failure to recognise these obligations has caused untold havoc in the past and will lead to even greater disasters in the future After the war is concluded there probably will be a realignment of the Powers, but the danger of a fresh outbreak, possibly from another quarter, cannot be eliminated from our calculations. The only practical method to prevent this is to embody the existing cordial feelings between England and the United States in a more or less formal alliance, so that the two countries can bring their joint influence and pressure to bear wherever their common interests and political principles may be jeopardised.

To the prescient mind such an alliance discloses a vista of momentous possibilities. Of all the Great Powers the only two whose civilisation is not tainted by militarism and whose aim is thoroughly and genuinely pacific are the United States and Great Britain. Various devices have recently been elaborated for securing the peace of the world, such as the formation of a United States of Europe or the establishment of an international police force. But these projects are of doubtful practicability, as they either are not in line with the normal course of evolution or have no point of contact with existing institutions. If a world-community is ever to develop, its logical point of departure is the British Empire, which embraces within its folds one-quarter of the world's population. As a result, all disputes within this large segment of humanity are settled not by force, but by justice and reason. The *Pax Britannica* concretely demonstrates the feasibility of pacifist ideals. This Empire is, however, as yet imperfectly organised, in that the Dominions have no voice in determining some of the most vital issues. Only in case these growing democracies have a constant participation

in the Councils of the Empire, can it perdure. Hence the supreme necessity, in the interests of civilisation, for its reorganisation on the principle of an organic political system. If, further, the United States abandons its traditional policy of self-centred aloofness from the larger questions that are determining the course of world history and enters into an alliance with England, the logical outcome in time would be political union with this vast Commonwealth of Britons, Irishmen, Canadians, South Africans, Australasians, East Indians, Egyptians and other peoples. Apparently only in this way is there any hope of ever realising a world-community of all peoples, "reconciling the freedom of individuals and of individual States with the accomplishment of a common aim for mankind as a whole." This consummation Kant conceived to be the goal of universal history, and its fruit, according to him, is to be everlasting peace; but a Prussianised Germany has deliberately rejected this ideal as "not only senseless, but deeply immoral."

THE PENALTY OF DEFEAT.

The Candid Quarterly Review lives well up to its qualifying title, and in his review of "The War—So Far," Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles makes the patriot's flesh to creep with a dread summary of what would happen if——; but we will quote the dirge-like warning to those who have never contemplated a reverse to our arms:—

The task before us is one of such difficulty and danger as is even now not fully realised.

We have that in hand which will tax all our resources and all our resolution for long, as well on land as on the sea, and as things now look, even more by sea than by land.

We are all filled with a proud and proper confidence in the final decision. But so too, by all accounts, are the Germans. What if events or accidents turn out more favourable for them than we expect? We are most especially confident that, at least at sea, the decisive event will now, as ever, give us the victory. But suppose for a moment that it did not. Suppose the very worst possible

Suppose that at a given moment the English Fleet had been so reduced in numbers, partly by mines and submarines or Zeppelins, and partly by detachments to distant seas, that the German Fleet should think it possible to come out to battle.

Suppose that, mainly again through the novel uses of mines and submarines, the English Fleet were defeated—defeated despite great losses by the enemy, but yet defeated.

An invasion of England would assuredly follow. In England we should make a desperate resistance to the invader. But with a million or perhaps two million of our best soldiers engaged on the Continent, it would perhaps be ineffectual.

In such an extremity we should certainly recall our troops from the Continent—if we could get them back.

But to get them back when by the defeat of our Fleet we had lost command of the sea which they must cross would be an undertaking as hard as their transport thither when we still had that command was easy.

Suppose, then, that we left them there, deprived of all the equipment and munitions of war that England has hitherto supplied to them, and dependent on such only as they could draw from the Continent.

Suppose, then, England, after a splendid but hopeless resistance, subjugated and occupied by a German army up to and including London.

It would not then be the end of us. For even then our detached ships might sail for home, come together, and either suffice to keep in awe the much-diminished German Fleet, to cut off the German supplies of ammunition by sea, or even, were another naval combat essayed, to defeat the remnant of the German Navy. In which case the situation might be fully restored. With all the English dignitaries and Government prisoners in their hands, the Germans might have extracted from them such conditions of peace as they pleased, even conditions involving permanent vassalage of England to Germany. But were the reassembled overseas detachments from the Fleet in the hands of an Admiral who knew his duty to his country, no such engagements would avail with him. He would repudiate them as made under duress, and would either rescue his country from Germans and Government together or would perish in fight.

Suppose that to fail, then indeed the end of us is at hand.

One wakes as from an evil dream and takes comfort from the concluding sentences:—

Not one of these suppositions is at present conceivable.

But unless we are victorious at sea they are all conceivable.

Our Fleet is our all. That gone nothing is left. That gone, no armies nor land victories will save us. With that maintained, and left to be handled by the seamen, we need not fear a world in arms.

At all costs we must see that our Fleet is now rescued from Parties, Politicians, and Caucus, and committed to the seamen who alone know how to use it or even to preserve it.

All, all lies there.

AN ORDER IN COUNCIL.

In the February number of *The Candid Quarterly Review* Mr. Bowles came out strongly for the repudiation of The Hague Conventions of 1907 and the Declarations of London (1909) and Paris (1856), claiming that these instruments rendered our Fleet powerless to effect its mission. Now we are asked to rejoice at the promulgation of the Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, which effects the blockade of all shipping destined for German ports:—

For seven months the Fleet has been thus restricted and restrained, to our own great mischief and to the great ease and comfort of our enemy. And now, suddenly, all is gone. The Order in Council of 11th March has taken charge and carried all away. Of the eight Hague Conventions dealing with Naval War three had already foundered through various misfortunes and oppositions, and there remained only five of them afloat, whereof those most manifestly directed against England and her sea-power were No. 8, authorising the unrestricted laying of contact mines in any seas, and No. 11, restricting the right of capture at sea so as to forbid the capture of enemy dispatches and to require them, whether found in a neutral or an enemy ship, to be forwarded by the captor himself to the enemy. These two Conventions the Order in Council wholly dismisses. It was because (to use Mr. Asquith's words of 1st March) Germany had "taken a further step," and one "without any precedent in history, by mobilising and organising, not on the surface but under the surface of the sea, a campaign of piracy and pillage"—carried on equally by mine and submarine—that the Order was issued. Thenceforth it became impossible to claim England as any longer adhering to the Convention for which Sir Ernest Satow had voted authorising the sowing of the high seas with mines under no restriction whatever, as well in a campaign of piracy and pillage as in any other.

As completely does the Order deny and repudiate Convention No. 11, restricting the right of capture in Maritime War. For, dismissing the inviolability of enemy dispatches in transmission as "postal correspondence" as well as all other inviolabilities, including those of fishermen and of religious, scientific or philanthropic vessels, affirmed by the Convention, this Order prescribes generally on grand, broad lines, the detention, capture and bringing in of any vessel whatever that comes along carrying the goods of German commerce.

Thus at last we have "The Fleet Freed," and Mr. Bowles proceeds to criticise the various articles of the Order, the limitations of which do not meet with his approval, but on the whole he is more than content:—

Yet none of all this greatly matters. The stress put upon Germany, even with this limitation, through the cutting of all her sea roads and the stoppage of all her seaborne trade—if effected as intended by the Order in Council—will be tremendous, irresistible and, in the end, final. It will be that even though we confiscate and keep for ourselves none of those goods of hers that we capture at sea, but only hold them as prisoners. They will still be lost to her effectives in the great army of Trade even if not added to our own. They will still be such a loss, they will still amount to so vast and cumulative a loss—constantly, silently and remorselessly progressing—as no Trade can suffer and survive. Her total trade in 1913, import and export, was probably represented by a sum near to £1,000,000,000. In 1896 (since when no figures have been afforded) no less than 65 per cent. of her whole export and import trade was carried to or from her by sea and only 35 per cent. by land, with the land trade, moreover, constantly tending to diminution in its proportion. The stoppage of her seaborne commerce would therefore represent a vast present loss of trade, quite possibly of a full £650,000,000 in a year, only very little whereof could be—especially in present circumstances—filled up by land carriage. The effect upon all in all parts of the country of such a loss cannot be put into figures. It is far more and far more ruinous than any figures could convey. And, although it would be more consonant with the wishes of some of us, and more consistent with fair play and the laws of war, whether by sea or land, that we should keep what we capture, yet it is not that which mainly matters. What does matter, for the war, what will assuredly shorten it by distressing Germany where she will most feel it, is, so long as the war lasts, to prevent her from getting the stuff.

So far Mr. Bowles, but America has not spoken her last word.

The subject is dealt with in a further article, "The Law of Nations—Sea Law and the Failures to Alter it." The writer's superlatives are supreme, as may be judged from the following sentences in which he acclaims the Law of Nations, as:—

The labours of the wisest and ablest of mankind have gone to its making, and not in vain. The acutest intellects, the highest conceptions of morality, the profoundest sense of justice and equity, charity and humanity tempered by custom and experience have come together to perfect it. The historian, the jurist and the moralist have worked together, and all between them have elaborated in the Law of Nations the greatest Masterpiece of Mankind.

AMERICAN OPINION.

The attainment by *The North American Review* of its centenary is an event which will unite all sections of the English-speaking world in congratulations to its spirited Editor. Colonel George Harvey has splendidly maintained the fine traditions of a notable line of Editors, and the May number represents a high-water mark of interest which speaks for the virility of this living link between thinkers of the Grand Republic of Letters. The reading of the articles reviewed below is recommended as a cure for insular myopy.

TWO ENGLANDS.

To many Englishmen it is unthinkable that Americans should view matters from another angle. The reasoned words of William Dean Howells in his article "Why I" suggests many obvious reasons for many differences, but it is good to remember that these are outweighed by the causes making for unity. Mr. Howells writes :—

We need not run back for quantity in our memories of injury from the England of that class which has hitherto been her ruling class. In our keenest sense of that injury we have always, unless we were very stupid and ignorant, been aware of two Englands, of another and a better England than that ruling England, the England which has been our friend, and the friend of every righteous cause. In our struggle for Independence the wisest and truest and kindest of Englishmen were our friends ; in our struggle for Union these again were of our side. There are indeed two Englands : one that never forgets a friend once accepted, and one that never makes a friend whom injustice and insult could alienate. Hitherto it is the spirit of that evil England which has ruled England ; but in these latest years we, who have loved English liberty and hoped that somehow "in the far-off divine event" it would become American equality, have learned to believe that the better England had come into her own. We have seen a more equal tax wrung, however grudgingly, from the great nobles who had left the commons to pay an unjust share ; we have seen, with shame for ourselves, national pensions voted to outworn labour, and the growth of goodwill between the classes and the masses. We have seen such things as these, and through the storm of obloquy poured out on the sturdy Celt who has forced this justice from the hands of Norman and Saxon we have made bold to hope for a day when the eyes of England should be purged of the dazzle of kings and nobles which has kept her blind to the glory of common manhood. We knew that our vision must be vain for yet a time indefinitely long, but we kept saying to ourselves, "Why, at the end of this volcanic uprush of hell over the lands so long peaceful, should not there be a federation of the world which should at least prophesy, if not establish, the universal republic and make 'the game of kings' for ever impossible ?"

A WARNING.

NORMAN ANGELL reminds us in his paper on "America and the Neutralisation of the Sea," that Britain's claim to restrain the trade of neutrals will be challenged after the war. He says :—

Americans have recognised that on the whole Britain's action is in accordance with sea law as it stands and as America has accepted it, and if Germany's action now makes the position of neutrals impossible, the remedy for America will be not an alliance with the Allies to restore the law as Britain has been enforcing it, but at the conclusion of the war to see that it is changed altogether.

And that contingency - the point at which the whole dispute will inevitably crystallise-- English opinion has absolutely failed to envisage. There is in England not the faintest realisation— I have not seen a line of discussion concerning it in the Press —that the inevitable outcome of the present contraband and blockade difficulties will be an irresistible movement in America for the neutralisation of the high seas, or, failing that, their domination by the American navy.

Yet that movement, backed as it will be by a most formidable combination of patriotic sentiment and commercial and industrial interest, will raise the fundamental problem of English national policy ; and England will be confronted by the demand for the limitation of a power round the preservation of which has centred her deepest national pride, and upon which she has learned to believe her security as a nation and empire depends.

And this profound conflict of policy is not even being discussed in England : for most Englishmen the Anglo-American differences are concerned with quite other things. The English public are likely in consequence one day to be presented with demands which, because there has been no adequate discussion of the causes which underlie them, will seem unwarrantable and preposterous, and on no account to be granted. And yet America will not withdraw them. Such a situation is always dangerous.

WILL AMERICA FIGHT?

SYDNEY BROOKS has made a special study of American politics, and his article, "America at the Cross-Roads," appearing in *The English Review*, should be read by all those who are anxious to appreciate President Wilson's difficult position in guiding the destinies of the great English-speaking Republic at this critical stage of her development. The sinking of the *Lusitania* sent a thrill of horror through the civilised world, and the deliberate murder of neutrals necessitated something more than a protest from America. The President's Note has been universally acclaimed as of the greatest moral significance; in Mr. Brooks's judgment it is "not unentitled to rank among the masterpieces of diplomatic literature," and America's decision is practically in the hands of its President, of whom the writer says:—

Since he has been in the White House there has never been any question as to where lay the governing influence in American politics. Flabbiness is the very last quality that any of his countrymen would think of imputing to him. He has his own standards, his own unexpected ways of looking at things, and they are often at odds with the mad, unholy realities of the world around him. He sometimes detects a point of conscience in a situation which a more mundane statesman, without his fund of idealism and his painful balancing of ethical *pros* and *cons*, would tackle with a vulgar directness; and he retains from his pedagogic years a habit of authority, a stubborn pride of opinion, and a certain impatience of opposition that make it exceedingly difficult for him to reverse or depart from any policy which he has once persuaded himself possesses the essential sanctions of justice and right. He must be sure of the moral principle before he commits himself, but, once sure of it, he is inflexible. It would probably be literally true to say that he was "too proud to fight" Mexico. But he would not hesitate a moment to fight Germany when convinced in his conscience and intellect that there was no other way out and that he was contending for no selfish object, but in defence of rights and interests as wide as humanity.

Mr. Brooks adds his weight to the warning conveyed in these columns against the assumption that America acquiesces in our contraband policy, and on the main question he gives good reasons for his statement that if America abandons her neutrality "it would be by all odds the biggest event of the war."

OVER-LORDS.

WHEN, with the aid of our Indian allies, we have secured liberty for Belgium, it is to be hoped that some measure of freedom may be accorded India in spite of the House of Lords. In *The Asiatic Review* Syud Hossain calls attention to Lord Hardinge's protest against the reactionary vote of "a small body of Peers" which denies an Executive Council to the United Provinces. India has quite enough to suffer from its own caste system without having to bear in addition the follies of Britain's oligarchic caste. The argument always presented is that "the time has not yet arrived," and we are reminded of Lord Morley's rejoinder, "*The time would never come.*" The following extract gives the writer's point of view:—

The creation of an Executive Council for the United Provinces, as has been noted, would have marked no new departure in administrative practice. By the Indian Council's Bill of 1909 the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal had been provided with such a Council. Subsequently, when the Durbar changes were announced, the modification of the partition of Bengal necessitated the constitution of the Province of Behar and Orissa. The new Lieutenant-Governorship received its Executive Council in due course, but not, as might be rashly assumed, without challenge in the usual quarter. A characteristic passage from one of Lord Curzon's speeches, what time the details of territorial reorganisation consequent upon the change of capital were being thrashed out in Parliament, is *apropos* at the present moment. His Lordship pointed out that the acceptance of the Government's proposal would present "the rather absurd spectacle of Behar and Orissa, admittedly—I do not say it with any disrespect—one of the backward provinces of India, with the full machinery of a Lieutenant-Governor and Executive Council, and side by side with it *you will have the United Provinces—one of the most enlightened and provinces in India*—with a Lieutenant-Governor, but with no Executive Council at all. That is a real anomaly."

Here, of course, the suggestion was not that the United Provinces should be given an Executive Council, but that Behar and Orissa should be denied one. The argument affords an unconscious criticism of the point of view of these opponents of Indian reform which it is important to bear in mind. A province may be admitted as "one of the most enlightened and progressive in India"—with a population, be it added, of over forty-five millions—and in the same breath refused such an elementary administrative concession as an Executive Council.

THE EMPIRE AT WAR.

BRITISH VIRILITY.

MILITARY enthusiasts will rub their eyes when they have read Archibald Hurd's article in *The Fortnightly Review* on "The Miracle of the War," for the writer positively glories in our unreadiness for war. Firstly, it will prove beyond any question Britain's innocence of breaking the peace; and secondly, it has necessitated an effort which has enabled the Empire to exhibit the splendour of an unequalled patriotism. It is very refreshing to read a full-hearted confession of our own virtues, and we must congratulate Mr. Hurd on the cheery optimism which pushes obvious criticism to the background, and rejoices, quite legitimately, at the creditable response of the Empire to a supreme call. The following extracts would make more heartening reading in all places of worship than a recital of David's psalms:—

The miracle of the war consists of this uprising of the British race; no law had to be passed or lash applied to fill the ranks; the cause of the combat having been stated, men in thousands rallied to the standard and voluntarily agreed to hazard their all. The whole Empire proceeded to take up arms. The Mother Country, holding in trust the destinies of the race, did not call to the Dominions for assistance; several days before the die had been cast—before the Cabinet in London had reached the conviction that war was inevitable, whatever the sacrifice in blood and treasure which it involved—the self-governing Dominions hastened with both hands to offer their support. The issue still hung in the balance when one oversea Government after another—New Zealand on July 31st, Canada on August 1st, Australia on August 3rd, and South Africa on the morning of August 4th—cabled that if war there must be—and they revealed no doubt on the matter—the oversea Empire would fight side by side with the Mother Country.

The miracle of the war is to be discovered not in operations at sea or on land, but in the success with which the manhood of the United Kingdom and the Dominions overseas was mobilised, with the result that after nine months of hostilities a British Army existed approaching in strength three million officers and men, and representative of the best brain and muscle of the British race. When it is borne in mind that on the eve of the war the House of Commons voted a Regular Army of only 168,500 men, and that, by the subsequent Spring, we were—or had been—prosecuting military operations in eight distinct theatres on land—apart from the operations by sea—it must be admitted that, far from having any cause for shame and disappointment, the people of the British Isles and their kith and kin overseas have ample ground for satisfaction and congratulation at the demonstration which has been made of the virility of the race.

The British people awoke from a peaceful siesta—marked by successions of Peace Conferences at The Hague, the interchange of visits of courtesy with Germany, the encouragement of the Anglo-German friendship movement and other manifestations of goodwill on their part—to find that all the declarations of devotion to the cause of peace by the people on the other side of the North Sea—from the Kaiser and his Ministers and professors downwards—had been merely lip service, and that, under the cloak of friendly intentions towards the British people the whole nation had been placed on a war



Western Mail.] [Perth, Australia.

The Enemy within the Gates.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lloyd George) said Great Britain was fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink, and the greatest of these deadly foes was Drink. Excessive drinking was seriously interfering with the output of munitions, which must be enormously increased to enable us to win.

footing, and organised for war—for a war for the Teutonic domination of Europe. The situation for us was not an inspiriting one; we found ourselves confronted by a nation in arms—the friends of yesterday had suddenly thrown off all disguise and were revealed men mad for war—war to the knife, war without restraint. In a few months we had evidence that we were opposed by a whole people "possessed of the Devil."

THE RULE OF THE RIFLE.

LAST month we quoted Professor Jacks under the caption "Machinery Masters Mankind," and singularly enough an article in *The English Review* for June supplies a further application of the argument. In the conclusion to his notes on "Weapons and Tactics," Lisle March Phillips says:—

It has been suggested that the civilisation we have evolved is of such a character, at once so complicated and so powerful, that we have ended by becoming the creatures of that which we have created. Instead of our running civilisation, it is civilisation which runs us. That, at least, is true of modern armaments. Guns and rifles were invented for men to use, but they are using men. They are more and more assuming control of troops in the field and dictating a science of tactics in accordance with their own character. The keynote of their tactics is their defensive object. In considering, therefore, and endeavouring to understand modern war, it is more and more in the defensive capacity of the weapons used that we must seek a clue.

The writer is of opinion that the rifleman saved the situation in the famous retreat from Mons:—

Accordingly it was found, in this memorable retreat, that the rifle was able to bear the strain imposed by an overwhelming attack met by inferior numbers and an inferior artillery. The test applied was the severest possible; indeed, the conditions might almost seem to render inevitable that final rout, disintegration, and smash-up of our force which was the object of the enemy's tactics. The rifle, however, saved us. Had we been using close-quarter weapons, it is obvious that, however obstinate the defence, the enemy must have achieved his aim in the first day's fighting. To fight at all we should have had to close, and had we once closed numbers would have done their work, and nothing worth having of our army would have emerged alive.

What, therefore, I would point out is that, even in this series of actions in which the power of the rifle is so well demonstrated, it is its protective rather than its destructive power which is most emphasised. Descriptions of the effects wrought on a massed attack by a blizzard of bullets, carefully reserved and delivered with the punctuality and dispatch in keeping with the instincts of a nation of shopkeepers, may seem to convey only an impression of the rifle's talent for destruction. But a moment's consideration is sufficient to show that, even at these moments, the weapon was saving many more lives than it was sacrificing. It sacrificed a regiment or two, but it saved an army. Sir John French's force, after the first week's fighting, owed its existence to the fact that the struggle had been fought with missile weapons.

WANTED—A DICTATORSHIP!

MR. AUSTEN HARRISON does not put it exactly like that, but it comes to the same thing if we may extract the moral from his article in his magazine (*The English Review*), where he writes:—

It is to the national side of the matter I would call attention. Conscription does not mean merely a law introducing compulsory service; it means militarism, military government and control, system, organisation, all-round professionalism, in lieu of the amateurishness still reigning. Under conscription the whole forces and resources of the country would be placed in the hands of the military. Our popular Government would cease to be, for the time being; that is to say, their responsibilities would cease. Civilians would no longer be in control of any work or department connected with war. The question of food prices, of freights, &c., would come under the jurisdiction of military expediency regardless of the wishes, theories, opinions, or singularities of an individualistic electorate. If men drank too much, the drink shops would be shut down. If prices rose excessively, the authorities would step in and fix a maximum, as they have done all over Germany. In a word, we should have system, and for the first time since Cromwell—Government in contradistinction to *a* Government whose whole strength derives from the initiative and consent of the people.

Mr. Harrison is right with his facts, and his arguments are perfectly logical and sound, but we must ask him, Is there no other way than to place the whole national life in the hands of the War Office? We are involved in the most deadly war, and the military authorities know, and have proved, that the nation is behind them. If anything is lacking, it is due to the fact that the nation is not consulted. The War Office has attempted to work miracles, and has failed in the precise degree in which the civil administration has been ignored. When the military experts desire the *co-operation* of

the nation, it will be forthcoming, but if on the terms of the drill-master we think Mr. Harrison would be the first to kick—and courts-martial are somewhat abrupt in their methods.

GALLIPOLI AND GIBRALTAR.

IN *The Fortnightly Review* H. Charles Woods gives further particulars of the operations at the Dardanelles, and indicates the real nature of the task when he says :—

There are but few people in this country who understand the greatness of the task which was first undertaken by the Allies in February last—a task infinitely more difficult of accomplishment than the subjugation of Gibraltar, the natural strength of which is as almost nothing when compared to that of the Straits which form the western approach to Constantinople.

Mr. Woods reviews the situation very carefully, and shows that the strategy at present adopted is the only method likely to achieve success, although this demands the highest quality of courage and endurance :—

From whatever direction or in whatever area they may be undertaken, it is impossible to exaggerate the local difficulties which must be overcome in accomplishing the task allotted to the Allied Armies upon the Peninsula of Gallipoli. As a traveller who has ridden and tramped across the rough districts of Albania, and of Asia Minor, I can say as a result of my personal experience that it is by far the worst area of land upon which I have ever set foot. Almost the whole district, and especially that part which borders upon the Straits between the Lines of Bulair to Eski Hissarlik, is covered by hills which in places rise to a height of nearly 1,000 ft. above the level of the sea. On the extreme south-west there is Achi-Baba, and to the north-east of Kilid Bahr and Maidos there are Saribair and Khoja Chemen Dagh, the latter attaining an elevation of 950 ft. These positions must be occupied before an advance can be made to the shores of the Narrows. The hills or mountains run not in any regular or well-defined direction, but they consist of a group or of a series of groups of peaks. Through and between these hills there run an equally confusing number of valleys—valleys which for the most part stretch across rather than up and down the Peninsula.

The whole area is practically roadless, and much of it is covered by prickly scrub—bushes so thick and terrible that they tear and damage one's person from head to toe. The slopes of these hills and the sides of these valleys, if indeed they can be called slopes at all, are so almost perpendicular that at times it is necessary to scale them on hands and knees. Every hill and knoll must be seized from, and defended against, a brave and determined enemy, whose cause is entirely favoured by the nature of the area in which his troops and snipers are located. But, even if it be an ideal country for irregular warfare, it is impossible not to be struck with admiration at the marvellous dash, heroism, and efficiency of the Australians and of the New Zealanders, who have played such a prominent *rôle* in this most important campaign against our Turco-Germanic enemies. If Canada has rung from end to end on account of the gallantry of her boys at Ypres, the people of Australia and of New Zealand must be wild with enthusiasm at the story of the gallantry of those whom they have sent to the front.

THE agricultural districts of Serbia are cultivated by small farmers. Serbia is a peasant land *par excellence*. The Serbian agriculturists are not only extremely industrious and frugal, but they are exceedingly progressive. That may be seen from the fact that agricultural co-operation, which is still so grossly neglected in England, is wonderfully highly developed in Serbia. Serbia has considerable mineral resources which are insufficiently exploited. To develop the latent wealth of the country roads and railways are required, but these are expensive undertakings. Serbian intelligence and Serbian industry will make Serbia a prosperous land as soon as the people are freed from their political and economic shackles.—"POLITICUS" in *The Fortnightly Review*.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Courageous Turk.

"The Turk fears no one; see how he is putting his tongue out at our enemies."

"TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

LETHARGIC Britain has been aroused, and sure of his ultimate triumph over the forces of hell let loose, discussion is rife as to the penalty which will obliterate all traces of the new "Kultur." The universal verdict is "first catch the Kaiser, then hang him," but this still leaves the stupendous question of compensation for outrage, arson and murder to be settled by the court of public opinion (too outraged to trouble about the exact responsibility of individuals). Already the whole German nation has been indicted as enemies of the human race.

In the May issue of *War and Peace* G. Lowes Dickinson attempts to remind the public that "Punishing Germany" may mean inflicting an injury on those unborn and continuing to future generations our present enmities. Mr. Dickinson says rightly that the war was not made by the sixty-five million men, women and children whom we call "Germany," but by the Kaiser and his accomplices, who are responsible:—

Suppose, for instance, you were to exact from the German nation an annual tribute of hundreds of millions, for half a century or more. That means that you will make all Germans poorer during that period, including all who are now infants and all who will be born within the period. Most of them will be people who had nothing to do, even indirectly, with making the war. Whatever reason may be given for such a policy, it cannot be justified on the ground of guilt. For the penalty must fall on those who are not guilty, while leaving unpunished the few men who really did make the war.

The same considerations apply if we look, not at the origin of the war, but at the barbarities that have been committed in the course of it. German officers and soldiers have done monstrous things in Belgium. Therefore, some have urged—they are few, I believe, and would hardly dare to stand up and defend themselves—the allied troops ought to "punish Germany" by doing similar things to Germans in Germany. To quite a different set of Germans, observe; Germans who had no part in the crimes and no power to prevent them, and who, no doubt, loathe them as much as we do. Yet I have heard of ordinarily mild women who recommend that form of punishment. So with the sinking of unarmed ships. This, too, is an abominable crime. But if it is to be punished, it must be punished in the person of those who commit it, or rather of those responsible for giving the orders. To "punish Germany" for it is to punish the innocent for the guilty. It is like the old method, long ago abandoned as barbarous, of punishing a man's tribe or family for his fault. It is not really punishment; it is revenge.

I argue, then, that if we are thinking of justice, it cannot be just to punish for the crimes of certain Germans all the sixty-five millions of German men, women and children now alive, and millions more who are not yet born. But it may be said, "We are not thinking of justice. We are thinking of reformation. The Germans will be better people when they have been punished." Will they? No one can be the better for punishment, unless he believes that he is guilty and that the judge is just. But neither condition here obtains. The Germans, so far from believing they are guilty of the war, believe that *we* are! It is unreasonable of them, no doubt. But, in fact, that is what they believe, and are likely to continue to believe, until some historian of the future can produce facts at present unknown and prove to demonstration where the guilt lies. If, then, the Germans are beaten, they certainly will not think that the Right has triumphed. They will think it is a triumph of Wrong. And they will feel it a duty, as well as a right, to try to right that wrong. They may say, "We have been mismanaged, we have been unwise, we have been unfortunate." The one thing they will not say is, "We have been wrong." And unless they say that they are not benefited by "punishment."

But not only will the Germans not believe themselves to be guilty, they will have no confidence in the judge. How should they? The judges are their enemies. They are actually the opposing parties in the suit! If they were as just as possible, how can they be believed to be just? . . . We want a permanent arrangement which will guarantee each and all the States of Europe against aggressive attack by the others. Anything done by the victors which will contribute to that purpose is right. Anything which will militate against it is wrong, whether or not it be dictated by righteous indignation. The German Government and the aggressive and Jingo part of the German population ought not, I agree, to emerge from this war with a feeling that it will be a safe venture to try the same thing again. Neither, on the other hand, must the German nation be put in such a position that all their legitimate interests and ambitions are thwarted. For then they would have no other course open to them than to enter, as soon as they can, upon a new war, which would also then be a just one.

THE STATESMAN AS SUPERMAN.

THE May issue of *United Empire* contains the second part of Lt. Turner-Smith's Prize Essay entitled "In What Sense Can an Empire Prove Itself to be Great?" After dealing with the historic principles governing the growth of nations, the writer proceeds to treat of national character and its expression :—

The first inference is that statesmanship must be guided by a respect for the people as representing the genius of the nation. Our indebtedness to the statesman is sometimes greater than we are prepared to acknowledge. It is a mistake to suppose that the public will or the public good is to be found by universal suffrage. If that were so, it were better to answer Rousseau's call and return to the ancient city-State of Greece. But experience has shown that the general will, which wills the best, does not find expression through majorities, but through the wisdom of statesmen. This does not mean that the statesman must be typical of his race—the embodiment of all national characteristics in a single being is so rare as may be said never to have existed—but he must be a man of understanding, of penetrating insight, of true discernment, and of wise judgment. His task is not to create but to interpret the thoughts of many hearts. Hence he must be without private ambitions which would conflict with his vocation. He must be a man with a mind large enough to look out upon the world with an impartial and unimpassioned purpose. If such a man be chosen to lead, and being chosen followed, it matters little what system of government is adopted—for forms of government are but the channels of action which experience has designed to aid the willing and check the unscrupulous and incompetent — but with such a man as trustee of the nation's welfare, that people will become a spiritual force in the world. A people without a statesman is like a flock without a shepherd. It lacks concerted action. It wants the embodiment, in a single leader, of that mysterious unity which makes a nation one. It is the hireling statesman, and the mercenary sovereign that, more than any other, have been the cause of national calamity and have made—in Gladstone's words—"the history of nations, that is the history of government, to be one of the most immortal parts of human history." The accredited agents and authoritative spokesmen of the State, through incompetence or sheer iniquity, have too often betrayed their people's trust.



Lieutenant N. A. Turner-Smith,
4th Highland Light Infantry.

But it would be an injustice to leave the matter there, for although the responsibility of the statesman is great—greater than most men can even comprehend — yet the responsibility which lies with the people is still greater, and often less willingly acknowledged. The next inference, therefore, from what we have seen to be the main task of government, is concerned with vocation. It has already been observed that the work of the statesman is to interpret and not to create, which implies an existing temperament, character, or individuality

latent in the nation, and this to have any reality must in some degree be shared by all its members. The fact of a common possession such as this should not be difficult to demonstrate. True, the consciousness of it may vary according to ideals and manner of life, but everyone as he begins to think becomes aware of something deeper than private interest, which he pursues in common with his fellows: something which is worth fighting for; something which is worth dying for; something which is even worth killing for. There is the common incalculable debt to the past which has given to all their language, their law, their government, and their religion, not one of which can be referred to the will of a single individual, but which have been acquired by the bloodshed and martyrdom, the self-sacrifice and willing service, of many devoted souls. Safeguards of justice and independence have been handed down from generation to generation. Rare fruits of study and experience have willingly been passed from age to age. In short, we are all bound together by the invisible bonds of a common tradition and common aspirations.

The whole essay is written on a very high level and should be widely read.

PROGRESS—BACKWARDS.

AN anonymous writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* takes stock of our boasted progress and argues that our material triumphs have cheated mankind of its soul. The illustrations used to point the moral are presented with that degree of necessary abruptness which challenges the reader's attention. Our eugenists are included in the chastening, as may be noted in the following extract:—

To our ancestors a little child was something sacred, immortal, whose endless destiny commanded of those to whom it was entrusted alertness, watchfulness, lest its feet should go astray from the narrow path that led to the heavenly hills. Words spoken near the cradle where the new-born baby lay turned the spot to holy ground.

To those of us who are most advanced to-day, a little child is a little animal; few are left who, in its presence, think of sacredness any more than in the presence of a little pig. There is the utmost alertness in meeting its physical needs; there is, if possible, a trained nurse to bring scientific knowledge to its requirements, to keep loving fingers away; but the ideas that encircle it concern for the most part its body. Meanwhile, the most progressive thought of the age is busy with the question whether its standard cannot be raised to that of choice animal stock; whether the infant human being may not be bred, as colt or calf of approved ancestry is bred, by choice of the physically fit. This represents the furthest vision of the future; this is the goal against which the imagination of the present dreams.

The spiritual has been extruded and science endeavours to fill the vacuum:—

It is an era of the flesh and its needs, its possibilities—of unawareness, for the most part, of any aspects deeper than the physical. Many of us can remember the day when we were taught that we had immortal souls, to whose safeguarding thought and care and profound endeavour must go. The chief question was, "Is it right or wrong?" The chief question to-day is, "Is it sterilized?" Life, which used to be a brave flight between heaven and hell, has come to be a long and anxious tip-toeing between the microbe and the antiseptic. It is not that I object to antiseptics, but that I object to the amount of good brain-space they have come to occupy, to the exclusion of more important matters.

The writer contends that the idealism of our forefathers brought solace and joy, feeding the springs of a life fuller and deeper than this generation knows. The present suffering may bring to us the "profound need of faith":—

One thing is evident in all this awful crash: men still are brave; never before, perhaps, have they fought against such great odds. The splendour of their courage dims our eyes. Shall the fighters in the world of spirit, "fighters in the noblest fight," be less brave in defending in the face of odds, perhaps never so great before, these inner truths, deeper than dogma, deeper than theology, deeper than life itself, the immemorial heritage of the race—longing unutterable for righteousness, for faith in the spiritual, for enlarging and unending life?

A NATION OF YEOMEN.

WE are apt to forget the fact that Serbia is now our ally, and being somewhat absorbed in our own preoccupations it is perhaps natural that we should under-estimate the inherent qualities of that gallant nation. G. N. Trevelyan writes in *The Fortnightly Review* on "Austro-Hungary and Serbia," from which one may appreciate the difficulties surmounted by a remarkable nation :—

By Austrian decree the Serbians were condemned to remain for ever a bucolic, inland people, with no seaport, though half the eastern Adriatic coast is inhabited by their co-nationals, the South Slavs. Austria has "tied Serbia up in a sack," as the Serbs say.

This artificial seclusion from the sea has been the bane of Serbia. The Austrians have cut her off from civilisation and then called her uncivilised. She has been prevented from enjoying commercial and intellectual communication with the great European world, except by way of her enemy, Austria. She was shut in on all sides. No one visited Serbia, no one helped her to develop her resources, no one knew what manner of men inhabited her land. It was assumed that they were all "regicides," dirty, idle keepers of pigs, as their enemies the Viennese reported. And, as so often happens, it was only their recent success in war which has at length caused the world to remark the qualities which they have always displayed in peace.

The Serbians have the virtues and the limitations of a peasant democracy. Eighty-six per cent. of the population belongs to the class of peasant proprietors, cultivating their own farms. There is no class of landlords taking rents. There is no feudalism, no squirearchy, and as yet no important mercantile or industrial classes—no "middle class" or "working men." There are yeomen, and nothing else. The contrast is strange, as compared to neighbouring Hungary, where the Magyars, one of the most feudal of all European races, sacrifice the wealth and happiness of the cultivating peasant to the landlord patrician, who carries off everything politically, socially, and economically. Serbia, on the other hand, is democratic and equalitarian, far more so than either America or England. There are no class questions, because there is practically only one class. Patriotism is the sole political feeling of the average Serbian, because there is no "social problem," and consequently there can be no vital politics except foreign politics. It is due to the independent manliness of the free yeoman, and to the absence of all class division, that the Serbian Army has won redoubtable victories in the field over the larger forces that Austria-Hungary sent into Serbia on their errand of murder, pillage, and destruction.

WHAT NEUTRALS THINK.

R.T.C.'s article in *The British Review* on "Roumania and the War" is the most complete survey of Roumania's position that has yet appeared in the reviews. The writer takes nothing for granted, and does not jump to conclusions; his remarks on the mental attitude of the neutral are worth considering :—

To the average citizen of the Allied countries the attitude of waiting taken up by the nations in the Near East is entirely perplexing. He cannot conceive why, when his success is a certainty, any country should hesitate to join his righteous cause. Unfortunately, to diplomacy there are no righteous causes, only the cause of the stronger. Nations no longer, if they ever did, pledge their existence in a "righteous" cause that is exterior. When it comes to righteousness, the neutrals have no more belief in the diplomatic righteousness of the Entente than in that of the Germanic Powers. The mere general announcement that equity will govern peace terms can carry weight with no nation which has ever experienced the parental control of Europe, while the interests of the Allies are so different that there is no ground for supposing that they will unite in supporting any proposal of substance. Every State has its "Prussian" party, which seems to be in a fair way to control the settlement, and in a "Prussian" party absolutely no trust can be placed. More, to the neutrals the issue of the war is by no means so certain as it is to the man in the street in Paris or London, and this doubt necessitates a much more binding guarantee than any Power seems disposed to give. They see themselves called in to help to administer the *coup de grâce* to one or other party in this stage of the quarrel, for they do not by any means consider this war as the last for the supremacy of Europe, and they seek a return which will enable them to face the next with equanimity. It is scarcely doubtful that the rejection by Greece of Sir Edward Grey's terms was not merely the difficulty of assimilating so large a foreign population, but also the clear doubt as to his ability to carry out his promise and as to whether it would actually benefit Greece at the next stage.

For my own part, I have no doubt as to Roumania's ultimate participation in the struggle on the Entente side. But she will come in on the strict resolve to recreate a national State, and not, like Italy, to secure an economic hegemony in a definite area. Her reasons for hesitation are therefore worthy of consideration. First, the victory of the Entente is not yet seen to be inevitable. Should the Entente lose, or should the result be drawn, it is obvious that the smaller States will be made the scapegoats.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

AFTER a perusal of Robert Crozier Long's contribution to *The Fortnightly Review* it is possible to construct a composite portrait of that somewhat enigmatical creature who is fighting the battles of the great White Empire. Drawn from the extremities of Europe and Asia, one is impressed mostly by the variety of type, the Cossack who is eager to fight, and the peasant who is indifferent, but whose fatalism endows him with courage and its attributes. The predominant note is simplicity; to the concentrated bitterness of the German they present a very strange contrast:—

The interests of soldiers outside food, draughts and bodily matters, are moral problems, religion, and land. Religion and morals have little to do with one another. Morals are conduct among men, and religion is heaven's concern. The soldiers have not a stern moral standard—not even for others. They do not condemn as hypocrites men who steal and drink, merely because these men pray and go to church. A great part of morals is deportment. The soldiers are decorous and decent; they greet one another politely, and they are never familiar. They are serious. In a train from Nowo-Alexandrija to Warsaw I heard them gravely praising the virtues of solidity and gravity. *Stepennost!* A non-commissioned officer told how two men who streaked their cheeks with ochre were killed. They were killed because they lacked gravity. He said that gravity is passing out of the world. In old days people were grave. They wore long coats and talked seriously in low voices; but now men have taken to wearing short jackets; even gentlemen wear short jackets, and there is no dignity left in them. "When we take off our overcoats what are we? Spiders. Short jackets are the cause of the war." He condemned the clothes of Russia's Allies, and condemned the Germans because they flooded Russia with "German clothing." *Niemetskoe platye!* Forty soldiers heard this, one only objected. "People," he said, "can be serious in short coats. Only priests need long coats."

The soldiers are charitable. They are not saints; but their sin is not vindictiveness. They reason that if others are bad, they are bad because they were born so, because someone made them bad, because external compulsion moulded to badness the plastic will; they reason that if others are good they had better not be proud as they will probably be bad to-morrow. This spirit excludes hatred, and rebukes the spirit in which politicians far from life and from policy imagine Europe will be remade. The worst things I have heard said by soldiers are above the worst things said by politicians; and in the best things said by soldiers who hardly read is more truth, not to say poetry, than all politicians have said since war began. A soldier in Warsaw told me that the war might end in a month. I asked: how? I expected a newspaper tale that the Russians would be in Berlin, or the enemy in Moscow. The soldier said he believed the Germans were going to repent. The Germans, he said, are great sinners; but suppose that suddenly they lay down their arms and ask for forgiveness. Queerer things happen. I asked the soldier what put that in his head. At first he laughed mysteriously and cunningly, as much as to say: "That is beyond your understanding," then he explained. He said that two prisoners had been brought in; they were young men; and both were crying. Why were they crying? No one offended them, and when someone gave them tobacco they cried more. They cried because they were sorry. Who knows what is in any man's heart? He refused to pursue his idea. At first I laughed. A vision of five million Germans laying down their rifles and taking up their handkerchiefs struck me as caricature matter. But later this hope seemed no more unlikely of realisation than the adumbrations of the end of the war which politicians daily serve up to credulous people.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Careful Bear.

"In front it goes ill, behind it goes ill, when I try to turn round——"

W. G. C. GLADSTONE.

THE Rt. Hon. Charles Masterman contributes a touching memoir of his dead friend to *The Nineteenth Century*, and presents the little-known features of a modest politician to whom self seeking was unknown. In strong contrast to his grandfather, the late member for Kilmarnock lacked "intellectual passion," but was distinguished for an absolute devotion to duty. Of the last phase Mr. Masterman writes :—

He was not a soldier at all, and the particular military instincts were quite deficient in him. He had nothing of that boisterousness and desire for adventure and good-tempered bellicosity which has flung so many hundreds of thousands of our people into France and Flanders. Indeed, in a curious sense it was just because of the absence of that impulse that he was determined to go: that he convinced himself that he could do no otherwise. Young, of military age, unmarried, with no dependants on him, Lord Lieutenant of his county, he could see no possible alternative to that of offering his services at the seat of danger. He seems to have had from the first a conviction that with his services he was offering his life: that there was never any question of his returning home with honour and glory. With one of those premonitions which are not uncommon to men of his temperament, even in the weeks preceding his departure, he seems to have been conscious that this was an end; and the end came speedily and fortunately without suffering. There are some who appreciate the glory of the linking such a name in sacrifice for a righteous cause; who can almost rejoice that a Gladstone has died on the borders of a little nation which had appealed to this country for help, and had not appealed in vain. There are others, however, to whom the thought of the tragic loss is still too dominant to enable them to feel any such disinterested consolations. For the vision of Gladstone's heir and grandson, the only son of his mother and she a widow, a life on which had been concentrated so many hopes and prayers and longings, prepared so assiduously for political effort, and having earned, not through hereditary fame but from his own personal characteristics, a particular reputation in Parliament, suddenly destroyed by a chance bullet, when still under thirty, is a vision which exhibits, in its most concentrated form, the clumsy brutality of war.



Photo by] [*Lafayette, Ltd*

The late William G. C. Gladstone.

THE FIGHTING GAEL.

CERTAIN "exalted persons who carp, cavil and declare blatantly that the Gaels are hanging back" from recruiting receive their answer from "A. M. E." in *The Scottish Review*. In the old days the men of the islands and glens mustered in their thousands at the call of their chieftains, and although "economic" conditions (depopulation, etc.) have changed all that, the old spirit still lives and shines in the ranks of our Army. "A. M. E." asks :—

I wonder what his recompense will be when the war and the danger of conquest are over, and the sword is returned to its scabbard! Will he be forced to continue to make a scanty and precarious living on small barren ungrateful patches of land while all the fertile and cultivable areas are devoted to the raising of dumb animals? Unless the friends of the people are vigilant and alert, this is exactly what will happen. With Governments, as with some lowlier people, gratitude is often a sense of favours to come. Public memory is proverbially short, and Government memory is known to be the shortest of all.

Government must not be permitted to forget. Care must be taken that Gaeldom has not to wait for its next land measure a quarter of a century or more—the period that elapsed between the passage of the last two Acts.

RUPERT BROOKE.

"*For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,*
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

THE death of this young poet is lamented by all who came under the influence of his rare personality. The brief biographical note in *The English Review* by Edward Thomas expresses the man, and suggests the loss to literature. Rupert Brooke served with the Royal Naval Division, was on his way to the Dardanelles, and died of sunstroke at Lemnos. Mr. Thomas presents the poet's characteristics in a few telling sentences :—

Wherever he went he made friends, well-wishers, admirers, adorers. He was himself a friendly man, with humour and good humour added. Successful in many fields—he played in the eleven and the fifteen for Rugby School; he won a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge; he was celebrated as a golden young Apollo, in Mrs. Cornford's phrase—

"Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life,"—

his attractiveness included modesty and simplicity. He stretched himself out, drew his fingers through his waved, fair hair, laughed, talked indolently, and admired as much as he was admired. No one that knew him could easily separate him from his poetry; not that they were the same, but that the two inextricably mingled and helped one another. He was tall, broad, and easy in his movements. Either he stooped, or he thrust his head forward unusually much to look at you with his steady blue eyes. His clear, rosy skin helped to give him the look of a great girl. The papers nearly all said something about his "beauty," his good looks, his "glamour"; one said that he was one of the handsomest Englishmen of our time. And just before he died it happened that one of his last-published sonnets was quoted in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Dean :—

"If I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

So instantly he took his share of the fame that comes to young poets dying conspicuously and unexpectedly, but not unprophesied by themselves.

THE PROBLEM OF ALCOHOL.

INDEED, as soon as the war crisis is over and we are in safety as an Empire, that great Imperial Council, which must in some shape or form be summoned, should be asked, amongst other questions of grave import to the Empire, to discuss that of Alcohol, above all, alcohol and its effect on the backward and the subject peoples. If a white nation, or daughter nation, or self-governing communities such as British Guiana or the Straits Settlements, like to poison themselves with this harmful drug, to impair their efficiency, to lower their birth-rate—well, they must be free to slay themselves. But, to my thinking, it is an abominable crime on our part, who have arrogated to ourselves the right to rule millions and millions of human beings of a different type to the Caucasian; that we who—no doubt wisely at the present stage in world affairs—rule those people despotically and refuse them any potent share in the administration of their own lands and the deciding of their own fate, should permit them the consumption of alcohol, even to the extent of poisoning the individual and ruining the future of their race.—SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, in *The Contemporary Review*.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" Popular Academy Guide, 1s., has just appeared, and contains many a reminder of the horror and pathos of war. Messrs. Cassell are issuing ***Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture*** in five parts, price 7d. each, or bound complete, with stiff paper cover, at 3s. The coloured addition to this last is Richard Jack's "Homeless," a forlorn group of refugees with the curé in their midst.

PERSONALITY BEHIND THE PEN.

CONTRIBUTORS to the leading reviews are apt to fall into the prosy tediousness which has been outmanœuvred from the pulpit and readers turn to brisk Editorial comment with relief. The Editor of *The Forum* "lets himself go" in his "Notes" and never seeks to hide his opinions beneath a cloak of superior judgment; commenting on the world struggle, he says that there must be an answer to the problem whether might can ever turn wrong into right, and adds, "if anybody still maintains it can, it may be hoped that he will die as swiftly and painfully as possible." The next step is the realisation of the gospel of the Prince of Peace :—

Every great forward step in the history of the human race is opposed, as a matter of course, by the predominant fools of the day. Our pseudo-Christianity was not won easily, or without the blood of martyrs. The next stage—the substitution of the reality for the imitation—will provoke the gibes of the shallow and the hypocritical. But the shallow and the hypocritical have had their long innings, and it is necessary for them to yield to other times and manners. They assert that they expect in the future what they have given us in the past—international anarchy. Their programme is not attractive to a world shaken to its utmost depths by the abominations of the colossal war. Already the price of the new order has been paid—would to God the paying were finished, and the end reached! The millions who have been led to slaughter and mutilation have given their blood, not for a temporary material advantage, but for an enduring spiritual movement. They may not all have been fully conscious of this; but each, in his own degree and to the measure of his understanding, has helped to secure for mankind peace, liberty, brotherhood, and a God, not of factions, States and countries, but of the whole earth and the whole of humanity.

THE TYRANNY OF SYSTEM.

WE must congratulate the writer of the article "System *versus* Slippers" (appearing in *The Unpopular Review*) upon his boldness in attacking that modern pest, the scientific systematiser. Many will be found to sympathise with the author in his confession :—

We may be so "rushed for time," to use the expressive colloquialism, that every energy must be conserved. Nevertheless, I object; I am economically depraved. I long for the looser ways of my forbears. System chafes me. It is unyielding. Like a dress shirt, it holds me clamped. I prefer a dressing-gown and slippers—blessed symbols of mild unrestraint. Perhaps I ought not to feel this way. Perhaps I ought not to object to learning the proper method of filling my fountain-pen—that is a task the sooner over the better. Perhaps I ought not to object to learning the least exhausting way of buttoning my collar—though every right-minded man prizes the privilege of indignation at a recalcitrant button—and what button is recalcitrant once the appropriate system is mastered? But, be all this as it may, I do protest seriously against having to learn the most efficient way of filling my pipe!

The paper contains a most humorous account of the writer's brief rage for system, and many will be found to agree with his conclusion :—

My plea is for moderation; for a truer sense of values. I protest against a misplaced emphasis upon output, a feverish demand for results, at no matter what expenditure of nervous energy. I protest, too, against a systematisation that would reduce individuals to automatons; a mechanical efficiency that stereotypes the workman and standardises his product. To offer freer play to personality may well be worth the sacrifice of a little efficiency.

"LIES, DAMNED LIES, AND STATISTICS."

STATISTICS are a most valuable and indispensable instrument in the study of social questions. Many truths can be arrived at only by their use. But, like many keen and efficient tools, they are most dangerous in the hands of unskilled, unscrupulous, or reckless manipulators. Intentionally or unintentionally they may be made to defeat their own true purpose, becoming the means of disseminating conjecture instead of fact, falsehood in the place of truth. They need to be continually tested, by writer and reader alike, by every other means which can be brought to bear on the question under consideration. So insidious are the dangers, that the mere appearance of a statistical table ought to be a signal for the marshalling of every element of care and caution which can be summoned. A statistical table is not, in itself, a demonstration of a truth. Nor, on the other hand, is nothing true which cannot be proved by statistics. Statistics are good. But they must not be allowed to take the place of logic, observation, and common sense. And the greatest of these is common sense.—*The Unpopular Review.*

THE DRINK PROBLEM IN FRANCE.

M. FINOT, in *La Revue* for April 15th and May 1st, raises his voice loudly against the spread of alcoholism, which he designates as the internal enemy of France, which in its effects is even more devastating and disastrous than the two murderous wars forced on the country by Germany.

He blames the widespread consumption of alcohol for the declining birthrate of France, and for the feebleness and degeneracy of those who are born. He appeals for public protest against the privileges granted to the purveyors of the poison, for, as he points out, after the war, there will be a serious shortage of men, and in the next generation it is imperative that although few they shall be of the finest stock possible.

M. Finot gives figures to support his contention; for instance, Calvados and the Seine Inférieure are two of the French departments in which the most alcohol is consumed, and these at the same time have the highest mortality. La Creuse has the lowest death rate, for its inhabitants only consume 1½ litres of alcohol per head per year, as against the 12 litres 18 in the Seine Inférieure and 9 litres 37 in Calvados.

Before the war there were in France about 150,000 deaths due to tuberculosis, and half of these cases were due to excessive consumption of alcohol. According to Dr. L. Jaquet, alcohol fills half the lunatic asylums and almost all the prisons.

At the present moment the trouble has assumed giant proportions, for owing to the laxity of the Government, and of the local authorities—a laxity caused by the fear of antagonising that part of the populace which makes its money by the sale of the liquor—certain restrictions as to the sale which had been forced out of the Government have been allowed to lapse, with the result that there is the continual and distressing spectacle of soldiers drunk, with limitless supplies of alcohol at their disposal. Nor is this all, for graver still is the fact that wounded soldiers out for the first time from hospital can obtain the spirits without any difficulty, with, in many cases, disastrous results. Then again there is the case of the wives of soldiers who are too prone to spend a large proportion of their Government allowances on the purchase of spirits, with the result that not only the present generation suffer from the scourge, but its roots are planted in the generation as yet unborn.

M. Finot in an article to *Le Temps* outlined the measures which should be taken to combat the evil:—Without delay the sale of alcoholic liquors to the troops and wounded soldiers should be prohibited, in any case to the wounded; and the sale should be forbidden to the wives and children of soldiers.

It is not possible for France to imitate the example of the Tsar in prohibiting the sale of all alcoholic liquors, or the example of the abstainers in England, for wine-growing is one of her principal industries, therefore the war that has to be waged must be fought entirely against spirits in any form, for, as the writer points out, the prohibition of the sale of absinthe has only touched on the fringe of the question, as there are many methods of evading the law. What is needed is the compulsory closing of the retail liquor shops or the heavier taxation of the same, and very much more severe laws against the private distillers of raw spirit, who at present are one of the most privileged classes in France. The public must band together to fight the evil in every possible manner, and watch carefully and bring to the public notice faults of the Government and legislation in this connection.

In order to counteract the loss to the country by the suppression of the drinking of raw spirits, M. Finot suggests that more attention be paid to the development of denaturalised alcohol and its use in trade and chemical manufactures, an experiment which has been tried with great success in Germany.

The writer concludes by saying that not only must the sale of spirits to the military, the wounded and the wives and families of soldiers be prohibited, but the hours of sale must be curtailed, the sale and making of all intoxicating liquors, including bitters, must be at once forbidden, and a rigorous control exercised over all shopkeepers who under any pretext deal in spirits. These measures once taken, a great advance will have been made, and it will be the duty of the public to give the workman in exchange for the cabaret, cheap good houses, libraries and places of amusements which must be attractive and accessible to all.

THE UNDER-DOG.

H. M. TOMLINSON in *The English Review* takes up the cudgels on behalf of the much-abused working man. His article "Labour and the War," is a refutation of the lies and half lies which have alarmed the respectable indifferents who never know anything at first hand and whose ignorance of their poorer neighbour is colossal. The following extract contains the simple truth about the men who man our mercantile marine :—

The British shipowners form probably the richest and most powerful commercial interest in the community ; but in the process of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest (an economic law which is undoubtedly of the good God, like green-fly, though it does not appear in the Beatitudes), the inducement offered to the men of a maritime nation to keep the flag flying was as low as the need and shiftlessness of the lowest of the labouring class compelled them to see was better than nothing ; and as low as the educated intelligence of officers could accept without open shame. There is something much more dangerous to the community than a habit of tippling, and that is a deliberate meanness in rewarding service rendered by men who must accept whatever offers or starve, for it disheartens them and destroys their initiative. Of the general deterioration in the ability and steadiness of merchant service crews, owing to the fact that acceptance of the rewards offered in that service turned away intelligent men, there can be no doubt. When we hear of transports delayed through drunken stokers, we ought to blame, not the men, but the system which, for the sake of cheapness in the past, regarded that quality of worker as good enough for the shipowners' purpose ; and what the latter was, and is, the shipowners, even in a time of national peril, have not been ashamed to make clear in their freight charges, which were nothing less than the robbery of the public of its success coming from its investment in a supreme navy.

Mr. Tomlinson freely admits that there is too much drinking on the part of the workers —as well as among "officers and high officials," but he gives a glimpse of the other side of the picture :

An engineer friend of mine, busy in superintending repairs to Admiralty craft and transports, recently began work one Saturday at 7 a.m., and went right on till 5 p.m. on Sunday, without any rest. His men worked with him. They were exposed to the rain on the deck of a ship in mid-stream, forced to cramped positions, and could use only dimmed lights. That was not a peculiar instance. They have been working so since last August. My friend has had not more than twelve days' rest in nine months ; and I may add that his employers—not the Government—failing to recognise the significance of the work, still regard their men, who have surrendered themselves without reserve, in the old niggardly way, and cunningly contrive turns of the screw. Part of my friend's work, and not the least anxious part of it, is to keep his men reminded that their task is of more consequence than their annoyance with fool employers. And do you wonder that occasionally some of his men are missing through drink ? Nothing is provided for them while they work for thirty hours exposed to the weather. Why should it be ? It never was. They come ashore, in a state of collapse through fatigue, and with the knowledge that they will not get much rest before the next urgent job is presented. The public-houses are there with the early morning rum and milk, a pleasant but certain poison ; and the rest we know from crude statistics. The unintelligent way in which these men are handled is incredible, seeing how much now depends on them. They are willing enough. They know their responsibility in this affair pretty well ; as well, at least, as journalists and politicians who have never had to hang on to a staging for a day and a half without rest, in sleet and snow, repairing the propeller of a ship which is required immediately for troops.

Let us know what we are talking about before we criticise. Let us remember that the length of the sick-pay list of the engineers' trade union is now a serious anxiety to its officials, and that it is common for women workers on war material to faint before entering the yard-gates of a morning. This is not surprising when one knows of girls who, determined to bring their factory's output of ammunition up to a maximum in a given time, work twenty-two hours at a stretch, decorate their machines with Union Jacks in triumph ; but faint next morning before starting afresh. The spirit of the English ! On bread and tea, too ! Nobody need worry about the spirit of the English. When two battleships came in for repair to a northern yard not long since, the men never ceased work on them till the vessels were in fighting trim again. There was a new battleship in the same district which was completed in five months under contract time ; the district, it is worth remembering, from which the employers reported such a gross wastage of time by the workers. One could do anything with these folk, if one knew the way.

Need one quote the golden rule ; employers will find its application a golden investment, for the worker is a human being when not consistently treated as a mere instrument for the production of profits.

COMPETITION.

SOCIAL progress depends upon our interpretation of the *rôle* which must be assigned to Competition. This peculiar force is the animating spirit of commerce; either as a natural law it affects the destiny of nations or through individual obedience to this compelling force its reflex is inevitable in all relations with his fellows. Several writers in *The Unpopular Review* attempt to estimate the conditions under which Competition appears to be inevitable and at the same time give consideration to the degrees of legislative checks necessary to humanise its inimical aspects. The first paper on "The Conservation of Competition" contains a reasoned criticism of public services where competition is eliminated and asserts that it is only in the departments controlling the Army and Navy the evils of monopoly are absent. The imminence of danger suffices to keep them efficient. This writer suggests the possibility of modifying the evils of unlimited competition :—

The two-fold economic problem is, in the first place, to distribute wealth more evenly without losing efficiency in production; and, in the second place, to secure the worker and the enterpriser against risk of want, without putting an end to the struggle of industrial methods. We can find the answer only in competition itself, and the survival of the fittest. Certain it is, that the solution of these antinomies, if ever it is found, will not involve the total suppression of the competitive struggle, but its transformation into its more generous allotropic form of emulation.

Another contribution, entitled "The Culmination of Competition," calls our attention to the operations of co-operation, which are responsible for man's present civilisation. The writer of this article credits Competition with some virtues, but adds :—

There is only one thing more absurd than wasteful competition. It is the advocacy of it, especially in its culmination as war. There may be some excuse for those, from Kaisers to sutlers, who think it helps their trades, but there is none for the half-baked philosophers who have not sense enough to see that all their arguments have flourished and faded in defence of duelling As long as human nature's evolution is slow, of course there are going to be conflicts, but that international differences will not ultimately be ignored or settled in international courts is as absurd a proposition as the old dead one that personal differences could not be ignored or settled in local courts; and the proposition that it is not desirable that the international differences should be so settled is a culmination of idiocy, seldom if ever to be met in these days outside of Prussia. We don't deal in prophecy, but we are very strongly of the opinion that after Prussia sees the last of her present job the proposition will not often be encountered there.

Thinkers agree that when terms of peace come to be considered, combination among the nations must end the wasteful competition—that the international competitors must be combined in an international trust. Competition has done its perfect work in the paralysis of the moral sense, the relapse into barbarous passions, the waste and misery and the destruction of unrestorable heritages of the ages.

The same review contains a very original article, "The Fool and His Money," and makes the suggestion that the worker should be enabled to accumulate a reserve to meet the exigencies of "a rainy day" :—

Anyone may encounter unemployment, lasting through several months or half a year. The economic crisis appears to be an inevitable concomitant of industrialism; it is absurd that it should not enter into the calculations of everyone likely to be affected by it. Most of us must expect, at some time, to go through a prolonged period of sickness; what so stupid as to proceed as though we were immune to mortal ills? Scarcely anyone will deny that the volume of human distress would be greatly reduced if every recipient of wages or salary were in a position to maintain a reserve of at least one year's living.

The contributors to the current number of *The Unpopular Review* remain anonymous until the following issue of this influential quarterly, which is rapidly securing its public on both sides of the herring pond.

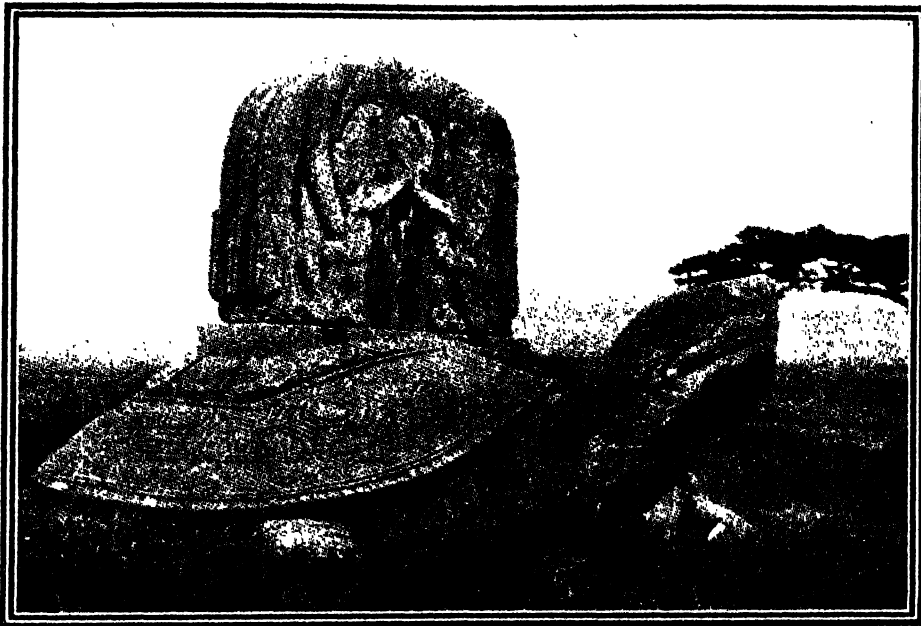
THOSE who, like myself, have been students of German life for many years and have watched with anxiety the change which has been wrought in its spirit in the last generation, cannot but see in that change a triumph of the lower over the higher. The spirit of the German race has been debased by a powerful caste which has sacrificed a precious place in the world of thought and intellectual culture to the quest of material aggrandisement. The worship of force and the contempt for brains has, fortunately for Europe, not brought to the top, even in the army itself, the men best qualified to lead a nation. —SIDNEY WHITMAN, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

KOREAN TOMBS.

PROFESSOR SEKINO, of the Tokyo Imperial University, contributes to the May *Japan Magazine* a short but deeply interesting article on the above subject. Some time ago the Professor investigated one of these Korean graves, or dolmens, the lower base of which had a diameter of 96 feet, the height of the mound being about 33 feet. There were no cut stone walls, only a row of natural stones surrounding a space some 4 or 5 feet in diameter and about 15 feet deep. Over the sarcophagus chamber was a layer of waterproof cement 5 inches thick, and over that again about 21 feet of clay.

Our illustration shows the tomb of King Buretsu, who was the hero king who laid waste the kingdom of Kudura. Of this tomb the Professor says :—

> The royal dolmen stands at Seigakuri and the inscription is still legible. The form of this dolmen plainly reveals Chinese influence. According to the inscription, the dolmen was built in 662 A.D. The grave is at the base of a hill, and faces east. It is a spherical mound with a diameter of about 100 feet, the cone built up with uncut stone on a stone base. The monument stands 170 feet eastward, which is a Chinese custom, though the dolmen itself is after the Korean manner. Unfortunately only the dragon's head and the tortoise of the monument now remain, but these are sufficient to show the grand style of China that must have prevailed in the later Shiragi period. There are six dragons' heads struggling for a precious gem, and in the centre is a flat boss with the royal inscription in Chinese ideographs: Monument of the Great King Buretsu, the First Monarch.
>
> The tortoise base is 8 feet 4 inches broad, 11 feet long and 2 feet 8½ inches high standing on a stone foundation. The head and feet are made marvellously life-like. In the centre a lotus seat receives the body of the monument. Though the base is in imitation of China it shows a grade of workmanship worthy of a high civilisation and a noble spirit. Having seen many such in China, I may say that I saw none equal to this one. Indeed, the progress of art in the later kingdom of Shiragi is something to wonder at.



Reproduced from] **Tomb of King Buretsu.** [*The Japan Magazine.*

A Princess of Happy Chance (Hutchinson, 6s.), the last novel of Tom Gallon, is a delightful comedietta in which a princess brought up in the strictest bonds of convention runs away, and exchanges with a young governess just turned out of her first engagement. She makes a fine imitation princess and the adventures of the two are not marred by a sad ending.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

The Forum publishes a human document which might have moved legislatures to action in times when life was held more sacred than it is to-day. The Editor's fore-word is to the point:—

As the subject of punishment for crime, and especially of capital punishment for murder, is being carefully debated by thoughtful people at the present time, and will be increasingly considered in the near future, the following appeal from the death house at Sing Sing is reprinted. It may not carry conviction, but it is worth preservation.

FROM THE DEATH HOUSE.

Three doomed men in the death house of Sing Sing appeal to the people of the State of New York.

The three undersigned men, doomed to die in the early morning in the death chamber of Sing Sing, make this appeal from the brink of the grave.

Are you as members of this commonwealth justified in taking human life because we did? Did two wrongs ever make a right?

There is not one of us who would not willingly die if it would restore to life those who died by our hands. Owing to our acts, remorse, sorrow, ignominy and shame have been our companions by day and through the long, sleepless nights.

We realise keenly that we will suffer least by our own death, for we know full well that some day, some time, all of us must must pass beyond that mysterious veil of eternity from whose bourne no traveller has ever returned.

We make this appeal to you not so much to save our lives, but because our ignominious death strikes beyond the grave and will bring sorrow, woe, and care to those near and dear to us and who will suffer most by our untimely end.

Picture this! Think of this!

Then, if you can, by word and pen demand from your representative at Albany that capital punishment, this relic of ancient times, this stain on humanity, be wiped from the statute books.

Only a few months ago our President appealed to the people of this country of all nationalities to attend their various places of worship. there to pray and plead to the Almighty that the legal murder, carnage, and slaughter in Europe might cease.

Is the cause for our destruction any greater than that between nation and nation now engaged in bloody warfare? Therefore, we appeal to you, not only to pray for us, but to demand the abolition of legal murder.

If we believed that our slaughter would act as a deterrent to future murderers, we would willingly render up our lives to Society, if it would erase from human nature the causes which tended to our crime.

Can you recall a single instance in all your life where the horror of the death penalty stayed the hand of a murderer? *We* know *we* never gave it a thought.

Murder is mostly the result of two great human passions, of uncontrollable passions, that of uncontrollable and insane jealousy or a devouring anger roused by the demon drink, both of which so blur the human mind for the instant as to make the person temporarily insane. Jealousy and anger roused by drink were the cause of the tragedies in which we three men were involved.

If this is to be our last word, we send it forth in the hope that, if it avails us nothing, it may perchance aid some brother who may fall by the wayside.

In conclusion, we offer up our prayers that you will not cast us aside into utter darkness by disregarding our plea from the shadows of the grave.

We admit our sins to God, and pray fo forgiveness at the hands of our brothers and the Almighty

(Signed) ROBERT KANE.
OSCAR VOGT.
VINCENZO CAMPANELLI.

THE serious problem in the Far East is not the expansion of Japan, but the internal condition of China herself. Despite the ability of Yuan Shih Kai the existing Republic is lacking in all the elements of stability. China has imported institutions from the United States that are quite unsuited to her social condition, and still more to her traditions. So unsuited are they that Yuan has even played with the idea of founding a dynasty of his own; but even if he were to succumb to the temptation it would provide no panacea for China's troubles after his death. The cement binding the nineteen provinces of China proper together is very thin, and no one can tell when it may require strengthening. The Peking Government, as at present constituted, carries on the administration amid great difficulties, many of its own making. Chinese politicians are not less astute than their European contemporaries, and, like them, they indulge in make-believe, and postpone the recognition of the most obvious facts until their consequences fall upon them. More than any others do they live in the past, and it is repugnant to them to admit that the world around them has changed.—"IMPERIALIST" in *The Fortnightly Review.*

A CHILD'S RIGHT.

MRS. COLQUHOUN'S article in *The Nineteenth Century* must arouse in her many admirers varying degrees of surprise. The writer is recognised as the champion of the old-fashioned, sensible woman, who represents all the needful virtues and, eschewing vice with a natural and graceful discrimination, endears herself to her family circle. Now we are introduced to some strange creatures posing as matrons, and yet toying with the possibilities of a polygamous menage :—

In the discussions as to the future which now take place wherever two or three women are congregated together it is a commonplace to hear the most respectable matrons advocating without a blush either the adoption of polygamy or some form of what used to be called free love. Women have a marvellous faculty for detachment in discussing these questions, for it is practically certain that the upholder, in the abstract, of those heterodox doctrines is not only a model of respectability but would be exceedingly shocked at the behaviour of the young woman should that young woman chance to be in her service. Probably our revolutionist subscribes to the funds for providing female police to look after the morals of the camps! The arguments against polygamy or free love need not, however, be founded on any high moral grounds, for in truth they rest chiefly on the feelings and prejudices of women. "The history of monogamous marriage," says Westermarck, "is the history of a relation in which women have been gradually triumphing over the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of man"; it enjoys a position of security only to be attained by institutions which are the result of crystallised experience. When it is seriously suggested that men who can afford more than one family or establishment should be encouraged to do so as a patriotic duty, the fact is overlooked that if a man has the desire and the means for this form of multiplied domesticity he probably indulges it without any patriotic stimulus. It would solve no social difficulties, and merely complicate the psychological ones, if the wife *en titre* were expected to ask the other ladies to tea. The real difficulty, however, is not to persuade a man to have several wives and families but to get him to have one.

The following will find a readier appreciation by Mrs. Colquhoun's readers :—

The other claim put forward is that women who may not have an opportunity of marriage, or may not want to be permanently embarrassed with a husband, should be permitted by social codes to have a child if they are in a position to provide for one. The qualification is introduced to meet the obvious objections to starting a child in life without any prospect of being able to keep it without help from the State. The advocates of this qualified "right" to maternity are not prepared to accept the logical claim for State endowment of motherhood which arises if the father is not obliged to support his offspring. There is a pathos in the proposition which sometimes blinds one to its absurdity. Who is to decide as to the ability of a woman to provide for a child? Probably the very fact of maternity will impair her powers of provision, but in any case must she prelude her adventure by taking out a certificate? Other more ridiculous sides of the proposal are obvious, but chiefly it is founded on a misconception of woman's needs. The lonely woman often thinks it is only a child she lacks to make her life complete and fill her empty heart, but it is quite as much, nay far more, a mate that she really wants. The conclusive argument, however, is that a child has a right to two parents, and that deliberately to start him in life with only one is to cheat him of a birthright, and to take a responsibility which Nature never intended to place on one pair of shoulders.



The Minneapolis Journal.]

The Greatest Foe.

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.

It would be a great benefit to combatants and non-combatants alike if in such times as the present a good substitute for beef, pork, mutton, and other domestic meats could be made available in large quantities and at a low cost. I believe that the hair-seal and whale fisheries of Newfoundland can be made to furnish just such a cheap yet valuable substitute for domestic meats. Many, perhaps most, people will consider the idea of eating seal or whale meat disgusting or absurd. Yet it is neither. I have eaten most kinds of game to be found in North America, and consider that the flavour of none of them surpasses that of young "white-coat" harp seal. The flesh of young whales, also, especially that of young "fin-backs," is much like beef and as tender as the best tenderloin. The meat of old seals and old whales may be both strong and tough; but so is that of old bulls, or of old stags, or old bears.—Clarence Birdseye, in *The Newfoundland Quarterly.*

WIRELESS IN WAR.

The overseas traffic of Germany has been completely strangled, while even the Teutonic high seas fleet, owing to lack of knowledge, is afraid to venture from its retreat. How is this silent pressure by our Navy upon the enemy rendered possible? The answer is to hand and can be supplied in two words: *by wireless.* The Admiralty is in continuous touch with the fleet and knows its every movement, while every ship of the Navy knows where and what its consort is doing from the ability to talk by dot and dash through space. At the Admiralty a large staff is continually upon duty throughout the twenty-four hours. Messages are arriving and being despatched every minute. The powers-that-be are in as close communication with Admiral Jellicoe as if he were in the room with them; they know exactly where he is and what he is doing.—Frederick A. Talbot, in *The World's Work.*

WELSH BUTTER.

The Welsh farmer must not complain because people buy Danish or New Zealand butter in preference to his, if he makes no effort to produce an article that is at least as good. As it is, there is a large amount of Welsh butter, especially during the winter months, that is totally unfit to eat, and it is nothing short of a disgrace to the country that it should be placed on the market as a Welsh product. It does not require legislation to enable the Welsh farmer to improve things in such a direction as this, and it is vain to look to the State to remedy evils which are due to defects in the farmer's own methods of carrying on his trade. He has every right, however, to expect the State to give him the encouragement which he ought to receive if he is doing his best.—C. Bryner Jones, in *The Welsh Outlook.*

PERSONAL SUCCESS.

There is an immense difference in individuals. Robert Burns said "A man's a man for a' that," but he would never have said this if he had been an employer. It was a poetical mistake. Men are as different in value as metal. A piece of pig-iron worth three shillings can be refined and developed into watch springs worth £10,000. This vast fact of *quality* is just as noticeable in human nature as it is in iron and steel. I do not say that a half-witted man can become a genius; but I do say that a man who has 40 per cent. mentality can be trained until he has 60 per cent. mentality. I do not say that a man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but I do say that he can add two inches. Decidedly a man can add brain-cells to his brain. He can add to the better side of his character. The brain is not a pint pot. It is a musical instrument. It is like a violin; it can be tuned up; it can be played upon by either clumsiness or skill. There are laws of mentality just as there are laws of music. There are harmonies of human nature which can be blended into a symphony of success.—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

WRITING on the conditions of Roumanian intervention in *La Revue de Paris* of May 15th, Emanuel de Martonne gives an interesting reason for the non-intervention of Roumania up to the present.

Roumania, he says, is very friendly to France, and her intellectual bonds with that country are close, but on the other hand there is a large party in Roumania which maintained that the only way in which to fight the disorder of legislation and government was by adherence to Germany and her methods. Roumania, with the exception of petrol, is chiefly an agricultural country, and exports her grain mainly to England and France, and imports her manufactured goods from Germany and Austria. Her exports exceeding her imports, it would be thought that her interests would lie with her clients—the Allies; but Germany, with her usual foresight, has contrived to bind Roumania to her by commercial projects. For years German travellers and merchants have visited Bucarest, and Germany has two banks there as against one English, and the French have none. Therefore, her commerce being so interwoven with the Central European Powers, it was not immediately that the Germanophile Party could be overthrown.

Again, although it has always been thought that Roumania's sympathies were with Russia, who has had so much to do with the founding of the Balkan States, this is not the case; Roumanians declare that without Russian help the same result would have been attained, more slowly no doubt, but less painfully—for sixty years they were the stake at issue in the wars between Russia and Turkey; The Danube Provinces, Moldavia and Valachie, were ravaged by Russian and Turkish soldiers; and in 1812 Russia kept Bessarabia, the majority of whose population was Roumanian, and this, at the moment when the principalities united under Charles I., had at Plevna won their complete independence, and helped Russia to triumph over the Turks and found Bulgaria; whilst by the gift of Dobroudcha Bulgaria was permanently antagonised. Thus it is to be understood that Roumania did not contemplate with any enthusiasm intervention on behalf of Russia. However, her eyes are now turned towards Transylvania, largely peopled by Roumanians, which is the true sphere in which she should exert her influence, and in order to wrest this from the Austrians she is only awaiting the right moment to intervene in favour of the Allies.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Mother and her Child.

FRANCE TO RUSSIA: "You are making a mistake letting your son have anything to do with that bad man. He will turn out badly."

In an article on "Public Spirit in Canada," in *Le Correspondant* of May 10th, an anonymous author sketches very clearly and interestingly the various phases of public opinion on the war amongst the varied races which form the population of Canada.

In July of last year, he tells us, England was disturbed at the attitude of Canada with regard to the Mother Country. Canada, with her large proportion of French-Canadians and her varied collection of other nationalities besides British, was divided into three parts—in the east the French, the centre British, and the west American. The east, being industrial, wished for protection, and the west agricultural wished for free trade. This the writer quotes from an article from *The Daily News and Leader* published some days before the war, and this journal finishes by gravely questioning what bonds England can have strong enough to bind Canada to her across 2,000 miles of ocean, when her interests and commercial projects all tend to turn her towards America, her neighbour.

As our author points out, this being the view of an English writer, small wonder that Germany was deceived. But with the war came a change, all political differences were forgotten, and, even before England officially decided to join her fortunes to France, Canada was stirring, and eager to do her part. All steps were taken to guard her frontiers, although had there been any question of an American inroad it would have been difficult to prevent it, since there is a huge frontier line and no fortifications. Canada, however, did not content herself with defensive preparations. She offered to equip and send over to Britain's aid 31,000 men, and later another contingent. This she did enthusiastically of her own free will; for, as has been pointed out, there was no compulsion for her to do so. The fact that France and England are fighting side by side undoubtedly helped to unite the two races in Canada, and the author hopes that from this war the French-Canadians may obtain greater privileges as regards French teaching in the schools, a privilege long sought for but long opposed.

The splendid aid of the Canadians, both by the sending over of food stuffs and the monetary help given freely to all demands, is the subject of much praise. The author also hopes that the war will have the effect of giving the British Colonies a voice in the destinies of the Empire, and not have it all left as heretofore in the hands of the English alone.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The New Triple Alliance.

KAISER BILL: "Steadily, shoulder to shoulder—but don't all lean on me!"

ITALIAN.

WITH Italy definitely at war and a member of the new "Quadruple Alliance," the utterances of the Italian magazines, whether neutralist or interventionist, during the preceding month lose somewhat in interest. Indeed, the latest reviews seem rather to represent the lull before the storm, for they are less full of war articles than usual. One gathers from them, however, that opinions, now patriotically united, have been up to the last somewhat deeply divided. Thus the *Nuova Antologia*, the foremost magazine in the peninsula, has remained consistently neutralist, and in the last issue to reach us a contributor with a Teutonic name of Eggenschwiler discusses the economic results of the war upon the countries taking part in it, and foretells various depressing eventualities; the general destruction of credit and of industrial confidence, a "catastrophic" diminution in the birth-rate, especially in Germany, emigration on a vast scale, widespread unemployment especially in the luxury-producing trades, and finally compulsory economy for all.

On the other hand, the *Rassegna Contemporanea* has continued up to the last a spirited interventionist propaganda, denouncing the Senate for its Germanophil sympathies, urging the absolute freedom of Italy from the shackles of the Triplice, extolling Russia, denouncing Austria, and so forth. Even the *Vita Internazionale* under its veteran pacifist leader, E. T. Moneta, places Italy's honour as a great nation before all its pacifist theories, and is quite willing to see her join in the war so long as she fights consciously for freedom and for the rights of nationalities, and not from mere hatred and cupidity. It also publishes some alarming facts about German spy methods, and points out the real danger to Italy from the thousands of Germans still resident within her boundaries, many of them with large industrial interests.

The *Vita Italiana All' Estero*, which is frankly expansionist, publishes a suggestive

article by the Duca di Cesaro pointing out that the whole drift of European politics of late was threatening to leave Italy "in a condition of alarming isolation," and that the entire re-shuffling of the cards that the war will entail will in itself prove a blessing. O. Gaetani di Castelmola, in an article in which Eastern Europe and Asia Minor are carved out in generous portions to the Allies, recalls that every great Italian statesman from Cavour to Crispi has been convinced that Italy, owing to her geographical position, should never be on bad terms with England, and declares that her true policy lies in "a cordial understanding, if not in a regular alliance," with England in order that they may pursue together the solutions of all problems in future.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* favours intervention, arguing that the future of Italy lies not merely in the Adriatic, to which she has an obvious claim, but still more on her position in the Mediterranean, where, as the outcome of the war, England, France and Russia will all be more powerful than heretofore, and Italy, unless she asserts herself now, may easily find herself reduced to being but a second-rate Power.

The *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Jesuit organ, while avoiding topics of the moment, writes vigorously against the anti-Christian spirit that war is engendering on every side.

Another article worth noting in the *Nuova Antologia* is a particularly well-informed study of modern Russia by Giulio Melegari, Italian Ambassador at St. Petersburg from 1905–13, and now resident at Helsingfors. He was in Russia through the Russo-Japanese war and the worst times of the revolutionary movement, and he is able to testify to the extraordinary rehabilitation that has taken place since. Within these years Russia has arrived at a state of financial prosperity undreamt of previously. Meanwhile Russia's influence over European politics suffered marked diminution, and her acquiescence in Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was part of the price she had to pay for her defeat by the Japanese. To-day Europe can judge that she is far from having lost her old military valour; her vast numbers give her confidence in herself; her people are united as never before, and their deep-seated hatred of the Germans makes them absolutely determined to pursue the conflict to the bitter end. Of the ban on alcohol the writer refers to it as having, in its results, far exceeded the most optimistic expectations, and the sums paid into the savings banks at present are ten times what they were a year ago. For Russia's ultimate reward the ex-Ambassador is convinced that nothing less than Constantinople will appear to her adequate to her sacrifices.



Le Cri de Paris.]

The Kaiser's Empty Egg!

SPANISH.

THE question of Spanish neutrality is discussed by a writer in *Nuestro Tiempo*. At the onset there were very many who believed that Spain would be forced to take part in the conflict to safeguard her own interests, present and future; if Italy joined Germany and Austria, as a member of the Triple Alliance might be expected to do, then Spain would have to side with France and Britain, with which countries Spain is intimately connected. Take Morocco, as an instance, Spain could not allow an attack on that country, which might be attempted, because France is so interested in it. Portugal is practically part of the Entente and that fact must also be considered. Those apprehensions were quickly dispelled by the decision of Italy not to fight. So Spain remained neutral, and now some Spaniards fancy that her independence has been endangered by this neutral attitude. How so? If the Entente Powers win, they will respect her independence; if the Central Empires win, they may do the same. Suppose Spain joined the Central Empires and they lose? Where will Spanish independence be and what will not

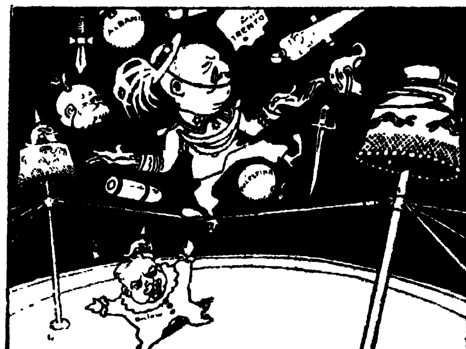
Spain suffer in the meantime, with Britain, France and Portugal all round her? Suppose the Central Empires win? Spain, as a fighting ally, will still suffer horribly during the war, and how will she stand at the conclusion of peace? Will she be any better off than if she had remained neutral? If she joins the Entente Powers, she cannot be of great service and she has sealed her doom if Germany triumphs. Some ask: Suppose all the Powers, at the conclusion of peace, determine to cut off some of Spain's possessions because she did not join one or other of the two groups? That is hardly likely, and it is better to run that risk than to enter the war.

La Lectura reviews a book on the political situation and summarises the prefatory notes. The writer of those introductory remarks is of opinion that Spain could not join the Central Empires because her interests, commercial and political, are bound up with France and Britain. Most of the capital employed in her industries is from France and Britain. The book itself is an elaborate exposition of the European political situation; it shows the Entente Powers to be the defenders of liberty, the rights of the people and the rights of weak nations, while Germany is presented as the very opposite. The references are copious.

DUTCH.

De Tijdspiegel contains a long article intended to show, as it would appear (although it is not distinctly stated) that Great Britain wanted war because Germany menaced her trade. A State should be able to maintain itself and afford to its people the necessary means of sustaining life in comfort; in modern States it is necessary to create export trade so as to be able to purchase those things which cannot be raised internally. Great Britain had the trade of the world until comparatively few years ago, when its supremacy was threatened by Germany and the United States. Copious statistics are given to show how the export trade of the last mentioned countries have increased. Great Britain is finding that she is losing and is consequently not doing sufficient to enable her to procure all she requires from outside—or, at least, that will soon be the case. Her methods are antiquated, and she does not march with the times. Arguments used in a former article are repeated; the introduction of the Merchandise Marks Act and the agitation for Tariff Reform are signs of her fear of German competition, we are given to understand, but the writer overlooks the logical deduction from such an argument about Tariff Reform—namely, that as Germany has a heavy import duty, she must for years have been afraid of British competition. The article concludes with the statement that Germany is struggling to obtain a place in the sun by the side of Britain, while Britain is struggling to crush Germany because that would rid her of one competitor. As usual with the writers of pro-German articles, the author ignores facts which would be fatal to his argument. Did Germany declare war on Russia and France because Britain wished to crush her?

De Beweging also is not very kind to Britain in one of its articles. It quotes the words of Sir Edward Grey at the meeting which he addressed in March, and rather sneers at the talk of safeguarding the rights of nations, large and small. The writer refers to Russia, and says that that country has not been over-careful of the rights of smaller nations. Possibly he thinks that a German victory would be the best thing for the smaller countries, and his mind travels to the treatment of the Danes in Schleswig-Holstein and the French in Alsace-Lorraine. He says that the British people know nothing of the foreign policy of its Government, which is always secret; from this it would appear that the Dutch Foreign Minister tells the people all that he thinks of doing and asks if he may do it! Were the Dutch people consulted about that harbour for German ships near Rotterdam?



La Campana del Gracia.] [Barcelona.

The Italian Equilibrist.

"What do you think of my agility?"

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A LITTLE girl about six years old was visiting friends, and during the course of the conversation one of them remarked: "I hear you have a new little sister." "Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old." "Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend. "No; I wanted it to be a boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

THEY tell a funny story in Serbia about an Austrian attack, when a Corporal met his Captain with the elaborate salutation of the Austrian soldier. He said: "Captain, I wish to thank you for having saved my life in our last skirmish." "How was that?" said the Captain. "I don't remember having been so fortunate." The Corporal replied: "It was when the enemy fired; you started running, and I ran after you, thereby saving my life."—*Khaki.*

"WELL, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them ere sermons o' yourn. There's old Miss Smithie, Widder Gaff, 'n Ryland's darters, 'n Nabby Birt, 'n all the rest, a setting in front of me with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best parts of the sermon, 'n what gets down to me is purty poor stuff, parson—purty poor stuff!"—*The Grand Magazine.*

THE small hen-pecked man, whose wife had sent him to enlist, was being overhauled by the Army doctor, getting more and more nervous as the examination proceeded. "Have you led a fast kind of life at all?" said the doctor at last. "Gone in much for dissipation or anything of that sort?" The little man hesitated a moment, then replied in a thin piping voice: "I—I sometimes smoke a cigarette."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

THE cultured young woman from Boston was trying to make conversation. "Do you care for Crabbe's Tales?" she asked. "I never ate any," replied the breezy girl from Chicago, "but I'm just dead stuck on lobsters."—*Judge.*

IT was the polite Frenchman's first visit to a party in England, and he was very anxious to do the right thing, so when the hostess advanced to welcome him he gallantly saluted the astonished lady with a hearty kiss. Unfortunately her husband was a witness of the occurrence. "How dare you, sir, take the liberty of kissing my wife, and before me, too?" was his indignant exclamation. "One thousand pardons!" exclaimed the polite foreigner. "I do not know your English customs. Next time I kees you first."—*The Royal Magazine.*

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance——" Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odour, he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student. After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly: "I tol' ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had observed, ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."—*The Windsor Magazine.*

A LITTLE boy was once overheard saying to his pet rabbit: "How much is seven times seven?" There being no response from the rabbit, the boy said: "How much is four times four?" Still there was no response. "Now I will give you an easy one. How much is two times two?" Still the rabbit refused to respond. "Well," said the boy, "I knew father was fibbing when he said rabbits were the greatest multipliers in the world."—*The Bairns' Magazine.*

THE head master of a public school told his form a humorous story, and added: "I fear it is rather an old story." "No, sir," said one of the boys promptly, "it is not old; I have never heard it before." The boy was at that time fifteen years of age, and is now a distinguished legal luminary. Even at school he showed the power of certain and rapid decision which a judge should possess.—*The Educational Times.*

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

CONTRASTS IN BIOGRAPHY.

IT would be very difficult to find any two biographical books, appearing about the same time, so essentially different as the two lying on my desk just now. Mr. Lewis Paton has written the life of that great constructive workman, that wonderful persuader and inspirer of men, his father*; and has shown us the source of his strength – that he was "a man of God," a prophet sent forth to prepare the way for the reception of new ideas as to human brotherhood.

Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, his son reminds us, was born in a generation which accepted the social evils of the day as part of the ordained system of things, which must be endured, and could at best be palliated. The descendant of John Paton, one of the Scots Worthies, who went out to fight for the Protestant faith in Germany, and, returning to lead his regiment at the Battle of Bothwell Brig, was denounced as a rebel and hung in the Grassmarket in spite of his age, this later John Paton was no soft-liver, and, though dearly loved, was never coddled. The child of a hand-loom worker, a man of keen scientific and mechanical instincts, and of a woman of quick feeling and delicate tact, he was early taught that help must follow sympathy. His father was an earnest temperance worker, and the weaver next door was a great drunkard. Dr. Paton, telling once some incidents of his early years, said of this weaver:—

> He was persuaded by my father to sign the pledge; he did so, but found it impossible, after his work was done, to go out and mix with his fellows, and especially to pass the open door of the public house; the scent of the whiskey and the songs of the revellers inside made the temptation too great for him, and he pleaded with my father that he would let someone go with him hand-in-hand when he went for a little walk, because he thought then that he would be secured against the temptation that beset him.

The father asked his little son to walk with the man hand-in-hand, and little John Paton was the means of salvation to the weaver.



Photo by] [Alfred Cox & Co.

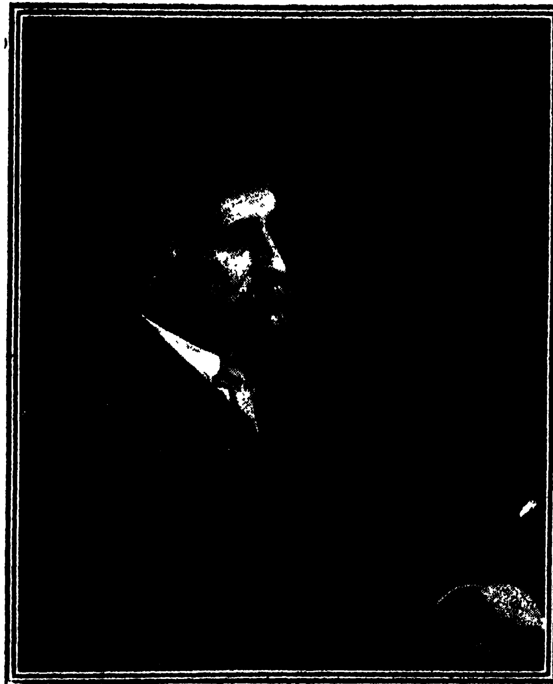
Dr. John Brown Paton.

Dr. Paton was no exception to the rule that the finest characters have had a stern upbringing. He went to work before he was eleven, in the printing office of *The Kilmarnock Herald*, and in addition to his duties found time to start three temperance and debating societies: not that he was goody-goody; at school he was noted as "a sturdy little man, not without a dash of the rogue." When about sixteen he met Professor Henry Rogers at the house of an uncle, and as a result, in 1846, the name of John Brown Paton was entered on the roll of students at Springhill, Birmingham, with a Padmore Scholarship to help him through the course. He studied there for seven years and not

* *John Brown Paton.* By his son, John Lewis Paton. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s.)

under ideal circumstances, but young Paton had begun to say to himself: "Difficulties are our inspiration to higher effort." There he formed fast friendships, and thence he went forth when needed as supply, finishing his college course by winning a double M.A. at London University with a gold medal as first in Philosophy. The most inspiring of his tutors was Prof. Henry Rogers, in whose room six or seven students used to meet, there to read and discuss the great classics of literature and philosophy. In this, his first "reading circle" John Paton learned a far more valuable method than that usually termed "getting up a book for examination." He learned that the books which are most profitable are those which make a man think, and that the light of many minds shed upon a book brings out its manifold and deepest meanings. Here, doubtless, was implanted the germ which developed into the "Home Reading Union," which has been so fruitful of blessing to so many.

Sheffield was the scene of Dr. Paton's first and only pastorate. That town was the birthplace of trade-unionism, but the Church was placidly working on the old lines when he was called in 1854 to become the minister of the newly-formed Independent Christian Church at Wicker. It would be impossible here even to enumerate his activities during the nine years spent there—years in which there was no jarring note. Thence he was called to be President of the new Institute at Nottingham, which grew into the University College, and was the centre for his innumerable labours until his death. His son tells of his quiet love story, and pictures in beautiful words the noble nature of the true helpmeet who became Dr. Paton's wife and the mother of his children. He tells also in detail the story of Dr. Paton's fight for the cultivation of the working classes. His report laid before the Executive of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Exeter needs to be read again now. It shows what has been done in other countries to equip young commercial men, and insists upon an education which will give them largeness of outlook, precision in aim, fertility of resources, alertness and certitude in action. Then, again, the account of the formation of the Lingfield, Starnthwaite and other farm colonies, the impetus to which was given by Miss Sutter's book, "A Colony of Mercy," is a wonderful tribute to Dr. Paton's love and untiring work for those who suffer.


The Canadian Studio] *[4, Sloane Street, S.W.*

Mr. Douglas Sladen.

The need for keeping together boys and girls after they left the Sunday-school gave rise to his "Life Guards" with their uniform and brass bands, their ambulance and life-saving from fire and drowning.

Mr. Paton's object has been to preserve for the world the personality and deeds of a noble father—and well he has done his work.

In total contrast Mr. Douglas Sladen* tells us story after story of other people, famous in various ways; and while the note of Dr. Paton's life was the joy of self-sacrifice, of Mr. Sladen's it is probably the gratification of the love of the beautiful, and protest against that self-devotion which implies sacrifice; not that he actually says this, for, when he has to tell about some 350 people,

**Twenty Years of My Life.* By Douglas Sladen. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

he hasn't a large amount of room for himself. And what stories he does tell about other folks! Luckily there is an index at the end which informs you of the page on which you will find each notable. Sometimes one finds fault with him, as, for instance, when on looking up De Morgan we read only that the two writers met casually at some gathering and perhaps just passed the time of day. But as a purveyor of gossip he is irresistible. Here, for instance, is a story anent Jerome's world-famed book:—

I asked Carl Hentschel, who was one of the three who were on the trip immortalised in *Three Men in a Boat*, to tell me about it. He said: "It is rather interesting to look back to the days of *Three Men in a Boat*. Jerome at that time was in a solicitor's office in Cecil Street, where the Hotel Cecil now stands; George Wingrave was a junior clerk in a bank in the City, and I was working in a top studio in Windmill Street, close to where the Lyric Theatre now stands, having to look after a lot of Communists who had to leave Paris. Our one recreation was week-ending on the river. It was roughing it in a manner that would hardly appeal to us now. Jerome and Wingrave used to live in Tavistock Place, now pulled down, and that was our starting-point to Waterloo, and thence to the river. It says much for our general harmony that, during the years we spent together in such cramped confinement, we never fell out, metaphorically or literally. It was Jerome's unique style which enabled him to bring out the many and various points in our trip."

Here is a funny tale of a night drive in a hansom cab:—

They (Zangwill, his sisters and brother) all lived together in those days at Kilburn. I remember going to a party at their house to meet Sir Frederick Cowen, the musician, which had a most comical finish. There were six of us left, and only one hansom between us. Three got inside, two sat on the splash-board, and Heinemann spread himself on the roof in front of the man, and kept filling the skylight with his face, like a Japanese Oni. Phil May sat in the middle inside. He was very excited, and we were trying to keep him quiet, so as not to draw the attention of the police to the fact that the hansom was carrying more than it was licensed for. When we got to the Edgware Road he began to yell for the police, and a stalwart constable signalled to the cabby to heave to. He advanced to the side of the cab.

"What is the trouble, sir?" he asked, preparing to rescue the artist from the literary men among whom he had fallen.

Phil gave one of his knowing smiles, and said: "I want to go to Piccadilly Circus, and they are trying to take me home."

Mr. Sladen tells some interesting stories of his successive (and successful) lady secretaries. Miss Norma Lorimer naturally comes first with over a dozen books to her credit, but during the twenty-seven years he has needed such help, over twenty-seven books have been issued by his various helpers, and he adds that the books have not only been published by leading firms, but paid for! A mention of Horace Vachell gives occasion for the following story. He was at one time a rancher, Mr. Sladen says, and in California had some strange personal experiences:—

A big cowboy rushed out of a saloon in the West, one day, followed by another cowboy brandishing a big six-shooter. The first cowboy took refuge behind the only cover in sight—a telegraph-post. He dodged round this, while the second cowboy emptied his pistol into the post. All six bullets were in the post! Afterwards, when he was chaffed by me for missing his man, he retorted, "Boys, the son of a gun shrunk." Both cowboys were full of sheep-herders' delight.

Thus anecdote follows anecdote, and with coloured illustrations and pencil portraits by Yoshio Markino himself an agreeable volume is the result.

A CURIOUS PHANTASY.

THIS is surely one of the most curious of the disguises in which Mr. Wells has chosen to clothe his ideas.* True, in his own person he entreats the reader—that is, the reviewer—to "see the reasonableness and the necessity of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss"—but he also asserts that Bliss can write all things that Wells couldn't do; and then proceeds to say things that only Wells can say. About Bliss himself we learn only that he is the author of "The Cousins (?) of Charlotte Brontë," etc., etc.; but with a great flourish of trumpets he introduces Boon, the great writer, whose fame has reached to every bookshop in the world (but whose name, by the way, will never be found in *Who's Who*). Then we

* *Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, etc.* By Reginald Bliss (Fisher Unwin, 6s.).

have a fresh whimsy; Boon is supposed to be writing in secret about The Mind of the Race, "something one knows for certain in the middle of the night," but after his death only scraps could be found in washing-books, so Bliss, his literary executor, had to supply the hiatus from memory, and gets rather confused. Boon had devised an imaginary person, named Hallery, "one of those enthusiastic thinkers who emit highly concentrated opinion in gobbets," as hero and spokesman, and it is not quite certain whether Bliss or Boon or Hallery emits the ideas. Confusion is worse confounded when in the middle of the talk, which takes place in Mallock's villa, Boon, who is intellectually untidy, starts telling about a sketch of a novel to be completely taken from the James ideal, and so gives a chance for a criticism of and parody on Henry James. Shaw does not fare any better. A picture shows and words describe him emerging with hand-painted pyjamas, over which was a saffron dressing-gown decorated in green and purple scrolls by a bold artist. In this attire he ran out from a special train to get early coffee. Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Hearst, Marie Corelli and many another celebrity were travelling by that same train to a Congress upon the Mind of the Race. Amongst those invited were—

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who had a first-class ticket, but travelled by choice or mistake in a second-class compartment, his deserted place being subsequently occupied by that promising young novelist Mr. Hugh Walpole, provided with a beautiful fur rug, a fitted dressing-bag, a writing slope, a gold-nibbed fountain pen, innumerable introductions, and everything that a promising young novelist can need. The brothers Chesterton, Mr. Maurice Baring, and Mr. Belloc sat up all night in the *wagon-restaurant* consuming beer enormously and conversing upon immortality and whether it extends to Semitic and Oriental persons. At the end of the train, I remember, there was to have been a horse-van containing Mr. Maurice Hewlett's charger—Mr. Hewlett himself, I believe, was left behind by accident at the Gare de Lyons—Mr. Cunninghame Graham's Arab steed, and a large, quiet sheep, the inseparable pet of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. . . .

Yet another queer tale concerns the Wild Asses of the Devil which have escaped from Hell and are now roaming the world disguised as men, and who had to be caught; whilst a discussion about the war leads to disguised pathos under the heading of "The Last Trump." The great brazen trumpet was tipped down from heaven by an innocent child, picked up and deposited in a London pawn shop, and sounds in the ears of representative people as a momentary awakening which leaves no lasting effect. This fragmentary and fantastic book is ornamented by ludicrous pencil sketches of the characters who appear therein.

A WORSHIPPER OF THE WAR-LORD.

MR. LANE has furnished us with a proper blister in the shape of Sven Hedin's book,* but he has provided an antidote to the irritation in the laughter-provoking parody by E. V. Lucas and George Morrow,† so that when the pompous dislike of the German-Swede gets unbearable, we have only to turn to Hun Svedend for a panacea. Sir Sven Hedin, fearing for Sweden if Russia and her Allies should win, anxious also to study the fighting spirit, moods, thoughts, and feelings of the armies, asked for permission to spend a time on the German western front. He intended, no doubt, in faith to report without bias all that he saw, and seems actually to have believed that he could write simple truth, when he set out more German even than many of the Germans themselves, and when he was received with confidence, comradeship and the heartiest hospitality from the Kaiser to the humble soldier. His report has this value, that it shows the wonderful organisation and attention to details that is so great a feature of life in Germany, and we need to have it rubbed in that he speaks correctly when he says that the people are ready to make every sacrifice gladly, even though the loved ones lie dead upon the field of battle, so long as Germany wins her fight. In this intention, we are, and must be, as strong as they, even because we have more to bear; for Germans have not yet had to fear torture for their loved ones! Sven Hedin declares there have been no brutalities—*at least he saw none*, but how could he, conducted as he was from one vantage point to another, seeing just what his hosts wished him to see! He was received as a dinner

* *With the German Armies in the West.* By Sven Hedin. (Lane, 10s. 6d.).

† *In Gentlest Germany.* By Hun Svedend—*i.e.*, E. V. Lucas—illustrated by George Morrow. (1s. net).

guest by the Kaiser, and takes four pages to describe his wonder and admiration. Lucas takes nearly as much space, but he alters the names of the guests, and Hedin's "simple uniform" is certainly pictured quite simply by Morrow as a bathing dress! Hedin saw the Crown Prince often, and describes his meals at some length. Lucas describes them too, but adds that the grace which preceded the meal was "God punish England," and that the Crown Prince added under his breath "And be quick about it." It is witty fooling, and the sarcasm is well deserved. Hedin says to his English readers that they are a great and admirable people, but he abhors and deplores the part which England has played in this world-wide crisis! His statement that England would have gained more by remaining neutral is not a very worthy thought—but then about Belgium he can only say:

> When one travels through Belgium one must harden one's heart, for at every step one is reminded of the misfortune of having lost one's liberty in one's own country. And one thinks with horror of how it would feel to be placed in the same situation. A moral judgment is now being passed over Europe. Woe to the people which has not in time put its house in order, or which relies on paper treaties and declarations when force sits in the judgment seat, and when none but the strong and wakeful inspire respect in *all* directions.

And Hun Svedend caps it by "I write on April 1st, eight months since England forced the peaceful Fatherland to take up arms. Eight months of war waged . . . with charm and courtesy by efficient Germany."

CONCERNING THE WAR.

War-Time Verses, by Owen Seaman (Constable, 1s. net). These reprints of Sir Owen's stirring poems in *Punch* are dated, and it is curious to note the difference in tone as the months have passed. That of December is even more applicable to-day for the Old Sea-Rover called to the enemy

> Please fight our men and ships and guns,
> Not women-folk and watering places.

Evolution and the War, by P. Chalmers Mitchell (Murray, 2s. 6d. net). A very clever and keenly interesting array of arguments and facts showing that the struggle for existence as propounded by Charles Darwin, and as it can be followed in Nature, has no resemblance with human warfare. Modern nations are not units of the same order as those of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Mr. Mitchell points out that the beguiling phrases: "I am responsible only to myself; I am alone; I am free; I am lord of myself," translated into political action begets a nation like Germany. An original reason from biological facts is given for the docility of Germans to the Government. Altogether this small volume is worthy of careful study.

German Culture Past and Present, by E. Belfort Bax (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net). The title of Mr. Bax's book is misleading. It contains very little about present German culture, and in the state of public interest to-day this is a pity. Unfortunately the rest of the book, though containing much valuable information, is not very attractively arranged, for it is too like a history book written for examination purposes. This is perhaps explained by the fact that a considerable portion of it is compiled from three previous works by the same author, and consequently there is a lack of life and homogeneity in its pages.

Helps for recruits and volunteers abound, and should be well studied. *The Imperial Army Service: Musketry*, 1s., is published by John Murray; *Rifle Training for War*, by Ernest H. Robinson (Cassell's, 1s. net); *Notes on First Aid*, by an Officer of the Manchester Regiment, is produced by Gale and Polden, 6d. net.

Towards Racial Health, by Norah B. March (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net). An excellent study of health problems, prepared for parents and teachers by a wise and sympathetic woman. To many parents it will come as a revelation of what is needed if their children are to be rightly trained. Not only is there information about the psychology and biology of sex in man such as is needed for explanation to the child, but the study is carried on to animal and plant life, so that instead of reference to other works for objects of comparison all that is needed for enlightenment is at hand.

FICTION.

Who Goes There? by Robert W. Chambers (Appleton, 6s.). It is scarcely the time for us Britishers to read with calm or enjoyment so powerful a portrayal of the tragedy in which we are involved. The hero of the novel is a young American of noble Belgian ancestry. The story opens with the shooting of the hostages taken in a little Belgian village, Kervyn Guild being reprieved for the time, nominally because of his nationality, really because the German General needs someone to go to England and fetch thence a young girl, his supposed daughter. Guild consents to go, understanding that if he be unsuccessful in bringing back the daughter the death penalty will then be inflicted on him, and also on the village notabilities who were reprieved when he was. Guild finds the girl in a London suburb, and gets her on board the Dutch boat, but it is with the assistance of German agents instead of with the help of the Army Office, as he had intended. The girl has been used by the German spies, and even carries with her papers containing valuable information. Boarded in mid-ocean, Mr. Chambers does not hesitate to use the torpedoing or mining of one of our war vessels as the means whereby his hero and heroine are saved from being taken prisoners. They go to the German General's shooting lodge on the borders of Luxemburg, and this gives opportunity for a very realistic description of how and why the peasantry become *franc-tireurs*. The pair are partially relieved, for the General has a certain amount of chivalry remaining to him. They marry in Antwerp as a prelude to the departure of Guild to join the Belgian army.

Lady Bridget in the Never-never Land, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Hutchinson, 6s.). Lady Biddy's love affairs were always tempestuous, and when a humbug left her forlorn because she was poor, it was small wonder that she was ready to say yes to a giant from the back blocks after a short acquaintance, especially as the aunt upon whom she was dependent drew the strings of her purse very tight just then. Such a union was scarcely likely to keep intact when trouble came, which it soon did, in the shape of drought, strikes, and an incursion of black men. When at the point of despair, Lady Biddy received the news of her aunt's death and her own accession to fortune. Her husband, grim and gaunt, not only made it easy for her to leave him, but endeavoured to set her free. It is quite clear that, given a foundation of love, the two will come to understand each other later, helped by Betty's psychic experience; meanwhile, we get an insight into Queensland life, Australian politics, and the difficulties that confront the settler in the outlying stations, from one to whom they are familiar.

The Dream Friend, by V. Goldie (Long, 6s.). A middle-aged scientist who eschews society has dreams, which he cherishes, of a charming lady. One day they meet in the flesh, and henceforth her happiness is the man's care. But she is married to a vicious drug-drunkard. Amongst her friends is a younger man whom the scientist supposes his lady loves. So when the husband refuses to commit suicide because he is a coward—the scientist poisons him and marries the lady. The descriptions of the musicians who frequented the lady's house are curious but not alluring.

Mr. Washington, by Marjorie Bowen (Methuen, 6s.). Miss Bowen has added another touch of romance to the heroic figure of Washington. She imagines him as a youth, in love with the beautiful Martha, who afterwards became his wife, but to whom, she being rich, he never avowed his love, and so the poor girl, hurt and despairing, married another man. Arnold and André are both in the picture, as are many other notables of that critical period between 1755, when Washington fought the French in co-operation with the English troops, and the surrender of Cornwallis. Especially interesting at this time is the description of Washington's heroic struggle against us before the attack on Trenton. Only because he and his men were fighting for freedom could they have continued to resist when cold, hunger, and death had made success appear as an impossible dream.

Brother-in-Law to Potts, by Percy Truscott (Werner, Laurie, 6s.). "It is no use being good if you're not sensible," says Ethel, the wife of Potts and the sister of the cheerful, buoyant young bank clerk who is so welcome and beloved an inmate of her home. Mr.

Truscott, with his pen-magic, shows us the great heart of an undistinguished unit of that army which marches daily from the suburbs to the City, and telling the story of a middle-class family shows the romance which often underlies it. Arthur Gurney has enshrined in his heart a beautiful lady much above him in rank, and, influenced by his worship of her, he learns how to find the soul of the wayward girl circumstances are forcing the quixotic young man to marry. The slight plot of the story is unusual, and the few characters introduced are so well and naturally drawn that they seem actually to represent acquaintances of our own.

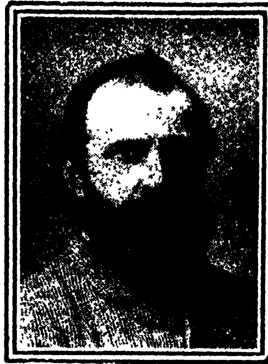
The Turmoil, by Paul Urquhart (Ward, Lock, 6s.). An up-to-date and well-told adventure story of a hidden airship, alike coveted by Germans and anarchists. There is, of course, a pretty girl to be rescued, and a clever lover.

The Wizard of the Turf, by Nat Gould (John Long, 6s.). Introduces a new creature, an extraordinary ape, who gives the chief character the information which enables him to win race after race.

Jaunty in Charge, by Mrs. Wemyss (Constable, 6s.). One of those fantastic and dainty stories which makes all the world seem better, for a time. Jaunty was the guardian angel, in the shape of a funny old factotum, of two motherless girls, his employer's daughters.

The Blue Taxi, by A. Wilson Barnett (Ward, Lock, 6s.). An amusing series of adventures which befel a young American reduced to become a taxi-driver, and which enabled him to perform knight-errant actions in the cause of a beautiful girl.

On Desert Altars, by Norma Lorimer (Stanley Paul, 6s.). Miss Lorimer has used her gift of brilliant description in less likeable manner in this latest work. She compels us to realise the awful situation of a woman, who, learning after marriage to love her husband and live in her little son, finds that death from illness to one, slow starvation to the other will come, unless she yields to the will of a millionaire *debauchee*, and gives herself to him until the return of her husband from abroad. Physical desire only is the rich man's motive, and thus even the fascination of the story is unwholesome, for a woman of principle would have dared consequences and refused. Probably the excuse is that the two persons in the novel, who are outwardly religious, her mother and her husband's father, and who should have been appealed to, are both intensely selfish and egotistical. But this does not prevent us from seeing that Alice's own outlook was unhealthy, even as a young girl.


In 1890.

"Restless suspicious armies are encamped side by side where formerly nations lived and laboured. Every year some one or other of these armies invents some more deadly weapon than its rival —some more terrific explosive, some more expeditious mode of slaughter. No sooner does this happen than all the others hasten to adopt it, piling on with desperate energy the panoply of armour beneath which humanity is being crushed. Amid the endless ebb and flow of human affairs one phenomena never varies. The sum total expended on making ready for slaughter ever increases." (Page 52).

"War is the unloosing of all crimes, the sanctioning of all violence, the negation of the sanctity of property and life. To accustom men to war is to accustom them to live in a world where the ordinary moral code is suspended. That code does not easily re-establish its authority when peace is concluded." (Page 55).

From "The Truth about Russia" . 188?).

William T Stead



Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

No. 307. Vol. LII.] [July, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1915.

Full Steam Ahead!

The month of June has seen a remarkable clearance of the political sky, and this country knows fully what it has to face, and what is required to issue triumphantly out of this conflict. Though the position revealed is serious, the nation, as was only to be expected, showed no sign of panic, but with stern determination set about coping with the situation in a way which leaves no doubt as to the result. There has never been any fear but that we should do all that was required of us when once the position was clear, and at the same time a definite lead given by those in power. That is the only duty which the Coalition Government has to perform, and we are glad to see that it has risen to the occasion. The nation has been told frankly what the shortage is in munitions, brought about by a failure to realise quickly enough the changed conditions of modern warfare—a failure due chiefly to the innate conservatism of John Bull and his refusal to adopt new methods until the necessity is absolutely forced upon him by overwhelming circumstance. Britain is very much behindhand, but now that she knows what is needed she is eager and anxious to put forth the greatest efforts so as to rectify her shortcomings in the quickest possible fashion; and there need be no fear for the future. Where the responsibility lies for the fact that only after ten months have we awakened to the full needs of the occasion is of no consequence at the present moment, and any attempt to fix the blame on this person or that can only hamper national efficiency. Mistakes have been made; let the reckoning, if reckoning there is to be, rest until the war is over. All the energies of the nation must be directed to overcoming the delay; that, and that alone, is the task before us.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Between Anvil and Hammer.

JOHN BULL: "There's good stuff in it; but we can't stop till we have beaten it into a better shape."

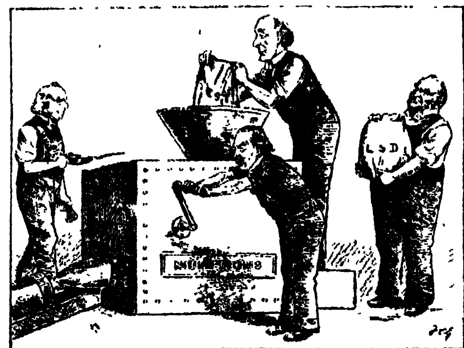
The Activities of the Coalition.

The Coalition speedily cleared up some points on which there had been considerable doubt, the first being the question of Conscription. It was soon apparent that no such idea either for military or industrial purposes was being entertained. The proposition of a National Register has gained ground, and a Bill to that effect has been introduced, but the object is precautionary and not for the immediate application of compulsion. The Minister of Munitions setting to work with a will has toured the country, held conferences with employers and Trade Unions and has frankly put the whole case before the country in his presentation of the Munitions Bill to Parliament, admitting for the first time the true state of affairs—viz., the serious shortage of shells and guns. As to the methods of raising the producing capacity of our shops to the fullest extent, Mr. Lloyd George pointed out that it calls for patriotic sacrifices on all sides. The workmen are to relax Trade Union restrictions, and the employer is to limit his profit. In addition an army of munition workers is to be recruited from the workers not yet employed on war material. The Trade Unions have undertaken to raise this army, and up to the present there is every indication that they will carry this out. To stop strikes and lock-outs there is to be compulsory arbitration, while fines are to be exacted for any loss of time due to drink or slackness. We believe that the scheme will succeed (though there are some awkward corners), chiefly because of the patriotism of the workers. Of the important points there is the question of the restoration of the Trade Union rules after the war, for which the guarantees are not too strong. Then in the matter of the restriction of profits, the most equitable plan would be for the Government to take over all the works so that there should be no private profit; as it is, there is a danger that the workers may feel that the sacrifices required on either side are by no means equal. Compulsory arbitration is foreign to our industry, and if it were not a national emergency would certainly give rise to trouble; but in spite of all these defects, the nation is determined to make good past errors, and we feel convinced that men and masters alike will do their utmost to secure a maximum output of munitions not only for the requirements of our own Army, but for our Allies as well. The great point is that there should be no compulsion, for it defeats its own end in reducing the spirit of good will; no power on earth can make a man do more than a minimum amount



Westminster Gazette.]

The Trick that Failed.



Westminster Gazette.]

In Jumpers.

Put in the Shekels and take out the shells.

of work if he is unwilling, while the same man voluntarily can and will do three or four times as much in the same time. To those who are not munition workers or employers an opportunity has been given for each to do his share.

The Democratic War Loan.

The new War Loan introduced by Mr. McKenna is a totally new departure in our finance, but it is a departure that has often been canvassed. To throw Government Stock open to the smallest investor is an encouragement to thrift, and at the same time gives everyone a direct interest in the welfare of the country. The War Loan appeals to all, from the millionaire to those who can only invest five shillings. Quite apart from the generous interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., everyone who wishes can subscribe and thus help his country. It is no good to increase our capacity for turning out shells if we cannot pay for them. Great Britain is the richest of the Allies and all depend on her to a greater or less extent for monetary support, and in the end the "silver bullet" will be the most effective weapon against the Central Powers. Britain, however, will not be able to supply all the money required if the people do not practise saving and a rigorous thrift. The Loan gives ample encouragement and opportunity for such economy, but in order that the fullest benefit may be reaped this must be impressed on everyone, from the poorest to the richest. It is absolutely necessary for each and all to dispense with all unnecessary and, consequently, extravagant expenditure. Many of the poorer classes are earning much more than usual; but unless the benefits and necessity of investing their money are fully explained there is a danger that, as till now they have never had a chance of saving, they may not readily embrace the opportunity. The nation cannot raise too much money, just as it cannot produce too many shells. For those who can neither fight nor produce munitions, their most patriotic action is to put every penny they can save into the War Loan. In the two essentials in which the Government is faced with its greatest tasks, those of munitions and money, it has taken the only course likely to achieve its end. It has put the facts plainly before the country and has appealed to its patriotism. The first, though revealing a critical



Photo by] [*"The Sphere"*

Mr. Asquith on a Visit to the Front.

Conversing with General French.

position, has but rallied the nation, so that the second will assuredly be met by a magnificent response.

The Pessimistic Press.

There is one direction in which the Government has taken no step, and that is dealing with the Traitor Press. Having failed in its attack on Lord Kitchener and in its demand for conscription, our Jeremiahs now pursue a policy of pessimism, magnifying all set-backs or shortcomings and doing their best to plunge the nation into the depths of despair. Whatever the ultimate object, they could not have adopted a more unpatriotic course. Pessimism is a flag under which no victory has ever been won; it can only sap the determination of the country when it needs to be strengthened to its utmost extent. This is not the time for dismal howls, but it is the time to concentrate all our energies and find the best means of securing victory as quickly as possible. The Pessimistic Press, of course, suggests no such means, but merely insults the whole nation by implying that it cannot stand any ill-fortune, and thereby hopes to sap its fibre and replace hope by doubt. No better service could be rendered to the enemy; is what they have been trying to do with their Zeppelin raids and their submarine menace; so naturally they rejoice in their new allies in this country. Any method of belittling Britain in her own eyes and in those of her Allies is seized upon, however unscrupulous. Thank heaven it is not having any effect except encouraging and deluding the enemy. We are not so cowardly and backboneless as these false witnesses allege, but nevertheless it is a constant danger in our midst, as there is no knowing what new scare course it will adopt, as it has shown itself lacking in any restraint or respect for the sentiments of patriotism.

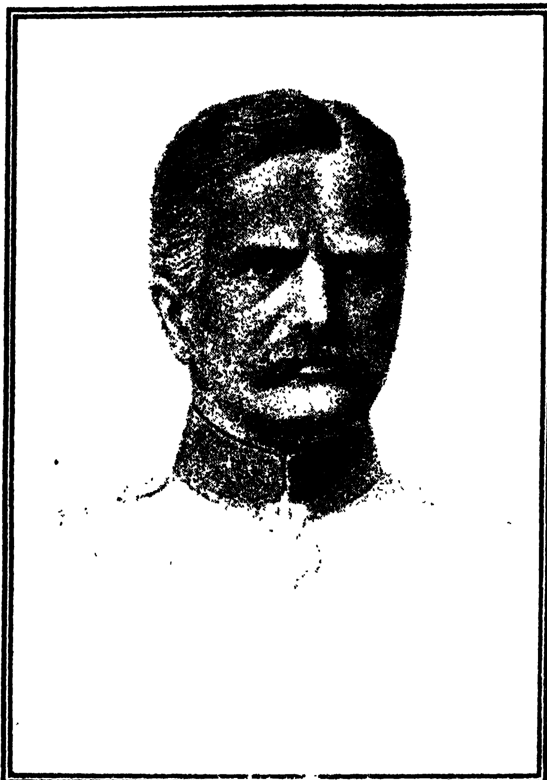


Photo by] [*E. N. A.*

General von Mackensen.

Directing the German phalanx in Galicia.

The Russian Reverse.

The past month has in many ways been a month of trial. In the battle-field attention has been fixed on the conflict in Galicia. While there is no need to underestimate the success of the enemy, yet that success has been more political than military in so far as its effect on the ultimate issue of the war. Russia has lost nearly all she gained of Austrian territory, Lemberg has been retaken, but from a military point of view the Russian Army is just as formidable as ever, and has inflicted in its retirement enormous losses upon the enemy which they can ill afford. The Russian line is still intact; it has suffered no crushing

disaster; hampered as it has been by an almost complete lack of munitions, it has accomplished wonders. The object of the enemy was to crush the Russians so that they should no longer be of any account in the immediate future, but could be held by a few army corps, while the rest of the German forces were hurried across to the Western front to overwhelm the resistance there. This object has completely failed, and there are no signs that it will have any better chance of success. On the contrary, the farther the Russians are driven back the more formidable they prove, and every day they are becoming better equipped with munitions. Russia is unbeatable unless her heart fails in the struggle, and never has she shown her determination to carry on to the end more than at the present moment. When all the difficulties she has surmounted and all the adverse conditions under which she had to fight are fully known, it is probable that her retirement will rank as one of the most marvellous performances in the whole war. Nevertheless the loss of Galicia is a distinct set-back, and can but tend to prolong the campaign; it has wonderfully encouraged the enemy, and has undoubtedly influenced those Neutrals who may be said to be hovering on the brink of hostilities. It depends on this country how soon that adverse event can be reversed. Russia needs munitions, and it is for us to supply them, and the quicker we can do so the sooner will she be able to return to the offensive.



Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry*

Admiral Sir H. B. Jackson.

First Sea Lord.

French Success in the West.

Events in the East have rather overshadowed the doings in the West. The British troops have been for the most part comparatively quiet, being occupied in harassing the enemy in their sector so as to prevent the detachment of forces to resist the French attack. The latter, however, have accomplished great things: the offensive towards Lens has been carried on with great brilliancy and dash and has been crowned with success. The positions captured are of enormous strength, but nothing could stop the French advance, costly though it has been. Position after position has been captured after desperate fighting, and although there is at present a lull in the attack, the German line in that district is in great peril, and a further offensive will imperil

their whole position. Elsewhere, in Alsace and Lorraine, the French are maintaining a strong and successful pressure, while the Germans are contenting themselves with mere attempts to hold up the advance.

Other Operations.

In Gallipoli there has been an advance, though small. The submarine menace has apparently been successfully dealt with in the Ægean. The difficulties to be overcome are very great, but the operations are being pushed on with the utmost vigour, for success here is of the utmost importance and will yield greater results than those to be obtained on any other front; though progress is slow there is not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate issue. Italy continues to accomplish her first end, and has secured her frontier against Austrian attack by seizing and consolidating her position on all the passes dominating the Italian plain. The dash and vigour of the Italian troops has disconcerted the Austrians, and already the plans for the invasion of Italy have been rendered difficult of execution. Not until she has rendered her frontiers safe from attack will Italy embark on any large offensive measure.

No Change in the Balkans.

The situation in the Balkans is still unchanged, M. Venizelos has been returned by a large majority, which would have been larger if it had not been for the King's illness, but his opponents maintain that the result is not sufficient to constitute a mandate for Greece to throw in her lot with the Allies. As the present Ministry need not resign for several weeks, M. Venizelos can do nothing at the moment. Meanwhile German intrigues in Greece as well as in the other Balkan States are being carried on with skill and cunning. The success in Galicia is being used to strengthen the opinion that has long been held in Balkan military circles, that Germany cannot be beaten; every device is being employed to discredit M. Venizelos, but so far in vain. It is impossible to predict what course will be pursued, but that Greece will finally join the Allies is certain. Roumania has been chiefly affected by the Russian retirement, and quite naturally is very diffident of relinquishing her neutrality at the present moment. But in Bulgaria, which is really the crux of the whole matter, signs are more hopeful; bargaining is going on with both sides,



Italian Troops marching through the Streets after receiving their War Kit.

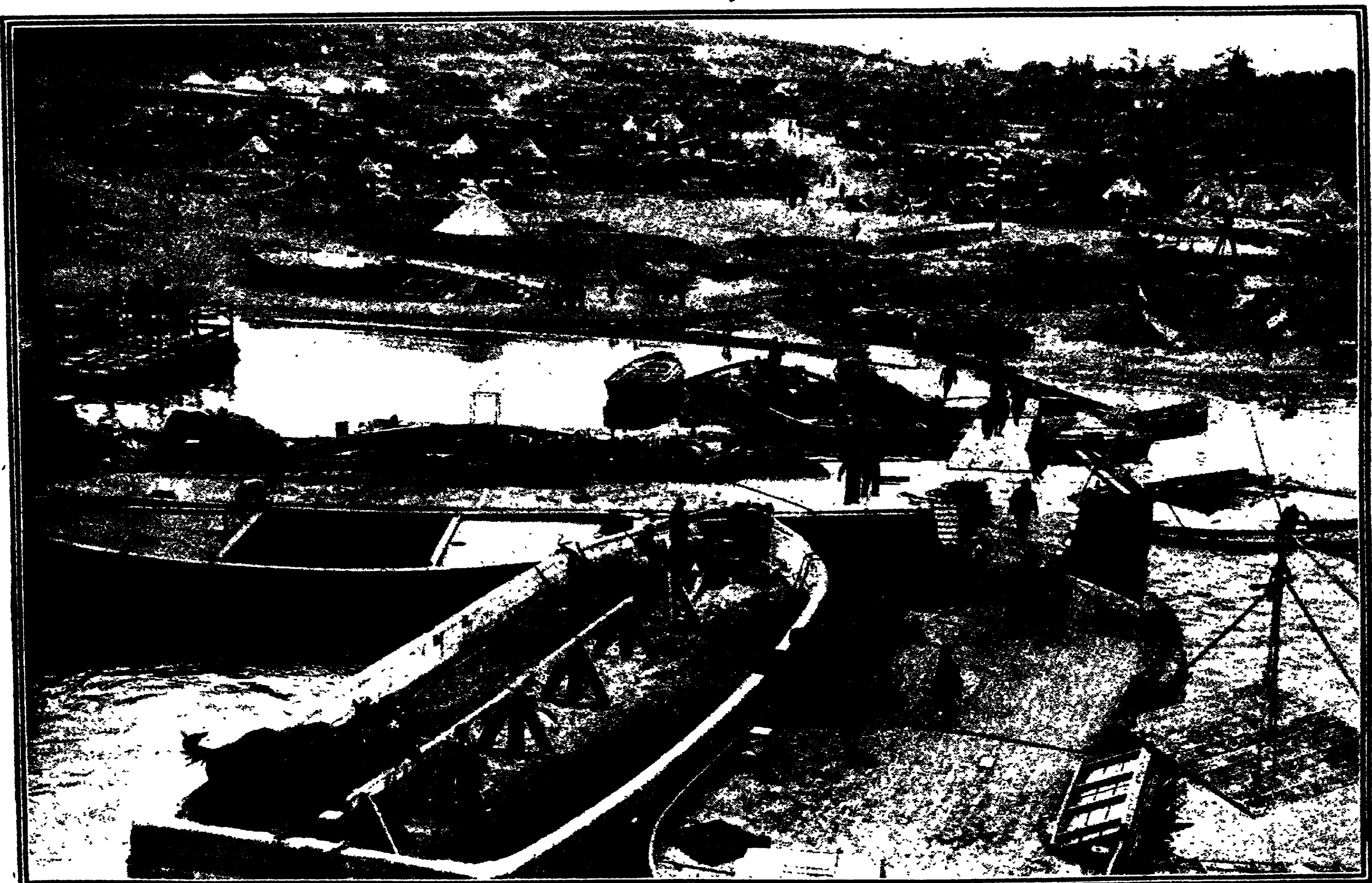


Photo by [Central News.

THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION.

A remarkable picture of a busy scene at V Beach, taken from s.s. *River Clyde.*

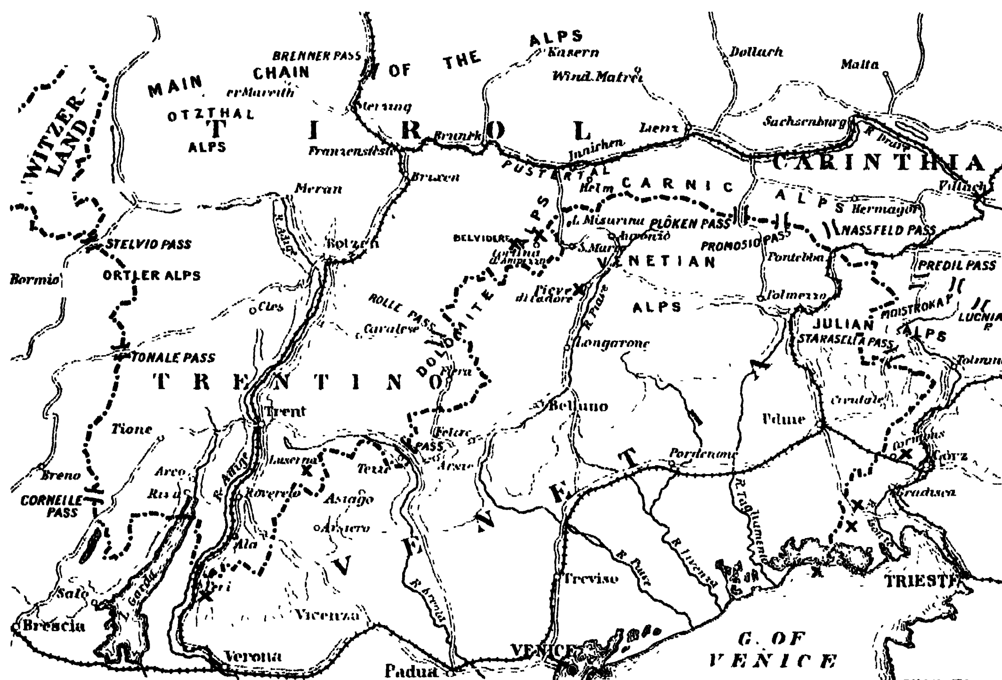
but tends to favour the Allies. Bulgaria is out to get as much as she can, but it is hardly likely that she would join Germany except Austria were able to make a drive through Serbia—a very remote probability.

Distant Theatres of War.

In Asia and Africa the various campaigns are progressing favourably, though not receiving half the attention they deserve. On the Persian Gulf the British arms are achieving more definite results than in any other theatre of the war, for the Turks are being driven inland step by step. In the Cameroons progress is steady, and the exploits of our men are truly heroic, as the obstacles are tremendous, while the Anglo-French force is comparatively small. General Botha is still pursuing the Germans, who are retreating north. They will soon come to the end of the ilway line at Grootfontein, where they may make a stand. It is one of the extraordinary features of the fighting in that country that, though the Germans had several fortified places, they scarcely attempted to defend one of them, and General Botha is without siege guns. The more we learn about the campaign the more wonderful it appears, and the total casualties are insignificant when the result obtained is considered. In East Africa, after a period of inactivity occupied solely in defending the frontier, definite offensive has been taken with successful results. As the force in that district has been apparently considerably reinforced by white troops, there is now every prospect of accelerated activity.

De Wet's Crime and Punishment.

De Wet has been sentenced to six years imprisonment and £2,000 fine. This is a light sentence for the crime of which he was



[The Sphere.

The Austro-Italian Passes.

Showing where Italian troops advanced into Austrian territory. Progress indicated by crosses.

convicted, though for an old man it is severe. From the brief accounts we have had of the trial, De Wet's rebellion was chiefly directed against Botha rather than against Britain; he failed to appreciate the fact that politically the two could not be dissociated, which is not surprising when it is remembered that apart from his natural gifts his education is inconsiderable and we can well credit his statement that he acted from deeply religious feelings. He was acquitted of any intention of joining the Germans. The other sentences were of a similar character, the whole idea being to heal the breach caused by the rebellion as soon as possible by the adoption of a conciliatory policy.



Photo by] [*F. N. Birkett*

The late Lieut. Warneford, V.C.

Zeppelins. The Zeppelins have been active again and the raids on London and on the North-east Coast were unfortunately attended by loss of life, but effected no damage of military importance. Against this we can record retaliation, the destruction of a Zeppelin on its return from a raid by Lieut. Warneford (whose death shortly afterwards is universally mourned) while another machine was destroyed in its shed. The Allied aviators also raided Karlsruhe and caused considerable damage. The town was an important military centre, and many persons were killed. The raid was stated definitely to be a reprisal for the enemy's raids, and caused great indignation in Germany. This shows the peculiar trend of the German mind, which believes she is permitted to break every rule of war if it is to her advantage, while her enemies must be restricted to their full observance. We doubt, however, whether the Karlsruhe raid was wise. That it was justified by the German raids is certain, but the object of reprisals is to prevent the repetition of the original offence, and we may be sure that such an end will not be obtained in the case of Germany, but will merely encourage her to further crimes. It is always a pity to descend from a high standard of conduct whatever the provocation, and when it achieves no end and leaves things exactly where they were before, it merely leaves a stain upon our escutcheon. With regard

to the raids on this country the Admiralty very wisely allowed no particulars to be published, so that the enemy would have difficulty in learning what he had accomplished and how far he failed in his objective.

Peace Manœuvres.

Signs are not wanting that Germany will soon be making suggestions for peace, for she is never likely to be in a more favourable position than at present, after her Russian drive. Hints have been let fall from various people, from the Kaiser downwards, that Germany might consider peace. What the terms suggested might be remains to be seen, but there is a distinct divergence of opinion in Germany itself. The Junker class are all for holding on to what Germany already has in her possession, while a section of the Socialists repudiate the policy of annexation, and the organisation called the "Bund Neues Vaterland" maintains the same principle. Though the upholders of these doctrines are not numerous, there is reason to believe that their adherents are growing. There was a Socialist protest against the Jingo doctrines in the Prussian Diet which naturally came to nothing. One thing is certain, that whatever proposals are made they are bound to be unacceptable to the Allies. We can agree to no peace which leaves Germany in a position to begin again her preparations for a future war. The only security against this is the overthrowing and reduction to impotence of the Junker military party, and we may be sure the German proposals will not include this *sine qua non*. If proposals are made and rejected, as they are bound to be, we must expect another great effort on the part of Germany, as she will be able to rally the whole country as she did at the beginning of the war with the cry that she is being wantonly attacked, and though she desires peace her enemies will have none of it, and are simply anxious to crush her out of existence.

Germany and America.

The German reply to the American first Note on the submarine outrages simply begged the question and attempted no reply to the main demand. In fact, it was an extraordinary piece of special pleading. President Wilson replied with an exceedingly firm but courteous Note, taking his stand not upon International Law but on the rights of humanity. "The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than the mere rights of property and the privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every Government honours itself in respecting, which no Government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority." That is the standpoint from which the whole neutral world views the sinking of the *Lusitania*. America demands the cessation of these attacks, but threatens nothing. Germany is delaying her reply, but it does not seem probable that she will give way in the least, though there are reports of disagreements between von Tirpitz and the Chancellor—the latter being for conciliation and the former for greater submarine ruthlessness. The most striking result so far has been the resignation of Mr. Bryan, on the ground that the Note was almost certain to bring about war. There is nothing in the Note which seems to justify that contention, but Mr. Bryan is a "peace-at-any-price" advocate, and his departure is generally held to strengthen President Wilson's Administration. Mr. Bryan is organising a peace propaganda, which seems to have landed him at once into the arms of the German Americans. However, his influence with his countrymen seems to be very slight, and will cause his late colleagues no embarrassment. It is idle to speculate what will be America's future action until Germany presents her reply; comparatively mild as the Note is,

there is no disguising the fact that America will not be put off by excuses, but will insist that Germany accedes to her requests, even if that leads the States into armed protest.

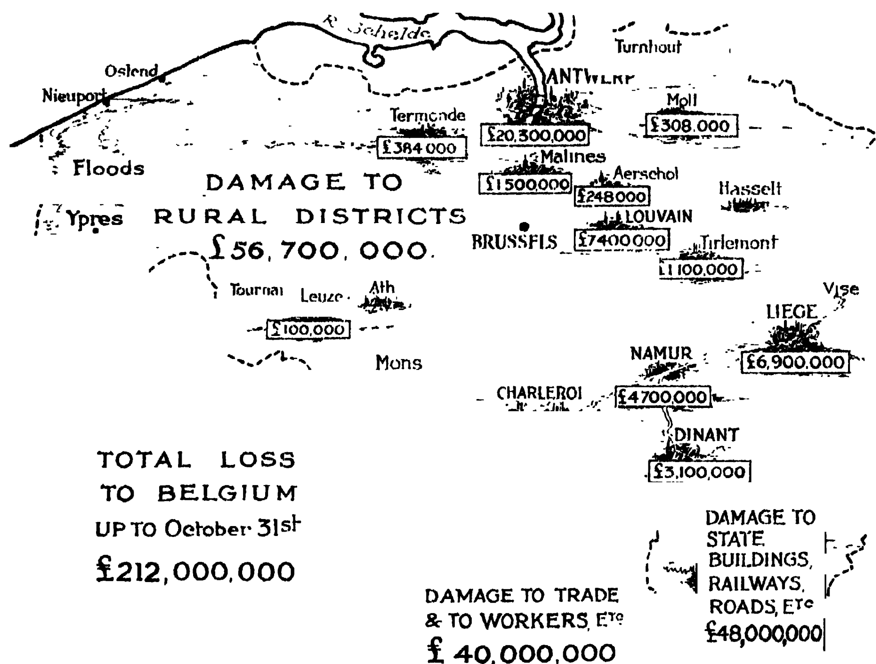
Criminal Negligence. The inquiry into the sinking of the *Lusitania* has revealed nothing to the general public, as, quite rightly, vital evidence was taken in camera. But, nevertheless, an uncomfortable feeling has been left by the inquiry, and still more so by the inquest on the loss of the *Falaba*, that lives were lost which might have been saved if the boats had been in proper condition. At the time of the *Titanic* disaster we exposed the criminal farce regarded by the Board of Trade as an adequate inspection of boats, and the practice still remains. Nothing was done to improve matters, and we are now paying for our criminal neglect to remedy matters after the plain warnings we had in times of peace. That every boat on board every ship should be seaworthy and properly equipped is vital in these days when they may have to used for life-saving at any moment. We sincerely trust that the shipowners are seeing that this is the case, though they do not appear to have done so. It should always be remembered that on board ship the last to be considered are the passengers. As long as the cargo is safe the rest counts for nothing. Under the present regulations the owners are perfectly safe, as they can always take cover under the Board of Trade. It is hopeless to expect that anything will be done in war time, but these occurrences will not be forgotten, and when peace arrives these matters will be dealt with.

Jehad. Though the declaration of a "Holy War" has had no widespread effect, yet in Armenia and Persia it has had terrible results. We have been shocked by the atrocities in Belgium and France, but they are nothing to what the Armenians and other Christians have suffered. As the districts are remote from any military operations, practically no attention has been paid to these wholesale massacres. As soon as the Russians retired from Northern Persia the Kurds commenced systematically killing all the Christians they could reach, usually with the most unspeakable tortures. The American officials have done magnificent work, and have managed to save many lives, but they are almost powerless. Unfortunately nothing can be done except by the Russians; they are not at present able to advance into the disturbed districts. It is difficult to get news, and it is not known yet whether Sir Edward Grey's threat to hold the Turkish Government personally responsible has had any effect, but it is to be feared that it will not, as the Kurds have never been under much control, and when once they have broken out are practically impossible to curb. The Armenians have suffered more than any race from the Turks, and all that we can do at the present is to prosecute the war in such fashion that the Christian population shall never suffer again the "tender mercies" of Turkish misrule.

Food Prices. The question of the prices of necessities is always before us. Fortunately, wheat prices are down, in a great part due to the action of the Government of India in taking over the excess crop, and which is now available in this country, and a further reduction may be anticipated. Meat prices, however, are rising, and it will be necessary to eat less if there is not to be a serious shortage in the future. This is due to reasons outside our control, but in the case of coal it is different, and we are pleased to see that the Board of Trade is at last going to take action against the coalowners after months of inaction. The coal question has been one of the gravest scandals of the war,

and the Coal Commission showed that the owners were making large profits out of the necessities of the people. This is not the only direction in which undue profits have been made out of the war. Mr. Lloyd George mentions the case of firms holding up supplies of metal necessary for shell production. We suppose it is inevitable that such persons should exist in every community, but when discovered they should be dealt with most severely.

The Ways of Woolwich. The allegations advanced by Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., against the Ordnance Department require full investigation. The number of men employed at the Woolwich Arsenal has, since the war, gone up from 18,000 to 40,000, but even now Mr. Crooks states that, with proper organisation, the output could be increased by one third "as neither the men nor the machinery are working at their full capacity." There are suggestions that orders have been deliberately placed with contractors when the men and machinery have been kept idle at Woolwich. We look with confidence to the Minister of Munitions to override any official negligence or adherence to the shibboleths of peace-time on the part of hide-bound departments, and to utilise the great army of Government servants as an example and not as a hindrance to the highest patriotic endeavour of the whole kingdom.



A Computation of the Damage Wrought in Belgium During the Earlier Stages of the War.

The above diagram shows the estimated damage done to Belgium from the beginning of the war up to October 31. Owing to the flooding of the country in West Flanders and the depredations of the Germans over £56,000,000 worth of damage was wrought, whilst State buildings, railways, and roads suffered to the extent of another £48,000,000—the total being £212,000,000.

Reproduced from "The Sphere."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

May 25.—H.M.S. *Triumph* torpedoed by German submarine off Gallipoli; majority of officers and men saved.

Raid on Constantinople by submarine *E11*, causing great panic.

American steamer *Nebraskan* torpedoed by German submarine off the coast of Ireland; no lives lost.

May 26.—Advance of the Allies 200 yards north-east of the Chapel of Lorette.

German aeroplane brought down near Braine, Soissons district, and two German aviators killed.

Bombs dropped at several points along the front by French aircraft—at German aviation depot at Hervilly, at Grand Triel, and at St. Quentin.

Austro-German bombardment of Przemysl begun.

Russian warship *Pantelimon* reported to have been sunk in the Black Sea by Turkish submarine on May 22.

Supreme command of the Italian forces assumed by King Victor and proclamation issued to the troops.

Blockade of Austrian and Albanian coasts declared by Italy.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast and bombs dropped on Southend; 3 deaths.

May 27.—Poison fume factory at Ludwigshafen, near Mannheim, bombarded by French aeroplanes.

German reverse on the San River at Sieniawa, which was taken by storm by the Russians.

H.M.S. *Majestic* sunk by German submarine off Gallipoli; all officers saved.

Austrian territory raided by Italian airships and damage done to Trieste-Nabresina railway.

Capture of Grado (or Gradisco) by Italians.

May 28.—Capture by the French of the German fortress of Quatre Bouquetcaux in the region of Souchez.

Italian destroyer *Turbine* sunk by her crew after fight with Austrians.

British liner *Ethiope* torpedoed in the English Channel; crew saved; and steamers *Spennymoor* and *Cadeby* sunk by German submarine in the English Channel; 6 lives lost.

May 29.—Capture of Ablain by the French. French advance of 400 metres in the "Labyrinth" region, south-east of Neuville St. Vaast, reported.

Fortress of Vezzeno, near Trent, destroyed by Italians.

Sack of Trieste by Austrians and Austrian air attempts on St. Mark's, Venice.

German warning to be more careful in the war zone transmitted to American shipping.

May 30.—German trenches on Hill 17 in the Pilken region carried by Belgian and French troops.

Germans repulsed near La Fontenelle in the Vosges.

German reply to America's *Lusitania* Note declaring that the liner was armed received at Washington.

May 31. Capture by Italians of Coni Zugua Height.

British forces in the Persian Gulf dispersed a hostile force and seized the heights north of Kurna.

Zeppelin raid on London and 90 bombs dropped; 6 deaths.

British casualties in the French and Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces to date, 258,069.

June 1.—Capture of Souchez by the French.

Bombs dropped by Austrians over Bari and Brindisi.

British ship *Saidieh* torpedoed in the North Sea; 8 lives lost.

Steam trawler *Victoria* sunk by German submarine 135 miles off St. Ann's Head; six of the crew killed by shell fire.

June 2.—Turkish steamer *Mahsussie* No. 62 and Turkish transport, both with troops on board, reported to have been sunk by British submarine in the Sea of Marmora.

German transport torpedoed and sunk in Panderma Bay by a British submarine.

June 3.—Przemysl retaken by Austro-German troops.

June 4.—Suppression of the Red Cross Committee in the Belgian provinces occupied by Germany and transference of its funds to the German Red Cross Society.

Combined general assault on the Turkish positions in the Gallipoli Peninsula begun.

Blockade of the coast of Asia Minor from the entrance to the Dardanelles to the island of Chios officially notified.

Zeppelin raids on the east and south-east coasts of England; bombs dropped, but little damage done.

June 5.—From May 31 twenty-four vessels of various nationalities were sunk in the war zone by German submarines.

June 6.—Naval fight in the Baltic and sinking of several German transports reported.
Zeppelin raid on the East Coast 24 deaths.

June 7.—Complete destruction of a Zeppelin near Ghent, by Flight-Lieut. Warneford; British airmen also attacked a shed at Evere, destroying a Zeppelin and five Taubes.
Attacks on the Souchez sugar factory north of the "Labyrinth" repulsed by the French.
Serbian advance on Scutari reported.

June 8.—Resumption of violent fighting throughout Flanders.

June 9.—Neuville taken by the French after weeks of desperate fighting.
Internment of the whole male population of the Trentino by the Austrians.

June 10.—French advance near Heberterne announced.
German forces driven back across the Dniester by the Russians.
Occupation of Monfalcone by the Italians.
British torpedo-boats Nos. 10 and 12 torpedoed off the East Coast by German submarines.

June 11. Republic proclaimed by the Albanian insurgents.
Text of the new American Note to Germany issued; assurances demanded that the crime of the *Lusitania* should not be repeated.

June 12.—Further advance of the French north of Souchez.
Defeat by the Russians of the Austro-German army which had crossed the Dniester at Burawno.

June 13.—Blockhouse near Dixmude destroyed by the Belgians.
Crossing of the Dniester near Kolomea by the Austro-German armies, the Russians inflicting heavy losses.
Bombardment of Chesnie, Gulf of Smyrna, by French destroyers.

June 15.—British advance near Hooge.
French victories in the Vosges continued.
Bombardment of Karlsruhe by Allied aviators; many killed.
Development of fighting at the Dardanelles into trench warfare officially announced.
Zeppelin raid on the North-East Coast; 16 deaths.
Glasgow steamer *Strathnairn* torpedoed and sunk without warning off the Scilly Isles; 22 deaths.

June 16.—German advance on the San.

June 17.—Report explaining the situation in Galicia issued in Petrograd: Austro-German losses in one month stated to be between 120,000 and 150,000 men.

June 19.—Occupation of Buwal Bottom by the French in the Arras sector.
Report issued in Berlin stating that General Mackensen had stormed Grodek lake barrier and was advancing on Lemberg.
Failure of the Austrian attempt to force the Dniester announced.
Occupation of Durazzo by the Serbians reported.
The British lost some trenches in the Gallipoli Peninsula, but recaptured them later.
Surrender of Garua to the Anglo-French force operating from the French Congo on June 14 officially announced.

June 20.—French advance in Alsace and in Lorraine continued.
Continued fighting in the region of Shavli and west of the Niemen reported.
Capture of the heights on the left bank of the Isonzo on June 17 reported.

June 21.—Bombardment of Dunkirk by a long-range gun; several deaths.
Retirement of the Russian army from the Grodek lakes to the Lemberg positions.
Guarding of the Adriatic taken over by Italy from the French Navy.
Occupation of Omararu, German South-West Africa, by General Botha reported.

June 22.—French progress in Lorraine continued.
Bombardment of Gallipoli by the Allied Fleet reported.
Norwegian steamer *Svein Jarl* torpedoed and sunk without warning in the North Sea by a German submarine.

June 23.—Lemberg retaken by Austro-German force.
In spite of desperate resistance the Austrian forces, who had again succeeded in crossing the Dniester, were driven back by the Russians, who inflicted heavy losses.
Seven drifters sunk in the North Sea by German submarines; crews saved.

June 24.—On the western front the Germans, who used gas and burning liquid, made a determined attack on the Heights of the Meuse, but were repulsed by the French.
Fierce fighting north of Souchez continued.
Several unsuccessful attempts were made by the Austrians to dislodge the Italians from their positions around Monte Nero and the left bank of the Isonzo.
Sinking of Finnish schooner *Leo* in the North Sea by a German submarine reported; crew saved.

June 25.—Fighting in the Arras region and the Heights of the Meuse continued.
French aeroplane raid on Douai Station.
Steady progress of the Italian forces announced.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

**"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.***



De Amsterdammer.]

Bad Beginnings have Bad Results.

(Another "scrap of paper" torn up.)



Cape Times.]

The Intervening Parrot.

(1) THE HUN: "Does Polly want a bit of sugar? Well, say 'Neutrality.' Come along, say 'Neu-tra-li-ty.' "

(2) THE HUN: "Confound him! that's brutality!"



Le Rire.] [Paris.

Evviva Italia.

NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO: "I bring you my son-in-law."



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

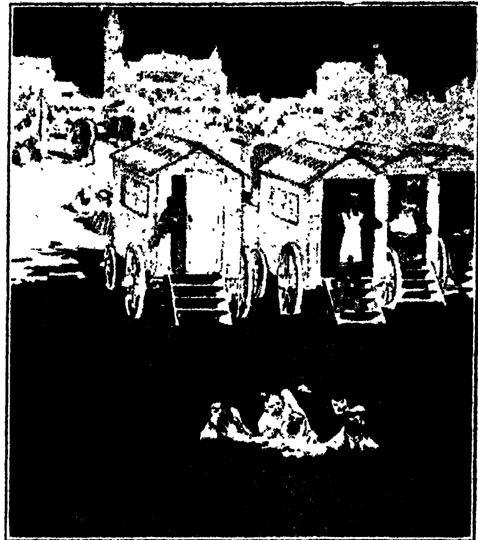
The Italian Nation and the Triple Alliance.

"For thirty years you fellows have made me bear these chains, but at last I have a chance of fighting myself free!"



Pasquino.] [Turin.

ITALY TO ROUMANIA: "You come with me, my dear, and fish up a feather for your hat from Austrian waters."



De Nieuwe Amsterdammer.]

Blood Bathing Season, 1915.

There is a general suggestion that Roumania will be the next to enter the fray, while *De Nieuwe Amsterdammer* suggests that America and Holland are also ready. The position of Switzerland is cleverly represented by an American artist.



Tribune.] [Chicago.

Moloch.



Tribune.] [Chicago.

The Isle of Safety.



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One Hundred Years After!



De Nieuwe Amsterdammer.]

1815—1915.

NAPOLEON: "Well, Blucher, old chap, a hundred years ago I was fighting you both; now I am fighting with him against you; and a hundred years hence I shall be fighting with you against him!"



Sucesos.] [Chile.

Diplomatic Satisfaction.

ENGLAND: "Excuse me; so sorry!"
CHILE: "Don't mention it."



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Last Weapons of Kultur.



Le Rire.] [Paris.

WILSON: "Certainly not! I cannot be on the side of the sharks."



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

The Sinking of the "Lusitania."



Nebelspalter.] [Zurich.

Wilson in Difficulties.

"Goddam! we can't have war with Germany, or we shall lose our munitions market!"



[Nashville.

Which?

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore? Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

KULTUR ACCORDING TO KRUPP.

Back of the grey German lines in Belgium and France, in East Prussia, Poland, and the Carpathians, and back of the whole German army and navy, and of Emperor and Empire, stand the colossal Krupp steel works, the greatest gun factory in the world. These great gun works are the very cornerstone and bulwark of German militarism, the core, kernel, and centre of that Kaiserliche " Kultur " which relies for its development on the physical power to enforce its decrees. For the geniuses of the Krupp establishment are supposed to be constantly racking their brains to create new and more powerful engines of destruction. These will doubtless, in due time, be sprung upon a startled world. Until then, the plans and processes are carefully guarded.

A business requiring so much secrecy in order to prevent knowledge of each new achievement leaking out demands the utmost loyalty on the part of its employees. How this loyalty is secured and the Krupp workmen kept in a state of contentment by good wages, pension systems, attractive dwelling-houses, and various other measures for the improvement of living conditions, is told by Mr. Hunter in the following article, which has been specially written for *The American Review of Reviews*.

THE KRUPPS' MODEL TOWN.

A TYPE OF GERMAN FEUDALISM.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

TO hear the name of Krupp is instantly to think of guns and cannon and terrible engines of war now devastating all Europe. That Krupps are the makers of military machinery, and that Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen is one of the richest women in the world, are about the only facts known to the average American concerning the great industrial centre of Essen in Germany.

But there are other facts of more than ordinary interest. The patriotic Germans point with pride to Essen as a model industrial town, where its hosts of employees are well housed and circumstanced, and in addition enjoy many social privileges not enjoyed by the workers in the ordinary industrial community. And all through the benevolence and kindly foresight of the Krupp family.

Another of the aspects of Essen is that the Krupps are said to have established a perfect system of industrial feudalism: that for all practical purposes the people of Essen are body and soul the property of the Krupps, just as if they were serfs back in the Middle Ages on the domain of some feudal baron.

True, their masters feed them well and house them well, but that, it is said by those who take this view, is no more than was done by the barons. Indeed, if the barons were to have efficient military service they had to recognise their responsibilities to their serfs.

On the other hand, it is said that in these days when the industrial barons take all they can get by way of service and repudiate their responsibilities, it is much to the credit of the Krupps that they keep their workpeople in a comfortable condition.

It is not my concern to decide whether the Krupps were animated only by philanthropic motives in establishing their model community, with its sanitary houses, wholesome surroundings, care for the sick and injured, pensions and asylum for the aged; or whether it was simply with shrewd business acumen, or with deliberate malprepense they evolved this system of "benevolent feudalism."

Here is practically a national concern in private hands. It might almost be called the German Arsenal. To have the regular working of this great place subject to the disputes, strikes, and stoppages incidental to industry would be to jeopardise the interests of the Fatherland in case of war. This was all the more necessary because of the extensive growth of the anti-militarist sentiment among the working class of Germany. It was, therefore, essential that as many of these drawbacks, or the reasons for them, should be eliminated.

The wife who is anxious to keep her husband in good humour is advised to "feed the brute," and the Krupps undoubtedly went to work on the same principle in regard to their employees. The work they had for

them to do was highly skilled, and often very dangerous. They wanted an army of the most sturdy and efficient men—stalwart sons of Vulcan—men who could always be relied upon for service, and who would not be susceptible to the influences and disturbances of industrial or political life.

And so the conditions of employment must be better than anywhere else, the wages must permit of a higher standard of living, there should be security for life—in short, the conditions should be such that it paid any disgruntled man better to stay right on.

My visit to Essen was for the purpose of ascertaining how far the claim to be a model industrial town was justified, to see in what manner this was brought about, and to note the general effect upon the lives and happiness of the inhabitants.

Approaching Essen, where the gigantic steel mills are erected, I looked out of the car window, expecting to find myself in one of those cloudy, overcast, smoky atmospheres which I had sampled at Pittsburgh and Sheffield, and which are so common in great industrial districts. I was coming direct from the Rhine, where the skies were blue and the day full of warmth and sunshine. There was little difference in Essen. The sky was perhaps a bit grey, but the town was clean and lovely, the houses bright and cheerful. From the size of the houses it was apparent that "well-to-do" people had not forsaken the town as being unhealthy and undesirable. There were no hovels, no wretched alleys, no vile tenements, and no hideous courts.

I went to the offices of the factory, explained my object, and asked to be shown about. Even compared with American standards, Krupps' Works are a big concern. It would be impossible for me to give any adequate description of the various departments. Altogether the firm own, in addition to the vast steel works here, proving grounds at Meppen and Tanger-Hütte, three great coal mines, and ironworks at four different places. In their various undertakings they employ more than 70,000 people, no less than 200,000 persons being dependent upon the industry for their livelihood. The total salaries are something over fifty million dollars a year. The valuation of the stock is sixty millions, and the entire industry, with all its branches, belongs now to Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen, the older daughter of the late Friedrich Krupp.

The works at Essen, and most of the town itself, are built directly over coal mines. Passing from one shop to another one sees in process of manufacture giant guns, enormous warships, and quantities of all possible steel products. Indeed, the feeling in some of the huge buildings is that one is facing a great fleet of battleships. There is an alarming display of naval and coast guns, actual fortresses, armoured turrets, shields, disappearing carriages, hoisting and transporting machinery, steel shells, torpedoes, shrapnel, and case shot—all of which tend to make one feel timidly small.

In one department are all the materials for the combination of great railway cars, locomotives, rails and switches. Still another series of shops are given over to the making of motor-cars, and everywhere is the sound of enormous presses, the roar of steam hammers, the rattle of overhead cranes, while in and about the great machinery run and climb men who seem in comparison mere pigmies.

The sixty thousand employees are nearly all men. The work is not only dangerous, it demands the highest skill, as the materials used are of great commercial value. For instance, a gun, being cast in its first form, would when it was finished cost one of the Great Powers not less than half a million dollars.

A most impressive sight is to be seen at 5.30 in the morning, when thirty thousand men enter the gates of the works. Most of the men look strong and well, and they are undoubtedly a finer set of workmen than could be seen at any American factory. Only occasionally could one catch sight of a man ill-clad, or the presence of a youngster just beginning his life of toil. As the whistle sounds for the closing of the gates there is a great rush, and the enormous crowd disappears with astonishing quickness inside the huge gates. It is a great sight, and one not to be missed by those who desire to know how the work of the world is carried on.

Of a certainty some of these men, erect and alert, who had passed laughing and chatting into their work, would be brought forth dead or suffering most terrible injuries. Thousands of them face every day dangers that an army is rarely called upon to face. Their courage deserves the highest commendation and recognition by all society.

Yet to the men it is simply a matter of bread and butter for themselves and for their children; and they face their daily toil and danger with a stoicism rarely attained by the book philosopher.

But I did not come especially to see the factory, although it was fascinatingly interesting. I wanted to know about the work done to improve the living conditions of these brave and capable workmen. I learned that in 1848, when Alfred Krupp became sole proprietor of the works in Essen, it was a small steel factory, which, although it had been established thirty-eight years, was employing only seventy men. Under the guidance of its new administrator, however, the factory soon increased in size, giving employment to an increasing number of workmen.

A GREAT HOUSING SCHEME.

Essen being but a small country town, the available houseroom was necessarily limited, and with the advent of numerous workmen and their families there was soon a house-famine. Men and their wives and children were housed in one or two rooms, and often they accommodated a lodger. It was inevitable that this overcrowding should result in conditions of disease and vice. Various attempts were made to deal with the problem, but it was not until a dreadful epidemic of cholera, which carried off hundreds of workmen and their families, that a serious movement for reforming the housing conditions was undertaken.

In 1861 Alfred Krupp built homes for some of his workmen. These were known as the "Foremen's Lodgings," but soon they had to be removed in order to give ground space for the rapidly-growing factory. New housing attempts were then projected. In 1863 the first "Labour Colony" was erected. It still exists, and is known as the Old West End Colony. There are eight rows of two-storied houses, containing altogether a hundred and thirty-six tenements. There are about sixteen tenements in a block, and each tenement consists of two or three rooms.



Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen.



Dr. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen.

In putting up these houses Krupp's aim was to furnish for the poorest of his workmen and their families decent homes at the same rents as they had been paying for their former small, dark, and ill-ventilated lodgings. Of necessity they had to be built rather compactly, and near enough to the factory to enable the workmen to go home for the midday meal.

The new houses were immediately occupied, and the death rate and general health of the workmen showed considerable improvement. The old tenements and crowded quarters had naturally encouraged drunkenness and vice, and Alfred Krupp was wise enough to see that the consequent loss of strength and vitality among the workmen meant a considerable financial loss to his firm.

The West End Colony immediately adjoins the factory, and consists of large tenements. They are extremely simple, and according to our modern standard exceptionally ugly, but they were in their day a great sanitary improvement on the ordinary dwelling-houses in Essen. Kronenburg, another large colony built in the 'seventies, covers over fifty acres of land, and consists of 226 large four-storied brick tenements. Each house has ample space and a garden plot sur-

rounding it. The streets are lined with fine lindens, and there is a beautiful park with a large open space adjoining for games and sports. As I was passing, some of the boys, having finished work at the factory, were in the midst of an exciting game of football.

At one side of the busy market place stands a large building containing a restaurant, library, and reading room. There are two halls, one for the reunions of various societies, and a larger one, seating about 1,500 persons, surrounded by galleries, utilised for gymnastics and theatrical performances.

For the poorest class of single men there are lodging houses of a cheap character, known as "The Ménage." They have accommodation for eight hundred men. Some of the better-paid men are housed in what is called the Bachelors' Quarter, where they are provided with an extremely comfortable club life.

But it is in their provision for the disabled and aged workmen that Krupps have excelled themselves. Altenhof is an exquisitely designed little community of detached cottages on a particularly attractive site. It overlooks the sylvan valley of the Ruhr, and nestles up to a little wood of beech trees quite at the edge of the town. It is intended that all the workmen who have grown old in the service of the firm shall be cared for in this colony. The old couples live together, but there are special homes for the widows and widowers, both of which are comfortable buildings. At present this colony contains a hundred and twenty-five houses.

A rough idea of this great housing scheme will be gained when I say that over 30,000 persons are now housed in the various Krupp colonies.

FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE.

Having housed their people comfortably, the Krupps next turned their attention to feeding and clothing them, and supplying them with furniture and household requisites. Thus enormous supply stores have been developed. At first the supplies were sold at cost price, and naturally difficulties soon arose with the local shopkeepers. Now goods are sold at current prices to every one, whether employed by the firm or not. But, in order that the employees should not be robbed of their benefits, a system of rebate was devised, and now every year in December the bonuses are returned to the workpeople in cash.

In connection with these great stores slaughter houses and a large bakery have been established, and these establishments are models of their kind. The baking, for instance, is almost entirely done by machinery. Indeed, only once during the process does anyone touch the material.

By way of amusement and recreation for its employees the firm has established two casinos, with dining rooms, billiard rooms, tennis courts, and cafés. There is a large concert hall, an excellent library, a well-equipped gymnasium, as well as several bathing establishments. In addition to the ordinary schools there is an industrial and household school where more than 2,000 girls, all daughters of the workmen, are taught household duties, plain and fancy sewing, dressmaking, embroidery, etc. In the workshops of the evening schools a great number of the boys practically serve their apprenticeship. A special committee is attached to the educational department, which supervises the recreation, the sporting, and the holiday arrangements.

HOSPITALS AND PENSIONS.

In such a dangerous business as that of Krupps' there has to be provision for quick and adequate care of the injured and disabled, and this department is very efficient. The Convalescent Home, which adjoins the Old People's Colony, is one of the most charming places of the kind I have anywhere seen. The gardens stretch down to the Ruhr terrace overlooking the valley. All around are places for games and exercises, and the injured workmen sit about playing games or reading their newspapers. The food and medical attention are of the very best, which is only just, as nearly all the men have suffered terrible injuries in the works. One poor lad with whom I spoke had had both legs broken. Another had suffered terribly while working with a powerful explosive.

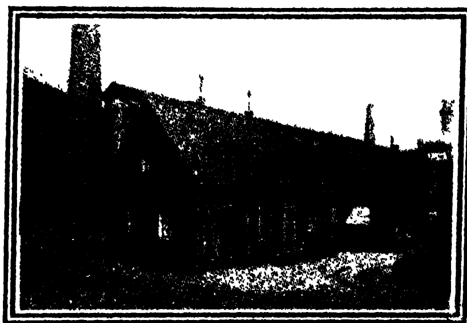
Fortunately for the workmen, and perhaps for the employers, there is in Germany compulsory insurance of all working people. The scheme provides that in any case the employee who is ill or injured must be cared for out of the insurance funds. The Krupp firm, however, has improved upon the national system, and has provided a system of its own which enables it to give considerable further assistance to its employees. They pay a workman whose annual wages are 1,200 marks, and who has served thirty years,

,660 marks per year as an old-age pension. The Government pension is at present not more than 150 marks—this the workman gets in addition to his Krupp pension.

Krupps are obliged to pay into the Government pension fund about $46,000 a year. In order to increase the benefits of their own funds they have at various times contributed large sums of money. There are other funds established among the workmen, and the workmen's aid fund, established a few years ago, was endowed with one million marks. This is a supplementary fund for those disabled before being entitled to an old-age pension, or, in case of death, to assist the widows and orphans.

SECURITY AGAINST WANT, BUT NO POLITICAL LIBERTY.

The labourer's most substantial complaint against the present industrial system is that it gives him not the least security. It takes his labour when it wants it, and refuses it when it does not want it. For the rest he can go hang. His existence is in very deed from hand to mouth, and he is never more than a month or so from starvation.


How the Krupp Works began at Essen.

The workmen at Krupps' are fully provided for from birth to old age. They are freed from the harassing anxieties of the ordinary labourer, so long as they are faithful servants of the Krupps. What more could they desire?

Yet there is one big fly in the amber. And here it is that some people think they can detect the cloven foot of feudalism. The men who are employed by Krupps have to sacrifice their political liberty, and this is undoubtedly a source of great irritation.

The men are not allowed to join a trade union. Instant dismissal is the lot of anyone found doing so. No one connected with the firm can openly belong to the Social Democratic Party, which, despite of, and perhaps because of, the bitter hostility of this powerful firm, has made astonishing progress in Essen. Anyone found agitating for the Socialists is immediately forced to quit. The firm simply will not have anything or anybody about the place savouring of labour organisation or Socialism.

Notwithstanding the philanthropy of the Krupps, and the comparative comfort of their existence, the workmen do consider themselves in helpless bondage to their employers. And unquestionably Krupps have an extraordinary power over their vast army of employees because of their welfare institutions. Strikes are rendered hopeless by the men's fear of losing the benefits they have, in good houses, cheap food, and old-age pensions.

I know that the average American working man, who certainly does not seem to set great store by his own political liberty, would be inclined to be cynical about this, and it is pretty certain that he would ridicule Lamennais were he to come now and say, "Think you that he who sleeps, the rope about his neck, on the litter which his master has thrown him has sweeter slumber than he who, having fought all day that he may be subject to no master, rests for a few hours of the night on the earth in the corner of some field?"

The German workman has a rope about his neck, and is to-day being driven to battle. The German military machine is the Krupp feudalism on a gigantic scale. It is yet to be seen whether the feudalism of modern Germany is a system perfect enough to overpower the inchoate democracies of Western Europe and stop the avalanche of the barbarous [?] Czars.

A CONTRAST.

STRANGELY enough, Essen, the greatest headquarters for war munitions in the world, was originally noted as the seat of a Benedictine nunnery, where gentle souls taught the mild precepts of forgiveness and peace. That was hundreds of years ago. The founder of the great steel industry, Friedrich Krupp, a blacksmith, began the business in 1811 in a little stone building which he purchased for a few thousand dollars. Now, after more than a century of flourishing prosperity, the Krupp steel industry is a stock company capitalised at $62,500,000, with fifteen subsidiary companies and over five hundred branches in Germany and other parts of Europe.

THE HEROIC NATIONS.

The following eloquent address appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* on June 25th, and is a revelation of the true feelings of the great majority of the citizens of the United States of America. The speech was delivered at the annual dinner of the Chicago Alumni of Michigan University, by Mr. Jn. M. Zane, one of the most prominent lawyers in Chicago, who for some years was a lecturer on law in the University there. In the course of his address Mr. Zane said:—

It is our felicity to remember that we have for our Alma Mater a State University where every word and every thought is free. No overpowering State authority has ever dictated to our professors what they should think or what they should teach. But as each of us looks back to his days in those unforgotten halls, under the old elms, he recalls that he was taught above all things to love liberty, to prize freedom and free government; there we learned to feel in that splendid phrase, "ubi libertas ibi patria," or as the poet has it,

"Where dwell the brave, the generous, and the free,
Oh, there is Rome, no other Rome for me."

And, therefore, in this mighty struggle now darkening Europe, our sympathies and our hopes go with the shining banner of free government and democracy against the mailed fist of the militarist Kultur. We have looked through the mere words of the moment, and we have seen from the first that this is the last great struggle between the absolutist's treacherously organised efficiency and the free man's love of peaceful liberty, between the might of a savage and remorseless autocracy and the greater power of men who have enjoyed self-government for themselves and are nobly fighting to leave it to their children. We know that now is the judgment of this world, whether free government shall survive, whether democracy is worthy to endure.

This is a war of ideas where every tongue must take a side. There is, there can be, no neutrality of ideas. Whoever speaks a word of sympathy for freedom against autocracy is taking sides with humanity and progress.

"No sides in the quarrel! proclaim it as well
To the angels that fight with the legions of hell."

And when this mighty struggle is ended, when this ruthless and bloodstained Moloch, this truly

"horrid King, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,"

is manacled for ever, as he must and shall be, when the roll of nations is called, Russia will answer: I was there; though tied down by a barbarous past, I had brought four free nations from under the heel of the unspeakable Turk, and the bones of my sons now are whitening on many a battlefield, where they fought and bravely died that Europe might be free. Little Serbia will answer: I refused to become the serf of the Hun and the Teuton, I loved liberty and I hated slavery, and, though terrible has been the penalty, we were brave soldiers in the war for the liberation of humanity. Italy will say: Though I was the youngest of the nations, though all unready and almost betrayed by mercenary factions, I drew the sword of Garibaldi and Cavour that once before had vanquished the merciless Austrian.

France—gallant, imperishable France, will answer: I stayed the mad giant in his onward rush and drove him back to his lair. Ireland, the land of a thousand sorrows, will answer: I disdained all selfish thoughts and gave the names of my best and bravest to be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll. England and Scotland, the land of orderly and sober liberty, the land of Milton and Vane, the land of Wallace and Bruce, the land of Sidney and Russell—Great Britain, the refuge of the oppressed, whose protecting fleet saved Dewey at Manila, will say: Though I sat impregnable behind the iron walls of my ships, in a quarrel not my own I gave my blood and my treasure with a lavish hand that alien lands should not be enslaved and that liberty should not perish from the earth.

And last and best of all, unconquerable Belgium. Gentlemen, we cannot think of her without emotion.

There are tears for undeserved misfortune and mortal sufferings touch the soul. Belgium, with her glorious King, that perfect knight without reproach or fear, Belgium, the saviour of the nations, will say: I bowed not to the brutal Belial, I chose the noble path of honour and of valour. My land was laid waste, I saw the devastation and the slaughter of my innocent people, but I kept the faith.

"My head is bloody but unbowed."

And when that great roll is called of the heroic nations in this struggle for liberty and democracy shall we answer with a shameful tale of how we withheld even our good wishes, of how Freedom's land her faith disowned? Nay, what is more shameful still, shall we confess that we, who are not asked to peril our lives and fortunes in the war, yet, by inglorious complaints of trade, put a single obstacle in the path of these heroic nations in their superb endeavour for the liberties of the world? No, let us all who love our dear blest Motherland, resolve that, so far as in us lies, that starry flag shall be kept unstained by such dishonour.

THE STRONG MAN OF GREECE.

M. ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS.

IN the present tangle of Balkan politics there is one name that stands out far above all others. M. Venizelos has been ranked as one of the leading statesmen of the time, and rightly so, as he towers head and shoulders above any of his colleagues in Eastern Europe, and for loftiness of purpose and purity of ideals he stands as high as any man in Europe. The position he occupies now is all the more remarkable when compared with that he occupied at the outset of his career, and the almost insuperable difficulties he had to overcome are considered. Insuperable they would have been to most men, but in him dwelt the indomitable spirit of patriotism which drove him ahead, and enabled him to triumph over all obstacles.



M. Venizelos in 1910.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain.
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

So wrote Lowell, and the lines describe the career of M. Venizelos. His "faithful heart and weariless brain" freed Crete and created a Greece worthy of its ancient name.

M. Venizelos was born fifty-one years ago in Cythera, one of the Ionian Islands. At the time of his birth Crete was engaged in one of her most desperate attempts to throw off the Turkish rule, which ended in failure, accompanied by terrible massacres. M. Venizelos's father was a Cretan, and christened his son "Eleutherios," signifying liberty, freedom, as expressing the hopes of all the Cretans at that time. Whether his name has been an inspiration to him or not he has certainly lived up to it. Of his early life little is known. He studied law in Athens and Switzerland, and had settled down as a practising lawyer in Crete when, at the age of twenty-five, the iniquity of the Turkish rule roused him, and from then onwards he employed his time in agitating both actively and passively against that rule. He was out as an insurrectionist on many occasions, but he came through untouched in spite of, or more probably on account of, his absolute recklessness of his own life. His efforts were to some extent successful, and Crete was given control of her own affairs

though not without the intervention of the Powers.

Venizelos took the position of Minister of Finance in the local government, but in that capacity he soon came into collision with Prince George of Greece, the High Commissioner, with whose ideals and methods of governance he had no sympathy. He was an advocate of Cretan autonomy as opposed to annexation to Greece, realising that the latter course would be opposed by all the Powers of Europe, and would only bring about a conflict with Turkey, while autonomy was within the bounds of possibility. When the antagonism between Prince George and himself became acute he again took to the hills, and organised the party of revolt to such good purpose that Prince George, in spite of the support of the Concert of Europe, was compelled to leave the island. Venizelos then returned to guide the destinies of Crete, which he controlled with a firm and steady hand, and in doing so had to combat the intrigues of the Powers of Europe. It was then that he really had his first introduction to the politics of Europe, and he soon showed that he was an adept.

In 1909 Greece was in a parlous state and on the brink of revolution. She had not yet recovered from the fiasco of 1897. Her administration, her army, her navy, were all sunk deep in corruption. Her Royal family was exceedingly unpopular, but there were signs that the time of regeneration was at hand. The Military League had come into existence, and was all-powerful in the country. They demanded reforms, but were also distinctly anti-Royalist. Having no distinguished leader, they invited Venizelos to come over from Crete to assist them. Partly because of what he had achieved there, and also since he had ejected Prince George, they considered that he would be able to get rid of King George from Greece.

Venizelos accepted the invitation, and entered the Greek Parliament. The task before him was enormous, but he set to work boldly, and soon obtained the support of the people. Once that was secured he never again lost it, though he often carried out measures which were dead against the wishes of his supporters. He refused to overthrow the Royal house, realising that it was a real asset to the future greatness of Greece, and that she had a much greater chance of success as a kingdom than as a republic, in spite of the fact that in a republic he would undoubtedly have been first President. He, however, restored the Royal house to favour and placed it on a firm foundation, which has since been made absolute by the achievements of the present King in the Balkan wars, so that he is now the idol of his people.

Venizelos then proceeded to a thorough reform of the internal condition of Greece, and succeeded beyond all the bounds of hope. At the same time he was brought still further into contact with European politics, but his Cretan experiences stood him in good stead, and he was able to a large extent to frustrate the attempts on the part of various Powers to keep the Balkans in a state of ferment.

In order to further strengthen the Balkans against European intrigues he participated in the plan of forming a Balkan League. He was quite willing that Turkey should enter this League, but soon found he could make no progress in that direction. He then approached Bulgaria, and finally succeeded with her, but only on account of his extreme broad-mindedness in entering into the agreement without any guarantees as to the division of any territory that might be taken from Turkey without which nothing could have been achieved with Bulgaria. It became plain at once that though the idea of the Balkan League was primarily to ensure the solidity of the Balkans, yet without Turkey the first thing the League would do would be to combine against that country. Once Bulgaria was persuaded the rest was easy, and the first Balkan war was the result. The excellent performances of the Greek Army in that and the second war were due chiefly to the reforms that Venizelos had introduced, sub-

stituting French for German instructors. The second Balkan war followed the first, and the Treaty of Bucharest fully justified Venizelos's methods, and confirmed him in the esteem of his people. His conduct of the negotiations both in London and Bucharest finally established him in the eyes of Europe as one of her leading statesmen. A truly astounding career, his success in European politics is all the more remarkable that he had never been out of the Balkans until after the first Balkan war. His attendance at the Conference of London afforded his first opportunity of visiting France and England. French he learnt in the course of his law studies; of other languages besides Greek he had no acquaintance; but he employed his spare time, while out as an insurrectionary, in teaching himself English and German, in spite of the fact that he had no one with whom he could speak those languages.



M. Eleutherios Venizelos.
The most recent photograph.

What is the secret which has enabled this quite obscure man to obtain this pre-eminent position? M. Take Jonescu, the leading Roumanian statesman, once asked him this question. "I have always told my citizens the truth, and the whole truth, and I have always been ready at any moment to relinquish my power without the slightest regret," was his reply. These characteristics mark him off at once from the ordinary run of statesmen, and there is nothing in his career which does not completely confirm his statement. He is inspired by one idea, to bring all the Greeks under Greek rule, thus giving Greece her true place in the world. He possesses an extreme broadness of outlook, which enables him to look far ahead, and see each crisis as it appears in its proper perspective. He is filled with the true burning spirit of the patriot, and his wonderful personal magnetism has enabled him to inspire his people with his own feelings, and to sway them to do what he wishes. He has given many notable examples of this power.

At the very outset of his career in Greece in 1909 the popular demand was that the General Assembly should become permanent, but he, feeling that that would be too strong an attack on the dynasty, whose existence was really vital to Greece in the long run, insisted that the Assembly should be only revisionary. This resolute attitude came as a great surprise to the Athenian crowd, who were accustomed to politicians who followed the popular demand rather than opposed it. But Venizelos succeeded in carrying them with him, at the same time firmly establishing himself in their esteem, a position which he has never since lost. Again, though himself a Cretan, he refused to allow the Cretan deputies to enter the Greek Parliament, in the face of public opinion, since he knew such a course would inevitably lead to war with Turkey, for which the time had not yet come.

Another great achievement was the change he wrought in Greek opinion, which enabled him to bring about the alliance with Bulgaria, and thus make the Balkan

League a possibility. After the Balkan wars he again successfully opposed public opinion when he refused to countenance the revolt in Epirus against inclusion in Albania, knowing that such a proceeding would bring down the displeasure of Europe upon Greece, and might involve the loss of all she had gained in the two wars. There have been few men who could thus withstand almost unanimous popular opinion, and persuade the people to act against their will, but in each case he has been fully justified in his action. It is not surprising that he is now idolised as the true founder of modern Greece, and the people have at every election signified their belief in him by returning him with overwhelming majorities, though it is as difficult to retain the popular opinion in modern as it was in ancient Greece.

Venizelos is a mixture of kindliness and ruthlessness. Animated by his one great principle, the salvation of Greece, he overrides and crushes those who oppose him in the most reckless fashion—in fact, he absolutely ignores their existence—but, once they are beaten and can do no more harm to the State, he does not pursue them further with his enmity, but is full of a conciliatory spirit. One great and almost fatal characteristic he possesses which is almost inevitable to a spirit such as his: he deals with his opponents as though they were animated with the same altruistic spirit as himself, and this has often proved almost fatal to his success. He is almost too chivalrous to his opponents when they are down. At the time when Austria annexed Bosnia the Cretans would have declared their annexation to Greece if it had not been for the opposition of Venizelos, who considered that it was taking a mean advantage of the Turks to exploit their misfortunes. He has naturally made himself many enemies, though not so many as might be expected, chief amongst which is the Royal family, who, in spite of the fact that they owe their present firmly established position entirely to him, have never fully forgiven him for driving Prince George out of Crete.

There is no doubt that this personal ill-will has much to do with the attitude Greece has taken up in the present crisis. M. Venizelos has been from the first insistent that Greece should join the Allies. He has ever before him the vision of all the Greeks united under Greek rule, and he knew that only by joining the Allies would the incorporation of a large part of Greek Asia Minor into Greece become possible. He was willing to make large concessions to Bulgaria, and, as in the case of his former agreement with Bulgaria, to join in without any guarantees from the Allies as to the ultimate division of the spoil. But the King and the heads of the Army were opposed, partly because, lacking the broad outlook of Venizelos, they were convinced of the ultimate victory of Germany, and thought its policy of no guarantees, successful though it was on one occasion, was too risky to be adopted on this. Why Venizelos paid any attention to the King is not quite clear as yet. The King has no power to interfere in such a case, and Venizelos had only to get the sanction of Parliament to his wishes, which he could easily have done, since the people were of his way of thinking, and would probably have agreed to the surrender of Cavalla at his persuasion, bitterly though they dislike the idea. Once Parliament had agreed, the King would have been powerless. M. Venizelos did not adopt this plan, for reasons best known to himself, but we may be sure that in pursuing the course he did he was working for the best interests of the State. He is now back again in power. What his next move will be no one knows, but it is certain that ultimately Greece will be found fighting on the side of the Allies.

GERMAN CARTOONS.

"GOTT STRAFE ITALIEN!" is very much the note of this month's cartoons. Italy has been bought by the wicked Sir Edward Grey—that is the principal theme. Giolitti tried to save her, but Sonnino and D'Annuncio were too strong for him. Much ridicule is cast on the diminutive stature of the King. Otherwise there is a tendency to scoff at the aid she can bring the Allies. *Wahre Jacob* insists that the Socialists and the Italian people generally did not want war.

Comments on the *Lusitania* take the form of bitter condemnation of England for trying to safeguard her munitions by non-combatant travellers. *Ulk* suggests that it is the loss of the munitions not the passengers which really angers England (p. 34).

The anti-German riots suggest that as England is powerless against Germany on the Continent she is taking revenge by attacking defenceless Germans in England (p. 35).

The change in the British Government calls forth some comment. The belief that two British Fleets fought each other off Bergen is firmly maintained, while much joy is expressed at the naval casualties in the Dardanelles, many boats being included of which nothing has been mentioned in this country (p. 36).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Evviva il Ré!

D'ANNUNCIO: "We have a mighty King. I have only received a thousand lire for every word that I have spoken; he got three milliards for one word, which he broke."



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Italy in Flames.

SONNINO THE INCENDIARY TO GIOLITTI: "What! you would save her? Take her back again at once!"



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Intervention Auction.

"One million- going—going! One million two hundred thousand, going--going--gone!



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

Judas Italiano

Betrays his Allies for thirty million pieces of silver.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Sir John's Newest Recruit.



Jugend.] [Munich.

JOHN BULL: "Conscription! Not much, when there are still idiots left who will bring their skins to my market, and rascals who will sell themselves."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The "Godlike" d'Annuncio.

The King must follow the poet. "Sempre avanti Savoia."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

"Do you want also to get a bloody nose?"



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Italian Intervention.

"I am—but it brings me disgrace—the eighth of our band!"



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

Italy's Hour of Fate.

Now disaster is in full possession.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Powder Chest.

JOHN BULL (to Americans): "Be easy, Mister Moneymaker; you cannot travel to Europe safer than on my peaceful ship."



Jugend.] [Munich.

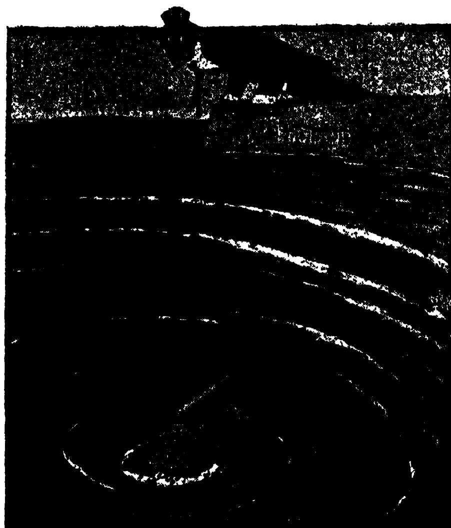
Ultima ratio.

In order that the American munitions may come more safely to England, travelling Americans now carry cannon and shells in their hand luggage.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

How the Germans and the English Mask their Guns.



Ulk.] [Berlin.

A Heart of Gold.

"As to the people, that does not matter; but what about my munitions?"

There is not the slightest indication in the German papers of any sorrow for the lives lost by the *Lusitania* crime, but it is made the occasion for expressing indignation against the Americans for their trade in munitions as well as an outburst of hatred against England.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Fight against the defenceless Germans in England.

KITCHENER: "If only I could make them fight like that against the armed Germans in Flanders!"



Lustige Blätter] [Berlin.

Kitchener organises the Hate of Germany in England.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

Pogrom in London.

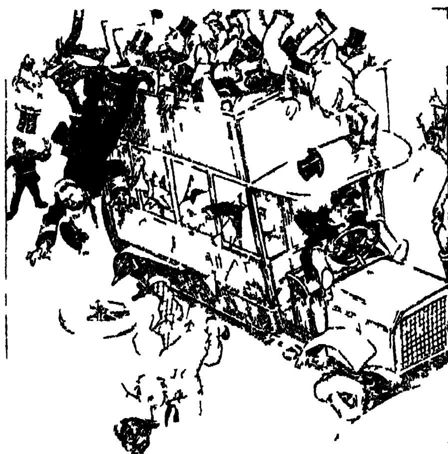
ENGLISH WAR BULLETIN: "In East London the Germans were badly defeated. Innumerable prisoners remain in our hands."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Great English Offensive in London.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, come on, we will smash the Germans!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin
The London State Omnibus.
ASQUITH: Keep still, we are still going on!



Die Muskete.] [Vienna
The Fight off Bergen.
CHURCHILL: You idiots! how could you fire at each other!
We had hoisted the German flag and only recognised each other when both squadrons started to run away.



Jugend.] [Munich
The Dreadnought Hospital in Malta.
JOHN BULL: Goddam! the poor things received such nasty pills in their livers at the Dardanelles that they will hardly be able to sing 'Rule Britannia' again.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin
When King George and Poincaré hold their next Naval Review.

THE THIRD HAGUE CONFERENCE.

In making full and proper use of the Third Hague Conference lies the best hope of ensuring against future world-conflicts, and perhaps of abolishing war altogether.

The Conference will not concern itself with the actual peace treaty which ends the war. It will not meet till after peace is declared. Yet the Conference and the Treaty of Peace are inter-related to a great extent. That is to say, on the terms of the treaty will depend whether the Conference can accomplish anything or not.

It is essential to any success in that direction that German militarism should be absolutely smashed, for the existence of one Great Power which openly ignores and derides the sanctity of solemn treaties endangers the whole of international agreements and makes of them but a trap to destroy the other nations of the world. Thus any peace leaving Germany in anything like its present mood would be fatal to the Conference.

The idea that the future peace of the world can best be dealt with by the Hague Conference is receiving support from all parts of the world.

The best minds in the United States are not only considering the desirability of maintaining a position of strict neutrality as an end in itself, but with the sole object of utilising American opinion to ensure an adequate peace and to substitute arbitration for armed conflict between the nations. Writing on "The Will to Peace" in *The American Review of Reviews*, F. Herbert Stead outlines the following programme, which has the merit of unifying the activities of the millions who desire peace but whose energies are dissipated by divided counsels :—

(1) That all peacemakers—as distinguished from mere peace-dreamers and peace-talkers—concentrate on preparation for the Third Hague Conference ;

(2) That as soon as ever practicable after the cessation of hostilities the Third Hague Conference be convened ;

(3) That the United States, as the one neutral power of the first magnitude, as friend and kinsman of all the nations, and as the power that courteously waived her intention to summon the Second Hague Conference, should be the convener of the third. (I am glad to learn that this point is pretty well taken for granted in diplomatic circles.)

(4) That as there is no time or disposition to prepare, as suggested by the Second Conference, by national committees four years beforehand and an international committee two years beforehand, the United States draw up the convening circular, including methods of procedure and draft of programme.

(5) That the United States should invite every power to send its most powerful and representative statesmen to the Hague, not to emit pious wishes or academic resolutions, but for prompt, resolute and drastic action ;

(6) That the agenda should include :

(*a*) A solemn agreement or decree that all disputes *without exception*, not settled by diplomacy, *shall* be submitted to the Hague Tribunal and by it finally decided ;

(*b*) Decree that war shall cease to be a method of settling disputes, and that except as a police measure by the central office shall be treated on land as brigandage and on sea as piracy ;

(*c*) Sanctions to enforce Hague decisions on any recalcitrant nation—(i) by economic boycott, or severance of every means of communication with the offending people (post, trade, passenger, telegraph, etc.) ; (ii) in last resort by the armed force of an international police ;

(*d*) That the Hague Conference meet oftener and with automatic regularity ;

(*e*) That the present Administrative Council (diplomatic body at the Hague) act as executive when the conference is not in session, under a president elected by the conference ;

(*f*) Concerted and obligatory disarmament of all the powers, down to the point of force needed to maintain order within each nation ; evasion or defiance of this rule to be prevented by the sanctions mentioned above ;

(*g*) Restriction to national factories (or to one international factory under Hague control) of the manufacture of weapons and engines of war.

Exception may be taken to the lesser details of this programme.

The great essential is that all peace efforts be concentrated on preparation for the Third Hague Conference, and that the American people help its Government to formulate an effective programme.

If Americans have faith enough and courage enough and sufficient business sense to make the world's Will-to-Peace effective at the Third Hague Conference, they will add to the glory of having abolished slavery the greater glory of extirpating war.

HOW TO END THE WAR.

By MARY HIGGS.

There are ever at war in the world two forces, the forces of Destruction and Construction—the Spirit of Life and of Death. Which is most powerful? The whole ordered Universe is a witness to the victory of Constructive Force. How can we unify ourselves and our world with it in the midst of the orgy of Death and Destruction that appals us? Bergson shows us that Life itself is unified with *duration*, and that we most truly live when, withdrawing ourselves from the whirl of time, we pass moments in realisation of our innermost being. We receive a stream of Life by withdrawal from the outward to the inward. No one who has once come in touch with this inner stream of Life can fail to be conscious of its immense power. It provides intuition, insight, the very words convey the preciousness of the gift.

What we need more than anything else for our individual and national life is just this intuition and insight. We need to be forced by the Life-stream itself into new forms of Being adapted to our new environment.

In *Letters from Julia*, recently republished, the following pregnant sentences occur: "What the age needs is time to think, time to meditate . . . we do want even newspaper men to have at least five minutes a day in which to possess their souls in peace. If there were but five minutes daily for quiet thinking on the relations between you and love—which is God manifest in life—would you not have more chance of the open vision that you have lost? . . . What is necessary to be done is to get the idea impressed on the mind of this generation. Rest . . . you must have time to think of God and of His manifestation as Love—a life without love is a life without God. . . . the use of the Meditation Moment is primarily the development of Love." This can be done quite simply by giving the Divine nature within each a chance to develop itself.

The present writer has experimented for a long time in the value of such "Meditation Moments." Out of them can come all that is of value in energetic living and active constructive work. Five minutes' meditation on Love can avail to sweep away mental fog and bring in the reign of Peace. Therefore some of us have banded ourselves together by a very simple vow taken in our own heart and to ourselves. We meet in spirit by the simple aid of sitting in silence for five or ten minutes some time between 10 p.m. and 12 p.m. every night and "throwing ourselves up" to the Source of Love, Light and Peace. We may be together or we may be alone, but already the sense of Unity of Spirit is upon us. We rise to the surface out of the depths of misery overwhelming the world, we inspire a purer air, we sense a life of love as distinct from a life of hate, and we believe that we may be the soldiers of the Constructive Force of Life.

England needs rebuilding as well as Belgium; indeed, does not the world itself need a re-birth into Love, Peace and Purity?

When a tram stands still and dark on the rails you know something is wrong. You look and see the finger is off the overhead wire. Replace the finger and you get Power both for Motion and Light.

I plead for this small sustained definite effort to renew the Life-current, believing that if steadily tried marvellous things will happen both in the individual life and in that of our nation and for the world.

AN APPEAL TO MODERATE MEN.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

TEMPERANCE "fanatics" have had to bear a good many hard knocks, and few of such will relish Sir Thomas Whittaker's advocacy of State Purchase in *The Contemporary Review*. The advantages are briefly tabulated :—

1. The direct personal financial interest of individuals deriving an income from the trade would be enormously reduced and largely changed.

2. The local and national, political and social influence, which is now so great a barrier to effective legislation and to the efficient administration of the laws which have been enacted, would practically disappear.

3. The number of licensed premises would be enormously reduced.

4. Grocers' licences would probably speedily disappear.

5. Shortening of the hours of sale, closing on Sundays, earlier closing on Saturday nights, the abolition of snugs and screens, back doors and side entrances, the stopping of credit and of hawking drink in casks and bottles, and many other minor but important reforms would at once be rendered practicable and easy, and could be carried out by the simple process of an administrative order.

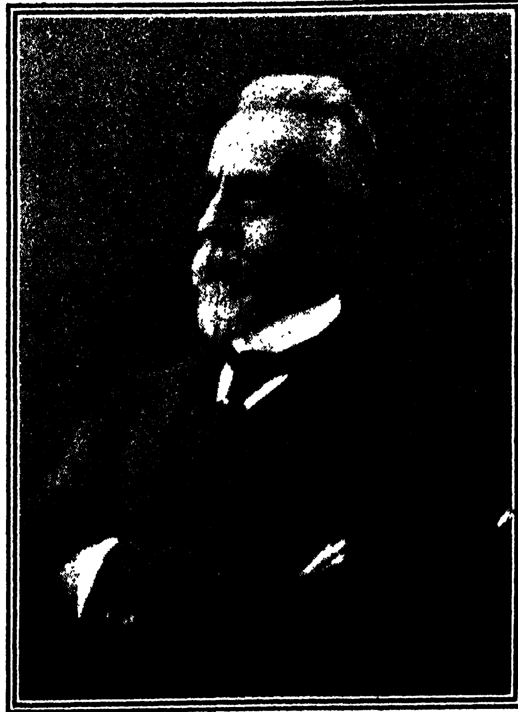


Photo. by] [*H. Jackson.*

Sir T. P. Whittaker.

6. Inducements to attempt unduly to influence and corrupt the police and pack our benches of magistrates and Watch Committees would cease to exist.

7. There would be an end of such contentious questions as compensation and a time limit.

8. The way would not only be clear for giving the people in their respective localities a wide power of local option, including local veto, but the ability to use the power would be largely increased because the opposition to it would be much reduced and be far less active and vigorous. There would not be any wealthy and organised liquor trade to fight.

Sir Thomas disposes of the arguments of the extremists who refuse to entertain a State monopoly of the drink traffic :—

I am aware that there are many well-meaning people who object, on what they consider to be "principle," to the Government engaging in this trade and thereby making them as citizens participators in it. Their position is an inconsistent one. They are participators in the trade now. The community receives from it some 50 or 60 million pounds a year as a contribution to its rates and taxes, and I have never met a single person who has declined to have his contribution to the national and local exchequers reduced by his share of the payment made by the liquor trade. In so far as they would be responsible as members of the community for the action of the Government in carrying on the liquor trade, they are now similarly responsible for empowering justices to authorise publicans and other licensed persons to carry on the same trade. The difference between the community carrying on a trade itself and year by year definitely authorising a number of other people to carry it on, and taking from them an exceedingly large proportion of the profits which result therefrom, is far too fine and thin to be regarded as a principle To plain-minded people it is difficult to distinguish the so-called principle from a hair-splitting quibble.

It is a severe thing to say, but the temperance clock has been set back for years by the obstinate policy which ignores the valuable lesson of disinterested management, and Sir Thomas adds his testimony :—

The experiment of disinterested management has been tried in Norway and Sweden for many years under very limited and more or less unsatisfactory conditions. The results even under those conditions have been remarkable. The temptations to drink have been enormously reduced, and many temperance reforms for which we have long vainly striven here have been obtained there with the greatest ease. The adoption of the system in the towns of those countries has nowhere proved to be a rival of or an obstacle to the adoption of more stringent measures. On the contrary, it has again and again prepared the way for and proved to be a stepping-stone to more drastic action. No friend of temperance in either of those countries ever dreams of advocating the abandonment of disinterested management in order to return to any system of licence and private ownership. I am aware that these facts are contested by a band of active and earnest but, for the most part, often impracticable temperance people in this country. Considerations of space forbid that I should here and now enter upon a detailed discussion of the points at issue. I must content myself with saying that many of the statements made by these critics of the company-management systems of Norway and Sweden are not only grossly inaccurate and misleading, but are such ingenious perversions of facts and quotations as to render it charitable to adopt the conclusion that the authors of them are either astoundingly incompetent or completely blinded by prejudice.

FADDISTS BAR THE WAY.

We are glad to find *The World's Work* using its influence in forcing the public to consider its ways in order to become wise on the drink question. The interests of the brewing fraternity and the prejudices of the temperance advocate have combined to shelve the social reform necessary to bring this country up to the level of other countries in the universal attempt to grapple with the ravages caused by excessive indulgence in alcohol.

The Editor of *The World's Work* introduces the subject to his readers with a little homily:

A National Issue.

This is a national issue which must be faced, and faced by our sound thinkers and settled as promptly as possible. Its just solution is perhaps one of the greatest privileges which a Coalition Government will bring us. The trouble heretofore about temperance legislation in this country has been its inevitable division into party lines. Here, too, a Coalition Government can achieve ends perhaps which any single party would lack the political bravery to accomplish.

For our part, we are strongly in favour of punishing the vendor rather than the drinker. The laws against drunkenness, sporadically enforced as they are, seldom lead in the right direction. It is so difficult to find out from the drunken man or woman in the street where they acquired the poison which has temporarily stolen away their brains. The fine or imprisonment of the drunkard is an attempt to dam the stream of evil at its mouth rather than at its source.

If the laws for the punishment of unscrupulous publicans were properly enforced; if every public-house known to be the resort of drunken soldiers or labourers or their wives were irrevocably closed, we should not need to make more than twenty such examples to have quite a different attitude on the part of those who promote the sale and consumption of intoxicating drinks.

No decent distiller nor brewer, nor even a respectable publican, wishes to make drunkards; but the traditions and conditions of the trade force him often to close an eye and connive at crime when he might under different auspices be one of the most efficient preservers of public order.

Patriotism v. Hysteria.

Let us set about this new task by reason, by patriotism, if you will, and not by the old method of religious hysteria. Let us preach the gospel of physical fitness to a nation in whose hearts it is already nearly allied to faith and love of country. Let us exert every effort to present to the public mind pictures of a nation free from the evils of alcohol of the rich without those diseases which make middle age unbearable and old age impossible; of the poor removed for ever from the slums and from the degrading squalor which drunkenness ordains.

We can condemn drunkenness as an evil like gluttony rather than a crime against some creed. But we should insistently point out not that it is a sin, but that it is injurious, that it militates against happiness, that it undermines health, that it wastes substance, and induces the perpetration of crimes which hurt both criminal and victim. It causes a sort of temporary, and finally a permanent, insanity which is infinitely troublesome to every one concerned, not excepting the offspring of the drunkard, so that it is called often enough—with whatever exaggeration—the sum of human misery.

If we can get the Briton to realise this by reasonable and common-sense arguments we shall achieve a triumph as great as any over a public enemy. We shall bring the nation to seek for that sound body in which only a sound mind

abides; and once we have come to look upon drunkenness as a vice and temperance as a virtue, we shall come to regard the culture of health in every other respect as something far beyond an amiable hobby, as the elemental and primary duty of man

This is well said, and puts the whole matter in a nutshell, and is a fitting prelude to the survey of "The World War on Alcohol," a series of four articles, which give a very adequate idea of the crusade now being waged in Britain, France, Russia, and the United States of America.

Writing on "Drink and National Efficiency," Harry Jones outlines the steps taken by Mr. Lloyd George to eliminate the over-drinking which threatens to reduce the output of munitions from the workshops of this country. The House of Commons did not distinguish itself, although the Immature Spirits Bill was eventually passed into law, and Mr. Jones comments on the situation:

Timidity, prejudice, the loud clamour of vested interests, hypocritical protests against interference with the liberties of the people, have all been brought into play against the anti-alcohol campaign of Lloyd George. Newspapers which have in the past bitterly opposed the claims of labour, suddenly developed a wonderful zeal for the pretended interests of the working classes.

"Our workmen are not drunkards." This statement in flaming letters was placarded all over the country by a certain Tory journal. No one had accused the working classes of being drunkards. What Mr. Lloyd George said was that a minority of the men drank too much and that national interests suffered in consequence. This assertion is amply proven by the testimony of employers of labour, factory inspectors, special investigators, and naval and military officers.

The flower of our working classes have enlisted in the new armies: the result is that there is ample employment at home for comparatively inefficient men, who in ordinary times are content to eke out a miserable existence as casual labourers, and to whom the routine of a full week's labour is irksome. Able to earn good wages by a few days' work, they cannot resist "the lure of drink."

Some men of better calibre also fall victims because of the absence in or near their work of facilities for obtaining wholesome food and because of the presence in the vicinity of a great number of drink shops. One of the Government investigators reports:

In one street there are no less than thirty public-houses in a distance of half a mile. Shipyards and engineering works are surrounded by public-houses and drinking-bars, where every facility is offered for obtaining drink for consumption on and off the premises.

Lloyd George wants to attack these evils at their root. He has happily obtained from Parliament complete power over the liquor traffic, wholesale and retail, in the munition and transport centres. The Board of Control he has established will be able in these areas to close public-houses, or manage them in the interest of the State, or transform them into decent refreshment houses.

Not a gill of spirit or a glass of beer will be purchasable by clubs, railway bars, hotels, public-houses, or private persons in these areas except from the State owner. The Board of Control is empowered also to establish canteens within the factories, or outside of them, for the provision of wholesome food and drink. In short, we shall have in these places object-lessons in the principles of State ownership of the liquor traffic and disinterested management.

Mr. Lloyd George is hopeful that the result will be a demand for the application of the same system to the whole kingdom, in which case Britain will liberate herself from the shackles of a corrupt and demoralising interest. Such a victory would only be second in importance to the defeat of the Germans in the great War.

The next paper is contributed by Arno Dosch on "Saving France from Drunkenness," and the following extract indicates very clearly that the problem to be faced in France is quite special in its character:—

My own observations among the civilian population lead me to believe the most damage being done in France by drink is due to aperitives. They appeal to a much wider class of drinkers than absinthe. They are considered harmless, though they all contain considerable alcohol. They act as slow poisons and destroy the taste for the good cheap wines of the country. They came into their popularity, however, with the years when disease almost wiped out the vineyards of France, and once having become a habit, they have persisted. Even in the Midi, where wine is all good and all cheap, the cellars remain full because the popular taste is for the distilled and artificially prepared aperitives.

The struggle in France is between wine and the aperitives, beer and brandy. Wine and beer are regarded not only as harmless, but as beneficial. In distinguishing between what should be taxed and what should be exempt, beer and wine are always considered as food, along with meat, vegetables, milk and eggs. Distilled and artificially prepared alcoholic drinks are classed as excitants and are considered proper subjects for taxation along with salt, pepper, morphine, tea and coffee.

So, in considering the temperance movement in France, it must never be forgotten that the

French make a distinction which is not ordinarily made in Anglo-Saxon countries. Beer and wine are temperance drinks in France. The most ardent temperance advocates are trying to increase their consumption. They point out that in those parts of France where only wine or beer is drunk there is no drinking problem, and there was none in France as long as they remained the popular beverages.

Writing on "Prohibition in Russia," Stephen Graham says:—

After the war there must flow from the great cities of the west of Russia, books, papers, dress materials, musical instruments, pictures, guns. And more schools must be established, more concert halls, lecture halls. There will be more schooling, reading, music, hunting. If the policy of the Russian Government with regard to drink remains unchanged for the next ten years, it is safe to predict a most extraordinary contrast between the condition of the country now and the condition of the country as it must be then.

The probability is that the policy will remain unchanged, though one cannot be certain. Only the future itself can answer the question lurking in men's minds—Will not the warriors returning from victory demand drinks to toast the Tsar and the Allies and their generals? And will not the generals themselves recommend the re-sale of vodka? There is a critical peace-time to get past before one can be sure that vodka is gone for ever.

A great deal depends on the Tsar personally. He has this great reform at heart. For him it has not been so much a war measure as a national measure. In his casting about in his mind as to what was *the* thing for him to do for his people he lighted on the bold idea of prohibition. No representatives of the Government or the Army are likely to try and get the vodka-shops re-opened as long as the Tsar wants them shut. Not even the German Russian barons who represent the distilling interest are likely to bring pressure to bear on Ministers to get vodka sold again.

The elimination of spirits in Russia is likely to remain permanently associated with the person of the Tsar. Indeed, there is good reason to think that the whole destiny of Russia is at this moment more intimately associated with the life of the Tsar than it has ever been before. Therefore every well-wisher of Russia may say to-day with absolute sincerity "God save the Tsar!"

When comparing ourselves with Russia in the matter of our attitude towards the prohibition of the sale of spirits, it is rather interesting to note the words of Merezhkovsky, speaking for Russia to the rest of Europe: "It is difficult to stop us. We do not go, we run; we do not run, we fly; we do not fly, we fall. You love the middle: we the extremities." Part of the health of Russia is an abhorrence of compromise.

A final article by John S. Gregory prophesies "A Saloonless United States by 1920," and presents an illuminating picture of the campaign of the Anti-Saloon League, which has already induced eighteen States to adopt state-wide prohibition.

A QUESTION OF EFFICIENCY.

THE question of drink or abstinence from drink is essentially one of efficiency, physical, mental, and moral. When people really begin to realise that the use of alcoholic beverages invariably and under all circumstances limits efficiency and makes them less fit for the daily task, whatever it may be, they will undoubtedly turn from it. The navvy going to his work in the street, the miner going to the bowels of the earth, the mason, the carpenter, the engine driver, the tram conductor, and the professional man, whether he is a doctor, lawyer, or clergyman, one and all reduce in measurable degree their efficiency for their particular duties by indulging in strong drink. Vitality is diminished, physical endurance is limited, and alertness of the mind, the powers of concentration and memory, are all weakened by imbibing the alcohol poison just in proportion to the quantity taken. . . . How long are we going to allow this state of affairs to persist? The insignificant measures that have already been taken against the use of intoxicants have miserably failed and there is only one possible solution, and that is total prohibition of intoxicants, at least for the period of the war. The problem is far more urgent and vital than the man in the street recognises, and therefore we say again that the time has come for the Government to take a bold stand and to call for total prohibition. We have no doubt as to the answer to such a call, for we believe the people of this nation are ready and willing to make any reasonable sacrifice in order to better second and support the hundreds of thousands of heroic men at the front who are daily risking their lives for King and country. We believe the country is ready for the sacrifice and that it only waits a strong and courageous lead on the part of the Government.—*Good Health.*

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE ALLIES AND VICTORY.

"When we considered the stupendous nature of the task in which we were engaged we were not doing so badly. We were, in fact, the only one of the Great Powers that had succeeded in doing what at the beginning of the war we said we would do. We had fulfilled the task of preserving the freedom of the seas." – From a Speech by the President of the Board of Trade.

MANY writers devote their attention to the historical aspect of the war, but what the public want to know is "Are we winning?" and the whole ground covered by this searching question is explored by "Outis" in *The Fortnightly Review*. Starting with the comforting assurance that the original plans of the German Staff have entirely miscarried, we are roughly brought face to face with the fact that—

Germany possesses the whole of Belgium with a slight and almost insignificant exception; a good slice of industrial France. She has obtained a sea-coast from which she can organise submarine raids; she possesses a Zeppelin fleet of uncertain dimensions by means of which she can seek to terrorise Great Britain; her ships of war are for the most part untouched. So much for the Western side. On the Eastern side she has recently regained practically the whole of Galicia; the menace to Hungary involved in the capture of Carpathian passes is now disappearing; Austria has recovered the exceedingly valuable oil wells of Galicia. Practically, therefore, the whole of German territory as it existed before the war is still intact, while German armies in both areas of the war are invading the foe's, not defending their own, territory. As compared with these gains the conquests of the Allies are small indeed.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

A Big Beginning.

THE KANGAROO: "Whew! This is tough work. But I mean to get through."

As against this the Allies have secured the valuable adhesion of Italy, and the supremacy of the British Navy has suppressed Germany's sea-borne commerce, and her colonies are in the possession of the Allies.

The writer does not think it well to found any hopes on the internal straits of the enemy:—

At present she is suffering very little more than we are: probably she has no particular lack of copper; there is nothing approaching to a famine in her land; while, unfortunately, the one thing of which she was getting short, petrol, will now once more become available owing to the Austrian recapture of her Galician oilfields. But the stress of war must tell upon her in the long run much more than it is likely to do on the Allies. The process, however, must inevitably be slow, and at present it does not do to base very hopeful calculations on the economic elements of the situation.

Russia's reverse in Galicia makes the campaign on the Western front the test of the Allies' ability to impose their strength on the Teutonic Powers. The present war of attrition has served its purpose, but the writer clearly sees that this method will not avail in the long run:—

Thus everything seems to point to one central and indisputable fact—that unless the British

and French forces gain a substantial success owing to their increased numbers and the weight of their artillery, there is nothing else which seems in any way likely to bring this terrible campaign within sight of a conclusion. For us, at all events, Flanders is the main theatre of the war, together with that long French line which reaches down through the Champagne district to the Vosges. Here, if anywhere, must occur the critical events which are to determine the ultimate issue. Everything seems to turn on the chances of a serious Anglo-French initiative, so thoroughly equipped and organised as to beat down the sturdy and obstinate resistance of the enemy. And even when he is back in Germany he will be equally formidable.

The writer discusses the position of the Balkan Powers, and foresees the possibility that these will remain neutral to the end as a result of their successful bargaining for certain advantages which the capture of Constantinople may enable the Entente to secure for them. Whether we succeed at the Dardanelles or not:—

We have got to conquer in the West if anywhere, and a conquest there will be decisive. The enormous wastage of men and material in this tremendous campaign is an appalling feature which carries with it its own consequences. Germany has put all her strength into the field; France has devoted to the war the whole of her manhood. Russia's levies are necessarily slow, and it will be some time before the pressure which she can exercise on the eastern frontier becomes really formidable for Berlin. Great Britain, on the other hand, has not yet tapped the full reservoir of her strength, and it is more than probable that she may ultimately be called upon to give that final exhibition of her tenacity and her resources which will crown our standards with victory. The Allies are winning, but very slowly. If their conquest is to be assured, Great Britain's task is to mobilise every soldier and every workman, in order to prove that whoever may fail, she at least does not intend to desist until the final triumph is won.

THE TUG OF WAR.

ANOTHER side to the question of ultimate victory is dealt with by Arthur Steel-Maitland in his article on "The Economic Strain" which appears in *The Nineteenth Century*. After emphasising the need for economy in consumption (production being lowered and our exports reduced) the writer makes the following comparison between this country and Germany:—

At the present moment we are in any case obliged to import large quantities not only of munitions of war but of many other articles, and we shall be obliged to import more, while possibly we may export less in payment for them. Our wasteful methods hitherto, in private as well as public expenditure, make the balance against us greater than need otherwise be the case. On the other hand, our accumulated investments abroad are so large and the position with which we started so strong, that we have been able and can continue to stand the strain for a considerable time. Contrasted with ourselves Germany has been infinitely more economical. Her war expenditure is considerably greater than ours in the aggregate, but much less in proportion to the number of men engaged, and in this she is, of course, helped by the fact that during years of preparation for war she has already accumulated many of the capital requirements which we are now providing. At the same time, she is not self-sufficing, and, despite the utmost economies, she will grow less and less so. Not only so, but while she does manage to get supplies of some necessary articles, the interference with her supply and the enhancement of price which she has to face is out of all proportion to what we have to suffer by high freights and submarine attacks. In addition her foreign investments are less and her credit is lower. The economic strain, therefore, of the war, as it continues, ought to tell more heavily on Germany than on England, even though our obligation is not only to ourselves but to our Allies. That this will be so is indicated by the course already taken by the foreign exchanges of the two countries.

What, then, is the lesson to be drawn? No answer can be given without regarding the spirit of the two countries. Experience has shown that, when engaged in a war, a country will continue the struggle despite financial straits that any prophet might have said would paralyse it. But in all cases the extent of endurance in economic matters on the field depends on the temper of the people. And in this connection a real economic organisation probably exerts a twofold effect. Not only does it make the most use of given resources, but it helps to spread an appreciation of the war and so create a temper that will better bear straitened conditions. From all points of view, therefore, it is well to be glad of our advantages, but to recognise that the supreme need is for resolute organisation. What is required is a comprehensive survey of the whole forces of the nation, not only to supply the Army and the Navy better than heretofore with men and with munitions, but also to order the economic life of the nation and the individuals within it.

MOBILISE THE NATION.

AUSTIN HARRISON, in *The English Review*, continues to fulfil his patriotic mission of urging the Government to take time by the forelock and organise the whole nation for final victory. He says :—

There is one sure way—National effort. Eight months ago we ought to have militarised Britain, divided the country up into spheres of war-producing activities and turned the land into an arsenal. Had we done so, we should not be faced with such outrageous scandals as that of spelter, for instance. Even to-day it is not too late, for the winter will help us. But if we slumber any longer, it will be too late, and that is Mr. Lloyd George's responsibility. His duty is to act, like a business man: to employ business men, to run the Munitions question fearlessly on national business lines.

That means the Government must take the people into their confidence, tell them the truth, explain to them the requirements, and enrol them to do their duty. The people will not fail. But they must be led and we must have business direction. Call it Democratic altruism, if we like, the nomenclature does not matter twopence—the effort is all. Our real trouble is the haphazard principle. Not only the men, but the brains of Britain must be mobilised—we have far better brains than the Germans, only they use theirs; we don't think it is "good form" to use ours. The first thing is for the Coalition to make up its (National) mind now: and to act unswervingly. If we, as we have protested, are to drive the Germans out of Belgium and fight them to their knees, we shall have to meet them with their own weapons, organisation, methods, and appliances, and with superior technique and numbers too. Short of the incalculable, I believe that task will necessitate the mobilisation of the full male fighting energies of the country, and of the full productive, economic, and creative forces behind them.

I say this as my deliberate opinion. If the Coalition does not face the facts, and by compulsion, advertisement, or persuasion, it fails to raise and equip the National forces necessary, it will fall, as the late Government fell, and then in all probability we shall find the bauble of political amateurishness once more swept away by a soldier: who will carry out the needful changes and reforms *for the Army and with the Army*.

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deadly submarine it is a comforting reflection that the supremacy of the British Navy is the one outstanding feature of the struggle. The following is extracted from *The Times* of June 26th, which issued a translation of an article contributed to the official Serbian journal *Samouprava*, from the pen of a well-known Serbian writer, M. Lazare Kossovac :—

The English have to-day a veritable sea dominion from Pole to Pole. If their duty to the Allies was to free the waters, they have done that duty brilliantly. To-day a Serbian can embark at Salonika, and travel through Suez to the Antipodes, around the globe and back through Gibraltar to Salonika again. During the whole journey he will travel upon the friendly English green sea-fields. English power upon the waters was never realised in such measure—and so effectively—as now. Never was there in history upon land such power as the English are exercising now upon the seas.

You will say, "The waters are only a highway, nothing more." No, the waters are more than a highway. They represent nine-tenths of the best strategic positions which, thanks to these Britons, are now in our possession; but which, without these Britons, had certainly been in German hands.

A free highway of the sea preserves the Allies from starvation, makes possible the transport of men and munitions, and transforms what would be otherwise widely scattered parts into a well-knit and inseparable whole.

Imagine if it were not so: imagine if the Germans had such dominion on the waters! Their battleships would now be at Salonika, Kronstadt, Vladivostok, at Naples, Marseilles, and Odessa, at Jaffa, and Bombay. Then, from all these sides would creep the German hosts; and who knows how many tribes and nations would not now be fighting against us on the Prussian side? It is, indeed, our happiness that these nine-tenths of the best strategic positions the English are holding now and not the Germans.

That a land may gain a nimbus of grandeur and beauty, there must appear upon it a great race or a great man. In this point Carlyle was right. Before the English people, this misty and humid island stood low and uncertain as if it might sink beneath the waters. But to-day it stands as fast as granite, appears to be firmer than the European Continent, and rises higher than the Alps. And upon this lofty rock stands a nation as one man and as if placed by Providence as sentinel to view with watchful eye every corner of our planet and every movement of nearly two milliard of human beings of all races, all religions, and all States.

THE END OF PARTY POLITICS?

"The party system is breaking People ceasing to be interested in the way in which the party game is played. The thing is becoming ‹ tiquated. Yet we do not face the facts."—BISHOP CREIGHTON.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* W. S. Lilly submits the arguments which tend to show that "The Party System Breaks Down" under the strain of national peril. Of the origins and nature of parties the writer says:—

Prescription has been called by Burke a blind form of reason. Precedents have principles for their original foundation. Even shibboleths may be the offspring, legitimate or illegitimate, of syllogisms. And on prescription, precedents and shibboleths political parties largely depend. They represent, moreover, a tendency of human nature which always has been potent and always will be. Sir Henry Maine speaks of them as being "probably far more a survival of the primitive combativeness of mankind than of conscious intellectual differences between man and man." Unquestionably, man is a combative animal. The disposition to take a side may be seen in every schoolboy, nay, in every nursery. It is the same disposition which in maturer life displays itself in the form of party. And when a party has once been brought into existence, the next thing is to find a name for it. "I reckon," says Swift, in the *Examiner*, "that these sorts of conceited appellations are usually invented by the vulgar, who, not troubling themselves to examine thoroughly the merits of a cause, are consequently the most violent partisans of what they espouse: and in their quarrels usually proceed to their beloved argument of calling names, until they light upon one which is sure to stick: and in time each party grows proud of that appellation which their adversaries, at first, intended for a reproach. Of this kind were the Prasini and Veneti, the Guelps and Gibelines, Huguenots and Papists, Roundheads and Cavaliers, with many others of ancient and modern date."

The evil lies in the attempt to utilise these forces of prejudice and passion as an instrument of government, and Bishop Creighton would have been justified if he had said that sensible men are disgusted with the antics of party government. The writer quotes the arguments used in extenuation of the old system, and comments on the present situation:—

We are endeavouring to substitute a national Government for a party Government, to fill up the great offices of the State with men possessing special qualifications for them, to apply business principles to the great business of the War. This is well, unquestionably well. There can be no doubt that until now Mr. Asquith's Government has ever had an eye upon the ballot boxes of a General Election. It is as difficult for veteran party politicians to put aside that habit as it is for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots. But a Cabinet where the chief occupants of both the front benches sit side by side will speak with national authority for national ends. As to the choice of men and the allotment of offices, I have but one word to say. The late Queen, at a critical period of the Boer War, is reported to have repeated again and again in her anxiety, "I must have Kitchener." Such, unquestionably, is now the well-nigh universal feeling of the nation, which rightly regards him as "our chief of men," and is as unmoved, as he himself doubtless is, by "the explosion of the doggeries" against him. With our armies under such direction we may await the issue in quietness and confidence; strong in the justice of our cause we may humbly hope that the Supreme Moral Governor of the Universe will give us "victory in the battle," but on one condition only. What that condition is I find well indicated in words which Carlyle has used as the epigraph to his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*: "'Then,' said his Lordship, 'Well, God mend all!' 'Nay, by God, Donald, we must help Him to mend it!' said the other."

REFERRING to the career of the Hungarian Ignatius Lincoln, ex-M.P. for Darlington, Austin Harrison points the moral in *The English Review*:—

Can anything be more absurd? Can any greater travesty of political life be conceived? Can exposure of the futility, the hypocrisy, the cant and immorality of our politics be more complete? Is not this confession of political success a scandal which shames our whole public life? And apart from that, is it not a national or military madness?

Even the wildest altruist and sciolist must admit that plainly something is rotten in the State that such things can happen, that a foreign adventurer can come to these shores and get elected to the Mother of Parliaments; nor can any clear-thinking man doubt but that the reason is Politics, which corrode and obfuscate our national sense. Numbers of men realised this state of affairs long before the war. Our satirists have fleshed their wit on its carcase. Before the war, indeed, it was a common thing to hear men say: "Oh, don't talk about politics," or "For heaven's sake, don't get on to politics," and the reason was that men and women who thought clearly and finely had grown exasperated with the extrinsic and intrinsic hypocrisy of the game of catchwords and thimble-rig.

WHAT IS THE STATE?

"Tribute and enforced service in the interest of the conqueror have always been the dominant motives in the formation and expansion of States."

IN *The North American Review* Dr. David Jayne Hill examines the foundations of "International Morality," and raises the important question of the moral responsibility imposed on the citizen and its flagrant denial by that uncertain entity "the State":

To the man in the street it appears incongruous that a civilised State should demand of its citizens or subjects conformity to truth, honour, peacefulness, and a law-abiding spirit, and that the State itself—or the Government that speaks and acts in its name—should at the same time systematically and unblushingly resort to diplomatic equivocation, repudiate solemn engagements, exercise open violence upon non-combatants, and decline to recognise obligations of the most obvious character.

In defence of this divergence from the accepted standards of good morals, it is professed that an individual may voluntarily sacrifice himself, but a Government can in no case and in no degree sacrifice the interests of the State, toward which it stands in a fiduciary relation. These interests must, at any cost, be maintained and extended. The *lex altior*, therefore, before which all other laws, even the Moral Law, must give way, is the necessity of self-conservation. Under this rubric everything is justified. Treaties may be torn to shreds, foreign lands may be overrun and devastated, their populations may be utterly destroyed and their possessions totally appropriated, in order that the State may expand and prosper.

What, then, *is* the State, that a Government, acting in its name, may enjoy these stupendous prerogatives of defying all law and acting according to its own good pleasure? If the State were a moral organism, an institution based on human rights, and designed to protect and preserve them, its functions would be determined mainly by ethical and juridical considerations. We should, in that case, conceive of the State as necessarily occupying a fixed place in the moral and legal order of ideas. That would imply both rights and duties, to be determined in every instance on the basis of recognised mutual obligation. The conception of the State would be altogether determined by the correlative moral conceptions from which its rights would spring, and by which they would also be limited. International morality would then be essentially involved in all international relations.

It requires only superficial observation, however, to convince ourselves that this is not actually so.

Dr. Hill's experience as Ambassador to Germany lends additional weight to his criticism, which reveals the source of the mischievous interpretation of State rights :—

The explanation is to be sought in the origin of the State, which was not in the beginning an institution of justice, but an established agency of injustice. It is quite impossible in the light of modern anthropological inquiry to maintain that the State, as an institution, arose from a spontaneous social impulse seeking the security of individual rights. That has always been the work of revolutions, of revolt against a pre-existing order of things. If in a few instances the State has taken on the character of a moral organism, that has been owing to the resistance of the community to the forms of authority that originally existed for wholly different purposes. . . . The State originated in a war of conquest.

Uncertain as the data in support of this statement may be as regards prehistoric time, when the State first came into being, it is not only in harmony with what we know of those vestiges of that earlier condition afforded by the examination of primitive tribes still existing, but is overwhelmingly sustained by the recorded history of the peoples of antiquity, and indeed by universal history.

The writer sums up the function of the State, ancient and modern, in the sentence quoted at the head of this page, and in this soil the seeds of international morality have had scant encouragement, for legal philosophy has always been ready to sanction the injustice of might as against the feeble protest of right.

Even the access of so-called democracies to power has not served to alter the initial savagery of governmental prerogatives :—

When the people finally came into power, and free citizenship began to supersede hereditary royalty, the people were informed that this "sovereignty" was theirs; this glorious prerogative, this "absolute, indivisible, and inalienable power" *to do what they liked!* Who, falling heir to such a splendid heritage of licence, would look to see if it were not, after all, only a tarnished relic of a vanished past?

And so "sovereignty" has come down to us, and its possession is claimed by us, in moments of need, as a charter of exemption from the Moral Law, affording us *carte blanche* to start out —if we only do it as a nation, and by a formal

act of Government—upon any expedition of plunder and destruction that our "interests" may prompt us to undertake!

Do I speak with exaggeration, or in a spirit of triviality?

Let us open the authorities regarding the rights of belligerents. While international law has, by agreement, laid down certain rules regarding the "conduct of war," it is recognised that there exists no central authority that is able to enforce compliance with these agreements. But, as regards the right of a nation to declare war, for any reason, even for openly alleged plunder and conquest, there is no precept of restraint, and no recognised right of interference. Although the "right" to invade, subdue, and appropriate, without provocation, cannot be established as a right inherent in a sovereign State by any process of juridical reasoning, nevertheless it is a recognised prerogative which international law does not, and under existing conceptions of sovereignty cannot, forbid.

The failures of the past seem to have left everything yet to seek, and the future peace of the world demands a complete remoulding of the law at the dictates of a higher morality:—

So far as international law is concerned, any State may impose its absolute will upon another State, if its force is sufficient to enable it to do so!

And when we have said this, there is nothing further left to be said regarding the present non-existence of international morality; for the one word, "war," as understood in actual practice, covers every crime that is conceivable to the human mind.

To say that the conscience as well as the reason of civilised men repudiates war as a method of settling international disputes is to surrender the whole system of the State inherited from the past. What is needed to bring the international situation into harmony with modern thought and feeling is a revision of the traditional and current conception of the State. The first step in the reconstruction of that conception is the repudiation of the idea that the power to take and destroy is the true basis of public authority. The next is the recognition of the truth that the State should not be regarded as an end in itself, but only as a means for the accomplishment of the true end—the safety, the free development, and the elevation of mankind.

NEOMALTHUSIANISM.

Dr. Brend returns to the charge in the June *Nineteenth Century* and reaffirms the position taken up in his article "The Passing of the Child," which has roused considerable criticism. Dr. Dunlop's reply is examined, and his claim that the fall in the death-rate is due to "parental prudence" and not to Public Health measures is refuted:—

At the present crisis in our history nothing could be more disastrous than to encourage the view that Neomalthusianism is beneficial to a country, or that the practice has either scientific support or statistical evidence in its favour. It is unfortunately true that in all our large cities there is an appalling waste of human life, and that the infant mortality-rate is at least twice as high as it need be, despite its fall in recent years. But the remedy for this state of affairs is not to prevent children from being born, but to provide a healthy environment for mothers, and to ensure that children are born and reared in hygienic surroundings . . . Probably the greatest scope for Public Health activity now lies in the direction of improving the quality of the air in towns. For centuries mankind discharged refuse into the rivers, and then drew much of his drinking water from these polluted sources. Now we have got a wholesome water supply, but we have yet to learn the importance of purifying the air we breathe. We still allow factory chimneys to discharge volumes of smoke and gases in the midst of crowded towns: we permit dust-carts to be loaded in the streets at all times of the day, filling the air with a cloud of filth; we allow refuse heaps to be accumulated on the outskirts of towns, forming breeding-grounds of flies and centres of infection; and there is perhaps something deadly in the mere aggregation of human beings into masses which has yet to be fully understood. The Public Health authorities of the future must try to reproduce in towns as far as possible the healthy conditions of the country. We must have larger playgrounds and more open-air classes for school-children, wider streets, more gardens, parks, and open spaces in cities, and, perhaps, most important of all, broad straight roads with rapid trams and increased railways running out into the country in order to encourage the already observed tendency for persons to dwell outside cities and come in daily to their work. At the same time we must redouble our efforts to remove the curses of venereal disease and alcoholism.

BACK TO THE LAND!

"The question of building up our agriculture and securing a flourishing rural population is an Imperial one, and all Britons must work to achieve it. The solidarity of the Empire demands it. Is it generally recognised that in the whole of our world-wide Empire we have a white agricultural population that is considerably smaller than the agricultural population of that small portion of the earth's surface, the German Empire in Europe? Surely this one fact has only to be realised to make every citizen of the Empire determine to strain every nerve to develop those large areas of land now calling more loudly than ever for population of the right type."

The above appeal should have weight at the present time, and Christopher Turnor's article in *The British Review* on "The War and the Land" gives the reasons which, once more, are submitted to the judgment of the nation for utilising the country's most valuable asset.

THE position is fairly summed up in the following lines:—

The sources of our food supply should first be examined and preference given to those within the Empire rather than without. Why, for instance, import currants and raisins from Greece, let us say, when Australia could supply all that we need?

Food from overseas comes to us either in return for manufactured goods or as interest on capital invested in those countries which supply us. Is it not better that our manufactured goods and our capital should be poured into our own dominions rather than into foreign countries with whom we may one day be at war?

With regard to our English land, we should budget our supply and demand. In the case of wheat, we know that in Napoleonic times no less than 9,000,000 acres of land were under wheat we know that to-day only about 1,800,000 acres are devoted to that crop, and that there are some millions of acres of wretched poor grass practically lying waste.

Why is this, and why do not farmers plant more wheat? One reason is that few farmers, owing to defective or non-existent book-keeping, really understand how well wheat has paid for a good many years back. The low prices that prevailed during the agricultural depression so shook their confidence that several years of fair prices have not yet restored it. There is little doubt that farmers would plant larger areas of wheat and would actually plough up bad grass if the Government would guarantee a price of 40s. a quarter for the next five years, and it is of such vital importance to increase the home-grown supply that every effort should be made to encourage it.

Spasmodic effort has been proved to be useless, and Mr. Turnor asks for an organised effort:—

In the United States there has long been a Federal Conservation Board to watch over and develop the natural resources of the country. We want something to correspond to that Conservation Board here. I have pointed out how weak and ill-equipped is our Board of Agriculture, and it cannot undertake fresh work such as this. What we need is a new Board with executive powers. On this Board would sit representatives of the Dominions, but the majority should clearly represent the United Kingdom.

The first duty of this Board would be to encourage the building up of the rural population of the United Kingdom, and there is no doubt that the representatives of the Dominions would concur in recognising this fundamental principle. My experience is that they are more alive to this need than are many Englishmen. It would have to take over the whole work of land settlement within the United Kingdom. The colonies of settlers would have to be placed where the land was suitable, and the conditions necessary to secure their success would have to be created from the outset.

The writer concludes that "most emphatically food is a munition of war, and to achieve success those sources of food supply must be developed which are most under the control of the home Government."

AN EXAMPLE FROM BELGIUM.

THE high prices for all foodstuffs should stimulate every small-holder to grow increased crops. That this is possible is evidenced by the facts given by Viscountess Wolseley in her article in *The Contemporary Review* on "The Cultivation of the Land."

In Belgium there are few large landholders; three-quarters of those who farm have less than five acres each, and 95 per cent. have less than twenty-five acres. It is interesting to see how this works out:—

Let us consider how Belgium, a small and not particularly fertile country, less than twice as large as Yorkshire, has been so successful in cultivating land. She is only one-eighth the size of Great Britain, but she has been able to feed her own people with home-grown fruit and vegetables, and also to export annually £480,000 worth more fruit and £230,000 worth more vegetables than she imports. When we remember, too, that most of her exports come to England, it should prove what our market gardeners could do for themselves if they chose. Between 1901 and 1905 the United Kingdom imported, on an average, vegetables to the value of £2,638,787 per annum more than she exported, and the thought of the acres of intensively cultivated gardens that such a sum represents should urge our growers to fresh efforts. Apart from the possibility of blockade, and the delay that might occur in the delivery of food supplies, it indicates a considerable degree of national inactivity that such additional wealth, to say nothing of the health-giving properties of the gardener's profession, should be lightly passed by. Belgians who are at present in England assure us that they find it possible in their country to make a very good living indeed upon an acre of land, and they become rich on two or three acres. How is this achieved? Can it be a better climate or greater soil fertility? No; the produce grown by our small-holders and nurserymen in any of the southern counties of England compares favourably with that of foreign countries, so it is not alone sunshine or rich land that is essential. To a considerable degree it is due to that innate love of the land, or land hunger, so marked a characteristic of "les braves Belges." There are many things that are conducive to this feeling, but none perhaps more so than the possibility of the poorest working man eventually attaining the ownership of land.



Viscountess Wolseley.

A WORD TO THE FARMER.

WRITING in *The Political Quarterly* on "Agriculture and Child Labour," Arthur Greenwood says:—

The question is not one of the expediency of using different sorts of labour. It is a question as to whether the community should sacrifice its "social and spiritual achievements" or sacrifice material wealth and comfort. "The standard of child life is a spiritual achievement. It is at once a page in the history of our social development and the expression, however imperfect, inadequate, and stunted, of an ideal to be bequeathed to posterity as a starting-point for the fuller and higher realisation of the national purpose. No man willingly lives upon his capital, and the child population of a country, together with its social and spiritual heritage, is a nation's only capital. Wealth may be re-created; luxury, comfort, and pleasure may be regained when times of plenty return; but an injury to child life is irreparable."

THE OUTLAW STATE.

"When we consider the terrible slaughter of unarmed and innocent men—British or neutral- the thirst for blood evidenced by the German nation is so excessive that the word *Piracy* pales; a more suitable word is required to designate the diabolical acts continually perpetrated, and being perpetrated, against our common humanity and the Law of Nations. Heine most truly said of his countrymen: 'By means of their doctrines (the Idealism of Fichte and the system of Naturphilosophie) revolutionary forces have developed themselves, which only bide the day when they can burst forth and fill the world with horror and with wonder.' The Thugs of India in their adoration of the goddess Kali may in some remote degree attain the heights of cruelty evidenced by Germany both by land and by sea towards British subjects and neutrals in the present year."—Sir George Sherston Baker in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ARCHIBALD HURD writes trenchantly in *The Fortnightly Review* on "Outlawry at Sea: An Indictment of the German Navy." He recalls the exploits of Paul Jones, and is inclined to regard him as "a great sailor with many faults, not a murderer or a brigand"; he cannot, however, extend the same courtesy to the Germans, and asks:—

Are they pirates? Pirates were sailors who, owing allegiance to no State, roamed the seas committing acts of robbery and destruction, and frequently murder, in pursuit of their own ends. The officers of the submarines who have been responsible for such grievous loss of life are the servants of a State. That fact may be some excuse for men under discipline it is theirs to obey—but such a plea merely shifts the responsibility from them to their masters, the Emperor, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, and the people of Germany, who have gloried in their courses. The acts are not acts of piracy in the strict meaning of the term, but of outlawry: they have degraded the German Navy, and in the world's condemnation the German Government and the inhabitants of the German Empire are inevitably involved. The outlaw State—the State which has placed itself beyond the laws of God and man—is served by an outlaw Navy.

The civilised peaceable nations of the world would sign their death warrant if they condoned such crimes as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and other merchant ships, with the loss altogether of not far short of 1,700 lives; the war on defenceless fishermen, resulting in murder; the bombardment of the seaside resorts, resulting in further murder; the air raids on undefended towns, causing again loss of life; the use of hospital ships for spying; the destruction of neutral merchant vessels and their cargoes, and crews in some cases; and the callous disregard of the principle of "humanity after action."

Punishment must be exacted in due course, not to satisfy any desire for revenge on our part, but to vindicate those "sentiments of humanity and civilisation" which less than a year ago were regarded as a heritage to be handed on to succeeding generations throughout the world as the foundations of a brighter, saner, and happier age.

In this matter of German conduct the reader will find two important articles in *The Nineteenth Century* entitled "A Dishonoured Army," one by R. S. Nolan, who reviews the record contained in the Report of Lord Bryce's Committee, and the other by Professor Morgan, who was sent to the front as Commissioner for the Home Office, and personally investigated the atrocities committed by the German Army in Flanders and France. The evidence of terrible and inexcusable depravity is overwhelming, and the Professor concludes:—

Although I have some claims to write as a jurist I have here made no attempt to pray in aid of the Hague Regulations in order to frame the counts of an indictment. The Germans have broken all laws, human and divine, and not even the ancient freemasonry of arms, whose honourable traditions are almost as old as war itself, has restrained them in their brutal and licentious fury. It is useless to attempt to discriminate between the people and their rulers; an abundance of diaries of soldiers in the ranks shows that all are infected with a common spirit. That spirit is pride, not the pride of high and pure endeavour, but that pride for which the Greeks found a name in the word ὕβρις, the insolence which knows no pity and which feels no love. Long ago Renan warned Strauss of this canker which was eating into the German character. Pedants indoctrinated it, Generals instilled it, the Emperor preached it. The whole people were taught that war was a normal state of civilisation, and that the lust of conquest and the arrogance of race were the most precious of the virtues. On this Dead Sea fruit the German people have been fed for a generation until they are rotten to the core.

THE MADNESS OF A NATION.

M. FINOT'S estimate of "The Mattoid Monarch" receives a very full confirmation by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, who has specialised for many years in the study of mental diseases. Dr. Hamilton contributes a special article to *The North American Review* entitled "The Kaiser's Psychosis," in which he enumerates the many obvious signs of the German Emperor's madness, which he states is in some measure "an inheritance." The most interesting part of the paper deals with the Kaiser's religious obsessions :—

Expanded and exaggerated ideas, which have an abnormal value in the consciousness of the individual, are common enough in persons of the class to which the Kaiser belongs, and account for much of his extravagance of action and speech. These "hyper-quantivalent" ideas are quite often found in individuals who nurse grievances, or have erroneous ideas, not amounting to actual delusions of persecution and conspiracy. It is not difficult, therefore, in the complaints of the German ruler—especially in regard to the conduct of his mother's people—to detect a morbid and illogical estimate of his alleged wrongs, and a strong, though erroneous, sense of personal injury. In expressing this view of what may be called a religious psychosis, the question is often asked: "If the Kaiser's religious exaltation were shared by the German people, would you say they were all insane?" One has only to refer to the history of widespread religious movements in which a leader or false Messiah has been a paranoid, or actually insane person, to understand how easy it is for a large following, if not an entire community, to undergo a suggestive or imitative influence which leads them to indulge in excesses quite beyond anything they may have witnessed.



Westminster Gazette]

Tuum and Meum.

A Study in Emotions.

Not only have the German people, with few exceptions, adopted the suggestions of the Emperor, as has been said, but they have indorsed and put in operation the extreme methods of warfare which are justified as the Heaven-sent mandate of extermination that herald the march of *Kultur* and progress.

The deliberate inculcation of hate by song and verse, the adoption of the methods of the bloodthirsty Barbarossa, and all the strange morbid religious utterances, show that the entire German nation at the present time suffers from an epidemic psychosis of an unmistakable significance, and probably inseparable from real involution. Dr. Réné Cruchet, of the medical faculty of Bordeaux, who has studied German educational methods, deplores the narrow teaching that springs from the "Germanomegalomanic" obsession, sketches its part in the creation of actual mental disorder, and instances the auto-delusional condition of the large number of university professors who recently prepared a manifesto. These men certainly had not the excuse of actual ignorance, or even lack of intelligence.

This religious exaltation is attended by exaggerated ideas of personal fitness, which is shown in other things. The Kaiser's emotional instability is said to be indicated in a variety of ways. His actions and gestures are at times those of a person in a condition of hypomania, and he is rarely composed and quiet. Those who have seen much of him describe his fondness for striking dramatic attitudes, and his facial expression impresses one with the idea that he lacks control of the histrionic muscles. . . .

It is not difficult to see that the present German Emperor is acting according to his lights—glaring though they may be. All his training, all his family tradition, all his mental imperfections, make him what he is, and he in turn brings up his children in the same way, and impresses his personality upon all those about him. Is there any wonder that all official Germans are militarists, and that they live only to fight and conquer?

That the mental make-up of the Kaiser may be his undoing is evident to most people. In these civilised days, theatrical display and the warlike methods of Attila, "The Scourge of God," may for a time succeed, but when a madman directs the conduct of war it can end only in defeat.

PROFESSOR CRAMB states that Germany was producing nearly seven hundred books a year bearing, directly or indirectly, on war. There were not wanting a few sober voices to warn Germany against the madness she was developing, but little attention was paid to them.—JOSEPH M'CABE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ITALY AS PIONEER.

AT school and at the university undue emphasis is placed on Latin History to the neglect of the marvellous story of medieval and modern Italy. In *The Canadian Magazine* (Toronto) Professor D. Fraser Harris pays tribute to "The Influence of Italy on British Life and Thought," and our indebtedness is not confined to the sphere of fine arts, but extends to practically every department of life. This is attributable to the fact that "when our forefathers were woad-stained savages, the highly civilised Etruscans were adorning vases and performing such operations in dentistry as bridge-making in gold." The article should be read in full to appreciate the extreme extent of Italy's pioneer work in commerce, art, and science. The writer reminds us that:—

Most of us have no adequate notion of the magnitude of our indebtedness to Italy for instance, in the handling of merchandise and all manner of trading, yet our everyday language is full of testimonies to it. Do not £ s. d. stand for *liri* (*livri*), *soldi*, *denari*, although we *call* them pounds, shillings, and pence? Bank and bankrupt are *banco* and *bancorotto*, the banco being the bench or banc at which the banker sat to transact his business. Our "journal" is but *giornale*, or that which came out every day (diurnal). Our word "gazette" takes us back to the time when a single sheet of news in handwriting was displayed in a certain place in Venice where each person had to pay a small coin or *gazetta* to read it. Again the word "policy," as an insurance policy, has nothing to do with policy in the ordinary sense of that word; it comes from *polizza*, a promise. Our word "quarantine" has no connection in itself with any disease, it is the Italian *quaranti* from the Latin *quadraginta*, or forty, the forty days' detention which a plague-stricken ship underwent in the port of Venice. The very form of the word "company" on the notes of the Bank of England at the present day is an Italian and not an English form at all (*Compa*). What, for instance, do we mean by *italics* in our printing? Nothing other than the use of a certain sloping type first used in Italy. And where did we get that sloping handwriting, the beautiful copperplat calligraphy of our grandfathers? From Italy; it is sometimes called the Spencerian; it is really a copy of Petrarch's own handwriting, and it came to Britain from Italy in the sixteenth century as one of the minor results of Italian influences on us at the Renaissance.

To those of us who know Lucca at the present time, it is almost ludicrous to think of such a place lending an English king, our Richard I., funds wherewith to meet his part of the expenses of the Crusades. Not only was there much commercial reciprocity between England and Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the galleys of Genoa and of Venice carried more merchandise to and from the shores of England than did all the English ships taken together. Italy taught England how to trade; she has certainly bettered the instruction. Villani, the Italian historian, tells us that the two great Florentine families of Bardi and the Peruzzi lent King Edward III. more than one million ducats, and that when at last these two great financial houses became insolvent, the failure disturbed the whole of Christendom.

But how comes it that every pawnbroker displays the sign of the three balls over his door? These three balls (*palle*) were the arms or crest of the world-famous family, the Medici, and you can still see them emblazoned in unfaded colours on the roof of the cathedral at Pisa. Now the Medici, besides being the virtual rulers of Florence, were the greatest bankers in Europe, and so it came to pass that their family arms were adopted as a sign by those who carried on transactions more or less analogous to legitimate banking. Everyone knows that the name Lombard Street in the city of London dates back to the time when the merchants of Lombardy dominated English business.

Here is a glimpse of a London with thatched roofs:—

As early as the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., married Violanti, daughter of Geleazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, London consisted of unpaved streets and thatched houses in which people slept on beds of straw. The contrast with the city of his bride must have been very great. Smoothly paved streets were flanked by lofty palaces of marble, in one of which the wedding feast took place amid every sign of luxury and splendour. Presents were given to the two hundred Englishmen of the Duke's train; and the occasion was made memorable not only by the profusion of rare dishes, but on account of the display of suits of wrought armour, coats embroidered with pearls, jewels set in gold on the belts, and gold lace over crimson cloth. The greatest poet of his age, Petrarch, sat among the princes at the feast, the remnants of which could have fed hundreds of people. Such was the scale of magnificence in Italy when in England wine, for instance, was being sold like a medicine.

It is not very widely known that the art of printing did not arrive in England until twelve years after it had been practised in Italy. When at the close of the fifteenth century there were printing-presses in seventy-one Italian cities, England had them in four of hers.

THE BALKAN STATES.

In *The Asiatic Review* Dr. Drakoules discusses the motives animating the policy of the Balkan States, and, as may be assumed, each of the neutral countries is closely concerned to obtain the utmost advantage in exchange for armed intervention. The article is entitled "The Intentions of Roumania," and deals with the present position :—

The consensus of opinion is that Roumania has neither inclination nor manifest interest to help the Allies until she is satisfied that their victory is certain, and, moreover, that Constantinople will not be monopolised by Russia or any other Power. Then she will intervene, provided her intervention at the eleventh hour appears to her to be of indisputable advantage to her national aspirations. Of all her statesmen Mr. Take Jonescu and one or two others seem to be favourable to the cause of the Allies and to discover identity of Roumanian interests with the interests of the liberating Powers. The influence of these men would have been great but for the fact that Mr. Take Jonescu has been in disagreement with his own party for some time. All the other leaders have Teutonic sympathies, chiefly in consequence of having received their education in Germany. The nation at large is animated by affection and admiration for France and England, but popular sentiment in Roumania does not count, because it has no expression, and, so long as the rulers are differently disposed, public opinion is a negligible quantity. It was thought that after the death of King Carol, who was a Hohenzollern, the policy of Roumania was bound to change. But the expectation has proved unfounded, as also were the hopes that the intervention of Italy would immediately be followed by that of Roumania.

There is a good deal of history mixed up with a consideration of this question, and the past influences the present in the determination of future events :—

It will be noticed that the Sphinx-like attitude of the Roumanian Government dates from the time when Constantinople was threatened with Russian occupation—that is, since the Dardanelles campaign. It is an axiom with Roumanian politicians that when Constantinople is in the hands of Russia the fate of Roumania is sealed. All her commerce, it is argued, would be destroyed, and with her economic independence her political freedom would also be lost. It is no wonder, therefore, that Roumania would do anything to prevent that culmination. The rumours that Turkey is assisted from Germany *via* Roumania have not been satisfactorily contradicted. Neutrality, indeed, in her case, more than in the case of the other Balkan States, is equivalent to support of Germany. German propaganda in the Balkan Peninsula has been assiduous in creating the general impression that Germany cannot possibly be defeated. This has been so strongly inculcated upon those countries that the undoubted feeling of gratitude and love of their peoples for England, France, and Russia has been to a great extent neutralised.

The writer is bold enough to suggest that a policy of mild coercion is justifiable in the interests of humanity, but no one can blame any nation in its desire for peaceful neutrality.

In the same review A. Schopoff answers a previous article by Dr. Drakoules on "Peace and Brotherhood among the Balkan Peoples," and presents the Bulgarian side of the question, advocating federation as the solution of the conflicting issues which divide these States.

UKRAINE.

In the *British Review* Bedwin Sands discusses "The Future of the Ruthenians," and the reader is brought in close contact with a people long absorbed by the Russian Government, and yet advancing a national programme which expresses the hopes and feelings of thirty million souls. The Ruthenians or Ukrainians are descendants of the Scythians, but they appear under many names :

The first name under which they appear in modern history is that of Rusjky. After the voluntary union of the two nations the Muscovites adopted a name very similar in sound, that of Rossiisky, and even used with deliberate indiscrimination the name of Russky to refer to their own people and their new subjects. The original Rusjky—that is, the people of the Kiev kingdom or land of Rusj and of the Eastern Carpathian and sub-Carpathian districts—were called *Malo-Russky*, or Little Russians, some considerable time after their country had been known as Little Russia. Part of that country being called historically Ukraine (Oukraïna), or border, and its associations being among the most glorious in their history, they have extended that name within the last few years to the whole of their land and that of Ukrainians to their people. Their unhappy country they now refer to as Oukraïna. The name was well known in the seventeenth century, both in France and England, and was then spelt Ukraine, as it is at the present time.

THE AWAKENING OF INDIA.

THE VEIL OF THE PURDAH.

UNDER this title a writer in *The Crucible* (Allahabad), who adopts the strange *nom de plume* of "Nodding Poppy," makes an appeal which indicates that the movement for reform in India is not confined to political agitation. *The Crucible* is edited by Ramdas Crishna, and each issue shows a marked improvement. We quote the article *in extenso* :—

"Behind the veil behold a heart on fire,
Wrapped in the secret of its own unrest."

In the dim distance of the past, when the Aryans spread themselves east and west, they carried everything before them. With one hand they wielded a mighty power and in the other they carried the torch of civilisation, and wherever they went woman held an exalted position. She was not only the ministering angel of the Aryan household, but she was also the wounded warrior's nurse, the philosopher's inspiration and the peasant's helpmate. It was she who kept the family fire always burning, and freely did she move everywhere respected by all as the symbol of eternal motherhood—the veil of the Purdah was unknown to her. The years of invasion and expansion during which she retained her exalted position made no difference to her. In Aryavarta she was the mother—the ministering angel—the one who was held in universal reverence and esteem. Philosophy was hers and we find her in Lilâvati : Religion was hers and we find her in deep forest-meditation the sole companion of her Rishi-husband : Sweet romance was hers and we find her in Mâlati : Even the stern realities of war were hers and we find her in Subhadra guiding the war chariot of Arjuna. She is Saraswati the goddess of learning—she is Lakshmi the goddess of fortune—she is Doorga the protector of the weak—she is Annapurna who feeds the starving—she is Jagadhatri the mother of the universe. Such were the high Aryan conceptions of womanhood.

But when through causes lost in the oblivion of hoary antiquity the Aryans were themselves conquered by other hordes, the position of woman changed. She was brought down from her high pedestal and oppressed and unrespected she was sent behind the veil—the veil of the Purdah. There, uncomplaining and with a smiling face, she drags out her miserable existence ! O sons of India, have you no eyes ? Do you not see that behind this veil of Purdah there is yet another veil—the veil of her uncomplaining smiling face—which she hides from your view, the true picture of her misery and sorrow ? But remember, the sigh that escapes her in secret mounts up to heaven and is gathering in volume every day. Soon it will spread over the land like a searching blast withering everything before it in this land of green fields and flowing rivers. Go, ye sons of India, and tear this cruel veil before it is too late and remove her misery. Place her again on the pedestal on which your ancestors placed her—show her the respect which is her due—remove her misery and sorrow, which is your duty. If you are to win the good will of civilisation, if you are to hold your head high, if you are to enjoy the rights of universal brotherhood, go and respect your women. Go before it is too late and ask her forgiveness—she will give it to you ungrudgingly—for the misery you have caused her all these years. Let her be Lilâvati, Subhadra and Mâlati once more, and you will find that she will be your Saraswati, your Lakshmi, your Doorga, your Annapurna and your Jagadhatri yet again.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

THE object of the Indian Congress is to represent the enlightened views of the Indian public without distinction of caste or creed, colour or race. Its programme should be of the greatest value to the Government as indicating the reforms which are necessary to the proper development of that great nation. *The Indian Review* publishes some chapters from a book at present in the press by Babu Ambica Charan Muzumdar on "Indian National Evolution." The writer replies to some critics who are doubtful of complete unity among peoples representing a bewildering variety of social customs :—

It is, however, still argued, that although the Congress may be a national assembly it can never hope to attain its chimerical object in view—the establishment of an Indian nationality ; for there are said to be four essential conditions for the constitution of a nation, in that there must be a common race, common government, common tongue, and a common religion, and that India, being a congeries of people lacking in all these essential elements, can never hope to evolve a nationality out of a Babel of confusion into which she has been hopelessly plunged by centuries of revolutions and changes unparalleled in the history of the world. These are all plausible arguments no doubt ; but not one of them will probably stand the test of careful examination in the light of modern political evolution of the world. The race question, strictly speaking, is more or less of a larger or smaller formula of ethnological classification. The modern Indians are broadly divided into two races, the Hindus

and Mussalmans, the former having larger and sharper sub-divisions than the latter; but both descended from a common *Aryan* stock, more agnatic in their relation to each other than most of the European peoples. The Hindu anthropology indeed traces them to one common descent within the legendary period of ancient history. However that may be, the question is, does this difference in races constitute a permanent bar to their so uniting as to constitute a political unit or nation? Without going far back into antiquity it may be confidently asked, is there any nation of modern times which is not composed of distinct and different racial units which have been welded together by forces other than those of mere ethnology? The Picts and the Scots, the Angles and the Saxons, the Celts and the Welsh are all incorporated in the great British nation, although they one and all still retain distinctive racial characteristics of their own to no small extent. In Germany the Teutons and the Slavs, the Prussians, the Bavarians and the Silesians, and in that curious Dual-Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, the Germans, the Magyars or Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Slavs, Serbs, Croats and Roumanians are all distinct racial units consolidated into a national federation of no ordinary solidarity and strength. So it is idle to contend that racial differences in India can by themselves stand as an insuperable difficulty in the way of the Hindus and Mussalmans, with an intermediate link of the Parsis between them, coalescing and forming a political unit. The process has already started and it is only a question of time when they will become completely fused into a consolidated national organisation.

THE HOLY QURAN.

The Review of Religions is a modest journal which provides a meeting-ground for those who desire to discuss Islam. It is published in Qadian, Punjab, but copies can be obtained from The Mosque, Woking (England). In a recent number Abdul Haque advances the distinctive claims of the Scriptures of Mahomet :—

The Holy Quran lays unmistakable claim to all-round perfection. No side of spiritual advancement is ignored, no means of moral edification is allowed to pass unnoticed. No avenue of evil is left unstopped. No door of vice is left open to hamper the progress of virtue. No sound rational view is left out of consideration and finally no false notion is permitted to go unrefuted. The Holy Quran inculcates rules of life and promulgates practical principles in perfect harmony with human reason. Whenever it propounds a doctrine, it establishes the truth thereof with cogent arguments. If it undertakes to rebut a false dogma, it adopts the most convincing of reasons to do so. . . .

So far it is all easier said than done. Any other book can come forward and make a similar claim. Until and unless the all-important claim is put to a test, no definite opinion can be formed about the soundness and *rationale* of the claim so widely made by all. It will take a long time to touch each item separately and examine it in the light of the above-mentioned datum. But the Quran has not stopped there. It completes the idea of perfection in theory by carrying it into the practical domain.

Every book perfect in all its bearings must lead its followers to the ripening of their labours. To be clearer, if one adopts as his guide a perfect moral and spiritual code, he must enjoy the dead certainty about the existence of God without which it is not at all possible to get rid of the clutches of sin. Man is weak by nature and unless he lives under a constant sense of divine existence, he cannot overcome his sinful inclinations, which is the only result of weakness. Human knowledge is bound to remain poor if it is only limited to hearsay and second-hand information. Information at first hand produces that depth of conviction and force of certainty which ought to be the characteristic of an ideal Muslim. Act upon this book and that deep-rooted conviction about the existence of God will be yours. There have been and even now are many men who act up to the teachings of this book and enjoy personal communion with God.

CITY NEUTERS.

In *The Forum* Walter Ferris is very happy with his lines "New Love in a Street Car," for very few among civilised beings possess the art of being natural and human when cast in the promiscuous company of a public conveyance :—

Such stolid faces! Do folk sit and stare
Thus always, heavy-eyed?
These women have known love!
Have passed beyond the portals of love's house
And dwelt within, where many things are known,
Yet sit here prim and dull, with no least gleam
Of all the mysteries that love has taught
To give a little radiance to their eyes!

If I had passed that strange, sweet gâte, and
known
Love's intimate nights and days,
And all the sacred beauties of his house,
Would not my eyes be full of secret lights,
And my lips curve with little lurking smiles,
Remembering dear caresses?
Would not my very presence breathe a sense
Of warmth and splendour? . . .
Or should I sit here dull and heavy-eyed?

JELLICOE AT SCHOOL.

The Canadian Magazine contains an interesting sketch from the pen of Professor MacNaughton in which the reader gets a glimpse of the school days of the man who is Admiral of the Grand Fleet and in no small measure holds British destinies in his hands. The writer was at Rottingdean School, and recounts the following reminiscences:—

I have seen it stated that "Sir John Jellicoe is a silent man — as silent as Nelson was loquacious and Beresford was talkative." This is certainly not my recollection of his character when a boy. I should on the contrary say that at that period he possessed a large capacity for fun, and he was certainly distinguished beyond any of my contemporaries at school with a fund of originality of which I remember one particularly striking incident. It is curious how certain trivial incidents remain fast in the memory after a lapse of many years. I remember as clearly as if it had occurred to-day an incident which must have struck me at the time and which in the light of his subsequent career seems to be characteristic of his ability to utilise the occasion. Young Jellicoe had just entered the school, and being a new boy he had to make his way in the world of school life. He proceeded in an eminently original way. There was a boy in the school, whose name I think was Ingram, but in any case he was one of the leading boys; and there was something about his personality which evidently attracted young Jellicoe's attention. Now, those who know anything about school life in Great Britain will know that it is hedged about with all sorts of rules and points of etiquette, and that it is extremely difficult for a new boy, especially at his first coming, to gain the friendship or confidence of one who has already an established place in the school. But John Jellicoe had evidently determined that it was worth while to cultivate the friendship of this senior boy; and he set about it in the following very original way. A game of football was being played in the afternoon on the small playing field which lay within the school precincts. On one occasion the ball went out of bounds, and Jellicoe went to fetch it. Instead of throwing it back in the ordinary manner, he ran back with the ball in his hand, and on coming close to Ingram made a neat drop kick so that the ball bounded against him with some force. There was a shout of laughter and applause, and away ran Jellicoe, pursued by Ingram, to a corner of the field, where they indulged for some moments in a friendly tussle before resuming the game. From that day Jellicoe and Ingram became bosom friends, and though this trivial incident occurred more than forty years ago, it has always remained in my memory. I do not indeed remember, either at this or at any of the other schools where I was educated, any instance of equally successful and original boyish diplomacy.



Admiral Sir J. Jellicoe.

That Jellicoe was a hard worker even at that time is certain not only from my own recollection, but from the fact that he successfully passed the very difficult examination which was necessary in those days to secure admission to the *Britannia*. He was certainly also a boy of exceptionally high character. I cannot remember a single instance or a single occasion during the year or two when we were at school together when his conduct was marked by anything but the highest possible standard; a statement which would certainly not be true in regard to some other of my contemporaries.

THE VACILLATING VATICAN.

THE POPE'S POLICY.

ITALIAN domestic politics have presented many peculiar features since the Clericals and Socialists joined in what may be stigmatised as an unnatural alliance. Both parties have worked against war, but with somewhat different motives. Dr. Dillon's comments in *The Contemporary Review* on the "Vatican's Hostility to Allies" suggest that the Catholic hierarchy has sustained spiritual losses which will effect a more lasting injury on Catholic prestige than any loss of temporal power which has disturbed the councils of Roman Catholicism for two generations. Dr. Dillon says:—

I cannot but note with regret that during the development of the German intrigue the plotters had the full benefit of the co-operation of the Vatican, of its reorganised Press and its crafty agents. In vain we are assured that the Sovereign Pontiff's sympathies are with martyred Belgium and suffering France. The assurance is credible, and one may let it pass as true. But it is a noteworthy fact that the Vatican itself, the bulk of the Cardinals, Monsignori, publicists, and go-betweens, whose influence is subtle, secret, and far-reaching, lavished their unstinted support upon Giolitti and Bülow. The *Corriere d'Italia*, the most serious organ of the Papal party, pleaded that cause with a *verve*, ingenuity, and perseverance which threw into the shade all the endeavours of the Press organs created or subsidised by the German and Austrian Embassies. Erzberger, a German deputy, repaired to Rome as Bülow's voluntary adjutant. And he was welcomed to the Vatican, in violation of the invariable rule that no persons shall be received there who are attached to an Embassy accredited to the Quirinal. And Erzberger was known to be an intriguer and a contrabandist, and was suspected of being a spy. Great Britain, France, and Belgium will long remember the superhuman efforts made by the neutral Vatican—which had found no words of protest against the invasion of Belgium, the burning of churches, the shooting of priests, the poisoning of wells, and the destruction of the *Lusitania*—to enable Giolitti to make Italy break faith with the civilised States of Europe, and throw in her lot with the Kaiser and the outlaws of the human race. The Italian crisis, now happily solved—thanks to the moral force of the nation and the honour and firmness of the King—marks the downfall of Giolittianism and the shrinkage of the influence of the Papacy as one of the moderating elements of international politics. To-day there is not a responsible statesman in Europe who, when the Peace Congress is convoked, would raise his voice in favour of admitting among its members a delegate from the "neutral" Vatican.

PRIESTS AND PATRIOTISM.

DR. DILLON contributes a most interesting article to *The Fortnightly Review* on "Italy's New Birth," and has something to say about the Pope's attitude in this crisis:—

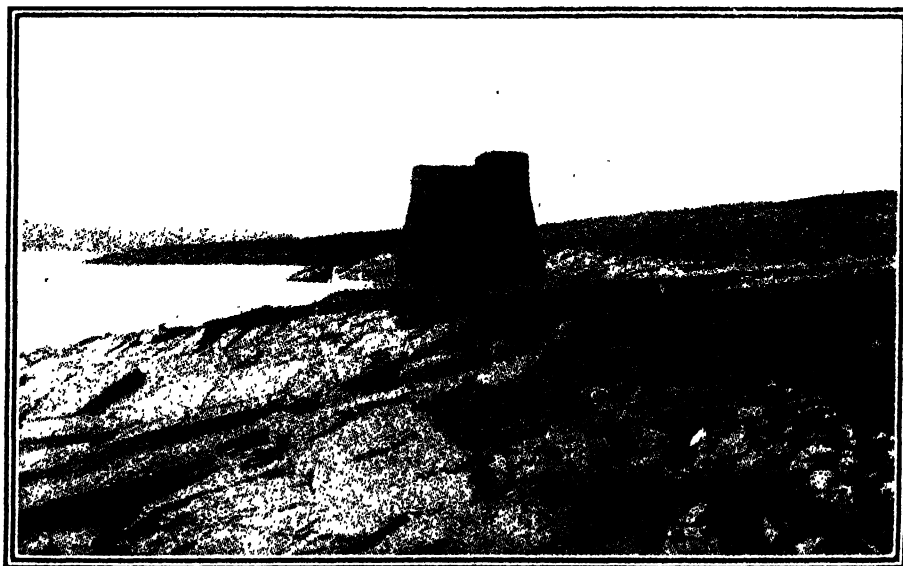
Pope Benedict XV., to whose prematurely renowned statesmanship one looked for light, guidance and practical help during one of the darkest periods of human history, has shown himself to be neutral in public morality, while in politics he was an energetic opponent of Italy's armed intervention on behalf of the Allied Powers. Towards martyred Belgium and suffering France he has been generous in lip sympathy and promises of rewards in the life to come. But he has found no word of blame for their executioners. I offered him some important information on the subject which seemed adequate to change his views or modify his action, but he turned the conversation to other topics. Neutrality in matters of public morality on the part of one who claims to be the custodian of the morals of the Christian world is an attitude that will long be remembered with regret. . . .

The Vatican, as distinguished from the Pope, was and is systematically hostile to the Allies. Its Press organs, inspired by an astute and influential Italian ecclesiastic named Tedeschini, by Kappenberg, a rabid German convert, and by the Calabrian Dallina, organised a formidable campaign against the King's Government and their supposed interventionist leanings. Its agents, including the priest Boncampagni and the German Catholics Erzberger, Koeppenberg, and others, were wont to meet in the Hotel de Russie to arrange their daily plan of campaign, and when at last the people rose up against Giolitti and his enormities, the Vatican had its mob in readiness to make counter-demonstrations, and was prevented from letting it loose only by the superhuman efforts of decent Catholics and orderly citizens. It is a fair thing to add that the attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy throughout Italy has with some few exceptions been consistently patriotic. Even the bishops and archbishops of the provinces have deserved well of their King and country, while their flocks have left nothing to be desired on the score of loyalty and patriotism.

SOLITARY SHETLAND.

THE islands of the far north, that know only the sea and the winds, always appeal to the imagination of those living in towns and valleys sheltered from the fierce onslaught of the Arctic gales. The evolutionary doctrine of environment receives full support from a consideration of the lives of the few inhabitants of "The Islands of Shetland" sympathetically portrayed by Maude Radford Warren in *Harper's Magazine*. There is a deal of history in the following description :—

Mere living in the Shetlands is such a deep and difficult thing that it seems to obscure all the history and all the varied scenery of the islands. For if there are not here the many antiquities of the Orkneys, still the surface trend of life has been the same the outer life. Here dwelt the tiny dark people, the Picts, safe, it would surely seem, in Ultima Thule, and yet wary little folk, building their brochs strong, afraid to trust either the sea or the stranger. Traces of them are to be found in many places, especially in Mousa, the most perfect broch extant. And yet even tall, thick Mousa could not hold back the victorious hordes of the Norsemen. The Picts built it with much pain to protect them for ever, but it became one day the home of the shipwrecked Björn-Brynulfson and the beautiful maiden whom he stole from Norway ; and two hundred years later it became the refuge of that light woman, Margareta, mother of Jarl Harald, who fled there with her lover, Jarl Erland, and starved and thirsted and still loved till her son forgave her.



Mousa : a Relic of the Picts.

The years pass them by softly, marked only by births and deaths and weddings with quaint old ceremonies. The bairnies have bairnies of their own, and these the old men and women, forgetting that they are grandchildren, call by the names of their own boys and girls. History and time are lost in the hard work and the peace of each day's living. They forget their own ages, for one day slips imperceptibly into another, and their years, if the sea does not demand them, are long in the islands. They have taken the conquering spirit of the old Norse that still lives in them, and have turned it toward winning, through peril and work and love, that greatest of treasures—home.

Coming down to more modern times, the writer shows that the dwellers in Ultima Thule have not been able to avoid the impositions common to other exploited lands, but—

Of late years the crofter law and the new methods of farming have made an improvement in the condition of the Shetlanders. No longer afraid of having rents raised, they are building better houses. They are hoping more and more from their little harvests; but in a land where there are not a hundred trees, where apples will not grow, where gooseberries ripen only against a wall, and sparingly at that, where the wheat is poor and is often killed by sea-blasts, and where even the plentiful crops, potatoes and cabbage, have sometimes failed—in such a land agriculture could never be a main resource. Except for the scant harvests and the knitting of the women the sea is all they have. Whatever else they have tried has come to nothing. They look back in the past to the failure of the haaf-fishing; to the failure of the flax and straw plaiting industries, and of the chromatic mining and kelp-burning; and their lives, as always, are in fief to their two seas. It is a noble achievement indeed to have met all these defeats, to have given toll of men to other lands and to the seas; to face a life of constant hardship and toil, and yet to have won from it all the perfection of that best of spiritual wealth—hearth peace.

Yet for all this unity of the hearth there is sufficient variety in the Shetlands. Each island has its own life—not only the twenty-eight which are tenanted, but even the seventy which are uninhabited except by the sheep or the wild gulls. The men of Yell have a different intonation from the men of Unst. The short, eager islanders of Muckle Roe are not like the mighty men of Fetlar. The single shepherd who keeps his sheep on the foam-swept little island of Hascosay, separated by weeks of storm from any other human being, is not like the man who sells his wares in the narrow street of Lerwick on Mainland. When they are examined separately, each island offers a spiritual coin stamped with its own peculiar marking.

A gentle, noble people these grave Shetlanders, making themselves such a victorious world among their stern conditions of life. When one of them stands before his own door, the lonely lighthouses, the crying wind, the spindrift lashing in from the surging seas—all are absorbed in the simple feeling of home. The very church-bells, sounding bravely on the wind, suggest the solid earth and the friendly faces of men. The wild gulls feed in the meadows, and some of them, trusting this spirit of home, come to the threshold, where little children feed them and call them by old fairy names. But when the stranger is departing, when the hospitable Shetlanders grow small on their shores, then the rocky or heath-covered islands suddenly turn solitary again, stark in their wild seas, with the foam catching at their feet. The wind charges, trumpeting, and against the cliffs the sea-birds circle, crying.

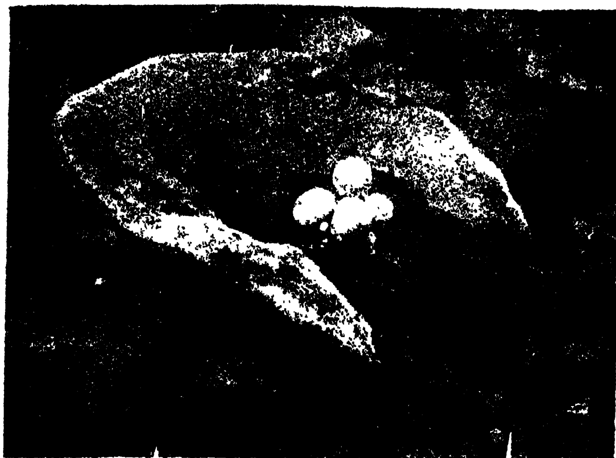


A Shetland Crofter's Cottage.

The article is illustrated by a number of beautiful pictures characteristic of the charm of the island scenery.

FUNGI AS FOOD.

TOADSTOOLS play an important part in the economy of nature; their strange forms and vivid colouring always excite curiosity. The majority of these weird vegetable growths



A Small Toadstool (*Nyclalis parasitica*).
This grows as a parasite on other larger toadstools.

are rightly judged to be poisonous, but quite a number are good for food. The last two numbers of *Knowledge* contain an excellent account of the "Biology of the Larger British Fungi" by Somerville Hastings, whose notes invest these odd shapes with an individuality of name and habit. Of their composition generally the writer says:—

> Fats and fatty acids are present in varying proportions in different species, and amount to 6 per cent. in *Lactarius deliciosus*. The percentage of mineral salts is also high, and reaches 6 to 12 per cent. of the dry solids. The salts are mainly those of potassium, with smaller quantities of iron and manganese. Fungi also contain a relatively high proportion of nitrogen, and from 2 to 5 per cent. of the dry solids consists of this element. Only about one-half of the nitrogen is, however, combined as proteid, and only one-seventh of it is digestible proteid. It will thus be seen that the edible fungi are not in reality as nourishing as was at one time supposed. The percentages of digestible proteids, carbohydrates, and fats present in the mushroom—the most nourishing of the fungus tribe—are almost identical with those of cabbage—a vegetable that can usually be much more safely eaten. Several fungi also contain poisons, or substances which rapidly change to poisons in the earliest stages of decomposition. Though very deadly, the poisons are often present in minute quantities only, and it is said to require about two hundred pounds of the poisonous Fly Agaric to produce one ounce of muscarine—its poisonous principle.

There are several species of *Cordyceps* which attack and destroy living insects. The caterpillar fungus (*Cordyceps militaris*) is one of these. The fungus grows parasitically on caterpillars, and its spores reach the insect's body, either through the spiracles or by being swallowed with its food; but the insect is not killed at once, for infection takes place very slowly, and the chrysalis stage is usually reached before the creature is finally destroyed. Its body is then replaced by a dense web of fungus mycelium; but even in this state the outward form of chrysalis is still, as a rule, maintained, though it was lost in the specimen photographed. In autumn the bright red fructification shown in the photograph appears above the surface of the ground in which the remains of the chrysalis lie buried. A larger form (*Cordyceps sinensis*) is sold in bundles, with the caterpillar still attached, as a regular article of diet in China.



The Caterpillar Fungus (*Cordyceps militaris*).
This grows parasitically on the larvæ of butterflies and moths.

PRIVATE WAR.

DR. MACMILLAN contributes a most encouraging article to *The Scottish Review* on "The Future of War," in which he gives historical reasons for the hope that international law must triumph over the long-continued anarchy of martial law. The writer takes the reader back to the well-nigh forgotten time when fighting was "the only way," as may be gathered from the following:—

Of the many privileges conferred on the nobles of Europe by the Feudal system, none was more jealously guarded, or more frequently exercised. than the right of waging Private War. This lawless custom was the cause of untold misery, barbarity, ruin and destitution. Upon the slightest pretext—often indeed with no excuse at all—the Feudal baron would sally forth from his stronghold in order to carry fire and sword into the territories of some neighbouring chief. "This abuse (says Cox in his *History of the House of Austria*) was carried to so great an extent that not only sovereigns and states engaged in hostilities from interest or revenge, but the lesser barons, and even associations of tradesmen and domestics sent defiances to each other, on the most ridiculous pretences, and in a manner scarcely credible at the present day. We find a declaration of war from a private individual, Henry Mayenberg, against the emperor; another from the lord Prauenstein against Frankfort, because a young lady of the city refused to dance with his uncle; another in 1450 from the baker and domestics of the margrave of Baden against Eslingen, Reutlingen, and other imperial cities; another in 1462 from the baker of the Count Palatine Louis against the cities of Augburgh, Ulm, and Rothwell; one in 1471 from the shoeblacks of the university of Leipzig against the provost and some other members; and one in 1477 from a cook of Eppenstein, with his scullions, dairymaids, and dish-washers against Otho Count of Solens." But this lawless and mischievous spirit did not expire with the abolition of the right of Private War.

The "Truce of God" was instituted, under ecclesiastical auspices, in 1032, and paved the way to the gradual abolition of Private War, although the final cause was the growth of royal power, which in its turn has been the stimulating cause of most Public Wars. The writer is unsparing in his condemnation of the arbitrament of war:—

We smile nowadays at the crude and clumsy attempts of our Feudal ancestors to adjust the scales in the interest of justice. The *Judicium Crucis*, the judicial combat, and the various "ordeals" in which boiling water and red-hot iron were resorted to in order to determine the guilt or innocence of incriminated parties—these and other barbarous and foolish substitutes for law and equity reasonably excite our laughter; but is Public War a less absurd, capricious, and unfair means of settling disputes between hostile nations? Under the institution of Public War, the nations have no surer guarantee that the ends of justice will be served than had the poor Feudal wretch who, in defence of his cause, was obliged to have recourse to what was called (absurdly enough) the "Justice of God." As a means to determine guilt or innocence, or to settle disputed points, consistently with the merits of each successive case, War is just as hopelessly crude, capricious, barbarous, and unfair a method as were the various "Ordeals," and the several foolish ways of celebrating the judicial combat of Feudal times.

THE WEST INDIES.

THE fighting in Europe, Africa and Asia diverts attention from happenings in other parts of the world, and this fact gives very special value to *United Empire*, the Royal Colonial Institute Journal, which month by month enables its readers to follow the conditions of our colonies which are not only essentially concerned in the war, but are called upon to meet many current emergencies as is shown in this editorial comment:—

Although, like the rest of the world, the West Indian Islands and British Guiana are feeling the effects of the War, the situation for them is somewhat relieved by the high prices ruling for the commodities which form their principal exports. Sugar and cocoa production at present rates are favourable assets to Trinidad, Demerara, and Barbados, and the outlook for the rice crops is said to be unusually good. On the other hand, as a recent proclamation of Sir H. Hesketh Bell declares, the islands which, like Antigua, are largely dependent on imported foodstuffs, are suffering somewhat from the considerable rises in prices. "There is no cause for alarm or for extreme measures," says the Governor, "but it behoves the Government and the people to face the situation and to provide against unfortunate possibilities." The curtailment of dependence on outside supplies by the stimulation of local production of corn, and especially maize, offers a solution of the difficulty. Co-operation between growers and the Government (who have started a public granary), public purchases of corn for cash, and the storage and drying of grain by the kiln-drying plant erected a year ago, are expected to have very desirable and permanent results. The Governor confidently looks to the new plans to make Antigua more self-sufficing in necessary foodstuffs, and hopes that a valuable and important industry may gradually be developed.

CHRISTIAN VOCABULARY.

THERE is a very thought-stirring article in *The London Quarterly Review* by Ernest E. Genner on the subject of "Theology and Experience." While we remember that "the letter killeth," association undoubtedly tends to give phrases a greater significance than is their due. As the writer says:—

The modern world is right in turning away from a theology out of touch with reality, which treats its words and phrases as a mathematician his algebraical symbols, the creation of his abstract thought. . . . So there is no value in the technical words of theology as such; their use is to wake in us the realities of emotion and of moral power which, in the lives and words of Peter or John, moved the world. But let us always remember that these men were consciously or unconsciously forging out for themselves a new vocabulary, in which old and familiar Greek words came to take an entirely new and far deeper meaning. The things of the Spirit are beyond our full grasp; we can only seize one aspect at a time of God's working in us, and express it in a metaphor; every theological term is a metaphor; and a metaphor describing an experience; and because no metaphor can perfectly describe the thing pictured in other words, because no comparison is perfect—no theological term must be pressed beyond its just limits. It means what it says, but no more; you can only draw deductions from a metaphor at your peril.

Mr. Genner explains that the apostles and early teachers used words and similes suitable to their audiences. Such references have in a great measure lost their original meaning and only rarely apply to modern conditions, and this leads to confusion of thought which should be avoided. Therefore:—

We need to-day to spread throughout the land a deeper sense of what the Church of Christ stands for, in spiritual fellowship and moral authority. We need a new psalmody, which shall abandon the melancholy sweetness and pretty symbolism of the nineteenth-century hymns, and reinterpret in modern phrase the deep assurance, passionate earnestness, and ethical poignancy of the poetry of the Evangelical revival. But, above all, we need to find fresh expression, in language which the modern world understands, for the deepest experience of God in Christ which our hearts can conceive and realise. On the merely formal side the change from the first century to the twentieth has not been all loss; "adoption," "redemption," and the like are no longer realities to us; but there are whole worlds of scientific discovery, to name no further sphere, which ought to supply us with terms, well understood by the people, wherein to express the loftiest things of God; the message flashed across the continents along a copper wire, the map printed on my memory whereby I once guided myself across a Cheshire moor in the dark the equipment of an English soldier, as real to us as the breastplate, the helmet, the sandals and so forth were to Paul's Ephesians—these and a thousand other things are to us but opportunities to be used in the service of our Lord and His message.

POE AND STEVENSON.

"THE International Cement of Art and Letters" is the formidable title of a very chatty paper in *The London Quarterly Review* from the well-informed pen of T. H. S. Escott. The survey covers a good deal of interesting ground, and there is an entire absence of moralising, often a gratuitous offence offered by the average critic when riding his hobby horse. Referring to the growing independence of early American authors, Mr. Escott says:—

Washington Irving, it was at the same time thought, had painted English life and character too much in oil. His successors took a new departure by presenting a portrait of John Bull, in vinegar. "Really a good-hearted, good-tempered fellow at bottom, he is fond of being in the midst of contention, always goes into a fight with alacrity, and comes out of it grumbling even when victorious." In the same vein are the comparisons, much of course to the Yankee advantage, drawn between the Anglo-Saxon on the two sides of the Atlantic by the already mentioned Francis Hopkinson.

Even in these early days America was preparing for trans-oceanic export a literary novelty—often considered a special nineteenth or twentieth-century growth. The short story is the meeting-ground of French, English and American letters. It reached both from the United States. Edgar Allan Poe (b. 1809) made the mid-nineteenth-century Boisgobey and Gaboriau possible, and became therefore the first writer in the English language whom French authors acknowledged, not only as their master, but their creator. Poe himself not only helped to make R. L. Stevenson; in return Stevenson crowned the services of his British predecessors to Poe's reputation by largely promoting in these later days a revived appreciation of his works in this country. Meanwhile the growing Anglo-Franco-American intellectual entente was marked in the States by none of the French or even English renewal of dramatic activity; though it was in an opera, whose very name has long been forgotten, that there came the lines of "Home, Sweet Home."

IKEBANA.

Which, being interpreted, means the art of flower arrangement, one of the polite accomplishments of every Japanese lady. The mysteries of ikebana are revealed by T. Yamashita in The Japan Magazine, and these include a subtle appreciation of certain fundamental ideas :—

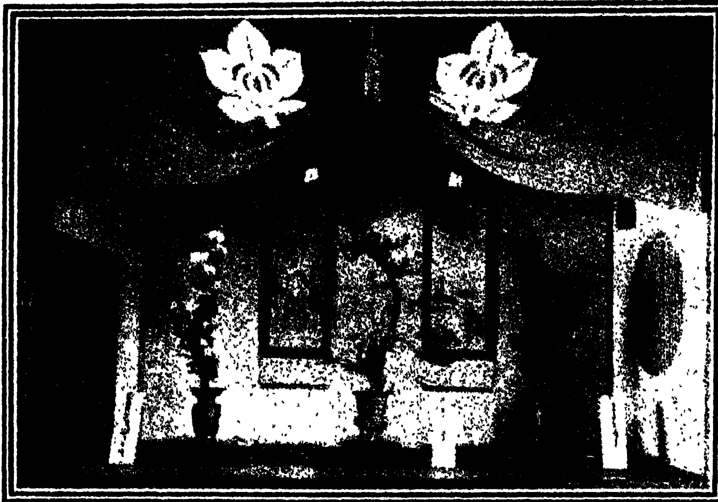
While endeavouring to arrange the flowers in an attitude consistent with beauty the artist must be true to the nature of the particular flower treated. In other words, the individuality of the flower must not be subordinated to arbitrary rules.

As to the canons of the art there are various notions; but three formulæ appear to predominate: that which applies to the *shin* (trunk), the *soye* (accompaniment), and the *tai* (body). Other schools of *ikebana* elaborate the points to be observed by such names as *ten*, or "Heaven"; *chi*, the Earth; and *jin* or Man. The working out of the rules, however, is much the same in the end. The inference is that every flower has essentially three attitudes to express fully its nature, the blossom being naturally endowed with these elements. These three æsthetic elements must receive the chief attention of the artist.

There is nothing casual in the apparently superficial amusement, as may be judged from this :—

In acquiring the art of flower arrangement the best teachers have secrets which one has to pay for before being let into them. Most of such secrets apply to the arrangement of plants and flowers regarded as specially difficult, such as vines; and also to vases of certain shapes, such as those like a boat. Such features, being associated with classical taste, receive close attention on the part of students. In fact, every flower has its special arrangement, the art for that individual plant being historic and an education in itself; and thus to be familiar with the art of arranging all the flowers so as to do so without violating the canons of art and the traditions of history is an elaborate study, while the art of arranging such plants and flowers as the plantain, the lotus, the tree-peony and the morning-glory have secrets associated with the lore of ages.

Thus the more critical of modern Japanese are accustomed to regard *ikebana* as a conglomeration of science, ignorance, art, etiquette and amusement, which the Japanese girl, to be regarded as possessing proper accomplishments, must begin to study from the middle school upwards, and finally learn to master before she can hope to take her place among the ladies of the land.



Reproduced from] *[The Japan Magazine.*

Flowers arranged in the Tokonoma by Ikebana Artists.

LOVE'S ESCAPE.

The Japan Magazine prints a delicate poem attributed to the Lady Suwo, who lived and loved when William the Conqueror made history. The singer evidently had learned that they only "conquer love that run away" :—

Haru-no-yo no
  Yume bakari naru
Ta-makura ni
  Kai naku tatan
  Na kaso oshi kere.

If I had made thy proffered arm
  A pillow for my head
For but the moment's time, in which
  A summer's dream had fled,
  What would the world have said ?

THE SCHOOL FOR MEN.

THE June number of *The Geographical Journal* contains the full text of a lecture recently delivered before the Society by Professor J. Stanley Gardiner on the "Geography of British Fisheries." The landsman knows little of the life of the fisher-folk, and it will surprise many to learn that next to agriculture fishing is the greatest of British industries, judged by the number of men engaged, the amount of capital invested, and the value of the food product. The writer pays a deserved tribute to the quality of the men who in recent months have voluntarily added to the heavy risks which their calling involves. The following figures give some idea of the importance of the industry:—

The wholesale value of fish landed in our ports is about 15 million pounds for about 25 million cwts. To this must be added upwards of 2½ million cwts. imports of fresh fish and about 1,400,000 cwts. of canned and cured fish, largely canned sardines, salmon, and lobsters. Further, many foreign fishing boats habitually discharge their cargoes in our ports, particularly at Aberdeen. About 1½ million cwts. of fresh fish are exported, together with 9½ million cwts. of cured or salted herring, cod, mackerel, pilchards, and haddocks. The number of first-class steam fishing boats is upwards of 3,000, and of all first and second-class fishing boats about 10,000; to these must be added a vast number of small longshore craft and boats employed in the various shellfish industries. The total number of whole-time fishermen is upwards of 125,000, while there are as many half-timers. Taking the whole industry—fishermen, curers, distributing agents, etc.—it may be estimated that it gives support to one-twentieth of the population, while the capital sum directly invested must be about 200 million pounds.


Professor Stanley Gardiner.

The paper contains interesting information as to the natural conditions affecting the distribution of fish in the waters adjacent to these islands. International control of the fishing grounds has become necessary since the advent of the steam trawler, as is evidenced by the following extract:—

The plaice is the most important trawled fish of the southern part of the North Sea, a drainage basin for some of the densest areas of population in the world. It is a much-fished area, and for many years fishermen have said that it has been falling off as a plaice ground, this being ascribed to overfishing and the destruction of undersized fish, both being causes which might be remedied by international legislation. It is this suggestion that has put the plaice in the forefront of international investigations, with which the names of Masterman and Heincke are most honourably connected. The result of their work has been the estimate that there are 1,500 million plaice of over 12 cms. in the North Sea; of these a third are caught annually, 200 millions being put on the market, and 300 millions being destroyed in the process of catching. . . .

Man's action in the North Sea has become such as to destroy the balance of nature, acting as it does principally on the mature fish, lessening their number, and so the amount of spawn to produce the next generation. It can be controlled, but only by international agreement, for which there must be a foundation of incontestable evidence. The collection and dissemination of meteorological data is managed for West Europe by a central body, and in 1902 the "Conseil permanent international pour l'Exploration de la Mer" came into existence.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A MOTORIST recently had great difficulty in starting his car, and consequently was not in the very best of humour. He was even less so, for as he was turning the starting handle for another effort to start a little girl came out of a house close by and handed him a penny, saying, "Please, mother wants you to play 'Tipperary.'" *The Bairns' Magazine.*

MRS. WINSHIP left her little son, Randall, to play with his baby brother. Shortly after, she heard the baby screaming lustily. Hurrying to the place where the children were playing, she found Randall picking up his marbles, while the youngster was trying vainly to get hold of some of them. "Why, Randall," said the mother, "don't be so selfish! Let your little brother play with some of your marbles." "But," protested Randall, "he means to keep them always, mother." "Oh, no, dear; I guess not," replied the mother. "What makes you think that?" "Well, I guess yes!" howled Randall. "I know he does, 'cause he's swallowed three of 'em already."—*Harper's Magazine.*

MISS SCREECHER, after entertaining an audience on board a large ship, was telling about a time when, in terribly stormy weather, she had to sing to pacify the terrified passengers. "You *should* have seen the heavy seas running," she said. A big, rude man, with a bright blue tie, looked out of the porthole and muttered. "I don't blame the seas." *The Boy's Own Paper.*

SOMETIMES the anecdote which is a mixture of humour and tragedy comes the way of the bookseller. The other night a well-known London bookseller was going home to the suburbs, and at the end of his own street he came upon a little boy who was crying. The bookseller bent down to him and said, "What is the matter?" "Ma," said the child, still crying, "has gone and drowned all the kittens." "What a pity," said the bookseller, "I'm awfully sorry." "And she promised," said the boy, looking up and still crying, "that I should do it!"—*The Book Monthly.*

THERE had been a violent collision between a milk wagon and a taxicab in one of the main streets of the town, and an unfortunate passer-by had sustained a broken collar-bone as a result. Of course, a crowd soon collected, and one sympathetic old lady among the onlookers gazed long and pitifully at the victim. "Poor chap!" she said at last. "Are you married?" A wave of emotion passed over the injured one's face, and then his features went suddenly pallid. "No!" he gasped at length. "This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me!"—*The Grand Magazine.*

AT a meeting of a woman suffrage organisation in a western city it was suggested that the members talk to their servants and other women workers with a view to forming an estimate as to the strength of suffrage sentiment in that particular locality. One member, who has employed the same washerwoman for the last six years, reported that she put the question to this worthy lady: "Are you in favour of votes for women?" "I don't pay any attention to politics," the washerwoman replied. "I leave all that to my husband." "Well, how does your husband stand on woman suffrage?" "He doesn't stand at all. He believes in women staying home and minding their own business." "How many families do you wash for?" "Six." "And what does your husband do, Mary?" "He ain't doin' anything right now, unless he found something this morning."—*National Monthly.*

A MAN, who had seen the wide world and spent decades in doing things of note, paid a visit to the town of his youth. He was accorded a banquet by his stay-at-home schoolmates, and went expecting a great talk over old times. But he was disappointed. They were mostly hypochondriacs, and spent the evening in discussions about stomachs and livers and kidneys, and the disorders incidental to the possession of such things. When the wanderer had got away he was asked how he had enjoyed the banquet. "Banquet?" he replied. "It wasn't a banquet. It was an organ recital."—*The Vegetarian Messenger.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

In an article on "After the War," in *Le Correspondant* of June 10th, M. Biard D'Aunet insists on the urgent necessity of making an endeavour to recapture—or rather to create—a great foreign trade for France.

In this she will have to fight against England—who is making all preparations for a conquest of German trade, and whose financial resources have been less depleted than the French—who has always had a large foreign trade, and has therefore all facilities to extend it. France will also have a formidable competitor in America, who, owing to her position as the one powerful neutral, is a very strong antagonist.

France has always been troubled with regard to her foreign trade in several respects, some of which are the following:—

1. Ignorance or fragmentary and incorrect acquaintance with the foreign markets (what products are required, solvability of customers, etc.).

2. Lack of capital or of credit (hesitation to pay agents well, refusal to facilitate payments, insufficient endowment of commercial institutions, fear of tentative expansion of business).

3. The smallness of the number and the lack of technical and practical knowledge of foreign travellers.

4. Insufficient national mercantile marine.

The writer admits that efforts have been made to better the type of commercial traveller for abroad in commercial institutes which have been formed, but he thinks that a practical education would benefit a young man far more than all the rules he is taught in college; and, as he points out, for all the education, it is rare that a French traveller can speak to the foreigner in his own tongue.

M. D'Aunet finds that one of the chief sources of trouble in France is the dislike which the French have of binding themselves together into societies to fight their enemies, and this, as he indicates, is the one essential point. Trade must work hand in hand with the industries in order to achieve anything in foreign markets; and together with trade and industries it is necessary that the banks should assist and be ready to advance money on commercial ventures in the same way as money is advanced on property: this advance would enable the industries to manufacture on a large scale, which is the only way to get a big return.



Daily Star.] [Montreal.

An Osteological Study.

All that is left of the poor little peace-dove.

M. D'Aunet then tells us that the union would not be complete without the inclusion of science; that undoubtedly the great success of German enterprises has come from the fact that they have called in science to the aid of their industries and have profited immensely by it—for example, in their discovery of the artificial fabrication of indigo dye.

He also urges the French to follow the English example of exhibitions, for manufacturers only, of the German-made goods, in order to help them to see in what way they can equal them. For something must be done, and done immediately, if French foreign trade is to be saved.

The submarine in the present war is the subject of an article by Olivier Guihéneuc in *Le Correspondant* of May 25th. In it the writer compares the difference between the French submarines and the German. He

deplores the fact that France, although the pioneer of submarine construction, has fallen behind so lamentably after the first few years, devoting her money to large armoured ships, and what few submarines she possesses belong to an old type with steam engines rather than with Diesel motors, which, although at times uncertain, are so capable of at once attaining their full speed, whereas the steam engines require at least half an hour to do so.

In the meantime Germany grasped the immense power that the submarine would possess, and went on perfecting her types, until at the outbreak of war she possessed some very large ones of high speed and lightly armoured, and with a radius of many miles. M. Guihéneuc supposes that at the commencement of the war only the smaller types were in use, as often the threatened vessel was able to outdistance its pursuer; now, however, that will be of rarer occurrence, as the latest type submarine has a far greater speed. He also suspects that there is a great deal of truth in the claims made by Germans in America and at home, that even larger craft are in the course of construction which will be a source of considerable danger to the British fleet.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Watch on the Hellespont.

"Now your doom is already sealed."

Had the Austrians possessed six or more submarines, the French blockade of the Austrian fleet would have been impossible; and the bombardment of the Dardanelles would have been hopeless had the Turks possessed the same amount.

The writer concludes:—Germany realised the value of single large submarines of great speed, whilst the French were still trying to create a fleet of the same vessels; but, as has been said by the creator of submarines, the submarine is a franc-tireur—it must work independently; to place it into line in a fleet is to impose on it a task for which it is not fit. This Germany found out long ago, and this the French know to-day, after bitter experiences.

Writing on Germany in the United States, M. Léon Caheu, in an article in *La Revue de Paris*, gives a sketch of the beginnings and gradual growth of the German emigration to the States. Commencing with the sixteenth century, when, owing to the Reformation in Germany, many fled the country, the German tide of emigration went on swelling year by year, with but few diminutions, until the last few years, when it has ebbed somewhat.

Of the earlier emigrants, he says they have been gradually absorbed into their adopted country, for the Germany they left was a divided country, split up into many kingdoms, and they were not possessed of a Fatherland to which to cling in new surroundings. But after 1815 came a change. Germany had conquered; Germany was a nation, and the Germans who emigrated made it their business to keep the love of the Fatherland alive in the hearts of the exiles, and they set about it in their usual splendidly organised way. There were German schools for the German children, so as to keep alive the German tongue; German papers, and any newly arrived emigrant was given a large choice of German associations to which he might like to belong. There was every description of German religious sects, and German festivals and anniversaries of victories were kept with rejoicings.

The German has made, as usual, a success in the various branches of work that he has taken up; he is to be found particularly in business, and most of the millionaire kings of trade are of German origin. That they are a menace is true, but the author thinks that they are a menace which will vanish with the years. The German has never been able to

assimilate other nations—as, for example, Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig. On the contrary, they are being assimilated. More and more of the people of German descent are ignoring the German tongue and adopting the language and customs of the land in which they live.

SPANISH.

Ciudad de Dios contains a thoughtful article on "Priests in the French Army." It is an article which once more recalls the fact to which attention has been drawn many times of late—namely, the awakening of the spiritual life of the French Republic since the outbreak of war. To emphasise his point, the writer harks back historically; he reminds his readers of the glorious work of the priests and citizens of France, and he shows how the former looked after the welfare of the citizens and soldiers of France during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War and of the Commune that followed; then he tells how the French changed, and how the members of various religious orders were persecuted. Lo! the storm-cloud of war burst over fair France once more. What happened? Everyone was surprised to see priests returning to France to help in some way or other. To the general question, "Where do you come from?" the answers were many, but yet alike. "From Constantinople." "From America." And so on, from all parts. They flocked to France to help her! This devotion of the priests will hasten the awakening—better to say the re-awakening—of French spiritual life.

Sr. Mariano Marfil, in *Nuestro Tiempo*, writes of the Dardanelles expedition in a sceptical manner. The employment of both naval and military forces seems to him to be a contradiction in strategy; they ought not to be used together, so it seems to him. He expresses the opinion that the expedition is not intended to be a serious operation of war, but that it has been undertaken with a view to inducing certain neutral Powers to take action on the side of the Entente. He does not think that it will have much success as a political move. Sr. Marfil's contributions on European politics are usually careful studies, but one is inclined to think that, in this instance, he has not accurately gauged the British character or the circumstances.

DUTCH.

IN the course of his usual monthly sketch of the progress of the war, in *Vragen des Tijds*, the writer deals with the charge brought against Italy by Germany. Italy, as Germany contends, has broken faith and acted immorally. The plain truth is that Italy has placed what she regards as her national interests before every other consideration, and it is frequently the case with countries that make war. Has not Germany done so in the present instance? Did she not act similarly in 1866 and 1870? Look at the way Austria has acted in the Balkans, and note that what she has done has received the sanction of the Great Powers. Can it be said that they all acted in strict accordance with moral laws in settling matters as they did from time to time in the Balkans?

De Tijdspiegel contains an interesting contribution on the "Great Holland" idea and the effect of the war upon it. Many Dutchmen cherish the hope that there will be a bond between Holland and at least some part of her former half, if we may use that term in speaking of Belgium; they hope that the kinship of language and ideals will draw the Flemish portion of Belgium nearer and nearer to Holland. Will the war upset that dream? The writer explains what he regards as the result of the present conflict, treating the matter first on the supposition of an Entente victory, and then assuming that the Central Powers prove victorious. He says hard things about the French, and expresses the opinion that, in the event of an Entente success, Belgium would fall under French domination, so that the Flemish portion as well as the Walloon country would lose its national ideals. On the other hand, a victory for Germany and Austria would advance the Great Holland idea. It is true that the Germans have made a mistake in Schleswig-Holstein, thus somewhat alienating Denmark instead of drawing her nearer, but that would serve as a warning and nothing of the kind would be done in Belgium. The arguments are cleverly advanced, but thinking people will experience some difficulty in swallowing them.

ITALIAN.

THE war is already making its mark on the magazines. The *Nuova Antologia*, which has been strongly non-interventionist throughout recent months, now adheres officially in its first article to the national war policy. "To-day," it declares, "in face of the accomplished fact, only one sentiment can inspire Italians, only one thought can compel them, only one intention can animate them—the sentiment of discipline, the thought of unity, the intention of victory." E. Rivalta contributes an eloquent defence of Trieste against the assertion that has been made that the city does not really desire annexation to Italy. Trieste, he declares, has for twenty-five years nourished a passionate, though secret, adhesion to all things Italian, despite many official efforts to uproot Italian sentiment. Other influences against Italian national loyalty in the city have been the deliberate encouragement given to the Slav element by the Austrians, and the hostility shown by both clericals and Socialists to Italian aspirations. Yet, in the face of all these obstacles, Trieste remains in all essential matters an Italian city.

The latest issue (June 16th) contains a very able article by "Victor" on "England in the European Conflict," describing with candour, yet fairness, the part hitherto played by Great Britain, and the hopes that may be based on the formation of a "national" Ministry, a "real parliamentary revolution." Naturally enough we are urged in this crisis to adopt conscription. Where we are most blamed is in our failure to take any naval action in the Mediterranean against Austria or against Turkey in the earlier stages of the war. The main object of the article, however, is to urge the formation of an economic and commercial league between the allied nations, not only for their own immediate and future financial benefit, but because, in the opinion of the writer, it is only through the actual existence of such a league, with substantial advantages to offer, that the now neutral countries can be induced to declare themselves on our side. German diplomacy in the Balkans has been far more successful than our own. At present neutrality pays; if an active participation in the war can be shown to pay better the neutral States will come in, and the European war will be brought to a speedier close. In the formation of such a league England necessarily must take the lead, and the dismay of the writer at the transference of Mr. Lloyd George to munition work is an indication of how high a financial reputation he enjoys in Italy.

In the *Vita Italiana All Estero*, one of the most topical of Italian magazines at the moment, an anonymous article reveals the very real peril to which Italy is exposed by the fact that a large proportion of her important electrical works are financed and controlled, wholly or partially, by Germans. A long list of these is given, with full details as to capital, personnel, etc. It would appear that for many years Germans have displayed a singular desire to devote capital to the development of electrical enterprises, and it is pointed out that no industrial undertakings enable the promoters to become so intimately acquainted, not only with the geography and with the mineral wealth of a country, but also with its industrial development, so closely dependent on facilities for electric power. In case of invasion—and the Germans still boast that they will spend next Christmas in Venice—such knowledge would be invaluable to the enemy. Another noteworthy article shows, actually and historically, how important the possession of the Dalmatian coast is held to be for the free development of Italy. The greatness of Venice in the past depended largely on her control of the Dalmatian coast. The Adriatic for Italy is, for all practical purposes, an inland sea, and to hold but half its coastline, and that the half equipped with the least good harbours, is a source of weakness to the whole nation. Thus the possession of Dalmatia is regarded as an essential condition of Italian freedom.

The *Civilta Cattolica*, the most papal of the reviews, certainly shows no German bias in its excellent summaries of events, and has only praise for Salandra's statesmanship. In an article on "War and Civilisation," it not only deplores openly the horrors committed, such as the burning of seats of learning and the destruction of churches, but it protests vigorously against the persistent ignoring of the very existence of international law, and condemns the oppression practised by the militarist spirit. It further protests against the excesses of race-hatred, from which a portion of the Italian Press, equally with our own, appears to be suffering.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

THE YELLOW-NECKED MOUSE.

Miss Frances Pitt contributes to the June number of *Wild Life* a brief but interesting note on the Yellow-necked Mouse. In addition she supplies some exceedingly fine portraits, one of which the Editor kindly allows us to reproduce.

The Yellow-necked Mouse is considered to be a very handsome fellow, and, although it has a reputation for scarcity, in some districts in the West of England it is quite common. Near Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, this mouse is the one most often found in houses, and it frequently gets caught in ordinary mouse traps. In the winter it has a decided preference for buildings, but in the spring these visits cease, for the little creatures then go off to the fields for the summer.

It is noteworthy that they are usually caught in pairs; if a male is captured, a female will also be taken, and *vice versa*. From this Miss Pitt assumes that they go about together, and possibly pair for life. In ordinary circumstances the writer does not think the Long-tailed and Yellow-necked Mouse inter-breed. Yet crosses, no doubt, occasionally occur, for she once found a male Yellow-neck and a female Long-tail occupying the same nest in a beehive, and the little wretches had killed and eaten the bees!

The distribution of this handsome mouse seems very insufficiently worked out. It is certainly most plentiful in the western and south-western counties, being first described from Herefordshire by Mr. De Winton in 1894. But little seems to be known of it in other districts; and, as Miss Pitt is trying to work out its distribution, she would be glad to hear of other examples taken in these islands.

Other excellent articles are to be found in this number of *Wild Life*, among the contributors being W. Farren, E. E. Pettitt, Edmund Selous, J. K. Emsley, and M. Portal. Unique photographs are a special feature, and altogether this magazine is one which lovers of natural history will not care to miss. (London: 55 Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.)



Copyright.] [*Miss Frances Pitt.*

Yellow-Necked Mouse.

An Old Male.

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

THE NEED FOR MORE DOCTORS.

In the next few years there will be undoubtedly a great shortage of doctors. For fifteen years the medical profession has been insufficiently recruited. Last year the number of students increased, but in the autumn it dropped again, and there are large numbers of openings in the medical profession, like hospital appointments, which will be vacant owing to lack of suitable candidates. I have been asked by the Secretary of the Conjoint Board of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons to make these facts as widely known as possible. The need for doctors is aggravated by the fact that thousands of practitioners are fully employed over the wounded, in circumstances which must make their own death-rate abnormal. G. Devine, in *The Journal of Education.*

TO PREVENT RENTS RISING.

In and about Glasgow there has been a considerable rise in working-class rents: the same phenomenon may have occurred elsewhere. If the purchase of that "perishable" necessity, shelter, is rendered difficult, a law preventing a rise in rents during and for six months after the war would be at once simple and effective, and it could be coupled with the prevention of distraints in all cases save those in which the landlord can prove his tenant's ability to pay. No serious economic reactions are to be expected. - J. H. Jones, in *The Political Quarterly.*

SOME SERBIAN CUSTOMS.

Serbian women take their full share of the manual labour on the farms, besides weaving the homely material for their clothes. The women therefore are valued highly for their services, so much so that parents not infrequently are unwilling to see their daughters marry. Hence in Serbia wives are often older than their husbands. Cousins may not marry, and equally prohibitory are the relationships *kamstvo,* or sponsorship—*e.g.,* the relation subsisting between the "best man" and the bridegroom or between godparents and godchildren—and *pobratimstvo*—*i.e.,* the eternal brotherhood young men attached to one another occasionally swear, an oath sanctioned by the Church, and never violated. —*The Sunday at Home.*

THE SLAVE-DRIVING KAISER.

No change will ever take place in German militarism, savagery, the deliberate and commanded murder of innocent men, women, and children, until the whole people are allowed free thought and speech, until they can contradict and criticise anybody and everybody up to the Kaiser himself, and until they are allowed to have a conscience of their own. At this moment the German soldier in the trenches has no more character of his personal choice than the machine gun to which he is chained. He is only part of a great and efficient machine. We are fighting to free him, as much as to free ourselves from him and his slave-driving master. That is our task: it is benevolent, philanthropic, merciful, brotherly and Christian. In this contest there can be no draw.—R. R. Rodgers, in *The New-Church Magazine.*

RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION.

Among the economies which can be effected with the introduction of electric traction on main line railways may be mentioned: saving in fuel expenses, elimination of coal haulage and coal facilities, reduced cost of maintenance and repairs of locomotives and rolling stock, reduced cost of wages of enginemen owing to less time wasted in yards, etc., and less locomotives in use. At the same time, the possibility of handling heavier trains at higher speeds is becoming recognised as the cheapest way as a means of increasing the tonnage over a given route. With the better understanding of the advantages to be derived from employing electric instead of steam locomotives, we can look confidently forward to a large extension of electrical working on main lines.—*Cassier's Engineering Monthly.*

THE GLASS INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

Earnest efforts have been directed during the past few months to an attempt to establish or re-establish the glass industry in Ireland. Certainly there is an exceptional opening here. Before the war we were importing into the United Kingdom from Germany over a million pounds' worth of glass in excess of that we exported to it. We imported more than a million and a

quarter pounds' worth from Belgium. Ireland, alone, imported more than £400,000 worth. Experiments made in the laboratories of the Royal College of Science with a view to testing the suitability of Irish sand gave very encouraging results; these await verification by tests on a commercial scale.—GEORGE FLETCHER, in *The Journal of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland.*

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF BRITAIN.

WE possess, in this God-favoured, compact little country every essential of progressive industry and successful commercialism. We lack only efficient organisation and reasonable protection. With combination among our producers, co-operation among our shippers, and with our statesmen helping industry (these conditions we must have in the future, forthwith, in fact), we can keep practically all our labour well employed at home, we can enormously expand our commerce and extend our influence as a nation, and we can defy German, or any other competition. With sane industrial organisation and fiscal protection no country in the world can yet offer such scope for enterprise, just as no country can offer such social liberty as the United Kingdom. . . . An exceedingly bright future is opening out for this country.—E. T. GOOD, in *The Financial Review of Reviews.*

THE VALUE OF ABSOLUTE REST.

REST is a universal need of man, and a form of pleasure; it is thus an essential function of play. The first requisite after hard work is rest; sheer rest: rest from the weariness of toil; rest from anxious thought: rest from every call of duty. The man neither understands himself nor does himself justice who, after heavy labour, does not seek complete rest. Few people know the luxury or realise the value of absolute rest, of throwing off every restraint and abandoning themselves to momentary oblivion. Hard work drains both mind and body, subdues the spirit. It brings the strong man low, and transforms the indomitable hero of the morning into the passive citizen of the evening. In the hours of rest which follow toil, in the quiet of hearth and home, the strength and spirit that are spent in work are renewed. Thus the duty of taking rest is a very important one, and if it be not regarded will make every other form of pleasure impossible.—WILFRED WELLOCK, in *The Millgate Monthly.*

WHAT A WRITER SHOULD AVOID.

HE will, of course, have self-criticism enough to avoid the tags and scraps of foreign languages, which poor writers steal from the ends of dictionaries and Heaven knows where to adorn their jackdaws' nests; *morale, à l'outrance, nom de plume, cui bono* (always thought to mean, what's the good ?), *ne plus ultra, perfide Albion, Zeit-geist,* and the rest of the alien procession. If he writes a story and lays the scene in France he will have sense enough, unlike one well-known novelist and many magazine writers, not to interlard his discourse with such recondite phrases as *s'il vous plait; mon Dieu; oui, oui; à la bonne heure.* These peppered over English prose suggest not the atmosphere of France but that of the insane ward.—*The Irish Monthly.*

THE TYPICAL DEVONIAN.

THE typical Devonian is courteous, obliging and free from vulgarity. He is warm-hearted, hospitable and kind. Distinguished not so much for his brilliance as for his ability, industry and effort. The old men are as red as roses and quite as handsome. They stand firm in their shoes, and have what they most value in horses—mettle and bottom. The looks of the lasses are proverbial, and the old women never forget that once they were beautiful. They hate war, but love work. They like to mind their own business and earn their daily bread. They will not shed their blood for a whim, but lay hands on their wages or their rights and they will fight to the bitter end. They hate pretension and love reality. Nature has endowed some animals with cunning and trickery, but they are not found in Devon. The people live up to their motto, "Honour bright." They scorn the coward and despise the man who is afraid to say "Yes" or "No."—F. SPARROW, in *The United Methodist Magazine.*

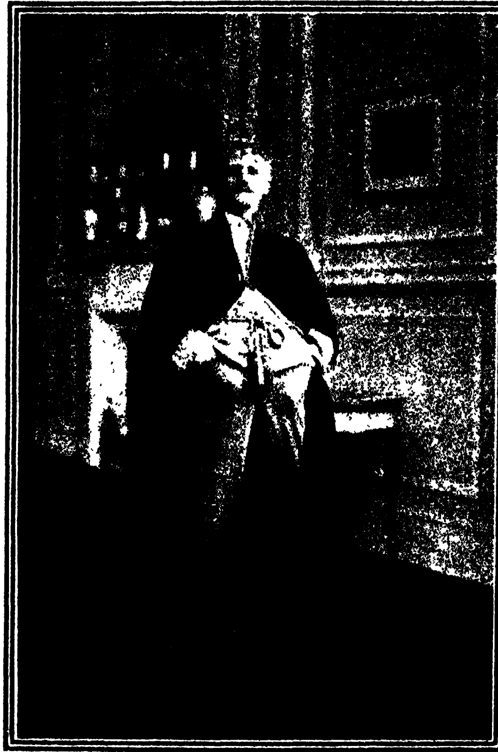
The Half-yearly Index of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, from January to June, 1915, is now ready. A copy will be sent on receipt of one penny stamp for postage.

THE DRAMA IN WAR-TIME.

"QUINNEYS" AND "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

THESE two plays have so many common features that they may conveniently be considered together. The author of one, Mr. H. A. Vachell, and the part author of the other, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, are eminent novelists who have already shown a flair for the stage, and from them we get, as we have a right to expect, dialogue of more than ordinary distinction; both may without offence be described as one-part plays; both reveal strong gifts of eccentric characterisation; both afford their heroes unexpected opportunities of lifting up their voice in song (Mr. Henry Ainley's penchant is hymns, Mr. H. B. Irving's taste inclines to the halls: to hear Lady Tree and himself chanting "You're here and I'm here," in lugubrious unison, is something to remember); both are remarkably well acted; neither has anything to do with the war. "Quinneys" is the better play--perhaps the best new play we have had since August, but "The Angel of the House" runs it very close in the matter of laughter.

We have Mr. Vachell's authority for saying that "Quinneys" was written before his novel of the same name. But for this statement I should have guessed that the author saw Mr. Henry Ainley's astounding creation of Ilam Carve in "The Great Adventure," and promptly sat down to provide him with a similar part. Perhaps he did see him, and remembering that his play languished in a bottom drawer awaiting such a moment, he "grasped the skirts of happy chance' and dug it up and presented it to Mr. Ainley, to the equal benefit of author, actor and audience. Joseph Quinney is not quite such a stroke of genius as Ilam Carve; he is a shade less original, a thought more imitative, but he is a magnificent creature for all that, and magnificently Mr. Ainley plays him. He is the honestest antique dealer in London, self-made to his finger tips—even his honesty is self-made, for he served his apprenticeship as a worm-holer—a lover of beautiful things, opinionated to the last degree, wrapped up in his wife, adoring his daughter Posy, but impatient of opposition and determined to be master in his own house. He is a Yorkshireman to boot, and London has not spoiled the fine flower of his accent nor softened his bleak northern edges. So when Posy is discovered by him in the throes of a clandestine love affair with his handsome foreman James, and her mother backs her up and accuses him of preferring his sticks and things to his own flesh and blood, and James gently informs him that he holds his reputation as an expert and as an honest man in the hollow of his hand, in the matter of some Chippendale chairs which he had bought and resold as genuine—when all this happens, instead of giving in like a sensible man and blessing Posy and taking James into partnership, he "carries on something awful" and condemns them all vehemently to perdition. Whereupon Posy, who has



[The Daily Mirr

Mr. Henry Ainley.

her father's spirit, leaves her father's house for ever, with her mother and, of course, James, and seeks refuge with an aunt in the Fulham Road. But next morning they all gravitate back again to find the dear old man defiantly singing hymns and concocting the wildest plots to ensnare James. James, however, was not the blackmailer we took him for, but proves himself of fine metal and a master craftsman; so Quinney, after a game fight in which he dramatically vindicates his honour in that unfortunate business of the chairs, has to confess himself beaten and consent to the match.

Not a very strong story, perhaps, but the story matters little in this comedy of character. The love affair does not interest us much. Posy, who finds love-making under her father's very nose "frightfully thrilling," is a bit of a minx, and James is an ordinary enough young man. The interest lies in the character of Quinney and the spectacle of a strong man struggling in the toils of adversity. He is a brilliant creation brilliantly visualised and endowed with life by Mr. Ainley, who is unapproachable in parts of this eccentric type. Leontes, Malvolio, Ilam Carve, the Reader of "The Dynasts" and Joseph Quinney, all within four years—can any actor on the stage equal this record?

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

"The Angel in the House" was the name given to the Hon. Hyacinth Petavel by his dying mother. A very disturbing angel he proved to be. His mother confided his happiness with her last breath to dear old Sir Rupert Bindloss, who supported life very pleasantly upon some thousands a year and a fine old country estate, two exquisitely fair daughters and their brainless but prepossessing *fiancés*, the admiration of Lady Sarel and an incurably sentimental temperament. So Hyacinth descended upon him with mountains of luggage, a parrot, three lap-dogs, a gallery of Neo-Paulo-Post-Futurist pictures, and a defective circulation, and proceeded to shatter the comfort and happiness of every single inmate of the house. Within a fortnight Sir Rupert's ancestors had vanished to the lumber-rooms, and in their stead reigned Cubist monstrosities which he explained at interminable length ("This is a portrait of my mother by Sanguinetti; it depicts the emotions of that great artist when painting her." Pause. "How greatly she must have changed!" murmurs poor Sir Rupert). He talked like a Highland stream in spate, always of himself. Leaping fires and sealed windows in August were his inflexible rule. He tortured Sir Rupert's trees into semblances of Cabinet Ministers until all the gardeners rose in revolt. He pervaded things like a horrible dream. Lady Sarel alone could tolerate, even admire, him. Finally, on volubly expressed eugenic grounds, he persuaded the girls to break off their engagements, although as a concession he had no objection to a mere exchange of partners. This was the last straw. The outraged quartette planned revenge. It took the form of a water-picnic to an island. Seizing their chance the conspirators stole off in the only boat, leaving Lady Sarel and Hyacinth alone in the gathering dusk. It grew chilly and more chill. Our hero had resigned himself to death, when his fellow victim divested herself of a flannel petticoat and tenderly wrapped him in it. Hyacinth was doubly touched—by the act itself and by the superb temperature which made it possible. Here was his peerless woman. He grasped at her, and when the rescue party arrived they found, not unexpectedly, an affianced couple and a chastened Hyacinth.

Again, the story depends much on the telling and the acting. Not every cook can make a soufflet, which is a sufficient answer to those who wonder why Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Macdonald Hastings should have found it necessary to combine forces in the making of this play. It is frothy stuff, but very excellent and amusing froth. And Mr. Irving as Hyacinth reminds us that his genius does not wholly lie in the direction of tragedy. His is a delightful performance, full of whimsical touches, and, as I have mentioned, his singing is a pure joy.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

ESPERANTO NEWS.

THE eighth British Esperanto Congress was a great success, some 200 delegates attending, whilst the guarantee fund, about which there had been some anxiety in this time of trouble, was over subscribed, more than £1,000 being added to it during the meeting, thus bringing the amount up to the necessary minimum. This does not mean that no more guarantors are needed—far from it—for, of course, every addition decreases the liability of those who guarantee. The Mayor of Bath, Mr. F. W. Spear, received the Kongresanoj at the Guildhall, the Pump Room and Concert Hall being also put at their disposal. Though shorn of the usual joyous festivities, the ancient town itself and its beautiful surroundings gave rest and pleasure.

The Belgian Congress of refugee Belgians, was held at the same time, but its president, Mr. Witteryck, was unable to be present, his wife being one of those of whom no news can be obtained. The Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. Blackett and Padfield, are highly to be congratulated on the result of their Congress labours.

As the intended International Congress at Edinburgh cannot be held, a summer school will be arranged, with lectures, classes, excursions, etc. Mr. W. M. Page, 127 Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh, will answer enquirers.

The second ambulance has now been sent to Belgium, and all further sums subscribed will be devoted to its upkeep, the Belgian Red Cross being in sore need of such help. A convalescent home for wounded Belgians in the South of France is in course of preparation, but at least £1,000 a month will be necessary for its upkeep.

It is curious how general the use of Esperanto is becoming—far from being hindered on account of the war, its boundaries are continually enlarging, men who have learnt the value of Esperanto finding it can be utilised in their daily-bread work. Just lately over 100 enquiries came to the British Esperanto Association from India. Japan has a flourishing magazine. The language has a way of insinuating itself. Thus Mr. Mudie gave a lecture, before the war, at a boys' school in Isleworth. One of the boys present interested his sister. She interested a teacher in the school she attended, and a little group has been formed, the teacher studying with, instead of teaching, her pupils. Mr. Mann, a secretary of the great Brotherhood movement, has found Esperanto of value in the great work the Brotherhood is doing in the desolated region of the North of France, where food and clothing is being conveyed from the English to the French Brotherhoods.

On the other hand, in Germany Esperanto is being largely used to disseminate the distorted accounts of *The Norddeutscher Allgemeine Zeitung*, and specialist writers such as Helfferich (who discovers in the various official documents of the Allies discrepancies which are really due to want of understanding of language idioms), and Rechenberg, whilst an article by Ramsay Macdonald is given together with a statement that he had explored the English, French, and Belgian documents about German cruelties and was convinced that the proofs were forged.

Mr. Wilson Trainer has collected the opinions of some thirty famous men (including Nietzsche) who have declared themselves or practically shown that they are in favour of a fruit and vegetable diet. The book (*Nia Ciutaga Pano*, 1s., Fraser, Asher, Glasgow) opens with an opinion taken from the *Golden Bough*.

ESPERANTO BOOKS.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS was the pioneer publisher of Esperanto books in England. *The Student's Text-Book*, price 1s., was compiled piecemeal by Dr. O'Connor to meet the demand of the students who were meeting every week, with only a French manual available. Thoroughly revised, it is as valuable as ever—containing as it does every requisite for a knowledge of the language, and arranged for self-teaching.

Following this came *A First Reader* (6d.), explaining certain difficulties. Then was published the first full *English-Esperanto Dictionary* (5s.), the painstaking effort of years, by Mr. Rhodes, and later, the invaluable *Esperanto Dictionary*, by Mr. Millidge, to quote only a few of the various publications of Stead's Publishing House. For propaganda purposes, *Esperanto for the Million*, 1d., can be obtained with a rebate for quantities.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND.

THIS "life"* has a picturesque opening, representing William Fawcett, the father of the great Postmaster-General, fishing in the Avon, when shouts were heard of "A great victory! Boney in flight!" Seventeen years later, when Mayor of Salisbury, Mr. Fawcett led in the town rejoicings over the passing of the great Reform Bill. A year later his son Henry was born, who grew into a delicate and much-spoiled boy.

It is not possible in a short notice to speak adequately of the charm of Miss Holt's loving pictures of incident after incident in a life overflowing with work in the cause of the poor and helpless. As she says, "The more we know about this brave, patient, and humorous man, the more inspiration we get; and to help us to achieve and to rejoice—never was inspiration more needed than to-day!"

Even as a schoolboy Henry Fawcett had determined on a political career, and steadily kept his aim in view through his school and college course. When in his twenty-fourth year the accident happened which caused his blindness, all his sympathisers counselled resignation, submission, etc., so that to his first cheerfulness depression succeeded. But a letter from his Cambridge teacher which suggested, on the contrary, that he should shoulder his burden with courage and go on climbing, struck the right chord. Thenceforth he began again to enjoy life, to take up as many of his usual occupations as might be; and without fortune or social position to back him, he started to make such a record as a Member of Parliament that simply the list of the measures he helped to pass is a continual surprise. How few of those who enjoy Epping Forest remember the share Henry Fawcett had in procuring for them that privilege, or who, when using the useful postal order, thinks of the blind Postmaster-General?



Photo by] [Emery Walker.

Henry Fawcett and his Wife.
From a painting by Ford Madox Brown.

Anecdote after anecdote Miss Holt pours out for our benefit. At his first candidature for Parliament he had neither a committee nor a chairman for his first public meeting! Neither had he an audience, and the one

* *The Life of Henry Fawcett*, by Winifred Holt (Constable, 7s. 6d. net).

reporter who came went away on a promise that Mr. Fawcett would forward him his speech. The meeting was at an inn, there were a few commercial travellers in their room: Fawcett asked the landlord to invite them to join him. They came, had a joyful evening together, with one of the commercials in the chair. Fawcett made a brief oration, and sent it to the reporter, together with a speech from the chairman. When, the next morning, this man read in the London papers a report of his speech, a much mystified man was he! As he said, he had only had a glass or two: and to think that he had made a speech and forgotten it!

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett was a romance. He heard at a London reception a girlish voice exclaiming: "Oh, it would have been better if every crowned head in Europe had been shot than Lincoln!" She, when introduced to the tall and notable man who had asked to be presented to her, rejoiced to find in him one who could sympathise with her in all her ideals. How great to her must still be the loss of the husband who was taken from her at the comparatively early age of fifty-one! Nobly has she, too, borne her burden. The quaint remark of the old woman who had had the care of Fawcett's rooms at Cambridge is somewhat to the point. When asked: Why should Mrs. Fawcett miss her husband more than any other wife the husband she loved? "Because he is such a happy noisy man; whenever he is in the house you know it, he is always shouting so," she answered, tearfully.

THE UNFORTUNATE NATION—TO BE OR NOT TO BE!

It is a truism that the end of the war will surely be the commencement of difficulties, the resettling of Europe not being the least. Thus information about those countries of which the majority among us have not hitherto felt the need of knowledge is pertinent. In his book on *The Partition of Poland** Lord Eversley has given us a succinct and orderly account of the manner in which her three great neighbours from time to time have set about sharing out portions of her territory amongst themselves (utterly regardless of the wants and wishes of the inhabitants of the unhappy country), and the causes of the weakness which enabled them to do so with impunity. In a sentence this was Parliamentary government with a one-member veto, and an elective monarchy. Russia, Prussia, and Austria began the carving out in 1772. Russia and Prussia took some more territory in 1793, and the three fell upon Poland again in 1795. The Napoleonic wars were followed by the Congress of Vienna, at which the Emperor of Russia pleaded for a reconstitution of Poland under his jurisdiction. Prussia and Austria were, of course, against this, and England could only ineffectually recommend —without again going to war. So once more Poland was left to the untenderness of her conquerors. Austria was harsh at first, but later granted such favourable conditions of autonomy that Galicia is at present the centre of the intellectual life of the Polish race. Russia, under Alexander, intended to give Poland all that was promised, but Duke Constantine was sent to Warsaw as Viceroy, and, before long, he commenced a reign of terror which continued under other rulers, so that it is only in these later years that Russian Poland has again become prosperous. Prussia, too, began well, but Bismarck started a new policy of severity, fearing always the effect of the great increase of population amongst the Poles. Characteristically he stated that "No concern for the Polish people must hinder us from doing all we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish provinces." So Germans were sent to colonise Polish estates, and the Polish language was prohibited, even little children being flogged for praying in their own tongue. As some one has said, "The God of the Germans was not supposed to know Polish!" Prince Bülow in defence of these measures says: "We certainly do not wish to deprive the Poles of their native language, but we must try to bring it to pass that by means of the German language they will learn to understand the German spirit. We must proceed without severity (!) and this will increase or be mitigated as the Poles increase or diminish their opposition." Each of the three nations has promised to re-unite Poland and give it autonomy if successful in the fight. Will Europe see that that promise is fulfilled?

* *The Partition of Poland*, by Lord Eversley, with maps in illustration (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net).

A BRAVE WOMAN.

This short sketch * by Miss Thurstan of her nursing work in Belgium and Russia was scrawled down at odd moments on bits of paper, whilst recovering from a shrapnel wound and pleurisy. It comes hot from the battlefield in all its horrifying phases and leaves Miss Thurstan well from her wound and hurrying back to her work at the Front. She was amongst the first to hasten forth at the Red Cross summons, and was sent to Brussels to arrange for the coming of her party of English nurses. Her telegram stopping them was never received, so 26 arrived in Brussels just in front of the German Army of Occupation, and their first duty was to attend to the feet of over-marched German soldiers, and fit them for the fight against the Tommies whom the party had gone out to help! In a sort of kaleidoscope we are shown the horrors of Louvain and Charleroi, the perils of the nurses from rude German officials, the ruthless persecution of civilians until finally nurses and doctors were driven out of Belgium to Copenhagen, where Miss Thurstan at the last moment got the leave to go to Russia for which she had petitioned. Thence she met with kindness everywhere, and thus the hard work and privation of the nursing at the Russian front in Poland was possible. One warning is adverted to once and again—the more than uselessness, the absolute hindrance of untrained or half-trained volunteers, who think that a few lessons in bandaging will fit them for work which calls for skill, discipline, endurance, and above all, knowledge of mankind.



Miss Violetta Thurstan.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Putnam.

IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICE.

India's Fighters, by Saint Nihal Singh (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d. net). The way in which India has rallied to the Flag must have surprised our enemies, who have not sufficiently realised that to conquer is not everything—much more is needed. That, Queen Victoria recognised when in her proclamation of 1858 she said : "We know, and respect, the feelings of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors . . . and We will that . . . due regard be paid to the ancient Rights, Usages, and Customs of India." To that "due regard" we owe the way in which India's rulers and their subjects have come to our help now. Mr. Singh reminds us that India desired to aid us in the African trouble, and that, debarred from fighting, men of high caste organised themselves into an Army Bearer Corps, supplying a hospital ship, doctors, remounts and stores. It was touching indeed, to those who understood, to see them thus set aside their pride of race and take the part of coolies. This time such work will only be a consequence of the satisfaction of their great desire—to fight. We here are so used to thinking of India *en masse* that this account of the individual States and their fighting men is most enlightening—especially as Mr. Singh, himself descended from a fighting stock, knows his subject well, being to the manner born, and has received help from men high in authority.

India and the War (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net) is a good supplement, with its coloured illustrations of native troops, speeches, and Who's Who of native rulers.

A quaint addition to the above is a

* *Field Hospital and Flying Column*, by Violetta Thurstan (Putnam, 2s. 6d. net).

pamphlet by Shiekh Habeeb Ahmad, *The Mystery of the Great Name and Destiny of the British Flag* (Power Co., 1s. 2d. net), showing that the Union Jack is astrologically a symbol of victory which Moslems especially will be able to understand.

THE OBSCENITIES OF WAR.

MR. PHILIP GIBBS, like so many of us, suffered from that shock to the heart and brain, that menace of war which without previous warning threatened in those summer days of last year to destroy all that seemed so safe and certain in our daily life. In words full of truth and with emotion he describes* the incredulity with which, in obedience to order, he started on July 29th for Paris, saying, "I shall be back again in a few days; Armageddon is still a l ng way off. The idea of it is too ridiculous and too damnable." His early experience, which others shared, is just a chapter of history which all should read. He did not come back, and later in the book he wrote:

Before this year has ended England will know something of what war means. Dimly and in a far-off way the people who have stayed at home will understand the misery of war and its brutalities. But in spite of all our national efforts to raise great armies, and our immense national sacrifices in sending the best of our young manhood to foreign battlefields, the imagination of the people as a whole will still fail to realise the full significance of war as it is understood in France and Belgium. They will not know the meaning of invasion.

Mr. Philip Gibbs has given us a moving and vivid picture of all that war brings in its trail. As war correspondent he has been along nearly the whole line of battle in the West, and, though never in the thick of the fighting, he has seen the awful results of war on combatants and non-combatants alike. He has no illusions as to the "glory of war"; in fact, the whole book is one passionate protest against the belief that war in any way can be anything than a hellish crime. He says:--

If there is any purpose in what I have written beyond mere record, it is to reveal the soul of war so nakedly that it cannot be glossed over by the glamour of false sentiment and false heroics . . . it is my conviction that any man who has seen these things must, if he has any gift of expression and any human pity, dedicate his brain and heart to the sacred duty of preventing another war like this. . . . to tell the truth about this monstrous horror, to etch its images of cruelty into the brains of its readers, and to tear down the veils by which the leaders of the people try to conceal its obscenities.

He has given such a description of the realities of war that it should banish entirely the belief that there is anything noble in it, as apart from the individual nobility of those engaged in it. It is his own personal experiences during the first three months of the struggle which he relates, and, though the descriptions are terrible enough, there is a feeling throughout that if he had wished to merely harrow our souls he could have made the picture much more horrible.

America and the German Peril, by H. P. Okie (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net). This strong call to the United States to awaken to their own danger seems also to have something in the nature of an apology to the Allies for not taking more definite action. "Do we realise," Mr. Okie asks, "that there are in the States 1,337,775 males of German birth, over 500,000 of whom are between twenty and forty and who have presumably done their full military service? That even by the 1910 census America had a German population of over eight millions? And how are we prepared for invasion by a people whose character is so different to that of the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon, Celt, or Latin!"

Mr. Okie does not throw a veil over the German brutalities in Belgium and France, the poison-gas used in the trenches, or the poisoning of wells. England and America had respected the obedience and docility to rule of the German, and they had never taken seriously the Kaiser's occasionally unguarded utterances, and so were blind to the underlying ferocity of a people who in America have supplied most of the criminal murderers. Mr. Okie gives articles by Dr. Hirsch and Dr. R. Martin which are the usual mixture of truth and falsehood, and he replies in masterly fashion to some of their strictures on England.

America Fallen, by J. B. Walker (Putnam, 1s. net), is a sort of "Battle of Dorking" being a sequel to the European War. That veteran soldier George Haven Putnam con-

* *The Soul of the War*, by Philip Gibbs (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net)

tributes an introduction. The skit opens in March 1916, just after a peace concluded at Geneva, with the entry of von Buelow into the Council Chamber at Potsdam. The Kaiser is not depressed, and explains that the war indemnity will come out of U.S.A. pockets, as there has been a secret treaty between England and Germany that England will be neutral when Germany flouts the Monroe Doctrine! The result, of course, is an invasion, with a purchased West India island for a supply base, and the seizure of the coast arsenals. Both books are a strong appeal to American citizens to see that their country is in a position to fulfil its obligations as a world-Power.

The History of Twelve Days, by J. W. Headlam (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net). A complete account in narrative form of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of war from July 24th to August 4th, 1914, as gathered from the diplomatic publications issued by the various Governments. The author says in his preface that he began the work for his own satisfaction and has published it in the hope that it may be useful to others. The usefulness of such a book is beyond discussion, for so few of us are able or have the time to consult all the authorities; whilst still fewer will be able so to compare them that the resulting opinion as to the facts adduced will stand out clearly as they do here.

FOR THE GENERAL READER.

Brazil and the Brazilians, by G. J. Bruce (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net). The argument of this full description of Brazil, its early inhabitants, methods of government, fine seaports, and valuable productions is that only stupid and short-sighted European statesmen will sneer at or ignore the rising power of Brazil and its neighbours Chili and the Argentine, the A.B.C. trio. That Brazilian people possess qualities that education and intercourse with other nationalities are rapidly transforming into an object of watchful interest to Europe is the opinion of Mr. Bruce. Especially remarkable are the young men of Italian descent. His book is a clear and entertaining description of the country, its life and progress. Brazil has actually forty seaports on its 3,300 miles of coast, and companies or persons ready to improve the facilities for using them are readily granted concessions. Slavery was abolished about 1851 under the Emperor Pedro II. the emancipation Act being signed by his daughter Isabella. Shortly after this, however, rebellion broke out and a Republic was declared, and has since been maintained. The chapter on marriage is interesting: the Brasileiro (Brazilian) marries young, but there is no courtship as we understand it, though in these days the young man is allowed some choice, the actual arrangements being a matter for the parents, the girl having no say at all. Naturally there is much climatic difference in a country with an Atlantic coast line, yet having within its borders a hill from which the Pacific can be seen, and an enthusiastic description of the scenery is given. The Federal constitution provides for a Senate and a House of Deputies, one for every 70,000 inhabitants; the electors being males, twenty-one years of age and over, who are not beggars, illiterates, common soldiers, monks, or members of a religious order restricting individual liberty.

Hermaia: A Study in Comparative Esthetics, by Colin McAlpin (Dent, 10s. 6d. net). There is an undoubted touch of genius about this essay, and it contains materials which would make a really remarkable book. Unfortunately the author, who makes much of the value of expression, does not realise the value of compression; and if the volume were one-third of its present length it would be at least three times more effective than it is now. Mr. McAlpin takes a highly mystical view of the arts; but his mysticism is open to the old charge of being misty. Like many another genius, he is not a "tidy" thinker; his inspiration comes in flashes; and there is little progressive sequence in the scheme of the book. But when one takes it as it is, not as an ordered argument so much as a personal confession of faith, there is much to delight and provoke thought. Mr. McAlpin deals with the three arts of painting, poetry and music, seeing in them avenues through which man approaches the Eternal and finds outlets for the infinite energy within himself. As music is the most spiritual of the three, it holds the highest place, and through it man can most fully express his consciousness of and kinship with the Divine. Mr. McAlpin, himself an accomplished musician and composer, is most eloquent and persuasive when writing of his favourite art.

FICTION.

NOVELS are in demand in these days, and consequently there is a supply. The Messrs. Long have published at 6s. *The Mormon Lion*, by David Ford, which, though it contains a pretty love story, is in reality a terrible indictment of the unworthy power wielded by Young and the early Mormons, incidentally testifying to the mischievousness of the doctrine of polygamy. *The Heart of Joanna*, by Robert A. Hamblin, is an unrelieved story of the sordid East End, which, though so clever in the portrayal of character, happily can scarcely claim the merit of truth to fact; for surely no London teacher of repute would permit her children habitually to speak costermonger's cockney. *Honour in Pawn*, by H. Maxwell, is an absorbing tale of modern life, the conventional happy ending coming in ways that could not be guessed beforehand. A man and woman who are Society thieves inveigle a beautiful girl into their house, where she meets a rich man, who immediately falls in love and desires to marry. But the girl is a selfish little beast and had herself once committed a theft. So her love has to cure her of selfishness, and only the devotion of one of the "crooks" saves Nancy. Her unselfish sister and her friend show that righteousness must be its own reward! *The Snake Garden*, by Amy J. Baker, is a terribly pathetic story of South Africa with pictures of the life there which bear the stamp of truth. Unfortunately, to keep the right background, the heroine and another fine character are women with a past, and mud-stains sometimes stick even though a robe has been washed often.

The Man from the Past and *Love in War Time* (Werner, Laurie, 6s.) are two thrilling novels. In the first, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, the heroine is an orphan whose father having by chance witnessed a crime is terrorised by threats and fear for his wife's life into silence. He is a scientific genius, and the head of his firm profits by it. How he works to ensure his daughter's future, and how two fearsome criminals endeavour to steal the secret, provide a plot which gives the man who loves her, and who is not exactly a hero, plenty of occupation. Did the author intend to work out the story differently, or was it only to puzzle the reader that he made the second man survive the shipwreck? *Love in War Time* is by Ambrose Pratt, who, being in Australia just now, has not been able to revise proofs. He certainly knows how to give the right colour to the surroundings of his hero and heroine, a half-caste girl of Upolu. The two with others are taken prisoners by one of the German South Sea cruisers at the beginning of the war. The man is horribly treated, but the woman!

Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison (Constable, 6s.). A quaint collection of the commonplaces of the Woman's Movement presented in a novel manner. The man who tells the story is a tutor who wanders into authorship, his special subject being Woman, he being the only man in the world who understands her, when she is written with a capital letter; though when it comes to the two individual women with whom he is in touch his failure to understand is comical. His great occupation is coining phrases such as: "We have a society organised on the agreeable assumption that every woman at twenty-five or thereabouts finds herself in possession of a home, husband, and three darling curly-headed children" (few women marry quite so early in these days), or "A Woman of Romance is a being gladly content to serve as the spectator and audience of Man." Charles Garrott is a distinguished member of the Redmantle Club, where progressive women and a man or two gather. His cousin Mary Wing is a leading light there, largely because she is the first woman to occupy the second highest place in the City High School. She, by the way, is the real heroine of the story, Garrott himself talking of "wrong labels carefully pinned on." In the beginning he is most anxious that every woman should go out in the world and work, but he is introduced to Angela, who wonderingly asks him "whether the care of a home is not quite enough of a business for a woman." Later he finds that such a "business" implies a husband, and he has to go to all sorts of funny expedients to avoid Angela, who is, after all, not a brazen hussy, only an ordinarily nice girl whose wits have been sharpened by the tedium of life without much society. All the characters are comparatively poor, which is unusual in stories of American life; so when Mary loses her post, chiefly because she has championed

a girl who has made a terrible mess of her life, Garrott takes violent action in order to reinstate her. Oddly enough, he approves advanced women, yet censures Miss Trevenna, for it is "only too fatally easy to act 'free' at the expense of others." Slowly but surely Garrott realises that it is possible for a feminine woman to be selfish and egoistic, and that, after all, it is Mary who is the true womanly woman, she who thinks that Freedom is having the ability and desire and the fair chance to do a thing—and not to do it.

"The Westminster Library of Fiction" is the title under which Messrs. Constable are republishing, at 2s. each, works by well-known writers. The first issue is well selected, and the binding and printing are exceptionally good. Una Silberrad is represented by *The Good Comrade* and *Kerren of Lowbole,* that quaint story of seventeenth-century fear of witchcraft, adventure and woodland wandering which is so characteristic of its author. Marie Van Voorst is not so well known here. The scene of her novel, *The Broken Bell,* is laid in Italy; the heroine, an American, married at seventeen to an Italian noble. His unfaithfulness is notorious, but divorce is not allowed in Italy, and the interest of the story centres in the question whether the young wife will yield to the temptation to live her own life also. *The Recording Angel,* by Corra Harris, contains the annals of a town in Georgia in which, according to the author, religion has turned the place into a dreary gossip shop. The Angel is a dear blind woman who has idealised her drunken husband, and when she, for an interest, gets him to write at her dictation about the unsuspected features of some of the people she comes in contact with, he with malice alters the account and gets the contributions accepted by a newspaper! The other volumes are Laurence Oliphant's *Tramp*; *Growth,* by Graham Travers; and *Cardigan,* by R. W. Chambers.

The House of Many Mirrors, by Violet Hunt (Stanley Paul, 6s.), will disappoint those who suspect a mystery from the title. It is a character study of several neurotic people which keeps a strong grip upon the attention in spite of the fact that there is little lovableness amongst the characters. The interest centres in a society woman, whose husband, an architect, is much younger than herself and unlikely to get a living because he is æsthetic and will only build to please himself in despite of his patrons. During his wife's life her income is enough for both, but she has begun to suspect that death is not far off. Her husband was disinherited because he married her, and her longing for his restoration becomes an obsession which leads to catastrophe. There are little hints at *esclandre,* the reader being left to his own judgment as to whether happiness is possible for any.

The Ink-Slinger. By "Rita" (Stanley Paul, 6s.). Wroth Fermoy is a singular creation. A genius erratic and intemperate both as to temper and strong liquor, he and his delicate little daughter are rescued from the depths of discomfort through the chance meeting of the latter with a lonely young woman who is earning her living as a typist. Mary Ellen "mothers" not only the child but also the man, to whom when unknown she had paid adoring worship for his book's sake, gets them down into the country, and is rewarded in time by the man's passionate love for her, which even gives him the strength to fight and conquer his demon. The why and wherefore of the story, however, is scarcely the plot, but the showing up of a certain type of publisher and the carelessness of the genius which could allow himself to be exploited. However the exaggeratedly bad Isaacson has a foil in the idealic Wakefield, who helps Fermoy effectively. There are several minor characters piquantly delineated. The sweet child Mourne stands by herself.

The Valley of Fear. By A. Conan Doyle (Smith, Elder, 6s.). It is a veritable relaxation to meet Sherlock Holmes again, especially as the mystery which he was invited to unravel was not nearly so gruesome as it appeared at first. True, the end is tragic, for Mr. Douglas or Birdy Edwards, the famous detective, is "disposed of" by Professor Moriarty, but he had first had some years of happiness with his charming wife. The second part of the book is the more exciting. In it we hear how Edwards met his wife and through what perils both passed when he was engaged in bringing to justice a band of cut-throat American miners, whose reign of terror and carelessness of suffering is so realistically described that the bullying murderers remind us of near-by scenes.

DIARY FOR JUNE.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

May 26.—Mr. F. E. Smith appointed Solicitor-General, Mr. Herbert Samuel Postmaster-General, and the Hon. E. S. Montagu Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Central Control Board appointed by the Government to deal with the liquor problem in munition areas, &c.; chairman, Lord D'Abernon.

Meeting of Diocesan Bishops at Lambeth Palace and resolutions passed offering organised support for the prosecution of the war.

The Duke of Genoa appointed Regent at Rome during the absence of King Victor in supreme command of the Italian land forces.

The Sino-Japanese Protocol signed.

May 27.—Auxiliary ship *Princess Irene* accidentally blown up at Sheerness; 1 survivor and about 270 deaths.

Pastoral letter on the National Crisis issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Italian statement (May 23) of negotiations with Austria-Hungary published in England.

Demonstration of Italians in London.

May 28.—Sir Henry Jackson appointed First Sea Lord in succession to Lord Fisher.

May 29.—Arrest of James Tinsley, signalman on duty when the troop train disaster occurred at Gretna Green on May 22.

Senhor T. Braga elected President of the Portuguese Republic.

Rioting in Ceylon.

May 30.—Further minor appointments in the new Government announced.

June 1.—Sir Stanley Buckmaster, Lord Chancellor, sworn in at the Law Courts.

June 2.—Warning to Mexico in the form of a statement to the American people issued by President Wilson.

June 3.—The King's Birthday Honours list issued

The German Government informed the Norwegian Government that the steamer *Belridge* was torpedoed by accident, and that compensation would be paid

June 4.—List of the members of the new Board of Admiralty officially announced; First Lord, Mr. Balfour.

Conclusion of trial of two alleged German spies at the Old Bailey: Müller sentenced to death and Hahn sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

June 5.—Manifesto against conscription issued by the National Council of the Independent Labour Party.

New Constitutional Law abolishing the privileges of highly taxed voters and instituting woman suffrage signed by King Christian of Denmark.

Mr. A. C. Macdonald appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.

June 6.—Opening at Charing Cross Road Welsh Church of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Conference.

June 8.—Reappointment of Mr. R. Munro as Lord Advocate for Scotland and Mr. T. B. Morrison as Solicitor-General announced.

Agreement recognising Chinese suzerainty over Outer Mongolia, but providing for full autonomy therein, signed at Kiakhta by the Russian, Chinese, and Mongolian delegates.

June 9.—Sir E. Cook and Sir Frank Swettenham appointed to manage the Press Bureau.

Resignation of Mr. W. J. Bryan, American Secretary of State, and appointment of Mr. Robert Lansing *ad interim* officially announced.

Sensation caused in America by the discovery of a scheme to obtain control of the leading gun and ammunition factories engineered by the German Government.

June 10.—Appointment of the following officers in Ireland approved by the King: Lord Wimborne as Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Ignatius O'Brien as Lord Chancellor, Mr. John Gordon as Attorney-General, Mr. James O'Brien as Solicitor-General, and Mr J. Pim as a Justice of the High Court.

78,946 women stated to have entered their names on the War Service Register.

Manifesto issued to the American people by Mr. W. J. Bryan explaining his policy.

June 11.—Celebration of Empire Day in London.

Threatened Lancashire cotton strike involving 300,000 workers forbidden by the Government and terms of settlement issued.

Deportation of Portuguese ex-Ministers.

June 13.—General Election in Greece resulting in a triumphant majority for the Venizelos party.

June 14.—Extension of Lord Hardinge's term of office as Viceroy of India from November, 1915, until March, 1916, officially announced.

June 15.—Opening at the Central Hall, Westminster, before Lord Mersey, of the Board of Trade inquiry into the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7.

Return to the General Concentration Camp of the British officers in Germany who had been placed in solitary confinement owing to the differential treatment of German submarine prisoners in Britain.

June 16.—Mr. Lloyd George took the oath as Minister of Munitions, and afterwards received a deputation of trade union representatives.


In 1903.

Botha is a fine specimen of a man, with a frank, intelligent, open countenance which commands confidence and disarms distrust. Louis Botha had no training whatever. He was one of the improvised generals whom the Dutch seemed to be able to produce at will.

Character Sketch, Sept. 1902.

General Botha, addressing a Congress of Farmers, said that the time had come for him to enter politics and organise the Boers. They must show themselves loyal subjects; they must eradicate the old racial bitterness; they must hasten the general reconciliation on which the grant of free self-government will follow.

Progress, April 1904

"Great Britain will never have cause to regret the trust to-day placed in the Boer people." Confidence and co-operation have proved themselves more powerful than cannon; methods of barbarism have been vanquished by methods of brotherhood. General Botha will be the hero of the Colonial Conference and the lion of the season. Captive South Africa—to vary the Horatian line—has taken captive her Imperial conquero

Progress, March 1907.

William T. Stead



THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

No. 308. Vol. LII.] [August, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

Britain's Proud Record.

LONDON, *August* 2, 1915.
A year of War! How few believed last August that it would last a twelvemonth, least of all the enemy, who expected a short, sharp and victorious campaign. We are wiser now; we know what war means and what is needed to bring it to a successful conclusion; above all we are still more certain of ultimate success. On the surface it may seem that we are no nearer the end and that Germany is unbreakable, but that is a false vision. Looking back over the year there is one great achievement which stands out above and beyond aught else, and it is an achievement which ensures final victory. The British Navy has obtained complete mastery of the seas, a result accomplished so thoroughly and comparatively so easily that its significance is to a large degree continually overlooked. If this country had but contributed that as her share in the fight, it alone would leave no doubt as to the issue. Never in the world's history has a Power which held command of the seas been beaten, and our present supremacy is such as has never before been achieved. That is a fact that must never be forgotten. The enemy knows this to his daily cost and will do his utmost to secure an inconclusive peace which will give him the opportunity of preparing for future conflict when he may be better able to challenge that Sea Power. But the Allies will have none of it: an inconclusive peace now would be almost as bad as utter defeat. Far better to spend thousands of lives now, and millions of money, than leave Germany unbeaten and in a position to renew the contest in a still more terrible form later on.



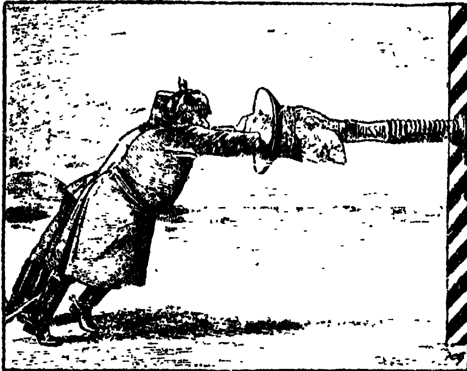
De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

The Future.

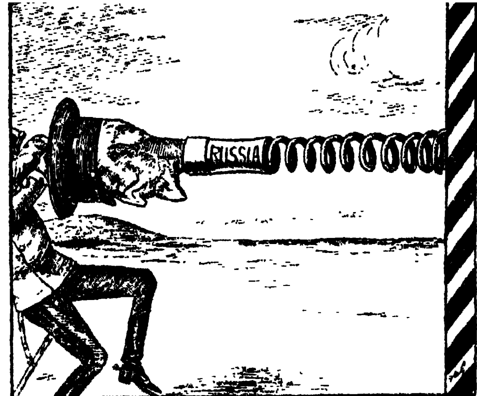
To France, on July 14th, 1915.

How to Hasten Victory.

Though supremacy at sea means ultimate victory, in order to hasten the desired end we must strengthen our offensive on land. There also the prospect is hopeful. The superiority in men and munitions that Germany possessed at the beginning is no longer in existence. The Allies have caught up, and, further, they have still resources to draw upon, while Germany approaches the point of exhaustion. We have awakened to the need of munitions, and our supply is now adequate. Notwithstanding all this, it will be some time



The Spring Campaign in the East.
Germany and Austria have pushed Russia back, but they dare not let go for fear of the recoil.



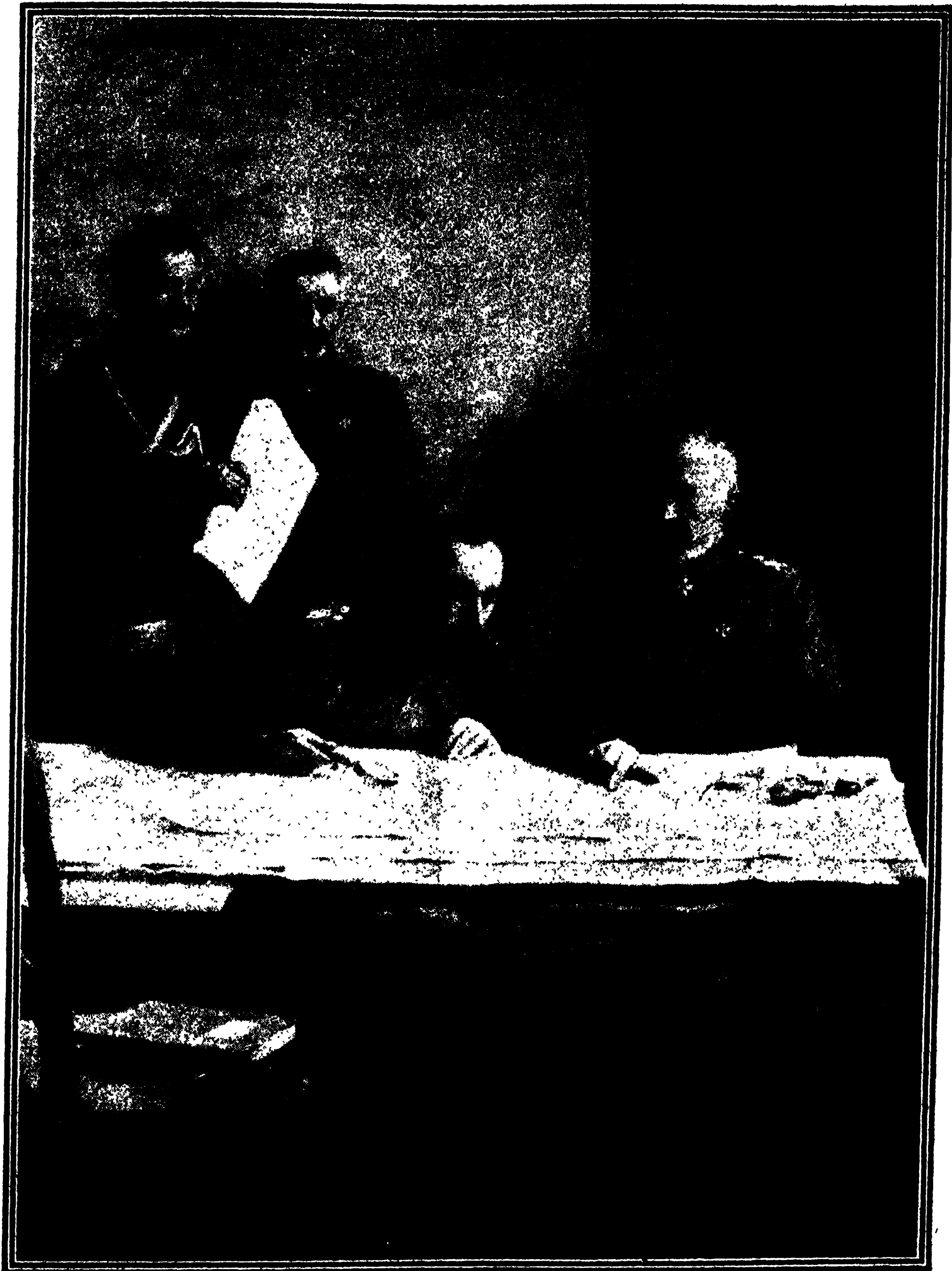
How the Spring Works
A Sequel.

[These clever cartoons are reproduced from *The Westminster Gazette*.]

before we reach the end. The enemy will, in all probability, fight to the last gasp before giving in, and it will be a costly business to drive him back to his frontier and even then the struggle will not be over. Determination alone will carry us through, and never since the war began are we as a nation so fully determined as to-day. We have made mistakes; we have been slow in grasping the needs of the situation, but now we are grappling in deadly earnest the obstacles that must be overcome in order that the country may put forth an effort worthy of herself and of the cause with which she is allied. We enter on the second year of the war with a knowledge that, though the end is certain, the duration of war depends upon the measure of our immediate effort.

Russia will Rally.

The German drive into Russia still continues, but is as little likely to achieve any real advantage as the former drive through Galicia. The Grand Duke is handling the retirement even more skilfully than that in Galicia. The Germans may succeed in taking Warsaw, but we may be sure it will be an empty victory and that the Russian army will remain unbroken and undismayed. Thanks to his railways the Grand Duke is in a better position for defence, and, with larger supplies of ammunition, is inflicting terrible losses on the enemy. The Russians are showing magnificent fighting qualities, and the nation is roused to the need of supreme sacrifice such as was shown in 1812. As the Russians retreat they leave a desert behind them; and the non-combatants, inspired by the Tsar's rescript, are thoroughly roused. Instead of revolution, which the Germans seem to expect, never was there a more singleminded determination to overthrow the hated Prussian.



THE TSAR AT THE FRONT.
Drawn by I. SIMONT.



Dispatch.] [Columbus.

The Door is Still Locked.

Danger in the Balkans. As regards Russia we need have no fear, but as regards the Balkans there is room for considerable apprehension, for while the Turks are hard pressed Germany knows how vitally the capture of Constantinople must alter the political situation, and will do everything in her power to go to the aid of her Turkish ally. Already she has taken a threatening attitude with Roumania, who has refused to let supplies through to Turkey, and at the same time she is doing her best by bribes, chiefly of Austrian territory, to secure Roumania's neutrality. The Russian retreat must influence Roumania's action, but should the question of the transport of munitions be pushed to an extreme, it is difficult to see how she can remain neutral. The whole position in the Balkans is shrouded in darkness, from which a gleam appears now and then. The Bulgarian Prime Minister has stated that Bulgaria may have to reconsider her policy, and negotiations are going on with the Allies on one side and Turkey on the other. Bulgaria has obtained from Turkey her rights over the Dedeagatch railway, but this may have little political significance. Bulgaria has not received a reply to her requests to the Allies, but if she is satisfied in reference to her demands in Macedonia she will certainly come in.

"Silver Bullets" from Great Britain. In Greece the Goumaris section is employing every means to delay M. Venizelos's return to power, using the King's illness as an excuse for postponing the summoning of Parliament. This only exasperates the Venizelists, so that when Venizelos does assume office we may be sure he will take strong action. The most significant remark with regard to the intentions of the Balkan States was dropped by Mr. Asquith in asking for further war credit when he stated that more money might be required in the future in order to subsidise new allies. This can only refer to the Balkans. We should not be at all surprised if before this is read by our readers Roumania had taken her stand with the Allies. If we can make marked progress in Gallipoli, this result will assuredly follow.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

An Inauspicious Apparition.

MUCIUS SCAEVOLA: "Victor Emmanuel, again I lay my hand in the fire, and warn you. You will get a terrible drubbing."

A General Summary. On the other battle fronts there has not been much to chronicle. The Crown Prince has made desperate attacks in the Argonne to little purpose, while on the Vosges the French have gained ground. The British have made a ance seems to be slackening, whether from discouragement or lack of munitions it is difficult to say. The British submarines have hampered communications in the Sea of Marmora, causing a panic in Constantinople, and the Russian Fleet is cutting off supplies from the Black Sea.



Photo by] [*Topical.*

Nurses of Lady Paget's Typhus Hospital at Uskub.

The Uniform consists of white blouse, trousers, sandals, and head-dress, rendered necessary by the conditions under which they have to work.

slight advance near Ypres. The Italians have scored a distinct success on the Isonzo and the fall of Gorizia is imminent, and the road to Trieste will then be open. In Gallipoli there has been some advance, while at the same time the Turkish resist-

There are rumours that Turkey is seeking a separate peace, which are probably true, as Turkey has nothing to gain and everything to lose in continuing to fight with little hope of succour from Germany, while by making peace now she has one chance

in a hundred of retaining some sort of position in Constantinople, otherwise she has none. There has been some naval activity in the Baltic, resulting in the loss of a German mine-layer and the battleship *Pommern*—the latter torpedoed by a British submarine; all showing that the Russian Fleet is quite ready to take the offensive when circumstances permit. Further success is reported from Mesopotamia, and the Turks are being steadily driven back in their attempt to cut the pipe-line supplying the oil for the British Fleet.

Gen. Botha's Triumph.

The one outstanding success is the complete conquest of German South-West Africa by General Botha. The whole campaign will remain unique in the annals of warfare. The Germans considered the desert their best defence. General Botha surmounted that obstacle by marvellous forced marches, during which the troops were always short of food and water. Organisation and almost perfect preparation enabled the country to be conquered with a little over a thousand casualties all told. The whole series of events splendidly vindicates the principles on which the British Empire is founded. No doubt nearly every Boer would prefer to have a free republic; but knowing that is impossible, they also know that under British rule they enjoy all the advantages of a free republic, and under no other rule would that be possible; therefore they support the British Empire. General Botha and his men deserve all the praise that has been showered upon them; but the suggestion that he should come to Europe will most certainly not be carried out, for his presence is most needed in South Africa. The General Election is due in October, and Botha has a stiff fight in front of him: for, apart from the agitation against the expedition, he will have a tough job in maintaining his majority in the new Parliament. No doubt the success of the campaign will



Photo by] [*L.N.A.*

French Flag Day in London.

A Kilted Soldier Buys a Flag.

Our picture depicts him in a busy thoroughfare being decorated by flower-sellers—one dressed as an Alsatian, the other as a Turco.

be a great asset, but the National Party which has come into being is very strong, especially in the Free State, and may bring about a situation of deadlock, no party possessing an absolute majority in the House of Assembly.

Consulting the Colonies.

The most momentous and significant occurrence of the month was the presence of Sir Robert Borden at a Cabinet meeting. Colonial Prime Ministers have often been consulted by the Cabinet, but never before has any one partaken in its deliberations. This is a notable step forward in the direction of the full participation of the Dominions in the running of the Empire, and this precedent will be followed by others of a similar nature in the near future. The Dominions have earned the right to full co-operation in the policy of the Empire, and after the war the foreign policy of the country must have the sanction of the Empire as well as Great Britain. It would be well that every Dominion should have her Prime Minister taking part in Cabinet deliberations, and so help to solve the many Imperial problems which affect the stability of the British Empire. Naturally Canada is overjoyed at this occurrence, which identifies her still more closely with the Mother Country. It is hardly realised at home how much Canada is doing for the Empire and how cheerfully she is facing bankruptcy in order that she may "do her bit," together with the other Colonies, who have all expressed their determination to send their last man if necessary. They have indeed risen from the position of daughter-nations to that of sister-nations, and this country will be only too ready to concede them the position in the Empire they have so nobly earned.



Photo by] [Underwood & Underwood

The American Secretary of War.

MR. LINDLEY M. GARRISON.

He is shown at the left of the group, with General Hugh L. Scott in the centre and Colonel Claren P. Townsley at the right.

America Insists.

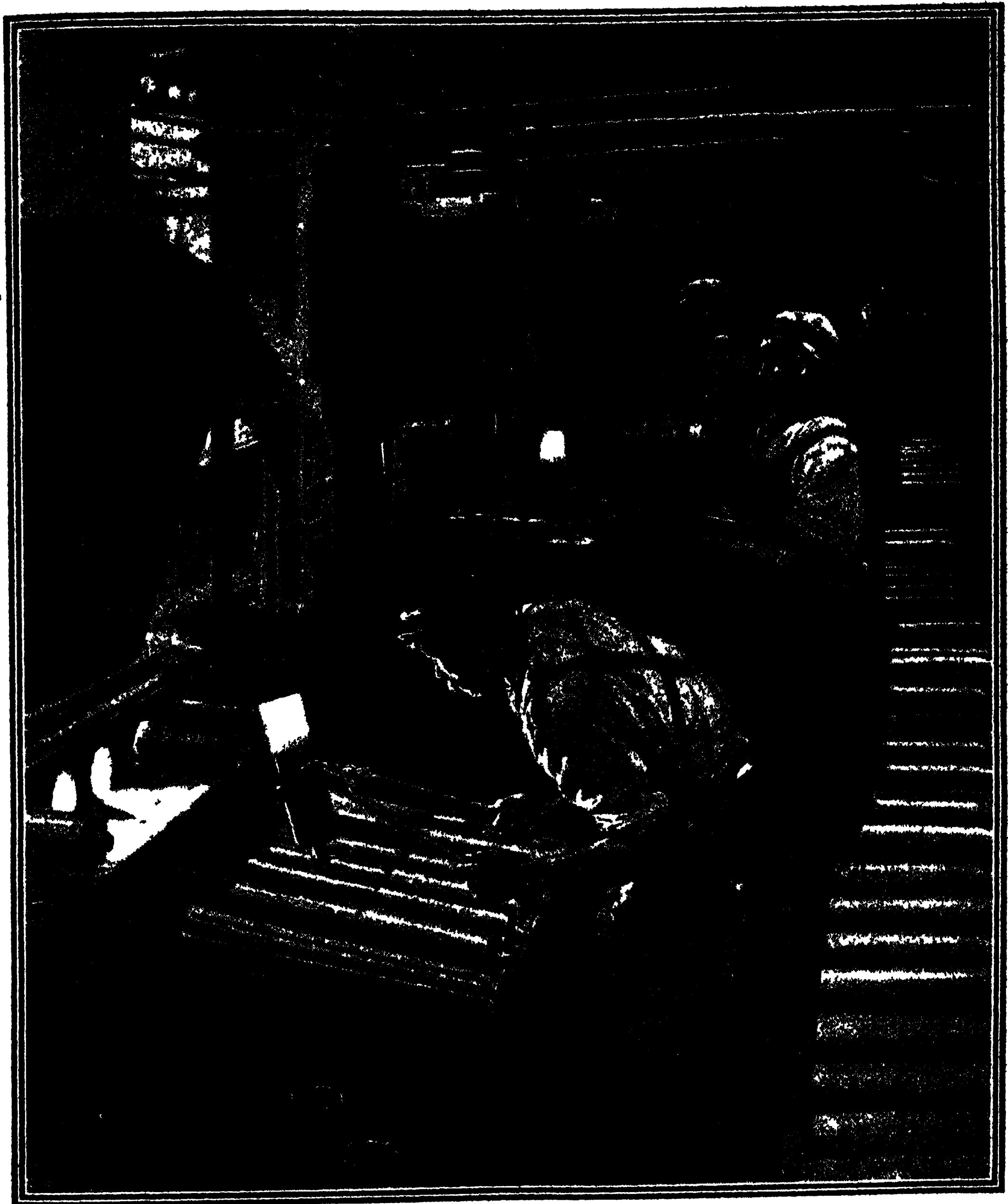
The German-American situation is reaching an acute stage. The second German Note was more evasive and more impudent than the first, and completely ignored the main demands of the American Note. It reiterates the contention that German necessity knows no law, and that every inhumanity is permissible to her because she is fighting for existence. The American reply sternly demands that the laws of humanity must be observed, insists on reparation for the *Lusitania* victims, and finally states that any further attack on American lives would be regarded as a "deliberately unfriendly act." In this Note the President expresses the opinion of the people

of the United States, and it is regarded as an ultimatum. Germany (where the more moderate party under Bethmann-Hollweg desiring more friendly relations with America have apparently been completely overridden) is furious, and so far will not consider any relaxation of submarine warfare. An American ship was sunk immediately after the Note was presented, and it remains to be seen whether America will treat this as an "unfriendly act." If so, the least that can happen is the breaking off of diplomatic relations, and it may mean war. However, President Wilson does not wish to adopt that last alternative, and the country is solid behind him. America can harm Germany without actually going to war, if it is only by cutting off supplies. In any case we may expect firm and decisive action.

The Coal Strike. At home the output of munitions proceeds apace, but the most important event has been the Welsh Coal Strike. The miners were wrong to strike, but they are by no means solely to blame in the matter. The miners, the owners, and the Government knew that the question of a revised agreement would come up for settlement in June. The miners alone issued their demands beforehand, these demands being the same as those already granted to miners in other parts of the country. Neither the owners nor the Government made any move to meet the men until the time-limit had expired, when the owners pleaded the war as an excuse for declining to meet the men. The miners struck, Mr. Lloyd George was called in, and granted practically the whole of the miners' demands. The present settlement might just as well have been made a month or two months earlier than it was, and all the scandal and delay caused by the strike would have been avoided, but the matter was allowed to drift until the position became acute before any real negotiations were undertaken.

The Moral. The Welsh miners have shown themselves as patriotic as any in the way of recruiting, and as valiant on the battlefield; those left behind are animated by the same spirit, and would probably enlist to-day if permitted. Coal-getting is as patriotic an action as fighting in the trenches, but there is this fundamental difference—in enlisting and fighting the miner knows that the whole of his work goes directly to benefit the State, while in hewing coal, though it also benefits the State, yet the whole benefit does not accrue to the State, but goes partly to enrich private individuals. That these have made large and illegitimate profits out of the war conditions tended but to exasperate the miners, and was one of the prime causes of the determination to strike. The whole moral of the affair is that if we want to get the greatest possible output the Government must take over the coal mines, then we should have no more trouble of this kind. It has been an awkward incident, more as regards the effect on our Allies than on ourselves, but we hope that it will show the Government the necessity of preparing for such crises beforehand and not waiting for disastrous developments.

Exit Compulsion. One thing the strike has shown, and that is the impossibility of employing compulsion in industry. Though the Munitions Act was applied, it was at once seen to be unworkable and was ignored by the miners. Two hundred thousand men cannot be forced to work against their will, nor can they be fined for refusing to do so. The penal clauses of the Act are apparently a dead letter, and we hope the last has been heard of industrial compulsion. Mr. Lloyd George has been rightly praised



MAKING MUNITIONS.

How a Shell is "nosed" after heating it in a Furnace.

Drawn by F. MATANIA.

for the work he did in bringing about the settlement, and he is probably the only man who could have succeeded; but it must be remembered that if the same terms had been granted earlier there would have been no strike, and his services would not have been required.

The War Loan. The War Loan has proved a magnificent success, nearly £600,000,000 being subscribed by July 1st, and the loan is still open to the investment of sums less than £100. This is the largest loan that has ever been raised in the world's history, but nevertheless it will not be enough to carry us through. Further loans will be necessary, and in order to meet them the most rigid economy and thrift are essential. Unfortunately we are as a nation unused to practising real economy; little expenses may be cut down, but at present there is little sign that any drastic measures are being taken by anybody. A Committee has been appointed to deal with economy in the Governmental Departments, and we hope that it will be productive of retrenchment. A most glaring and criminal example of false economy was shown when the House of Commons refused to pass a grant of £25,000 for establishing pathological laboratories in local areas, so important for the present and future health of the race. The main object is to facilitate the diagnosis of disease, more necessary now than ever when diseases resulting from war conditions have to be considered. It would have resulted in the saving of many lives when lives are most valuable to the nation, but on the plea of economy it was rejected. No better example of the contempt in which science is held in this country could have been given. No wonder the scientist has often looked with approving eyes at Germany when he compares his treatment in that country with British neglect of matters vital to the whole community.

Helpers and Hinderers. The whole nation is only too anxious to help in whatever way it can, when once it gets an indication from the Government as to what is required of it. A striking example of this was the huge demonstration of women who ask to assist in the manufacture of munitions. The demand for Conscription is maintained in some quarters, but for that there is no need, though the members of the Government have caused some confusion by speaking in various keys, affording the Conscriptionists some material for their waning hopes. The Traitor Press, unfortunately, is still very much to the fore with its pessimistic campaign, alternating this with scapegoat-hunting and half-hearted attacks on Ministerial delinquents. These tactics have the support of certain members of Parliament, who pursue the same ill-directed strategy in the House of Commons. All these attacks are characterised by an absolute lack of any constructive suggestion. This is not surprising when the mental capabilities of the staff of those papers is considered. At present the question that disturbs these agitators is cotton. That it is desirable to keep cotton from Germany is certain; that it is possible to do so is quite another matter. Making it contraband will not effect this object. All the cotton that gets to Germany goes by way of the Neutrals, and we shall have just the same difficulty in ascertaining its destination as we do now. Short of buying up the whole cotton crop, or preventing any trade in that commodity with neutral countries, there is no way of stopping the supply. The first is impracticable, and the second breaks every international law with regard to neutral trade rights. Such a course would place this country on a level with German standards of right and wrong and would debase us in the estimation of the world.

We are fighting for certain ideals, and we cannot abandon them. If we do, then we have no right to complain of anything Germany thinks necessary in her avoidance of international conventions. Further, we should alienate the Neutral Powers, especially the United States. Our present methods of search have caused considerable friction, and if this increases there is no knowing what the United States might do in retaliation. Her supply of munitions are of the greatest value, and we cannot afford to have the supply endangered. The whole question of cotton is so complicated that there is no simple method of solution, but as our Traitor Press professes an ignorance of International Law, and ignores the rights of other nations, its clamour is really a demand that we shall adopt the German principle—"Necessity knows no law."



Photo by] [Farringdon Photo Press

"Belgium" in the Right-to-Serve Procession.

The Admiralty and Science.

There are indications, however, that the country is waking up to the usefulness of science. The Admiralty has appointed an Inventions Board, consisting of leading scientists, under the chairmanship of Lord Fisher. These men are only too anxious to put their services at the disposal of the Government, but except in a few isolated cases such overtures are rejected. There are schemes for mobilising our skilled men, but how it is to be done and whether the Government will offer encouragement is uncertain. Yet warfare becomes more and more a battle of brains, and our scientists can do no more than place their knowledge at the disposal of the country.

CONSCRIPTION—OR COMMON SENSE?

To the Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

DEAR SIR,—I am an Englishman forty-eight years of age, and for thirty years have been a pacifist. Possessing the rudiments of education, it is not difficult for me to appreciate the fact, apart from the daily directions of the Press, that my country is involved in the greatest war of all time. I am anxious to do my share, and have been waiting for twelve months for the Government to ask for a million men between the ages of forty and fifty who would undertake the defence of these shores, and thus set free for foreign service all those whose age enables them to meet the more arduous campaigns—West and East.

I am convinced that this million would be forthcoming, and there would then be little need for conscription, and the sons of these fathers would readily fall into their place where now they hang back.

Hang back—that, no less and no more; not shirkers nor slackers, but wide-awake individuals who do not desire to submit themselves to the experiment of Army life, in which inefficiency seems to be rife. Let me illustrate my meaning. I have two sons. The younger, sacrificing a professional career, joined a Territorial Regiment twelve months ago. His experience so far is that the officers are exceedingly keen on discipline and drill—the first essentials—but are totally incapable of devoting any adequate attention to the feeding of the men under their charge. Things are so ordered that complaints are not considered by the junior officers, and the seniors are sublimely indifferent to anything but drill, parade, route marching, etc.

Sensible men, and most soldiers, will admit the importance of proper feeding, but in a whole year those in charge are incapable of organising this essential detail. By the left! Quick march!

My other son, duly noting that enlistment means, in addition to the necessary discipline and work, short commons and no consideration worth the name, hesitates to throw up the result of ten years' work in order to submit to stupidities which are an annoyance and irritation to any reasonable person—and there are thousands of a like mind.

It comes to this, then—that those who have offered a life-long resistance to the conscriptionist are quite prepared to pay the price of continued liberty for ourselves and loved ones in this very dear land of England; all that is necessary is for the Government to say the word, and at the same time take precautions to secure success. These are:

(1) No more boys as officers; experienced men do not wish to be at the mercy of youths in their teens.

(2) The appointment of a commissioned officer whose *sole and only* duty would be to look after the messing, which should not be, as at present, left to the Quartermaster (with many other duties) and subject to nominal supervision only.

(3) An intelligent appreciation on the part of the Government, the War Office, and all officers of the existence of the civil machinery which has waited twelve months for use in this great national crisis.

I am convinced that it is a great mistake to impose an iron discipline on those who are volunteering at this crisis; it is stated that discipline will make good soldiers out of the most indifferent men; but these volunteers are made of other stuff, and their willingness should be appreciated at its proper value by those in authority. Probably these remarks will be met with scoffing by those who pride themselves on their military knowledge, but I submit that none is infallible—not even the military expert, whose many calculations of a year ago have sadly miscarried.

More munitions! Yes.

More men! Yes.

Conscription! Yes, if we must; but let us have a little common sense with it, and if the Government cares to say the right thing in the right way we are many miles from the necessity of adopting a system equally out of harmony with our character or the nation's need.—Yours, etc.,

CIVILIAN.

London.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S MESSAGE.

"PRAY, REPENT, SERVE, AND SAVE."

THE Bishop of London has issued the following message to the people of London :—

You must forgive my writing to you direct—I cannot visit you in person, as I should like to do; and whatever your denomination may be, you are a fellow-citizen with me in this great City, and you will not, I hope, take amiss a message from me.

You probably have a son or brother, husband or friend who is in the trenches, or who is keeping watch and ward over our country upon the sea, or preparing for action in some great camp at home.

It was to such men I went out in Holy Week and Easter to give a message from home, and we had many services together, and I gave them souvenirs of the Holy Season, many of which I know have now been sent home.

This is a message to the father, mother, brother, sister, or friend of the gallant men I saw at Easter, and the question I want to ask you, as I ask myself, is, "Are we worthy of such defenders?"

Like St. Paul, they can say, "I die daily." It is impossible to over-estimate the sacrifice and courage required in a modern battle—we never really hear the details. "So this is war," wrote home one young officer—"my best friend is lying by my side with a bullet through his heart, my men are groaning with pain in the trench, and I have been knocked down four times in five minutes by the concussion of a shell." And yet they "endure this hardness as good soldiers" for the honour of their country and the freedom of the world. "I have come out, mother," wrote one lad home, "that you and the sisters may not be treated like the Belgian women have been." A few days later he died in that sacred cause.

What are we doing at home? That is the question.



Photo by] [J. Russell & Son.

The Bishop of London.

Why should the young do all the fighting and the dying, and offer the great sacrifice by themselves?

The sacrifice that is for all should be offered by all.

What one thing have we given up or done or tried to do to prevent England becoming a German province, or Kent and Middlesex being treated like Belgium and parts of France?

Have we been true to our manhood or womanhood in this Great Day of God on which is being decided the future of the world?

Is the message of Christ from the Cross to be the standard of mankind, or the modern German teaching that might is right? Nothing less than that is the issue before the world to-day.

"What can I do?" perhaps you ask.

1. First you can pray. If every one prayed, and prayed regularly, we should receive a spiritual force which would astonish the world.

2. But to pray properly we must repent. "There is none that doeth good no, not one!" and if we are honest with ourselves, all have much selfishness and love of comfort, to say nothing of other sins, to lay penitently before God.

3. But prayer and penitence must lead up to service. "I am among you as He that serveth!" was Christ's own declaration, and it sanctifies the great appeal made to the nation to-day for "Universal voluntary service." "Am I making what I can out of the war?" or "Am I giving all I can for the good of the common cause?" It is the answer to these questions which mark off a traitor from a patriot. The lads at the front are doing their bit. What is my bit? And am I doing it?

4. But I must do more than serve, I must save. The nation has to save £1,000,000,000 a year to pay for the war, the Prime Minister tells us; then I must see there is no waste in my household. However small a sum it may be, I must save what I can and invest it in the War Loan to help my country. I cannot "have a good time" at home while the lads at the front go through what they truly call "a Hell."

These seem to me the resolutions we are bound to make—"I will pray, I will repent, I will serve, I will save"—and it is that we may all have the grace to do this that I ask you to use daily the prayers which follow.

A. F. LONDON.

PRAYERS TO BE SAID DAILY.

A PRAYER OF PENITENCE.—Forgive me, O God, all the sins and selfishness of the past, and give me the grace to repent and lead a more useful life; I ask this for Jesus Christ's sake.

A PRAYER FOR HELP.—Stretch forth Thy hand, Thou God of Hosts, and decide between us and our enemies; give us fortitude and courage to endure hardness as good soldiers, and crown our labours with victory; for Jesus Christ's sake.

A PRAYER FOR THE SAILORS, SOLDIERS, AND AIRMEN.—Guard with Thy loving care those who are in peril, whether on sea or land or in the air. Help them to remember that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms," and keep them safe in life or death; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A PRAYER FOR THE WOUNDED AND THE MOURNERS. Send Thy healing grace upon the wounded and pour Thy comfort into the souls of the mourners; give them both a "warrior's mind" until the day dawn and the shadows flee away: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A PRAYER FOR THE NATION.—Stir up, O Lord, a spirit of service throughout the country; may the soul of the nation respond to the call to sacrifice and help me to play a worthy part in this Great Day; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And we sum up our petitions in the words our Lord taught us—"Our Father, which art in heaven."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

June 26.—Ground gained by the Germans between Ablain and Angres, north of Souchez.

Sinking on June 22 of German submarine near Borkum reported; cause, explosion on board.

General retreat of the Russians after violent fighting at Bobrka.

Italian torpedo-boat sunk by the enemy in the northern Adriatic.

British steamer *Lucena* sunk south of Youghal by German submarine; crew saved.

June 27.—Bombs dropped on Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen by French aviator.

British steamer *Indrani* sunk off the Smalls by German submarine; also British barque *Dumfriesshire*; crews saved.

June 28.—German naval attack on Windau repulsed and German torpedo-boat blown up.

Gain by the British of a mile of coast in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Defences of Achi Baba penetrated for some distance by British and Indian troops.

British liner *Armenian* sunk 200 miles off the Scilly Isles by German submarine; 29 of the crew reported missing.

June 29.—Recapture of Metzeral by the French reported.

Fierce fighting in the Argonne; air torpedoes used by the Germans.

Occupation of Skutari by Montenegrin forces reported.

Occupation by the Allied Forces of Ngaundere, Central Cameroons.

Official report issued on the operations in the Lake Victoria Nyanza region.

Note from Austria-Hungary to the United States on the export of munitions to the Allies.

June 30.—French advance south of Souchez reported.

H.M.S. *Lightning* damaged by a mine or torpedo: 14 of the crew reported missing.

Sir Ian Hamilton's report of recent operations in the Dardanelles issued.

South American steamer *Lomas* sunk off the Scilly Isles by German submarine; 1 killed; and Norwegian barque *Thistlebank* sunk off the Fastnet by German submarine; crew saved.

July 1.—Advance into the Lublin Government of Austro-German troops.

Severe fighting on the Lower Isonzo reported.

July 2.—Naval action in the Baltic; German battleship *Pommern* sunk by British submarine; also mine-layer *Albatross* driven ashore.

General Bailloud appointed commander of the French forces at the Dardanelles in succession to General Gouraud, wounded.

Four British steamers, including the *Caucasian*, sunk by German submarines off Cornwall and the south of Ireland; crews saved.

July 3.—Repulse of the enemy north of Arras.

July 4.—German submarine reported to have been sunk in the Channel by French patrol-boat *Hollande*.

July 4-5.—General attack by the Turks in the Gallipoli Peninsula repulsed.

July 5.—Bombardment by Germans of Arras Cathedral.

Steamer *Anglo-Californian* attacked by German submarine off the west of Ireland; 9 of the crew killed.

July 6.—Capture by the British of about 200 yards of the enemy's trenches north of Ypres.

German attacks in the St. Mihiel region and capture of some trenches.

Italian cruiser *Amalfi* torpedoed by Austrian submarine in the Upper Adriatic.

July 7.—Renewed fighting at Souchez and repulse of the enemy.

Report of Sir Ian Hamilton on operations in the Gallipol Peninsula to May 5 published.

July 5-7.—Fighting in Poland south-west of Lublin.

July 8.—French advance of 700 metres on a front of 600 metres at Fontenelle in the Vosges reported; and recapture of 150 metres of trenches lost on July 4 between Fey-en-Haye and the Bois de Prêtre reported.

Wilson liner *Guido* sunk by German torpedo off the north of Scotland and Russian barque *Marion Lightbody* torpedoed off Queenstown; crews saved.

Verdict of Lord Mersey on the loss of the *Falaba*—"sunk by German submarine."

July 9.—Unconditional surrender to General Botha of General Seitz and the German forces in South-West Africa.

Reply of Germany to the United States on the submarine controversy received at Washington.

Cunard vessel *Orduna* attacked by German submarine 37 miles off Queenstown.

July 7-9.—Battle at Krasnik, South Poland; defeat of the enemy.

July 11.—More fighting north of Arras.

After battle near Vilkolaz, south of Lublin. July 4–11, the Russian army took prisoners 297 officers and 22,464 men.

German cruiser *Königsberg*, bottled-up in German East African river, wrecked by two British monitors.

July 12.—Dispatch from Sir John French on the second battle of Ypres published.

German attack in the "Labyrinthe" region defeated.

Further progress of the Allies in Gallipoli.

Capture by the Italians of several new positions in the Trentino reported.

July 13.—Furnes and East Dunkirk bombarded by the Germans.

German bombardment of La Fontenelle.

The Crown Prince again thwarted in the Argonne, and Hill 285 recaptured by the French.

Bombing raids by French flying corps; station at Libercourt destroyed.

Bombs dropped by French aerial squadron on German strategic railway at Vigneulles-les-Hattonchatel.

July 14.—German bombardment of Arras and Soissons; French success in Arras region.

High explosives reported to have been dropped by Italian flying squadron on Austrian camp behind Gorizia.

July 15.—German repulses in Lorraine reported.

Occupation by the enemy of the right banks of the Rivers Windava and Wenda, Baltic Province.

Bombardment by Austrians of Monfalcone reported.

Regret expressed by the German Government to the United States for the torpedoing of the *Nebraskan* on May 25.

July 16. Two German attacks on Hill 263 in the Argonne repulsed.

Aggressive assumed by the Germans and Austrians along the front from Kurland to Bukovina.

Russian coalship *Balva* sunk by German submarine 60 miles off the Shetlands; crew saved.

July 17.—Judgment of the Court with regard to the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7—"the blame rests with those who plotted and those who committed the crime."

July 18.—Capture by the Germans of Tukkum.

Capture by the Germans of Krasnostaw.

Italian cruiser *Garibaldi* torpedoed by Austrian submarine in the Adriatic; majority of crew saved.

Rout of Austrians in front of Gorizia.

July 19.—Occupation by the British of 150 yards of the enemy's trenches east of Ypres.

German bombardment of Rheims.

Bombardment by French airmen of railway junction at Conflans-en-Jarny.

Total casualties, naval and military, at the Dardanelles to end of June, 42,434.

July 20.—Raids by French aviators, and bombs dropped on railway station at Colmar.

Destruction by Russian torpedo-boats of convoy of 59 Turkish sailing vessels, with war material, bound for Trebizond, reported.

July 21.—Statement by Mr. Macnamara that 95 neutral ships have been destroyed by German warships and mines to July 20.

Capture by the French of 150 yards of the enemy's trenches west of Münster.

Occupation by the French of the summit of the Linge.

July 22.—Bombardment by the Germans of the French positions on the Linge and the Barrenkopf; enemy driven back.

Reported occupation by British forces of Suk-es-Sheyukh in Mesopotamia.

Italian occupation of positions at Monte San Michele.

Russian steamer *Lubonia*, bound from Cardiff to Archangel, sunk by German submarine.

July 16–22.—Battle of Gorizia; Austrians defeated.

July 23.—Recapture by the French of trenches in the Bois le Prêtre.

German bombardment of Soissons and Rheims.

Bomb attack round the crater west of Hooge repulsed by the British.

Austrians driven back near Gorizia.

Third Note from the United States Government to Germany received at Berlin.

July 24.—Capture by the French of German positions north and east of St. Die.

Enemy's attempts to cross the Naref between Ostrolenka and Rojani repulsed, but enemy's attempt to cross the river in Rojani-Pultusk region partially successful.

Advance of the enemy towards Ponievesz in the Shavli region.

Destruction by French destroyer *Bisson* of Austrian submarine and aeroplane station at Lagosta announced.

Steamer *Grangewood* torpedoed by Germans off the north coast of Shetland.

July 24–25.—Further British advance in Mesopotamia, and occupation of Nasireye.

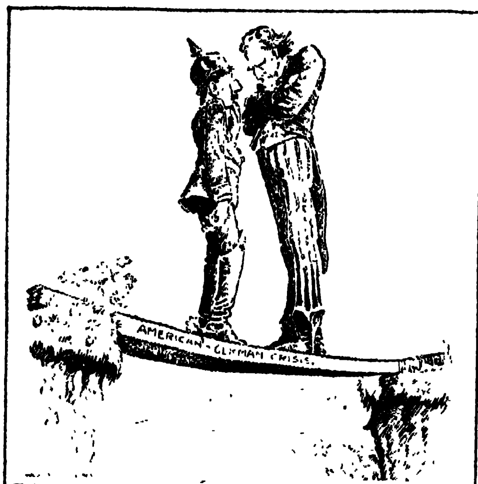
July 25.—Trading steamer *Firth* destroyed by German submarine off Orfordness; 4 of crew killed; and American steamer *Leelanaw* torpedoed off the Orkneys; crew saved.

July 26.—Turkish transport *Viga* reported to have been sunk by British submarine in the Sea of Marmora.

Great stand for Warsaw still being made by the Russian forces and the Austro-Germans still held up on the Lublin-Cholm front.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.*



Tennessean.] [Nashville.

"Somebody's Got to Back Up!"



Hindi Punch.]

The Latest American "Scrap of Paper."

AMERICAN EAGLE: "I hope you'll put away that sword after reading this Note of mine, friend."

GERMAN EAGLE: "It is only a scrap of paper. I only respect shell and sword, and thunder and lightning, friend."



Evening Mail.]

The American Note.



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

What "Ruling" means in Germany.

(*Just a little disguised now.*)

MR. PAN GERMANICUS: "I shall keep you altogether now! I expect the English, those dreadful rascals, will keep your Colonies!"

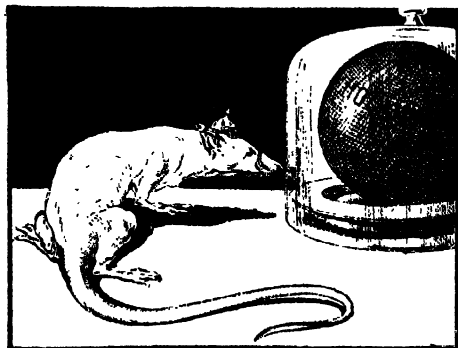


De Amsterdammer.]

Botha's Victory.

PAUL KRUGER (to Lord Roberts): "What do you say to that, General? Would you ever have thought it of the Boers?"

Holland is apprehensive of Germany's intention with regard to her, and *Critica* expresses this feeling. Naturally the Dutch papers are jubilant over Botha's victory in German South-West Africa, while Sir Francis Gould pays tribute to the statesmanship of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.



Critica.] [Buenos Ayres.

Germany and Holland.

THE RAT: "How willingly I would eat that cheese!"



Westminster Gazette.]

Bravo, Botha!

SHADE OF SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN: "Bravo, Botha! We trusted you in South Africa, and you have nobly justified our confidence."



Le Rire.] [Paris.

The Pope's Interview.

"A judge would let the balance incline—a merchant keeps it straight."

Le Rire suggests that the hope of temporal power blinds the Pope to the atrocities of the Germans, by whose help he hopes to regain that power.



The Nation.]

The Conscriptionist's Dream.

TYPE OF ENGLISH PATRIOT (at present very eloquent): "Go, monster! For your crimes you will be banished -banished to Great Britain!"



Le Cri de Paris.]

The Wolf and the Lamb.

THE SHEPHERD: "I am badly informed on the subject."



Cara Dura.] [Buenos Ayres.

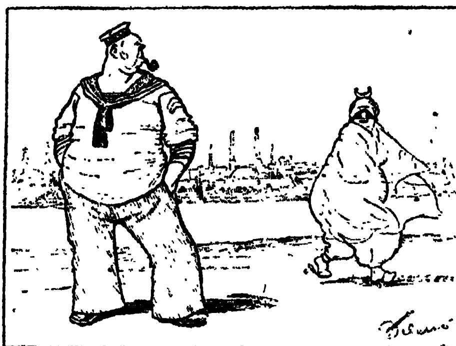
The Hague Conference will at last realise its ideal. On earth will reign the peace of the tomb.



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

Europe Undergoing an Operation for the Military Tumour.

TO PEACE: "We can't stop in the middle of the operation, my little dear. We'll call you in when we've finished."



Heraldo de Madrid.]

John Bull and Miss Constantinople.

"I look my handsomest, yet she always evades me!"



Critica.] [Buenos Ayres.

William and Napoleon's Clothes.

THE VALET: "Sire, it is a little too large for you."



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

Sweden between Russia and Germany.



De Amsterdammer.]

The Task of the Danaides.

The Cost of the War.

AN AUSTRALIAN ARTIST.



Photo by] [" Sears " Studios.

Mr. George H. Dancey.

The clever cartoonist of *The Melbourne Punch.*

THIS portrait serves to introduce to our readers one of Australia's most brilliant caricaturists. The striking fact about politics in "our other island" is the world-wide interest of our Colonial cousins in contra-distinction to the parochial mind which restricts the vision of many nationals at home and abroad. Mr. Dancey served his art apprenticeship as a stained glass decorator in London, and journeying to Australia for his health he has made his home in the land of illimitable promise, and at the same time has made his mark in one of the most difficult departments of journalistic activity.

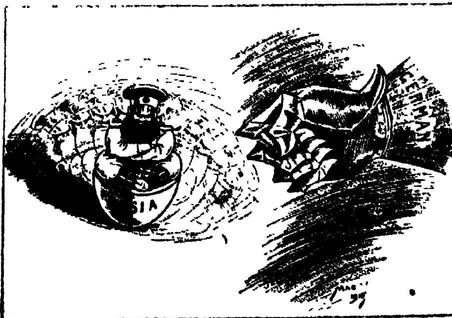


Punch.] [Melbourne.

Italy Opens Her Flood-gate.

KAISER BILL: "Another flood-gate opened! Mein Gott! V' nov 'vill save us? For a certainty ve go under."

A SOUTH AFRICAN VIEW.



Cape Times.]

Russia Always Bobs Up Serenely.



Eagle.] [Brooklyn.

Short of Teeth.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

The Review of Reviews makes a gratifying statement when it asserts that "the idea that the future peace of the world can best be dealt with by The Hague Conference is receiving support from all parts of the world." Material service to the cause of Peace can, and will, be done if all peacemakers, "as distinguished from mere peace-dreamers and peace-talkers," address themselves to preparation for the Third Hague Conference.

The programme for that Conference, according as it is set forth in Mr. F. Herbert Stead's article in *The American Review of Reviews*, makes very attractive reading, and contains many points and suggestions of the greatest potential value to all zealous peace-workers. I take it that the Third Conference will mainly follow the lines of those that have preceded it; but Mr. Stead has wisely devoted his attention to strengthening the Conference's constitution, and to adding to it certain functions and "spheres of influence" which have not hitherto been embraced by it, but which the war has already proved to be fit and necessary to be adopted. I venture to suggest that Mr. Stead's programme be "officially" adopted by the universal army of peace-workers, and that his *obiter dicta* be forthwith raised to the honours of our uplifted shields, so that the world may not only see and understand that we mean business, but may justly comprehend the precise character of the objects which we are resolved to accomplish.

I am heartily glad to observe that Mr. Stead's proposals provide for the establishment of the Conference as a permanent feature of international life. This is most necessary to be done. Article (*d*) provides, "That The Hague Conference meet oftener, and with automatic regularity"; whilst that which follows it states, "That the present Administrative Council (diplomatic body at The Hague) act as executive when the Conference is not in session, under a president elected by the Conference." Had such an establishment been in existence at the time when the war broke out, it is possible that means to avert the present conflict might have been found. At all events, such a body would undoubtedly have purchased delay, and in delay in respect of international crises there is safety.

The Conference, as reformed, should therefore constitute a permanent feature of international polity. It should be to the nations what the law court is to the individual; and there should be attached to its verdicts and decisions just that kind of power and credit which the ordinary law enjoys in respect of its executive capacity. Now, the function of the law is to administer justice; and that nation is to be accounted extremely happy whose courts, as whose general machinery in order to that end, are free of all corruption, and are, moreover, the refuge of the injured and the downtrodden, as well as the reasonable protection of the rich and the powerful. So must, or rather so should, it be in regard to the new Hague Conference, which should be set up in the interests as well of the weak, oppressed and insignificant among nations as of the great, the pushful, the powerful and the rich. The cry of the injured, and of those who are held in political bondage or subjection against their will, should be as sweet and compelling in the ear of Justice in her international shape as the just pleas of the powerful and the reasonable representations of such as occupy the seats of the mighty on earth.

R. Erskine of Mar.

A SUPERNATIONAL COUNCIL.

The New Statesman has published in two supplements "Suggestions for the Prevention of War." These suggestions are very much on the lines that have been adumbrated in earlier numbers of this magazine, but are much more definite and precise, and should be studied by everyone who believes that peace may be assured along such lines. In the first supplement (July 10th) Mr. L. S. Woolf clearly sketches the difficulties which have to be overcome before any practical scheme can be adopted to deal with international affairs in a fashion analogous to that in which the affairs of the individual in the State are dealt with: the lack of well-defined law, the absence of a judicial tribunal, and of any sanction for the law. He shows by an analysis of the proceedings of the various Conferences and Congresses that have taken place during the nineteenth century that Europe has been groping towards international control. He deals with the progress of arbitration and shows that it has been limited to a certain class of cases, which are described as "justiciable." Two great difficulties arise: (1) What questions are to be considered international, principally whether subject nationalities are the sole concern of the ruling Power or not. (2) Whether the decision of the majority international is binding on the minority. This last has always proved a stumbling block in the way of combined action and progress, but should not be insurmountable.

How to remedy the present state of things is set forth in the second supplement (July 17th):—

What is suggested is, first, the establishment of an International High Court, to which the nations shall agree to submit, not all their possible differences and disputes, but only such as are, by their very nature, "legal" or "justiciable." Experience warrants the belief that the decisions of such a judicial tribunal, *confined to the issues which the litigant States had submitted to it*, would normally be accepted by them. Provision is made, however, for a series of "sanctions other than war," principally economic and social in character, by which all the constituent States could bring pressure to bear on any State not obeying a decision of the Court.

Alongside the International High Court, but without authority over it, there should be an International Council, composed of representatives of such of the forty or fifty independent sovereign States of the world as may choose voluntarily to take part. It is proposed that this International Council should be differently regulated and organised according (1) as it acts as a World Legislature for codifying and amending international law, and for dealing with questions interesting only America or Europe respectively; or (2) is invoked by any constituent State to mediate in any dispute not of a nature to be submitted to the International High Court. It is not suggested that the enactments or the decisions of the International Council should, except to a very limited extent, be binding on States unwilling to ratify or acquiesce in them. Subject to the provisions made to prevent the proceedings being brought to naught by a tiny and unimportant minority, on matters of secondary importance, it is suggested that the International Council must content itself, at any rate at the outset, with that "greatest common measure" which commands general assent.

. . . It is nowhere suggested that any one of the eight Great Powers can—except by its own express ratification—be made subject to any enactment or decision of the International Council that it may deem to impair its independence or its territorial integrity, or to require any alteration of its internal laws.

It follows, accordingly, that each State retains the right to go to war if, after due delay, it chooses to do so.

What the several States are asked to bind themselves to are (*a*) to submit all disputes of the "legal" or "justiciable" kind (but no others) to the decision of the International High Court, unless some special tribunal is preferred and agreed to; (*b*) to lay before the International Council, for enquiry, mediation, and eventual report, all disputes not "justiciable" by the International High Court or other tribunal; (*c*) in no case to proceed to any warlike operation, or commit any act of aggression, until twelve months

after the dispute had been submitted to one or the other body; (*d*) to put in operation, if and when required, the sanctions (other than war) decreed by the International High Court; and, possibly the most essential of all these proposals, (*e*) *to make common cause, even to the extent of war, against any constituent State which violates this fundamental agreement.*

A series of articles are then set forth dealing with the functions which are duties of the Council, of which we quote a few:—

When any question, difference or dispute arising between two or more Constituent States is not justiciable as defined in these Articles, and is not promptly brought to an amicable settlement, and is of such a character that it might ultimately endanger friendly relations between such States, it shall be the duty of each party to the matter at issue, irrespective of any action taken or not taken by any other party, to submit the question, difference or dispute to the International Council with a view to a satisfactory settlement being arrived at. The Council may itself invite the parties to lay any such question, difference or dispute before the Council, or the Council may itself take any such matter at issue into its own consideration.

The Constituent States hereby severally agree and bind themselves under no circumstances to address to any other Constituent State an ultimatum or anything in the nature of a threat of forcible reprisals or naval or military operations, or actually to commence hostilities against such State, or to violate its territory, or to attack its ships, otherwise than by way of repelling and defeating a forcible attack actually made by naval or military force, before a matter in dispute, if not of a justiciable character as defined in these Articles, has been submitted to or taken into consideration by the International Council as aforesaid for investigation, modification and report, and during a period of one year from the date of such submission or consideration.

The International Council may appoint a Permanent Board of Conciliators for dealing with all such questions, differences or disputes as they arise, and may constitute the Board either on the nomination of the several Constituent States or otherwise, in such manner, upon such conditions and for such term or terms as the Council may decide.

When any question, difference or dispute, not of a justiciable character as defined in these Articles, is submitted to or taken into consideration by the International Council as aforesaid, the Council shall, with the least possible delay, take action, either (1) by referring the matter at issue to the Permanent Board of Conciliators, or (2) by appointing a Special Committee, whether exclusively of the Council or otherwise, to enquire into the matter and report, or (3) by appointing a Commission of Enquiry to investigate the matter and report, or (4) by itself taking the matter into consideration.

The Constituent States hereby agree and bind themselves, whether or not they are parties to any such matter at issue, to give all possible facilities to the International Council, to the Permanent Board of Conciliators, to any Committee or Commission of Enquiry appointed by either of them, and to any duly accredited officer of any of these bodies, for the successful discharge of their duties.

When any matter at issue is referred to the Board of Conciliation, or to a Special Committee, or to a Commission of Enquiry, such Board, Committee, or Commission shall, if at any time during its proceedings it succeeds in bringing about an agreement between the parties upon the matter at issue, immediately report such agreement to the International Council; but, if no such agreement be reached, such Board, Committee or Commission shall, so soon as it has finished its enquiries, and in any case within six months, make a report to the International Council, stating the facts of the case and making any recommendations for a decision that are deemed expedient.

A resolution of the Council embodying a decision settling a matter at issue between Constituent States shall be obligatory and binding on all the Constituent States, including all the parties to the matter at issue, if either it is passed unanimously by all the members of the Council present and voting; or (*query add: it is passed with no other dissentient present and voting than the representatives of one only of the States which have been parties in the case*), or where the proposed enactment does not affect the independent sovereignty or the territorial integrity, nor require any change in the internal laws of any State, and where such enactment shall have been assented to by a three-fourths majority of the votes given by the representatives present and voting (***query add: and such majority includes all the eight Great Powers.***)

With the important question as to the enforcement of the decrees of the Court, the Articles declare :—

When in any case upon which judgment is given by the International High Court, the Court finds that any of the parties to the case has, by act, negligence, or default, committed any breach of international obligation, whether arising by Treaty, or Agreement or by International Law, or by enactment of the International Council in accordance with these Articles, the Court may simply declare that one or other litigant State is in default, and leave such State voluntarily to make reparation; or the Court may, in the alternative, itself direct reparation to be made or compensation to be paid for such wrong, and may assess damages or compensation,

In the event of non-compliance with any decision or decree or injunction of the International High Court, or of non-payment of the damages, compensation, or fine within the time specified for such payment, the Court may decree execution, and may call upon the Constituent States, or upon some or any of them, to put in operation, after duly published notice, for such period and under such conditions as may be arranged, any or all of the following sanctions viz.:

(*a*) To lay an embargo on any or all ships within the jurisdiction of such Constituent State or States registered as belonging to the recalcitrant State;

(*b*) To prohibit any lending of capital or other moneys to the citizens, companies, or subordinate administrations of the recalcitrant State, or to its national Government;

(*c*) To prohibit the issue or dealing in or quotation on the Stock Exchange or in the press of any new loans, debentures, shares, notes or securities of any kind by any of the citizens, companies or subordinate administrations of the recalcitrant State, or of its national Government;

(*d*) To prohibit all postal, telegraphic, telephonic and wireless communication with the recalcitrant State;

(*e*) To prohibit the payment of any debts due to the citizens, companies or subordinate administrations of the recalcitrant State, or to its national Government;

(*f*) To prohibit all imports, or certain specified imports, coming from the recalcitrant State, or originating within it;

(*g*) To prohibit all exports, or certain specified exports consigned directly to the recalcitrant State, or destined for it;

(*h*) To prohibit all passenger traffic (other than the exit of foreigners), whether by ship, railway, canal or road, to or from the recalcitrant State;

(*i*) To prohibit the entrance into any port of the Constituent States of any of the ships registered as belonging to the recalcitrant State, except so far as may be necessary for any of them to seek safety, in which case such ship or ships shall be interned;

(*j*) To declare and enforce a decree of complete non-intercourse with the recalcitrant State, including all the above-mentioned measures of partial non-intercourse;

(*k*) To levy a special export duty on all goods destined for the recalcitrant State, accounting for the net proceeds to the International High Court;

(*l*) To furnish a contingent of warships to maintain a combined blockade of one or more of the ports, or of the whole coastline of the recalcitrant State.

When on any decree or decision or injunction of the International High Court execution is ordered, or when any sanction or other measure ordered by the Court is directed to be put in operation against any Constituent State, it shall be an offence against the comity of nations for the State against which such decree, decision, injunction, or execution has been pronounced or ordered, or against which any sanction or other measure is directed to be enforced, to declare war, or to take any naval or military action, or to violate the territory or attack the ships of any other State or to commit any other act of aggression against any or all of the States so acting under the order of the Court; and all the other Constituent States shall be bound, and do hereby pledge themselves, to make common cause with the State or States so attacked, and to use naval and military force to protect such State or States, and to enforce the orders of the International High Court, by any warlike operations that may for the purpose be deemed necessary.

Though no mention is made in these supplements of the Third Hague Conference, it is obvious that it would be the best occasion on which to bring forward such a plan. That Conference is bound to meet, and to call a different one consisting of representatives of the same States would be superfluous.

KING COAL: THE TALE OF A TUB.

THE coal consumer is now required to pay an additional ransom of £37,000,000 in order to enjoy the privilege of burning British coal. The Coalition Government, which has made this possible, demands the consumer's admiration, the coal merchant insists on his sympathy, the colliery proprietor boasts his losses, and everybody is asked to hate that unreasonable creature, the miner, lately apotheosised as the hero of Senghenydd, etc., etc.

Was there ever such a tangle outside the shades of Bedlam?

The more closely the whole position is examined the more mysterious does the matter become. Let us review the past twelve months. Faced by a grave national emergency, the late Government took over the direction of the railways, a most drastic step, but considered necessary, and all men consented where they did not approve. This step involved a number of minor inconveniences to which the public have gladly submitted. In the early autumn rising prices gave the coal monopolists the idea of a squeeze; and, although coal had been bought on the favourable pre-war contracts, the public was robbed up to the hilt- the Government was appealed to, and result— Nothing! Again the public submit, this time with ill-grace; meantime the Government threw out hints that they expected the coal monopolists to be merciful.

In the early months of 1915 the Government knew that the South Wales miners were going to ask for a revision of the wage scale; the attitude of the colliery proprietors made a strike one of the possibilities. Members of the Government have advertised the fact that coal is the life-blood of the Navy, thus presenting the argument to the nation that the national control of the mines is as essential to the safety of the country as the direction of the railways. Everyone was prepared to admit the necessity, even when the desirability was questioned; but the Government denies its own argument, and does nothing. Rather, the all-important mines are left in the hands of private employers, who are ostensibly unable to agree with their workmen.

Stupidly, the Government arranged to coerce working men; 200,000 men struck, and the authorities were powerless to apply the unnecessary Act. Fortunately, Mr. Lloyd George was available, and he, remembering the ancient fable of the contest of the Wind and the Sun, succeeded in persuading the miners to return to the task of raising coal that we might continue our national existence.

The Government's hesitation in applying its railway policy to the mines is inexplicable, and as one result the President of the Board of Trade has covered himself with ridicule by introducing a Bill to limit prices some time in the dim and distant future, and this after waiting nine months while interested parties have fixed up contracts against the public.

The Government is composed of men who have made the fatal mistake of assuming that the coal ring is composed of patriotic gentlemen. They are coalmongers, neither more nor less, and will yield no profit or advantage that can be screwed out of a protesting public sacrificed to an artificially rigged market. The "swag" is admittedly tempting, the increased price to be paid by the Glasgow Corporation alone being £75,000 for the coming winter's supply.

The coal merchant is incorrigible, and

the merchant is hand-in-glove with the colliery proprietor. In a time of national emergency they deliberately exploit the public, retailing coal at 40s. per ton to the poor, purchased by them at 10s. at the pit's mouth, and now, by a family arrangement, the price is enhanced by charges, mostly fictitious. The public will pay, for it has no remedy.

When will the Government realise that it stands as guardian and trustee for the nation? If every taxpayer is mulct in heavy prices for daily necessities, it is idle to preach economy. Coal prices are not influenced by the competition of foreign fuel, and there was never any need for any marked increase in the price to the retailer, for the margin of profit was wide enough to give the coal vendors an opportunity of showing a patriotic example to other traders by keeping the prices at the old level.

The issue is clear. If the middleman is allowed to exploit the public with the approval of the Government, the path is made plain for the Syndicalist, and he will not hesitate to take advantage of the situation.

Is it too much to ask the Government to take the drastic and essential step of transferring the mines to public control? Any argument but force is wasted at this time, and further discussion where action is possible is a lamentable sign of weakness and a surrender of public to private interests.



Photo by] [*Sport and General.*

A Typical Welsh Miner.

Many writers are engaged in drawing comparisons between the complete organisation of national affairs possible under absolutism and the ineffectual muddling apparently inherent in a democratic State. In the United Kingdom the welfare of the citizen is subordinated to the interests of capital, and if the threat of compulsory thrift is to be applied, in self-defence we must see that an end is made of mining royalties, which constitute blackmail on the coal producer and coal consumer alike. The Government's insistence on the importance of coal to the Fleet, to the factories, to the railways themselves, provides ample argument for the transfer of the coal mines to the nation, and by this action the citizens of the much-maligned democratic State would enjoy one of the benefits which flow so genially from the vaunted absolutism which presumably expresses the last word of organised polity.

GERMAN GROTESQUES.

THE MEGALOMANIA OF MALICE.

CHURCHILL'S remark about great victories in the Dardanelles which did not materialise causes much scoffing at him as an oracle. There is a continual reference to the belief that the Russian retreat will be followed by revolution; also that Russia is on the point of collapse, especially now that Hindenburg is in the field against her (p. 123).

Anger against Italy still occupies much space, but as the artists merely indulge in spiteful repetition, their work is not worthy of reproduction in these pages. Scoffs at Italy's achievements are numerous, though it is suggested that she has done as much as the others (p. 124).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

England's Jester.

The Germans having justified Churchill's prophecy that "great victories" were to be expected, he will never give up his *rôle* of Pythian Oracle.

England's efforts amongst the Allies are put down as simply amounting to bribery. Her numerous loans to the Allies are supposed to be ruining her (p. 125).

The voyage of the *U* boats to the Dardanelles and the attacks on merchantmen are, of course, shown as terrifying this country. Sir A. Markham's speech about hanging those responsible for lack of ammunitions also comes in for comment (p. 126).

England is represented as being angry with Italy for not at once helping in the Dardanelles. The three leading men of America are supposed to be working simply with an eye to the next Presidential election (p. 127).

Hints to Spain to seize Gibraltar are always occurring, as are gibes at our Indian troops (p. 128).



Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

The Russian Retreat.

"The fellow is too heavy for me; you carry him a bit."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Shortage of Munitions in Russia.

JOHN BULL (*to Russia, who can no longer get any breath*): "Wait, Ivan, I will soon open the Dardanelles for you."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire.

REVOLUTION: "Hearty Welcome, Little Father."



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Fall of Russia.

"What can we do? Think of it. Mackensen Linsingen, Pflanzer . . . !"

"The worst is yet to come- Hindenburg."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Eagle Hunter.

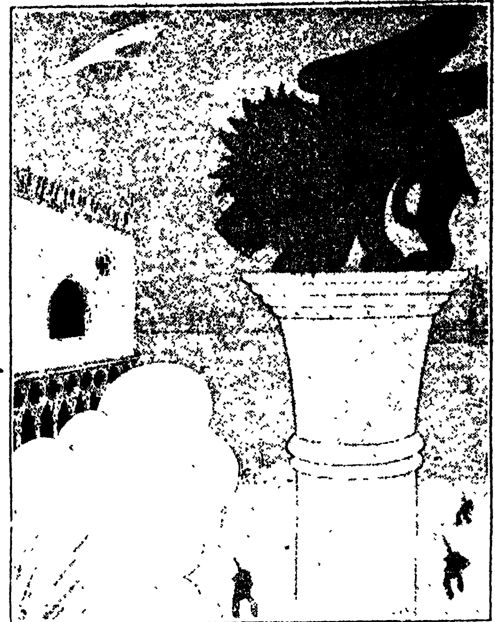
When the weather gets better he thinks he will start to climb.



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

One Obvious Result of the War.

A reduced Royal Family asks for alms.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Lion of St. Mark.

"This is uncomfortable. I think I will give up my place to D'Annunzio."



Jugend.] [Munich.

The Victor.

ITALY: "What! You are not satisfied with my victories? *Maledetto,* I am doing as much as you are."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

England's Appeal to the Neutrals.



Jugend.] [Munich.

John Bull as Salome.

"All this treasure will be yours when you bring me Michel's skin."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Entente-Danæs and the Shower of Gold.

ZEUS-BULL: "Goddam! I haven't got enough gold!"



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Grey's Standpoint.

"There must be no separate peace—but if there is England alone shall make it."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Gibraltar.

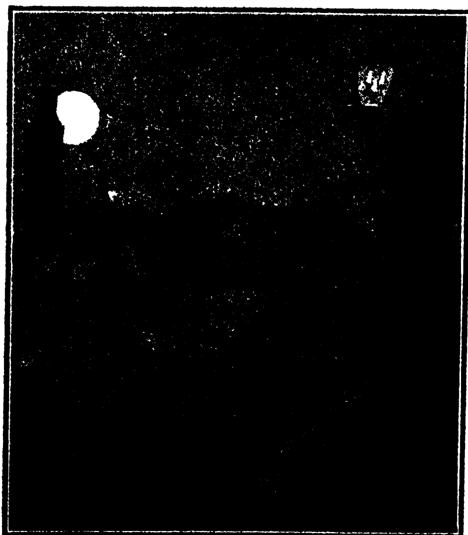
"Now, no other *U* boat can get through."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Angry John Bull.

"Damn! have I lost so much by the *U* boats? I must go into Doggerbankruptcy."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna

The-Lamp-post of Whitehall.

(cf. Sir Arthur Markham's speech.)



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Grey on Holiday.

"He has bad eyes? We have known that a long time.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Wonderful Lamp at the Dardanelles.

(*Not from "The Arabian Nights."*)



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

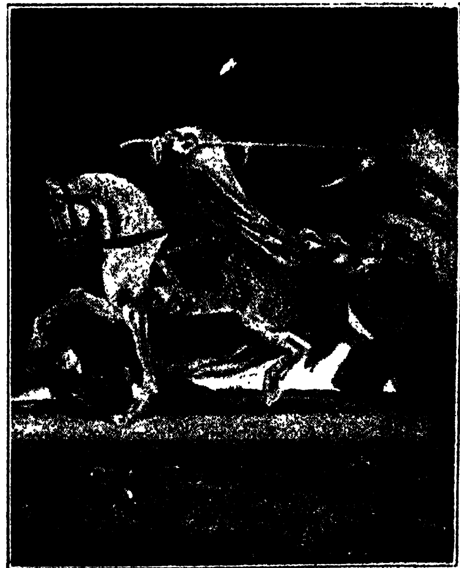
JOHN BULL: "In return for my money, to the Dardanelles at once."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

The American Peace Plant.

The method of each is different, but the object is the same—viz., the next Presidency.



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

The Inexorable.

Death and the Mothers.



Lustige Blatter.] [Berlin.

Gibraltar.

If the Spaniard only pulls out the thorn, it will annoy the English.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

"What is the matter, Joffre, shall we soon be getting on?"

"At once, my friends, as soon as the little fellow has cranked up."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Racing in the Circus Maximus.

Evviva Italy leads, though the others had ten months' start.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Present-day John Bull.

Judging by the colour of the troops in Flanders.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

JOURNALISTS *v.* STATESMEN.

"And yet nowadays the journalist is the statesman and the statesman is often a journalist; and the intelligence division of any great newspaper is probably nearer in time to the actual truth of things than that of any of our great Departments of State." SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, in *The Times*.

QUOTING the above opinion, Austin Harrison takes this as the text of his article on "The Responsibility of the Press" in that fighting organ *The English Review*. Mr Harrison urges, with all the force at his command and with all his unanswerable logic, the fact that the Press stands for good government in this country—nay, more, he insists with truth that government is impossible without the co-operation and guidance of the Press. The Press exists as the great moderator in public affairs, and is the final High Court of Appeal in this country, and the attempt to gag this great institution was a ghastly blunder:

The truth is that the moment the Press was muzzled by the Censorship, the ship of State lost a propeller; the boiler leaked; the rudder jammed; the vessel drifted; there was no pilot; there was no chief engineer; the bo'sun lost his pipe; the cook overslept; the lugger leaked. And these things happened because in this country Ministers don't govern, and are not supposed to, and the moment the political claque was silenced and men held their peace and the Government found itself irresponsibly responsible they naturally became responsibly irresponsible; they waited to see; they assumed; they presumed; they did not think because they did not know and there was no one to instruct them; they did not see because, in the absence of the Press, they had lost their telescopic sights.

The one thing lacking to ensure the efficiency of Press control is unity, and that so far has been lacking—a heritage of our obsession with party politics. The remedy for governmental blundering is this "Unity and Solidarity of the Press," and Mr. Harrison boldly tackles the problem:—

If only the editors of our great Press would meet together and pledge themselves to treat the situations which arise, and as they arise, conjointly on national lines, immediately, there and then, the country would have the necessary unity. At once Ministers would realise that failure, incompetency, inefficiency carried with them the penalty of public exposure, not the exposure of this newspaper, or that group of newspapers, but national exposure from the Sovereign Court of Appeal in the land. At once Labour leaders would feel that they could no longer count on dissent and disunion. At once the authorities would feel that whip of national conscience which Party politics never administered to them. At once confidence would be restored. Harmony would prevail. Intrigue would cease. Jealousy would find no support. For the first time we in England would be a whole.

Had our editors possessed any common policy, it is inconceivable that the shell blunders could have been committed, because editors would have known about the shortage—they did know—and they would have gone to the Government and said: "Gentlemen, you put this right, or we expose you." If, instead of gagging editors, Mr. Asquith had called them together and said, last September, "Your duty is to agree," the editors would have found a working basis, would have met in weekly counsel, would have kept in touch, would have stifled by their "curtain fire" of patriotism scandal after scandal, muddle after muddle, and got them promptly remedied.

Fate has removed from our midst the one strong man who, had he been living now, would have assuredly secured the co-operation of his fellow journalists to rally to the cause, but individuality in the Press is surely sufficiently developed to respond to Mr. Harrison's summons:

The first thing the Press ought to do is to summon a conference of editors and immediately proclaim unanimity of interest and design. It does not matter a brass farthing who presides, who calls the conference. We on the Press are the true Committee of Public Safety. We are the conscience of England. On us, the final responsibility will lie.

THE VOICE OF THE NATION.

THE POLITICAL LAWYER AS ENEMY.

The most vital problem before the citizens of the democratic States is to ensure that the legislative machinery shall represent the well-considered opinions of the best minds. A very valuable paper appears in *The Forum* from the pen of Professor Harry Allen Overstreet on "The Government of To-morrow," in which he outlines a method which will obviate the worst evils of the mass system of voting. The Professor writes more particularly of conditions in the United States, but his words apply with equal force to the United Kingdom :—

One of the most serious defects of our political machinery is found in the prevalent theory of representation. It is curious how contentedly we accept that theory as if it had been handed to us from Sinai's top, not noting that the times have so changed as to make the theory no longer truly applicable. We view it as a matter of course that a political State should be divided into its smaller units, and these into still smaller units, and these into still smaller; and that in each unit citizens should vote as members of the unit. The person who "represents" these citizens represents them as inhabitants of that particular territory.

As against this territorial system, which always disfranchises the minority, the writer proposes to substitute the "group" system, which briefly is to arrange for members of legislative bodies to be elected by trades, professions, and other concrete interests, which together represent the working life of the community. The adoption of this method would be the end of the carpet-bagger :—

That this change, perplexing as will be the problems which it will generate, will mean much for our political life cannot, I think, be doubted. Of primary importance will be the fact that the basis of selection of candidates will be both logically and psychologically superior to that of the present system. A group of a hundred physicians or of a hundred teachers or of a hundred artisans would be far more capable of making secure judgment upon one of its number than a helter-skelter group of citizens selected according to locality. Again, for a man desirous of serving the public welfare, there would be a peculiar joy in standing for the fellows of his craft. His appeal to them for support would be an appeal to their understanding and their intelligent interests. There would be no need for him to lower himself to that type of campaign cajolery which is necessary, apparently, when the appeal must be made to all sorts and conditions of men.

Contrast this with the present process :—

Government, as it is organised to-day, has no place for these save by indirection. If education, or medicine, or housewifery, or art would be heard in the halls of legislation, they must say their words into the half-understanding ears of some ambitious young lawyer who will later reproduce them in his own way—if the times and the occasions fit.

Here is the curiously inept aspect of our modern political life, that with all the diverse interests that need expression, each in its own way, all expression is barred save, in the main, as it issues from the lips of a lawyer. There can be no adequate political life—no political life, that is, adequate to the rich variety of our social existence—until this tyranny of the lawyer is abolished, until all authentic interests, in short, speak their needful words in their own proper character.

The political lawyer to-day is the logical outcome of the out-of-date system in which we find ourselves. He is the man who can move easily among a heterogeneous citizenry, glib of tongue, genial of hand, easy at all problems, master of none. The incarnation of that conceptual monstrosity "the average citizen," he fills our legislative halls with eloquence and incompetence. There is no hope for our politics until we rid ourselves of him, bag and baggage. Obviously we shall accomplish the removal only as we completely alter the basis of our political selection, changing from a system of choosing a hail-fellow from among a heterogeneous mass to a system of choosing a craftsman from the craftsman group. . . .

Where some persons are, by reason of their preoccupations, utterly ignorant of matters vital to the State, others are alive with expert knowledge. It is because our modern democracy treats all men as abstractly alike, because it fails, in short, to regard them concretely, as persons with individual and group differences, that our democracy fails so lamentably to elicit from its members their authentic abilities and efforts.

It would be folly, of course, to pretend that a high grade of political efficiency will be attained at once when men change from the inorganic system of territorial to the organic system of vocational grouping. But it may at least be maintained, with some show of reason, that with that change one of the most insidiously persistent obstacles to political efficiency will have been removed

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

The United Empire places on permanent record the statesmanlike speech of Sir John McCall recently addressed to the Royal Colonial Institute. The address emphasised the necessity of calling a Convention to which not only the Dominions and India should be asked to send representatives, but that the Crown Colonies should also be included in the invitation. Sir John explained the objects of his proposal, which has already met with the widest approval:—

Such a Convention could include practically all the leading legislative, constitutional, and administrative talent of the Empire. This Convention should meet in private and consider all the problems in connection with a federation for the purpose of defence, and at the same time be free to make suggestions for legislative powers in other directions. If a satisfactory scheme is evolved, it should then be submitted for approval to the Imperial and Dominions Parliaments and the various councils represented at the Conference or by referendum to the electors. I propose the inclusion of authorities on constitutional law, so that the best assistance may be available, and so that it will be possible to include prominent men who have gone out of politics, but who had much to do in connection with the preparation of the Commonwealth Act of Australia and the Act of the Union in South Africa. It would not be necessary that these invited members should vote, indeed it might be well that they should not. I propose that the State and Provincial Parliaments should be represented not only because many of them have had long political experience in their various Parliaments, and it will be well to have the benefit of their mature judgment, but in addition they would be invaluable to share with the Dominion's representatives the advocacy of any decision arrived at by the Convention when the same comes to be submitted to the people for acceptance.

The proposal that the meetings should be held *in camera* is made so that difficulties found in considering any of the problems discussed may not be made known to enemy countries, and so that the greatest freedom from party restraints should be enjoyed by the delegates, and I might add that it would enable the Convention to get through the work in a reasonable time. I believe such a Convention as the one suggested will be able to agree on what is best for the Empire, and the knowledge that those best qualified to settle the matter have so decided will satisfy most of us even if it has to recommend something short of an Imperial Parliament, always providing it ensures effective defence as well as a complete and unified nationality.

It may be the Convention will decide that we are better to go on as we are going, or it may be it will favour setting up a sort of "half-way house" in the form of a Federal Council so as to allow of the more complete federation developing by a process of evolution. We tried that method in Australia, but unfortunately the most populous State remained out; many of us believe that, if New South Wales had joined the Council, we would have secured Australian federation years earlier, and the work of the Council might have ensured us a better Constitution

All I ask is that a properly constituted Convention should give the Empire the benefit of its best judgment at a time when all citizens are prepared to listen



Photo by] [*Val L'Estrange.*

Sir John McCall.

Agent-General for Tasmania.

INDIVIDUAL THRIFT—A PLAIN DUTY.

There is no obligation for the financial critic to peer too earnestly into the uncertainties of the future, still less to paint the picture in unnecessary colours of gloom. The great Loan has been achieved; it will do its work, and sufficient unto the day is the loan thereof. The one fixed and irreducible postulate that governs the situation is that we shall fight if need be, to our last ship and our last shilling. Whatever be the cost—whatever the sacrifices—we shall go on until we have made the German bully bite the dust; otherwise the German bully will make *us* bite it. This year the war will cost us close on a thousand million pounds, and it is at least on the cards that there may be another year, and yet another, at the same appalling rate of expenditure. The thousand millions will undoubtedly go a long way towards subduing the enemy, but we hardly dare hope they will go far enough. We must be prepared to stake everything or lose everything. There is no middle course.—H. J. JENNINGS, on "The Great War Loan" in *The Fortnightly Review*.

FOR generations the spending class has hugged the delusion that it confers a favour on the nation by its disregard of economy. That "luxury is good for trade" is the abiding belief of thousands of tradesmen and mechanics who are now to learn that administering to the wasteful is neither profitable to the nation nor of ultimate advantage to themselves; circumstances may teach the lesson which the political economist has vainly attempted. The whole situation is explored in J. A. R. Marriott's article in *The Fortnightly Review* on "Private Thrift and Public Expenditure," which, in a few words, sums up the present pernicious doctrine: "If you make money and *spend* it, well and good; the principle of property 'for use' demands this degree of liberty; but you must not *save*: hoarding is the one unforgivable sin. In economic language it is legitimate to consume wealth, but not to accumulate capital." Mr. Marriott has no hesitation in suggesting "old-fashioned thrift" as the only remedy, and the following indicates the way:

The middle and upper classes must set a better example of thrift and restraint. It is probably true that ostentation has in recent years increased in faster ratio than actual extravagance. But be that as it may, it is certain that both have increased much faster than is seemly or safe.

Not that the upper classes, any more than the lower, are wholly to blame. The responsibility really lies upon the prevailing temper of the community at large as reflected in the Government. This is no time for indulging in political recrimination, but it is an indisputable fact that the Treasury has recently tended to discourage thrift; and that in two different ways. It has sanctioned, and indeed, contrary to all sound precedents, has initiated, vast expenditure, and simultaneously it has imposed ever-increasing burdens upon the laboriously accumulated savings of the middle classes. More than that, by indulgence in reckless talk no less than in extravagant administration, Ministers have induced even the thriftily inclined to adopt the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall be taxed on anything we fail to consume to-day."

Nemesis has now come. It was bound to have come before long, even if the peace of Europe had remained unbroken. The pace could not have been indefinitely maintained. The outbreak of a great war has precipitated the inevitable crisis, and the scales have fallen from the eyes of those who have long been blind to the tolerably obvious truths proclaimed by economists. At last we learn from the most authoritative source that "the State in carrying through a great war like this must primarily depend on the *savings of the community*." It is a great truth, stated with perfect directness and simplicity. Would that its significance had been realised long ago by those who now proclaim and insist upon it.

The writer does not fail to recognise the importance of his own remedy when he submits:

This much, however, is certain: that if the voluntary principle, in relation to the practice of thrift, should prove inadequate, the Treasury can have no hesitation in applying the principle of compulsion. It will indeed have no option. Out of savings past and future, and out of savings alone, can this war be financed. The strictest frugality, the abstinence from anything in the nature of a luxury or even a superfluity, is therefore a plain duty incumbent at this crisis upon every patriotic citizen.

PAY! PAY!! PAY!!!

"In such a war as this the State must needs become a Socialist State, and *it is at this moment as to more than one-half of its activities a Socialist State.* If governing men do not understand the necessity in time of war to subordinate everything to the collective interest it goes hard with the national cause."

THUS Sir Leo Chiozza Money, whose chief delight is to make figures talk. Under his hand statistical tables lose all their dullness, and his readers are instructed the whiles they are entertained. Many writers are struggling to impress the public with the gravity of the financial situation, but a perusal of Sir Leo's article on "Paying for the War" in *The English Review* will enable the householder to realise the exact extent of his burden, and supply him with the necessary fortitude to face all eventualities with good heart.

Of course, the word "deficit" is not encouraging, but there is a way out, and economy must be our sesame, as is clearly indicated in our extracts from the article:—

What do we mean when we say that the war is costing £3,000,000 a day out of a National Income which is about £6,000,000 a day? If we spend upon war about £35 a second out of a national income of about £70 per second, what, in concrete, is happening?

Clearly to understand war economy it is necessary to bear in mind that in time of peace a very large part of the National Income is expended by rich and poor upon things which by no stretch of the imagination can be termed other than superfluities. In his *Principles of Economics* Professor Marshall has observed that "perhaps £100,000,000 annually are spent even by the working classes, and £400,000,000 by the rest of the population of England, in ways that do little or nothing towards making life nobler or truly happier." These words were written some years ago, and Professor Marshall's figures may be taken to be a very modest estimate of luxury expenditure. A very large proportion indeed of the National Income of £70 per second is normally spent upon luxuries. If we consider merely what rich and poor spend upon drink, tobacco, and motor pleasure vehicles, we get the following figures, which are near approximations to the truth (*circa* 1913):—

	Million £
Alcoholic drink	160
Non-alcoholic drink (including the preparation of tea, &c.) ...	70
Tobacco	35
New motor pleasure vehicles and car maintenance	75
	340

It is probable, indeed, that upon articles which can only be counted as luxuries, many of which were undreamed of not long ago in the history of the nation, rich and poor together spend fully £800,000,000 a year. With that figure in mind, the finance of war, even at £1,000,000,000 a year, presents itself in a different perspective. If we go back no farther than to 1868, when Mr. Dudley Baxter made the first detailed examination of the British National Income, we find that his conclusion was that in that year the average income per person was £27. If that were our income to-day, the aggregate national income would amount to only £1,242,000,000, whereas it is at least £2,200,000,000. It will be seen, therefore, that if we consider the cost of the war to be an actual deduction from current income, we are still about as well off as we were in 1868.

Subscribers to the War Loan will appreciate the humour of the suggestion in the following paragraph in which Paul will be taxed to pay Paul's interest:

We have also to remind ourselves that the Government is borrowing a very large proportion of the current income of the country in order to spend it upon the war. That means that at the end of the war the people as a whole will be indebted to some amongst them in respect of interest to be paid, although the commodities bought with the money borrowed will have been blown to bits. It will be perceived that if every British citizen equally lent money to the State, at the end of the war each citizen would have to pay in taxes the exact amount of interest receivable by himself on the money which he had lent to the State. In practice, however, the lending is unequal, and the tax-paying in respect of interest payments is also unequal. That, however, is to open up another chapter, which need not detain us here.

The broad considerations which I have advanced cannot fail, I think, to reassure those who are inclined to take a gloomy view of the financial outlook. *The major point of difficulty is that of financing the excessive imports required by ourselves and our Allies.* On that head the situation could be eased considerably by floating a loan in America, a loan which would, in effect, amount to this—that we should borrow instead of buying from America the food, materials, and munitions which she can so abundantly supply.

The writer's advice is to avoid all waste in order to minimise our present and future burdens, and above all that organisation is essential in our national affairs in order to achieve final victory.

HOW DO WE STAND?

THE first paper in *The Contemporary Review* is devoted to a full consideration of "The Financial Situation," by the Rt. Hon. C. Hobhouse, whose experience enables him to present the case with authority.

The following is an interesting comparison of the relative financial stability of the principal belligerents:

America has come to the conclusion that British credit has depreciated nearly 5 points; French credit about 10½ points; and German credit nearly 17 points. Assuming, therefore, as we properly may, that the credit of each of the belligerents was almost equally good at the commencement of the struggle, it would seem that, notwithstanding the strain put upon us, our financial credit in the eyes of a strict and impartial critic is infinitely better at the present time than that of our principal opponent. This is all the more satisfactory when we remember that in addition to our own vast expenditure we have already supplied at least £52,000,000 as loans to our Dominions and Allies.

The position in the future is full of difficulty and embarrassment, and will require the most delicate, skilful, courageous, and patient handling, yet in the opinion of unprejudiced and experienced observers we are a solvent and substantial community with whom it is safe as well as profitable to trade. We ourselves need not take a more unfavourable view of our situation and resources than others take of them, and up to the present, therefore, we may be satisfied with the financial position.

ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE!!

IN *The British Review* Thomas Rose discusses "Britain's Financial Problem," and explains the value of a continued support to the War Loan through the Post Office. The article contains a plain statement of the harm wrought by purchasing goods supplied by other countries:—

Anything that we import from abroad has these effects:—

1. It increases England's debt to foreigners;

2. It tends to keep freights (or cost of sea carriage) high, and thereby

3. It tends to keep up the prices of necessaries;

4. It increases the pressure on the railways and docks, which want all their rolling stock and quay space for the Government;

5. It uses up the work of carriers, clerks, and shopmen, which might have been put into something that would have helped the war or would have helped our export trade.

By buying anything that comes from abroad we in effect import it, because our purchase means that the stock is to that extent diminished and merchants are encouraged to replenish it.

This should be clear to the dullest intellect, and the writer then proceeds to deal with the relative extravagance of the two sexes in the matter of purchases, and his verdict is just:

But it does not greatly concern us to decide which of the sexes is the greater sinner in this respect. There is no doubt that the influence of women on expenditure is of great importance, and that if only they can be made to see the duty of economy in the interests of the nation, our position at the end of the war will be very much stronger than seems likely at present. As we are spending now, with the Government pouring out money with both hands while the ordinary citizen, unless actually compelled by loss of income, is hardly economising at all, we are going ahead full steam towards the loss of our financial supremacy. It is no question of national bankruptcy or any sensational horrors of that sort. We shall pay our way, however long the war lasts, and we shall suffer from it less, perhaps, than most of the other Powers engaged. But unless we learn, or are compelled by the Government, to spend less as individuals, we shall surely hand over the financial leadership of the world to the Americans if the war goes on much longer. We have to buy so much from them for our Army that, if we go on buying as usual for ourselves, they will be able either to take all our gold from us and so shatter our credit as the world's bankers, or to compel us to borrow from them on any terms that they choose to dictate. Are we going to let this happen when we can avoid it by self-denial among ourselves, rewarded by 4½ per cent. from our Government?

FREEMEN ALL.

THE working man in this country is, and always has been, opposed to compulsion. He has an intense love of his country, a pride in her traditions of liberty and of justice, and a patriotism which is prepared for any sacrifice, but it is a spontaneous patriotism and cannot be forced. 'With us the soldier and the labourer must both be free. The moment you destroy this voluntary relationship between employer and employed, between the nation and the individual man, you have destroyed something that is absolutely vital to our existence as a people.—PERCY ALDEN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

FACTORS IN THE FIGHT.

KILLING TO SCHEDULE.

THE stern task of the Allies is only vaguely realised, and the toll taken from the enemy is not made manifest by the daily communiqués, but Captain H. M. Johnstone's "War Notes" in *The United Service Magazine* gives a clear idea of the ghastly work entailed in the fighting month by month. The writer says:—

One of the important things in this war that we should be watching is the rate of loss which the two Central Powers are undergoing. It can only be reckoned really satisfactory from our point of view if we kill off, or otherwise put *hors de combat*, 200,000 a month of German and Austrian fighting men. The terrible nature of the necessity is seen when we apply arithmetic, and find that this means something like the equivalent of seven full battalions a day. During many days of the Russian resistance in Central Galicia this rate was easily exceeded. Counting in the defeat of the Austrians a month ago between the Dniester and the Pruth, there was a spell of a fortnight to three weeks during which the desired rate was more than attained, and this was in the southern part alone of the long Russian front. In the central part, on the left bank of the Vistula, some damage was also done, and in the extreme north in Courland a good deal more.



Jugend.] [Munich

Ivan Ivanowitch.

"In spite of these crutches, which the compassionate Samaritans (U.S.A. and Japan) have given me, I cannot make any step forward."

During this period we and the Belgians and the French were doing well in the region from Arras to the dunes of Nicuport. On some days we must, between us, have accounted for our full 7,000, and on several other days at least the half of that. A survey and computation of all this—and remembering that there is some damage to the enemy going on all the time at scores of points of the two immense lines—leads to the conclusion that the month of May, when the war was "to begin," has been pretty satisfactory. The desired 200,000 for the month must have been reached in the first three weeks, and the ten remaining days of that month provided a comfortable margin. In June we have the help of Italy, Russia is doing more than her daily share, and the French have been busy in Artois and in the angle of the Oise and the Aisne. It is a horrible way to talk of human beings like ourselves, but it is the line on which to understand this war. We have an enemy who, in spite of his enormous losses, now estimated at two millions in some quarters, appears to be confident that he can wear us all out; and he has good reasons for thinking so if he can do one thing. That one thing is—to keep on providing, from the interior, reinforcements sufficient to man his present lines. If we cannot dispose of his troops at a quicker rate than he can replace them, the struggle will spin out to an intolerable length of time. Our reinforcements will be of a better quality than his, and will enable us to gain a Festubert here and a Carency there but the real conquering of the enemy will only come through keeping up a rate of destruction equalling at least 7,000 a day. In our own troops and in those of our Allies, we see and shall continue to see most deplorable gaps from day to day and week to week; but superior artillery, superior numbers, superior quality, with superior tactics and superior courage, will effect more damage than is received.

CANADA'S EXAMPLE.

The United Kingdom might well look across the seas for inspiration and example. Canada is furnishing both. The unity of sentiment, the direct and unwavering purpose, the practical vigour and governmental efficiency displayed in the Dominion are object-lessons which the British Islands might copy to advantage. It must be remembered, of course, that Canada, whose conduct has been and is so admirable, has no such congestion of people, no such labour situation, no such food problem as that which confronts and all but confounds the mother country. But, even so, Canada is writing an immortal record of undivided loyalty to and self-sacrificing support of the British Empire, which is not apparent, in like degree, in the United Kingdom itself. —SENATOR BEVERIDGE, of Indiana, U.S.A.

THE sons of Canada have earned an undying reputation for their sacrifices on the blood-stained fields of Flanders, and their action is the surest indication of the feelings which agitate the Dominion in these fateful days. One of the best-known men in the Dominion is the Rev. John Petrie Gerrie (for six years Editor of *The Canadian Congregationalist*), and he contributes a notable article to the *American Review of Reviews* on "The War Spirit in Canada." The writer shows the reason why Canada volunteered to take her share in the perils of the European campaign :—

And even after the war broke out there was no legal or constitutional reason to call Canada into the war In our relationship with England we have the fullest and freest autonomy, or as Kipling put it, even as far back as 1897, in his "Lady of the Snows" : —

Daughter am I in my Mother's house,
But mistress in my own.

This was before our marvellous development and the sounding of our new national note. It is equally true to-day. Nor did the fear of Germany impel us to a part in the war. With the British Fleet intact, no invasion from that quarter could be possible. Friendly relations with Japan preclude danger from the Pacific, while the Monroe Doctrine of the United States, notwithstanding discussions pro and con, it is felt would become operative in case of any invasion for conquest. There is a feeling, too, that the Young Giant of the North would not be wanting in the event of such a home struggle.

It is not, therefore, a question of mere self-preservation from a Power whose autocracy and militarism are the very antipodes of Canadian life and ideals. The daughter responds to the mother's need. But more, Canada, though autonomous, is yet an integral part of the British Empire. The ideals and institutions, the freedom and democracy are substantially one. Our two million French-Canadian people and many thousands of other citizens equally realise this. England's cause is, therefore, peculiarly our own.

Accordingly, when war broke out a former utterance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was made good, that "When England is at war Canada is at war." This the veteran ex-Premier supplemented in Parliament at the time of the outbreak with the stirring slogan, "Ready, aye, ready," while the present Premier, Sir Robert Borden, rang out the assuring message of office, "We await the issue with confidence," nor has this confidence ever wavered in Parliament or country.

All this is an unforgettable part of our history, and Mr. Gerrie is confident that Canada will play her appointed part to the end : —

And now as to present feeling. From the very first Canada was heart and soul in the struggle, but never with the tremendous seriousness of now, and never with so unwavering confidence of absolute triumph as to-day. A great nation running amuck, and with her her allies, even to the "Unspeakable Turk," in murder and massacre, alienating every vestige of sympathy from the neutral Powers, cannot but be broken in pieces. The cost to the opposing forces is terrible, and Canada has had her baptism of blood, but she is ready to pay the price and will emerge from the conflict a better Canada. She will stand in a world which has learned the lesson of peace that she has sought long to know in learning war no more. Her many diverse peoples, through a oneness of interests and community of suffering, will find common ground as never in the past. With a new love and interest she will view the multitudes of immigrants from her allied nations, who will worthily reciprocate these ennobled feelings. Nor will there be other than kindly feelings toward the German and Austrian people as a whole. Our quarrel is not with them as a people. When the rage and fury of the war is over they will have time to think, and in no far future day they will come again to the land which so many of their own countrymen now love so well.

In the meantime the fiery furnace, seven times heated in a common cause with our allied forces, will give new intensity to the "Melting Pot" which the Dominion has come to be. Her varied peoples, welded by a common suffering, joined in the oneness of conflict, will be indissolubly united in the pathways of peace, as together they make a more prosperous and better Canada. And more, there has been the burying of party rancour and strife of a type never to be resurrected. In the old land, Liberal and Unionist, Nationalist and Labourite are one in the struggle. A Coalition Government of the strongest of the best is at the

nation's helm. In Canada we have something of the same attitude in the Opposition abstaining from all undue criticism, and responding with their best in co-operation and counsel. In the usual course of events, too, a general election would be near at hand, and much as the veteran ex-Premier might have welcomed this but for the war, he now says: "No, I shall not unlock the door of office with the key of blood." Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, the two party leaders stand. It is not party but country first, and with this splendid union of parties and of peoples the Canada to be will be lifted high above the Canada that has been.

BOTHALAND.

THE future will show the importance of the task so successfully undertaken by our South African brethren in conquering German South-West Africa. This blow to the enemy shatters the work of a generation of diplomacy directed against the British Empire, and Politicus, writing in *The Fortnightly Review* on "A Shrinking Colonial Empire," indicates the nature of the threat now so happily averted :—

If South-West Africa had remained German, a prosperous and populous colony would have arisen. Another Germany, another nation in arms, would have been created close to Cape Colony. All South Africa would have become an armed camp. Germany would have endeavoured to accumulate in South-West Africa vast stores of arms and ammunition, which, in case of war, might have been handed over either to German reservists from South America and elsewhere who might have been sent to that colony or to the natives for use against the British settlers. That danger is gone. General Botha's campaign was extremely difficult and very glorious. In future years it would have been infinitely more difficult, and it would have cost untold lives and hundreds of millions. The successful campaign against South-West Africa is extremely valuable, because General Botha's victory has destroyed a centre of intrigue and unrest whence mischief might have been done, not only in South Africa, but in all parts of the British and of the French colonial empires. Had South-West Africa not been taken the natives in Asia and in Africa would have been told that Germany was dominating Africa; that she would drive the English and French out of the country; that, at any rate, France and England were there by Germany's permission. The conflagration might have spread much farther.

A FRENCH ADMIRAL ON THE GERMAN NAVY.

IN an article on "Les Mentalités" in *La Revue de Paris* of July 15th, Rear-Admiral Degouy compares the different stands taken up by the Germans, the French, and the English with reference to their navies.

Germany, with her pride and her certainty of superiority, encouraged her young officers before the war to be brave and daring, blaming them far less for mistakes if these same mistakes were committed bravely with no fear of consequences.

The writer maintains that the Germans have fully trained and equipped men for all boats newly finished; that, far from growing stale from their long rest in the Kiel Canal, the German sailors, with the Baltic on the one hand and the guarded waters up to Heligoland and Borkum on the other, have ample exercise ground to keep them fit. He also praises the initiative and inventive genius of the Germans in that they foresaw the use of the submarine, and used their knowledge to force a surprise on their enemies in the matter of submarine attacks on trade, and their work in transporting submarines part by part across the empire to Pola.

England he blames for her pride, not that of the Germans, but pride in her past achievements which caused her to rest on her laurels and close her eyes to the German menace, until the war was upon her, when she realised too late that all the warnings received as to German activity had been but too well founded, and that she must suffer from her habit of despising her adversary.

Of France the writer says that the navy has always been repressed by being under the tutelage of Ministers, to whom it was obliged to give an account of any mistake committed—a tutelage which depressed it and took the heart out of it. With regard to her navy, as with regard to so many other matters, France was asleep.

That there will be a final and crushing naval battle the writer is assured, and at that battle some surprise will be sprung on us by our enemies, who have had all this time of rest to invent one; but he has faith in the English, who have now vanquished their "letting slide" disposition, and are taking energetic steps to retrieve past mistakes, and in the French, who are taking courage and heart again for the heavy task before them.

OUR FIRST SEA LORD.

THE personality of Lord Fisher's successor has so far remained undiscovered by "the man in the street," and the following particulars from *The Nautical Magazine* give some idea of the arduous training which has led Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson to his high position :—

Promoted to lieutenant in 1877, he served as lieutenant on board the *Active* during the Zulu War of 1878-1879. But about this period the recent introduction of the Whitehead torpedo was bringing a new naval arm into prominence, and the Admiralty had recently established the rating of "torpedo-lieutenant," in order to obtain the services of a body of officers specially trained in that department of naval work. It was a critical point in the young officer's career when in September, 1881, he obtained permission to enter the school ship *Vernon*, for training as a torpedo specialist. Passing through the practical course at Portsmouth, he proceeded to Greenwich for the necessary mathematical course of study, and in 1882 was awarded the £100 prize for passing the best examination of the year.

From that date Admiral Jackson's career has been closely associated with torpedo work. After three and a-half years' service as staff officer of the *Vernon*, during which period he commanded the tender *Vesuvius*, he was promoted to commander on January 1st, 1890. It was while serving in this rank on board the *Edinburgh*, in the Mediterranean, that Commander Jackson initiated the work with which his name will ever be closely connected. At this time the Navy was looking for some method by which a torpedo vessel could announce its approach to a friendly vessel, and the notion of employing Hertzian waves as a means of communication suggested itself. This idea was followed up, and four years later, when serving in the training ship *Defiance*, Commander Jackson succeeded in communicating wireless messages from one end of the ship to the other. In the following year, in which he was promoted to captain, he came into contact with Mr. Marconi, in concert with whom he continued to work at wireless development afloat.

From this date until his promotion to flag rank on October 18th, 1906, his appointments were such as were calculated to facilitate the experiments and researches in the special branch of work which he had made his own. In 1899 he was appointed to the torpedo depot-ship *Vulcan*, in 1902 was created "Assistant Director of Torpedoes" at the Admiralty, and in September, 1904, was appointed to the *Vernon*, torpedo school ship at Portsmouth After holding this command for five months he returned to the Admiralty as Third Sea Lord and Controller. During this period he served as one of the four captains who formed the Committee of Design which recommended the construction of Dreadnoughts, the other members being Sir John Jellicoe and Admirals Bacon and Madden.

As a flag officer Admiral Jackson has filled a variety of important posts. For two years, from October, 1908, to October, 1910, he commanded a cruiser squadron at sea, and also flew his flag on board the *Illustrious* in charge of the Seventh Squadron in the Naval Manœuvres of 1912. In the year 1911 he represented the Admiralty at the International Conference on Aerial Navigation at Paris. From 1911 to 1913 he was in command of the lately-established Naval War College, and in February of the latter year was appointed "Chief of the War Staff" at Whitehall, in which office he was succeeded by Sir Doveton Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands battle. It is understood that just before the outbreak of war he had been nominated to the command of the Mediterranean in succession to Admiral Milne, but in anticipation of possible hostilities, at the end of July, 1914, was appointed to the *President* for "Special Service at the Admiralty," and it has been stated that in this post he had much to do with the direction of operations against the German Colonies.

PLAYING THE GAME.

THE last words Lord Roberts spoke to the nation were these :—

The appeal has again gone forth for men—more men. Two years ago at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen: "Arm, and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand." I claim a hearing, therefore, when I say to-day: "Arm, and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal has come."

I know nothing finer than this simple message by the man whose warnings we mocked at. That is England, the heritage he left to us. In the patriotism of this soldier it is for us to find ourselves once more, and so win to our national completion spiritually as well as physically. He played the game, the real game—of country. To-day we have to play ours, no longer individualistically, sentimentally, chaotically, amateurishly, but *nationally*, as he would fain have taught us. It will be the finest game we ever have played.—AUSTIN HARRISON, in *The English Review*.

THE POPE'S DILEMMA.

In *The Dublin Review* the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton examines "The Neutrality of the Holy See," and finds no difficulty in declaring that Rome "has not deviated one hair's breadth from the path of strict neutrality." That is where the trouble arises, for Bulgaria or Switzerland may make the same claim, but the world does not identify the government of those countries with the guardianship of morality.

The real question is raised by the atrocities in Belgium, and in face of these outrages an attitude of mere indifference becomes impossible, and renders a righteous impartiality ridiculous. The Bishop recognises this in considering the Pope's position :—

In the abstract, he might condemn the atrocities without taking sides. In the concrete, to put forth the kind of manifesto so ardently desired by some, he must definitely and finally sacrifice his neutrality.

"Then why not sacrifice it?" some one will say in his haste. "Do Justice, though the heavens fall." Do Justice. We admit that to do Justice is the Pope's primary duty. But Justice is due to all: even to the sixty millions of Catholics, wrongheaded as they may be, who are the subjects of the two Kaisers, and no negligible portion of the Church. In our judgment, the whole problem finally centres upon these sixty millions of German and Austrian Catholics. If the Pope keeps silence and thus maintains his neutrality, many of us may be disappointed, some of us may be, unnecessarily, scandalised, and the more aggressive elements in the Protestant world may stigmatise him as a poltroon and a trimmer. But if he were to cut his neutrality and pass public censure on the Kaiser, what would be the position of the German Church?

The immediate and very grave effect would be the total disorganisation of the German Church. This vastly important point appears to have escaped those who have written most strongly on the subject. Observe, then, that in Austria the Catholic Church is the Established Church. In Germany, the Catholic Church, with all its appurtenances, schools, seminaries, etc., is subsidised and maintained by the State. The working of the arrangement in both countries is secured by the Prussian and Austrian legations to the Vatican. It is conceivable that the extravagances of the Kaiser may reach such a pass that even the wrecking of the German Church, on its temporal side, must be accepted by the Pope rather than the appearance of being his fautor or accomplice. But that point has not yet been reached, we think; and until it has been overpassed we do not consider that the Pope could lawfully sacrifice so much for a gain which we have seen to be somewhat problematical.



The Bishop of Northampton.
Right Rev. F. A. Keating.

These are doubtless weighty considerations, and all acknowledge with gratitude the work done by the Vatican on behalf of the wounded prisoners, and yet the task remains to bring home the responsibility of "frightfulness" to the conscience of the German and Austrian nations, as we are reminded by the Bishop:

Yet the Papacy, after all its vicissitudes, remains the supreme moral power in the world, with its dignity and obligations not lessened, perhaps even enhanced, by isolation from political entanglements. Is not the successor of St. Leo bound to confront the modern Attila?

A moral torpor has fallen on Germany. She is wrapped in a cloud which stupefies her vision. Actually, she can venture to speak to America of her special claim to stand for the safety in war of the civil population; while behind her lies her Belgian record.—*The Commonwealth.*

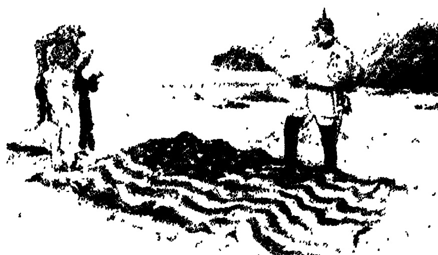
SAVED BY GERMANY!

PERVERSION.

THE Editor of *The North American Review* does this country a service by printing an article on "England" from the pen of that notorious literary lackey—Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Whatever reputation this facile penman may possess must be irretrievably shattered by such a fulmination against the land of his birth, for a series of statements more remarkable for intolerance and inaccuracy it would be difficult to imagine. The following extract is a fair sample of the sentiments which have already given such great satisfaction to his patron the Kaiser:—

The German Emperor had almost succeeded at the last moment in avoiding danger war, but Grey, the anointed apostle of peace knew how to play his cards so that the cataclysm became inevitable. England usually abominated the crime of regicide, but now when the unthinkable occurs in the acts of active State officials and officers who through their own Crown Prince prepare for the assassination of the Crown Prince of a neighbouring State, now no word of holy horror is uttered, but England's mission to "protect the little States" is suddenly discovered by Grey. In "neutral" Belgium the English Government helps to convert Antwerp into the strongest fortress in the world, and sends her ammunition to Maubeuge as early as 1913. The military "agreements" with France and Belgium for the attack upon Germany from the North are in the pockets of Sir Edward Grey; all details of transport and disembarkation are there in black and white. And yet he is able to manipulate events in such a fashion that Germany, out of her dire necessity—for now all men may perceive how otherwise she would have been utterly lost—is forced to violate this alleged neutrality. For the first time in the history of the world the entire English Fleet is mobilised—this at the beginning of July, and ostensibly for a sort of harmless inspection by the King. Precisely at the very time arranged for the assassination of Franz Ferdinand, a friendly visit of battleships to Kiel is arranged, for other attempts to spy out the defences of that harbour had not succeeded. Such to-day is political England—precisely as Burke had predicted it would become; a nation of dissemblers, forgers, liars and cheats. What of Ruskin's bitter self-comfort: "Let us not concern ourselves with this England; in a hundred years it will be numbered among the dead nations"? I too have no faith in the unlimited power of England of which we hear so much, for true power lies rooted only in moral strength. The individual Englishman may be courageous and even efficient, but the State of England is rotten unto its very marrow.

Germany is a country so essentially different that England, the political England of to-day, has been a riddle to her for many years. Again and again has Germany permitted herself to be deceived, and almost I fear that this may occur no less in the future—which might well prove fatal. For that reason I, an Englishman, must have the courage to attest the truth. We can be saved only by a wise, strong, and victorious Germany.



Western Mail.] [Perth, Australia.

Dollars v. Lives.

UNCLE SAM: "Here, what's the meaning of this?"

GENTLE WILHELM: "Dat vas alrighdt mein friendt, I vas know which you value mosdt."

As an impartial historian Mr. Chamberlain may discover competitors, but as a humorist he is surely without a possible rival.

Austria-Hungary, by G. E. Mitton (Black, 10s. net). In spite of, or indeed because of, the war the extraordinary conglomeration of peoples and tongues which form the Dual Kingdom must possess a keen interest. Miss Mitton's book gives in straightforward, plain language an account of the history, fine scenery and complicated relationships of the inhabitants. It is beautifully illustrated in colours, and is enriched with translations of nature poetry and country legends. The author remarks that Shakespeare, in giving Bohemia a sea-coast, is not committing an absurdity, for tradition ascribes to its king wide dominions stretching even to the sea.

A PRINCE'S FOLLY, or A KAISER'S CRIME

READERS of *The Nineteenth Century* will be surprised to find Sir Thomas Barclay's name attached to a brief drama, in which the genesis of the war is debited to the Crown Prince's account.

The playbill suggests the framework of the sketch, which is presented in two acts:—

THE SANDS OF FATE:

BERLIN, JULY 24 TO 31, 1914.

A HISTORICAL PHANTASY

Author's Note

[I call this drama a "historical phantasy." In German it might be called "Wahrheit und Dichtung," as Goethe called his Memoirs. But is not the imaginative part of history, as guessed by those who knew, or have known, the actors personally, probably nearer the truth than "facts" about which no two witnesses are agreed?]

Dramatis Personæ.

THE KAISER.
THE KAISERIN.
THE CROWN PRINCE.
DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, *the Imperial Chancellor.*
HERR VON JAGOW, *the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*
GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, *Secretary of State for the Navy.*
HERR BALLIN, *General Manager of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Company.*
THE PROFESSOR.
GRAFIN EMMA.
HERR VON ETTING, *Private Secretary to the* KAISER.
1ST AND 2ND A.D.C.
A SPY.
ATTENDANTS.

There are interesting dialogues between the Kaiser and the subordinate "characters," but the following supplies the motif:—

Enter CROWN PRINCE.

KAISER: Well, my boy, what have you to say to all this?

CROWN PRINCE: I say there is no alternative. War is inevitable. The whole country is anxious for it and expects it. We can't afford to let it cool off. Ask anybody you like, Father, you will find only one idea: War has to be. You don't suppose that Poincaré is in Petersburg merely to pay a call. He was sent for. France is simply Russia's lackey. Iswolsky rules the French Cabinet. He has only to threaten them with the Imperial displeasure and down they go on their knees.

KAISER: Yes, the French are a degenerate people.

CROWN PRINCE: They need a master like Napoleon

KAISER: So do all peoples, my boy. But suppose England joins them?

CROWN PRINCE: That she will not do. She will only protest, and even that only mildly in her usual virtuous way, and make money out of the war by supplying us with all we want to crush her friends. She did that in 1870. She has always thriven on the misfortune of others, and, when we have crushed France and Russia, we shall be able to conclude a naval alliance with her against America and Japan.

KAISER: My boy, you don't know England as I do. I feel like an Englishman and understand their feelings. I am afraid England will be dragged into war by hatred and fear of Germany.

CROWN PRINCE: I think not. She has enough on her hands in Ulster. Besides the Consuls' reports are there. My dear Father, if you were to read them instead of . . . trusting to your intuition—I don't believe in intuition—you would see that Ireland would be in flames the moment the troops were withdrawn. England dare not move. Lichnowsky reports. . . .

KAISER *(looks angrily surprised).*

CROWN PRINCE *(misunderstanding Kaiser's displeasure at his having had access to Ambassador's despatche)*: Yes, you may start, Father. Lichnowsky reports that the guns may go off in Ireland at any moment. Carson is no mere actor, and every true Irishman only longs for the downfall of England which means freedom for Ireland. England is a *quantité négligeable.*

KAISER: Have you thought that just the opposite of what you all expect might result, and that England may come in to get rid of the Irish question? I know the Irish, when fighting is to be done the Irish fly to arms. The English may be mostly fools, insular, ignorant and all that, but they have just the intuition you despise. A common enemy, my boy, will make a united nation of the United Kingdom.

CROWN PRINCE: I know the English people of to-day better than you do, Father. You know those of yesterday, I know the English of to-day, the typical English who govern India, for instance. I have hunted with them, caroused with them, and a better sort I don't know. If I had my choice, I should rather have Englishmen than any other kind of man for my companions. With them I feel more comfortable *(gemüthlich)* than with Germans. With Germans I can't be familiar as I can with Englishmen. Germans get so easily boisterous *(ausgelassen).* Individually I like the English, but they and the Irish have a racial antipathy for each other. Ireland

is their Alsace and Poland combined, and it is now or never for Ulster, just as it is now or never for Home Rule. Lichnowsky is quite confident that civil war is inevitable.

KAISER: He may be right, but have you thought that a war between the Great Western Powers at the present day can only be a life-or-death struggle, that we shall have to fling all considerations of humanity, justice, even treaty obligations, to the winds in a gigantic effort to annihilate the enemy, that such war is not a mere duel, but a death grapple in which, just as teeth and nails are used between individuals, what is equivalent to them is used between nations; have you thought what this may mean for Germany?

CROWN PRINCE: Yes, I have weighed all that.

KAISER: Even if we win, have you thought of the countless families plunged into mourning, of the hatred we shall stir up throughout the world, of the curses of whole nations? Have you thought that a mere hitch, the unforeseen of strategy and battle, may foil our hopes, that we may find ourselves a year, two years hence, still struggling against increasing odds? Have you considered the possibility of our ultimate failure?

CROWN PRINCE: Yes, I have weighed all that.

KAISER: Have you thought of Germany invaded by the Cossack, our cities bombarded, our unoffending citizens shot down in cold blood on any pretext that is handy, our villages and towns sacked and burnt, our women and children massacred by drunken fiends?

CROWN PRINCE: I have weighed it all. We can only win, Father. The French are quite unprepared. Everybody knows that. We shall reach Paris before the Russians have finished their mobilisation, and we can confidently leave England out altogether. Whatever you decide, don't you think, Father, I ought to be consulted as future sovereign?

KAISER (*musing—pause—stands up and puts his hand on his son's shoulder*): Bear this in mind, my boy, that if I win I shall go down to posterity with a character as black as that of Attila. If I lose, you will never reign.

CROWN PRINCE: We can't lose.

[KAISER *exit.*

The playlet is not only ingenious in setting, but is an intelligent guess at the truth, which later records may prove to be an authentic history of the critical days of Germany's destiny; but why, oh why, does Sir Thomas insist on stealing Mr. Shaw's sanguinary thunder?

THE TRUCULENT TEUTON.

ONE of the most readable papers this month is that by Sydney Brooks in *The Fortnightly Review* entitled "A War of Contrasts," in which the outstanding features of English and German ideals are made clear.

Many observers have noted the "disquieting and unpleasant phase of social and moral transition" which has taken place in Germany, but even this has not materially lessened the essential quality of Germany's power, which lies in her "strength of patriotism, disciplined and organised to its highest power of productivity." After an impartial survey of national characteristics the writer makes an estimate of personal qualities distinguishing the rival nations: -

The streak of brutality, the lust to dominate and humiliate, are characteristics with their roots far down in the Teutonic temperament. Their treatment of women and their attitude towards the sex are such as follow inevitably from these traits. The sweetness and good humour and easy gradations of English life find little parallel in that land of rigid castes, of splenetic envy and backbiting, of systematised spying. As careful of the outward forms of politeness as he is of his person or his title, the German follows a calculated code of behaviour that implies no respect and is based on no spirit of consideration. We, the least ceremonious of peoples in our social intercourse, have far more of the essence of good manners. The German has the stridency and touchiness in his social and political conduct of the parvenu. We, an older, more assured and tolerant nation, a natural growth where they are an artificial creation, have many faults, but the inexperience and self-assertiveness and bumpkin blatancy of youth are not among them. The Germans understand things and facts, but they do not, as we do, understand men. They lack the power of dramatic sympathy to enter into other people's feelings and emotions, or to grasp the moral factors, the imponderabilia, of a situation. In their relations with alien subject peoples their truculent and purblind intelligence always leads them astray. They have not the capacity as a governing power to win either affection or respect. They are far more accessible to ideas than to the appeal of sentiment. Their power is in their collective gregariousness, their love of work, their instinct for following. A mingling of the two peoples would produce a race of supermen; and it is, perhaps, the supreme tragedy of the war that it should have descended upon the very nations that have most to learn from one another.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN KINGDOMS

M. JACQUES DE COUSSAUGE, writing on "Scandinavia and the War" in *La Revue de Paris* of July 1st, gives a sketch of each of the three Scandinavian kingdoms and their sentiments towards the Allies. Norway, he says, is absolutely in sympathy with us, for the dislike of Germany is of ancient growth, and it is significant that in Bergen, for the first time in Scandinavia, German cheques have been refused. Norway commercially is in close union with Great Britain, which, by her friendly treatment of Norwegian ships in her harbours, has done more than any other nation to forward Norway's mercantile marine. And intellectually they are bound to France, for the Latin influence is to be traced throughout their literature. Then again, being themselves a little nation, the fate of Belgium and Serbia strikes them very forcibly.

Denmark, on the other hand, which has been despoiled by Germany, is much more favourably inclined to her than Norway—although here, too, there are many friendly to the Allies. But partly owing to their fear of being dragged into the war, and largely owing to the flood of German literature which has been poured in upon them, they are certainly biassed against us. In literature, too, their romantic writers find an enormous sale in Germany and Austria, which naturally flatters them and causes them to look favourably on all the actions of the German speaking races.

Sweden, M. de Coussauges says, is more against us than either of the other two, chiefly because Germany for years has trained her to look to her for succour against the Russian inroads, which were always being magnified by the pan-Germans. For some time after the outbreak of war nothing but German news was obtainable, and any news from English or French sources was edited by Germany *en route*. This, together with the floods of pamphlets spread over the country by Germany, led them to believe firmly in the righteousness of the latter's cause. The most curious feature with regard to Sweden is her hatred of England—and why? Because England is at war with Germany and so caused the blockade. We are the transgressors in their eyes, not the Germans. But, as M. de Coussauges points out, in this matter Sweden should be careful, for although Germany furnishes them with goods, England and France are their bankers, and England their biggest customer for wood, and should it please the Allies to boycott or even to hinder their navigation their situation might become very difficult. However, the writer trusts that in time the Swedish people will realise—that which the High Church party in Sweden at present alone does that the Allies had truth on their side and will finally prevail.

AUTOCRACY *v.* DEMOCRACY.

"The great democracies of to-day stand before the world and before themselves on trial. The question which the world is asking is if they will weather the final test of life and death: are they great enough to risk death for life? They look upon themselves as the highest development of human polity. In theory, at least, they recognise the right to free self-development and self-direction of every individual, even the humblest. Enlightened rulers claim to rule in the interests of their people, but the rulers of democracies make the further claim to rule in the interests of the people as the people conceive them. The absolute monarch directs his people to what they ought to want; the democratic ruler is concerned in providing his people with what they want, and he has first to discover what it is they want."

THIS is the text of an article in *The British Review* by H. C. O'Neill, who is one of a numerous company who insist on asking "Can Democracy be Organised?" The only answer possible to a self-respecting citizen is "Yes!" Unfortunately few democracies in Europe have been able to cut themselves free from the incubus of a court which is almost universally a centre of corruption guarded from reforming criticism by those to whom democracy is anathema. Mr. O'Neill is animated by an unnecessary pessimism when he says: "The prime and final effect of democracy seems to be the changing of the centre of gravity in the State from the good of the people to the good of self."

To suggest that Germany is better governed than the United Kingdom is to imply that we have nothing to gain by standing outside a German confederacy, always subject to the heaven-sent guidance of the Hohenzollern—the supporting arguments may be based on, may we say a concrete foundation, but there are different methods of living, and these are being tried in the fiery furnace of war.

The writer points to our alleged muddling and sums up:—

What, then, does all this represent if not chaos? Clearly democracy is capable of astounding metamorphoses; but the one thing it seems incapable of is efficient organisation. It will be capable of bringing the war to a successful issue; of that we may be certain. But at what a cost! Economy is the essence of organisation, and there has been no sign of economy in our conduct of the war so far. How much splendid material have we lost already through our wasteful methods; how much is lying unused to-day; how much will lie unused to the end that might have brought the war to a speedy conclusion! Democracy seems to mean this odd sort of profusion and diversity, with heroism and selfishness rubbing shoulders, and the epic and the squalid drinking from the same glass. Men will revolt to save themselves from a tyranny of internal rule, but will stand and quarrel and debate when the enemy is at the gates. Sometimes a voice is heard crying in the wilderness for "a man." "Wanted a man." That is really the last thing any democrat wants. He wants to "rub along," "to worry through," and so forth.

Mr. O'Neill might remember that France is a democratic State and will not deny that the French are organised, and here our democratic tendencies are mitigated by a feudalism the suppression of which involves a revolution so far avoided by the British preference for compromise.

ALLIES AFTER THE WAR.

"THE War and the English Chemical Industry" is the subject of a paper in *The Fortnightly Review* by John B. C. Kershaw, and after detailing the advantages enjoyed by the chemical industries in Germany, he suggests a period of protective tariffs which would enable British manufacturers to compete successfully in the world's markets. The alternative is, of course, universal Free Trade, and to the supporters of this principle the writer replies:—

It may be doubted whether the imposition of a Free Trade policy on Germany and Austria after the war, as suggested by Sir William Ramsay, even if the Allies were strong enough to enforce it, would solve the difficulty that confronts them, since Free Trade, if it is to be fair and equitable in its effects, demands equal labour conditions and laws in all of the competing countries.

What is more probable as the solution of the problem is that suggested by Mr. H. G. Wells in an article that appeared recently in the *Daily Chronicle*. Though a Free Trader, Mr. Wells urges the formation of an economic alliance of the Allies after the war, directed against Germany and Austria. The chief object of this alliance would be that of promoting trade with Belgium, France, and Russia, in order that the inhabitants of the invaded territories in these three countries may, with the help of British credit, restore their devastated homes and cities, and revive their shattered industries.

As stated in the opening paragraphs of this article, some striking changes in the economic relations of the Allies and their adversaries are certain to result from the war, and Mr. Wells's suggestion, taken in conjunction with the counter-proposal by Herr Harms in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for the formation of a Customs Union or Economic Alliance *against England*! shows in which direction the currents of public opinion are setting.

CHINESE AS STEAMER BUILDERS.

THE United States Government is having built by the Shanghai Dock and Engineering Co. the largest vessel ever constructed at its yards—a £74,400 steel collier, to be used in the Philippine Islands. The dimensions of this vessel are as follows: Length, 362 feet; breadth, 50 feet; depth, 26 feet. The capacity of the collier is 6,000 tons and the vessel is fitted with single-screw auxiliary machinery, patent coal-bunkering elevators, and automatic weighing machines. The Chinese mechanics employed are quite satisfactory and receive 50 cents. per day, while the ordinary coolie receives approximately $3.50 per month. As the result of cheap and comparatively efficient labour this company has been able to compete successfully with Japanese shipbuilding concerns in bidding for independent shipbuilding contracts throughout the Far East.—*The Railway and Travel Monthly.*

HOME PROBLEMS.

AN UNDEFEATED FOE.

THE importance of prosecuting the campaign against the ravages of the drink flood continues to invite the attention of serious thinkers, and *The Nineteenth Century* is rendering a national service in keeping the matter well before the country. That eminent medical authority Sir Lauder Brunton boldly tackles the question in an article entitled "Alcohol: What It Does To Us and What We Ought To Do With It." The physical effect of alcohol is two-fold, and these are definitely noted by the writer :—

To sum up what I have said about the stimulating action of alcohol—it enables a man to call up his reserve forces, mental and bodily, for a sudden and transient emergency at the expense of a certain amount of exhaustion of these resources afterwards. . . . The second action of alcohol is that of a narcotic, gradually diminishing and finally abolishing all the functions of the brain, and reducing the man first to the condition of a beast and then below it, down to a creature as inert as a log of wood though still living, as evidenced by his breathing and pulse.

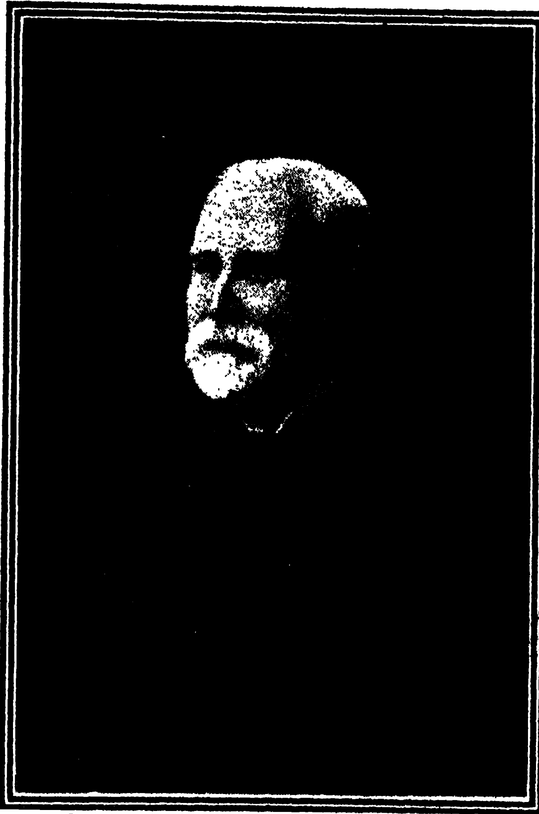


Photo by] [*Fradelle and Young*

Sir Lauder Brunton, Bart., M.D., F.R.S

These effects are explained fully by Sir Lauder, who continues to trace the result upon the individual :—

From what I have already said, it is evident that alcohol is to the body just what credit is to commerce. It may be very good when properly used : it is very bad when abused. And just as a system of credit tends to make people extravagant, to outrun their income, squander their capital and become bankrupt, so resort to alcohol tends to make a man expend more than the rightful amount of physical or mental energy, to draw upon his reserves and become finally bankrupt in body, mind, and estate. It is the fatal facility which alcohol gives to a man for drawing upon his reserves, making him feel stronger, wiser, and happier for the time, that constitutes its chief danger. Not only does a desire for the enjoyment it gives recur again and again, but as a rule it gradually loses its effect, larger and larger quantities have to be taken, and heavier and heavier drafts have to be made upon the man's reserves in order to obtain the pleasure that he desires. The want of respect for the opinion of others, the disregard of the calls of duty, and the carelessness regarding the consequences of his conduct to himself, his family, or his country, which at first were present only for a short while after alcohol had been taken, gradually persist during the intervals, and the man tends not only to lose all care for others, but to lose respect for himself. Not only has he less inclination for work, but he is less qualified to do good work, and where the occupation requires delicate manipulation, as in grinding lenses for microscopes, the man who drinks becomes so useless and his work is so bad as to cause loss of time to his fellows, and to be an expense instead of a profit to his master, so that he must consequently be discharged. The loss of work brings penury in its train, and he, along with his wife and family, become a burden upon their soberer neighbours, for the drunkard's wife is very apt to be driven by the misery into which he has brought her to become a drunkard herself.

Sir Lauder is not concerned with the advocacy of any drastic remedy, but sees the necessity of removing the facilities for drinking by reducing the number of public houses, at the same time providing adequate amusement to divert those who at present have few opportunities for social intercourse apart from those provided by the publican. Equally important is the question of improving the slums out of existence and the provision of decent houses for the poor; this, coupled with educational methods to influence the children, would materially lessen the ills flowing from drunkenness. The problem is with the youth, and the paper concludes with an appreciation of the Boy Scouts movement:

But it is not merely teaching but training that boys need. It is all very well to tell them they ought to be brave, strong, observant, thoughtful, self-reliant, ready to obey the call of duty, virtuous and unselfish. But merely preaching these virtues to boys is of little use. We need a system which makes the boys practise them, and that is what the Boy Scout movement, founded by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, supplies. Its great virtue is its unselfishness. The scout must not do anything unworthy of a scout, however pleasant it might be.

It is easy to see what an influence such a training as this will have on the lives of the coming generation. To-day the bane of the world is selfishness. In the family it leads to discord and causes the children to neglect the wishes and be indifferent to the comfort or necessities of their parents. It causes the parents to neglect their children and leave them to chance or to the State. It leads the employers of labour to be careless of the needs of their employees. It leads the workmen to shut their eyes to everything but their own desires, to disregard the engagements entered into by their own representatives, and to arrange strikes which will bring much suffering to the wives and families of their fellow-workmen as well as a maximum of discomfort or even danger to the whole community and to the nation.

WOMEN ON THE LAND.

Many enthusiastic women workers will this year be spending their holidays on the land, taking the places of men who have been called elsewhere at their country's need. To some of them it may occur, when their temporary work is over, that there is much to be said for a permanent open-air life in farms and gardens, and that the land is calling to them. All farm work is not hard manual labour; cheese and butter-making, poultry and dairy farming, gardening, fruit-growing—all these are well within the physical capacities of the average woman, and in all these professions there are openings which, as Miss Alice Martineau points out in an article in the current *Englishwoman*, are crying out to be filled by women:—

There are thousands of girls without much education, who with very little training could take the place of the young men from gardens who have gone to the front. Girls and women are extraordinarily quick at catching on to an idea—their fingers are deft and their minds are quick, and all head gardeners who have employed them agree that they are entirely conscientious and faithful workers.

Miss Martineau suggests that the more ambitious and better-educated woman who cannot afford to pay the fees for training and at the same time keep themselves during the two or three-year college course could become apprentices, receiving small wages, to be increased as they learned their work, but binding themselves for the usual terms of apprenticeship at low wages. Women also have their place wherever it is a question of breeding and caring for animals, especially in the milking of cows, where they are usually more successful than men. And with a little practical instruction, Miss Martineau says, we should have girls and women rearing poultry and feeding for egg-production in ever village in the country. Now, at last, the opportunity has come to English women to show the stuff they are made of.

SUGAR: A CAUTION.

According to Professor Fisher, of Chicago, over-eating of sugar is said to induce anæmia, rickets, caries, and, in fact, a general inability to resist disease. Sugar is an almost pure food, but contains no mineral salts. To pour such a food into the human body without moderation means that the body becomes overtaxed with elements of nutrition, which, in order to fix themselves and build up, take from the body the mineral salts necessary for that purpose. This process causes an increasing plasmolysis of the blood, which shows itself in the first place in inability to resist harmful substances which may be ready to enter the body. Sugar is a legitimate article of food and a very good stimulant, but in its *demineralised* form it becomes a danger. Like all great stimulants it has to be paid for later.—*Vegetarian Messenger.*

MULTIPLY THE FIT.

VITAL considerations at the moment emphasize the responsibilities of parenthood, and the address by Major Leonard Darwin to the Eugenics Education Society contains many wise reflections on present and future difficulties. Major Darwin bears an honoured name, and his advice carries weight. His address is reprinted in *The Eugenics Review*, and his warning should be heard and heeded:—

It is, indeed, not improbable that our recent social advance may be turned by this war into a disastrous retreat, and against this peril a great fight should be made. Our best hope lies, not in compulsion, but in voluntary effort, and all should be urged to join in the fray. In many matters the appeals of women are likely to be far more effective than anything that a man can say: because the burdens of parenthood must ever fall more heavily on women than on men. Moreover, the roll of noble deaths in this great war means innumerable blanks where noble lives would have been lived, thus entailing terrible damage to the moral and mental character of the nation for years to come; and since, whilst men have suffered and died, women have suffered and lived, in this coming struggle for recovery it is to its women that the country must more than ever look as the guardians of its noblest impulses. For the sake of the good name of our country in the future we must strive to make all, both men and women, wake up to the present peril to our race and be ready to undertake the arduous manly and womanly duties on which success depends

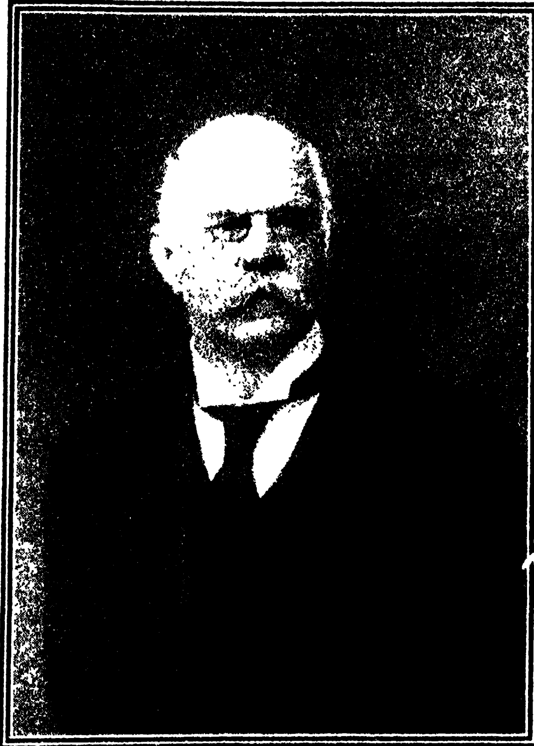


Photo by] [*The Grosvenor Studios.*

Major Leonard Darwin, D.Sc.

The specious suggestions that the remedy lies in the direction of polygamy and promiscuity are submitted to decisive examination, and repelled as somewhat worse than the disease; the economic difficulty is not overlooked, but the eugenist does not favour State aid to parents, and trusts to the personal sacrifice of those who have hitherto avoided the burden of a large family.

The following extract suggests that the evils of war will not disappear with the "outbreak of peace":—

The destruction in this war of picked men amongst those who have already reached manhood constitutes a terribly damaging blow to the nation, whilst the average racial qualities of those who will not be old enough to have become fathers of families when the war ceases will have been hardly, if at all, affected; for few of them will have been killed. The racial level of possible fathers will, in fact be at its very lowest when peace is declared; because a steady rise in the average qualities of grown men must then begin to take place as the unaffected youth grow into manhood. If any *exceptional all round* increase in the birth-rate is promoted immediately after the war has ceased, it will, therefore, do definite racial harm, because the additions thus made to our ranks will be below the standards obtaining both before or afterwards. The average type of father must continue to rise for some twenty years after this slaughter ceases; and then to slowly fall to a somewhat lower level as the racial damage from the war begins to affect the characteristics of the parents born after the commencement of hostilities. Surely, then, what we have to do is to avoid all panic and spasmodic efforts, and to make a mighty and continuous endeavour, increasing rather than diminishing whilst our boys are becoming men, and having for its object the promotion of parenthood amongst all those selected classes of the community which

have been decimated, and far more than decimated, in this terrible war. For it is only thus that we can make the coming inevitable fall in the racial characteristics of our nation as small as possible.

THE FUTURE RACE.

The Englishwoman, that admirable arena for the discussion of the serious problems that affect women and children, contains a valuable and timely article on the educational centres for mothers, variously called Schools for Mothers, Babies' Welcomes, Infant Consultations and Baby Clinics. These educational centres, at first entirely supported by voluntary efforts, have been recognised and assisted by the Government since the Budget of 1914-15 provided funds for the purpose. The Notification of Births Act, 1907, enabled the local authorities to insist upon the notification to the Medical Officer of Health of all births within thirty-six hours of their occurrence, but it was permissive only. The Notification of Births (Extension) Act, just passed, makes the Act of 1907 not merely permissive but compulsory; a notable improvement. Notification is now compulsory, whether the local authority desire it or not. The writer says:—

The Act provides the necessary machinery for organising the schools for mothers, and furnishes a presumption that financial aid from the public is reasonably to be asked for. This is a great step though it leaves the main burden of work and contribution to voluntary effort. We should hardly have reached this point by means of a practically unopposed Bill if the great War had not taught those whom peace found impermeable to argument that a nation's chief riches are her children, and that to neglect infant life is to jeopardise our future among the nations.

The new Act now enables every school for mothers to find out who are its pupils. Instead of dependence upon rumour and report—that "Mrs. So-and-so has a new baby"—the committee obtains a list of births from the office of the medical officer of health as a matter of routine, and is thus in a position to send one of its visitors to see the mother within a few days of the birth, to offer her advice, and to invite her to bring the baby to the "school" as soon as she is about again.

The writer of the article then sets forth some of the advantages the mother obtains by attending at the school, taking two typical schools as examples, and describing in detail the procedure. The North Islington School is perhaps the best example, and can serve as a model to be followed. It is recognised by the local authority, its visitors are recognised as health visitors, and it receives a grant from the Board of Education and Local Government Board of one-half of its annual expenditure. The author concludes:—

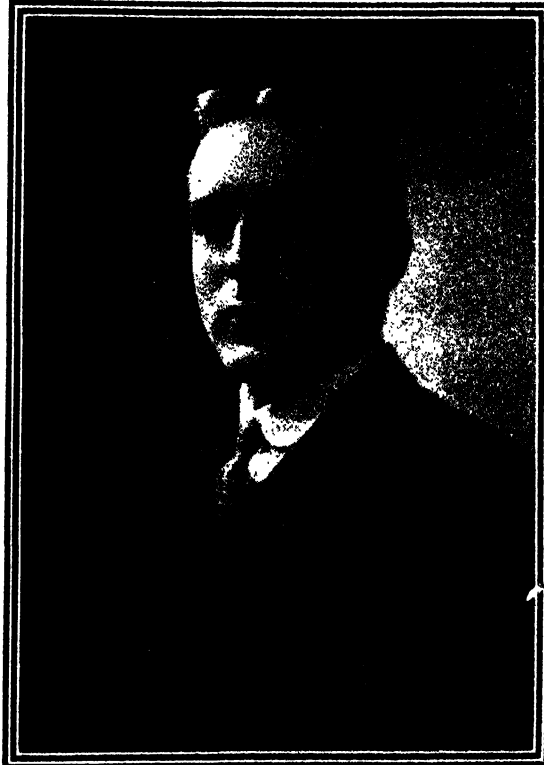
No one who has seen it in working can doubt that its activities have the most marked beneficial effect on the children under its care, and upon the mothers who receive its instruction. The cost is less than £130 per annum, and would still be almost neglibly low even if the many services and appliances now given were paid for. If every London district had such a school, and every school were as generously treated by Government and by voluntary helpers, we might hope to reduce the mortality of the first year of life (which now varies from 154 per thousand in Glamorgan to 73 in Oxfordshire) to a figure which would represent much less waste of health, money, effort, hopes, and tears than our present manner of expecting young women to know what they have never been taught, and letting them be punished by a death-sentence by proxy when their ignorance bears its natural fruit.

THE NATIONAL SONGS OF THE ALLIES AND NEUTRAL NATIONS.

THE August number of the *Books for the Bairns*, in addition to pleasing its young readers, should give gratification to the elders of the Bairns also, if the interest taken in it by those who have co-operated in its compilation can be taken as a gauge. The suggestion was made that a collection of the National Anthems of the Allies and Neutrals would be welcomed by teachers and pupils. It was at first, however, scarcely realised that such a unique collection, characteristic as it must be of the nationalities concerned, would have a philological interest also. The contrast or resemblance of the words or tunes of the two dozen invocations stand out conspicuously when thus brought together. This interesting collection of songs (arranged and adapted by Mr. Hubert Bath) is published at one penny by Stead's Publishing House, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C., and will be on sale at all booksellers' and newsagents' throughout the country. The publishers have in preparation the pianoforte score for the use of teachers. Orders are being taken for this, at one shilling per copy, post free. (See page 184 for an advertisement.)

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

THE Editor of *Science Progress* gives the place of honour to a paper on "The Structure of the Universe," by H. Spencer Jones, for whom, judging from his past performances, we may safely prophesy a brilliant future. As Chief Assistant to the Astronomer Royal, the writer is familiar with the theories and practice from which scientists hope to elucidate the mysteries which still shroud the problem of the structure and evolution of the universe. This problem is a question of distances. "If the distance of each star were known in addition to its position in the sky, its position in space would be determined, and our knowledge of the present structure would be complete."



Mr. H. Spencer Jones.

The writer is confronted at the outset with the world-old query: "Is our universe finite or infinite in extent?" and the answer is dependent on the results of astronomical research:—

Can we, with the aid of our telescopes, penetrate to its extremities, and number the stars? If it is finite, are there other stellar universes existing outside our own, and if so, in what relation does ours stand to them? How has our universe been evolved, what will be its end, and how long its duration? What is its form and where is its centre? To some of these questions we can give answers with more or less certainty, but to others of them we cannot yet reply.

In all these investigations the Milky Way holds a position of fundamental importance. Some part of the Milky Way may be seen on any clear night in the year, but it is seen best in early winter, when it passes near our zenith in the evening. It is a broad, luminous stream of faint stars, with many branches and dark rifts, but on the whole lying very nearly in a plane which is inclined at a few degrees to the ecliptic, and which intersects the celestial equator in the constellations of Aquila and Monoceros. It is important as being the plane of symmetry of the stellar universe, and the co-ordinates which express the position of a star relative to it are called its galactic longitude and latitude, the longitude being measured eastward from the point of its intersection with the celestial equator in Aquila.

Mr. Jones then proceeds to tabulate the results of investigations as to the magnitude and spectral values of the stars of our sidereal system, and from the evidence accumulated comes to the conclusion that "we must regard our stellar universe as finite in extent—although its dimensions are so vast as to stagger the mind—and contemplate the possibility of the existence of other, and independent, universes outside it."

The paper contains a valuable outline of the theories concerning spiral, gaseous and irregular nebulæ, of which it has been estimated there are at least 160,000. In this context Mr. Jones writes:—

One always associates a spiral with the thought of rotation, and it is undoubted that some at least of the nebulæ are in rotation. Attempts have been made to find whether our system shows any evidence of rotation about an axis perpendicular to the Milky Way. The problem is a very difficult one, involving an accurate knowledge of the precession constant, and of the magnitude and direction of the solar motion,

in addition to which it is complicated by the effects of star-streaming. It is therefore not surprising that, up to the present, no concordant results have been obtained beyond the proof that the rotation if it exists must be very small in amount. The search for a great central sun the hub of the universe about which the whole system is turning is one that appeals strongly to man's imagination and several attempts have been made to discover such. Mädler decided upon Alcyone, the brightest star in the Pleiades, but this supposition is untenable. If such a central sun exists there is little doubt but that it must be situated in the galactic plane, whereas Alcyone lies far outside this plane. Easton, on the other hand, decided upon a centre situated in the constellation of Cygnus, a rich galactic region containing many nebulæ. It has been mentioned above that, as a result of the study of the distribution of stars in galactic latitude, it has been concluded that our solar system lies slightly to the north of the galaxy, so that Easton's conclusion cannot be admitted.

A more recent discussion by O. W. Walkey indicates that Canopus may be the sidereal centre. Although further evidence is necessary before this can be definitely asserted, yet this supposition appears more reasonable than any previous one. Canopus is the second brightest star in the heavens, its magnitude being 0·86. In general, it is safe to assert that the bright stars are the near ones, but this is certainly not the case with Canopus, whose parallax was investigated by Sir David Gill. Using eighth-magnitude stars as comparison stars, Gill found for it a zero relative parallax, and this careful determination therefore indicates that its parallax is the same as that of the comparison stars—*i.e.*, of the order of a few thousandths of a second of arc. It follows from this that Canopus is probably from ten to one hundred thousand times as luminous as the sun. One feels that such a star, one of the greatest, if not the greatest sun of which we have any knowledge, has a claim to our consideration, as being very suitable for the sidereal centre.

Mr. Jones is hopeful that future progress will find natural explanations for these intricate investigations, for "almost daily new knowledge is being gained and new light thrown upon these problems."

POISON GAS AND AN ANTIDOTE.

"THE Use of Poisonous Gases in Trench Warfare" is the subject of an informative article in *Cassier's* by John B. C. Kershaw, who prefaces his remarks by indicting the authors of this new horror:—

The German military authorities, as recent events in the western theatre of the war and General French's reports show, have decided to ignore Article 23 of the Hague Convention forbidding the use of poisonous gas s, and to make regular use in future of such asphyxiating and poisonous gases in trench warfare whenever the atmospheric conditions favour this form of attack. This decision forms but another example of the modern German spirit, which has no regard for Treaties or Conventions that may appear to clash at the moment with the exigencies of the military situation.

The use of poisonous gases must, therefore, be added to the long list of crimes which the military rulers of modern Germany are piling up for future expiation at the bar of outraged civilisation and humanity.

The paper gives a full account of the deadly effect of the gases, and after discussing the various forms of respirators to counteract the fumes, makes the following suggestion:

Considering now the mechanical methods of meeting these gas attacks, the most practicable appears to be that of creating a counter air-current, which would deflect or carry these gases back into the German lines. It might be possible with the aid of the Army Engineers to adapt the engines and propellers of aeroplanes for this work, or to arrange for petrol-operated air-pumps and fans to be stationed at the points in our lines most subject to these gas attacks. The attacks, it might be noted, are only delivered when a light breeze from the north and north-east favours the German design. In a strong wind the gases are carried over the Allies' line of trenches too quickly to effect much harm as proved in one of these attacks quite recently.

A slight counter air-current ought to suffice, therefore, to deflect the direction of the gas cloud as it slowly drifts over the ground between the two lines of trenches, or even to lift it vertically as it passes over the trenches. If certain selected portions of the Allied trenches could be kept free from the poison gases in this way, they would provide fresh-air zones, which would serve as a rendezvous for the men engaged in the defence. Coke or charcoal fires might also assist in the work, since they would cause an upward current of air along the line of trenches, and would help to carry the noxious vapours over the line of defence. These fires would require to be fed, however, with fresh air from the rear of the lines.

RHYTHM.

NERVOUS folk may take comfort in the fact that, amid the distractions of war, Fleet Surgeon C. Marsh Beadnell, on board H.M.S. *Shannon*, calmly indites an article for *The Quest*, and we must thank him for diverting our thoughts even for an hour from the absorbing topic of the time. The present paper, "The Cradle of Speech," continues the evolutionary survey of former articles "The Dawn of Voice and Hearing" and "The Origins of Song and Dance," and the series express scientific fact presented in a most readable form. After pointing out that "Originally animals did not *hear* sounds, but *felt* them—first by means of the general body-surface, next by cutaneous nerves distributed all over the body, and later by particular cutaneous nerves localised in the head-region; finally they were able to hear sound by means of metamorphosed skin-nerves that no longer came to the surface but remained in the deeper tissues as acoustic nerves," the writer says:

> Strange it is that mere vibrations of wood, iron and air should wield so tremendous an influence over organisms, evoking in ourselves the deepest and sublimist emotions here spurring to deeds of prowess, there soothing with a sense of ineffable peace. This mysterious sway over the mind is probably because one of the first uses to which organised sound-waves were put was as a method of sexual appeal; indeed, music to this day is *the* language of love. Again, organised sound-waves accompanied not only love, but war dances, and hence were in intimate association with muscular movements of vital import to primitive man. And finally, music is the essence of rhythm; and the hall-mark of rhythm was very early stamped on protoplasm. The ultra-atomic rhythms of the ether, the particulate rhythms of water and air, the gross rhythms of winds, ripples, waves and tides left their indelible mark on the tender new-born life cradled in the pre-Cambrian seas. It was the *measured* sounds rather than the actual tones which so excited aboriginal man and drove him to action, bellicose or erotic. It was the recurrent boom of the drum, the twang of bow, the clatter of castanets and clang of cymbals—instruments which always figured in the love-dances of antiquity—rather than tonality, which then was quite subsidiary, that so inflamed the primeval mind. The development of the power of hearing and the concomitant evolution of music were best furthered by conditions unfavourable to the full exercise of vision. Being primarily a danger-organ, the ear received its stimuli to development principally at night or in the twilights of woods and caves; in the brightness of day more reliance was placed on the eye. To this day music has most charms when the light is subdued, because our visual sense is then lowered and our auditory sense exalted.

Hearing necessarily preceded speech, and the latter is a corollary to the high development of that wonderful instrument, the ear:—

> One of the most specialised parts of the auditory mechanism is that in which the sorting out of various vibration-frequencies takes place, that is where the ear has to do with an estimation of pitch; and so sensitive is this region that some 11,000 tones can be discriminated. Now this number approximately corresponds to the number of hair-cells, or fibres of Corti as they are called, in the cochlea; and some authorities consider that these cells respond to the sound vibrations in a manner analogous to that in which one piano responds, note for note, to another.

The origin of language has aroused considerable controversy, but the most reasonable conclusion is that in the beginning sounds were inarticulate, developing into the articulate and gradually taking the definite phonetic form as embodied in the languages of the peoples of the earth. This progress carries man from the animal stages to the present era of civilisation:

> Viewing broadly the question of the gradual development of the means of communicating the contents of the mind from one organism to another, we note three principal stages: first, the communication of "ideas" by means of silent body-movements, that is by gestures, gesticulations, grimaces, etc.; secondly, the communication of ideas by means of sounds, vocal or adventitious; and, thirdly, the stage of word-pictures and writing, a process which has the advantage that the transmission of ideas from transmitter—that is, the individual recording his thoughts on paper—to receiver—that is, the reader of those thoughts, is independent of time and space, to the extent that reader and writer may be separated by hundreds of miles and centuries of years.

THE FAIR CITY OF GLASGOW.

THE vandal is abroad, and one of Glasgow's few remaining landmarks is threatened. This moves David Murray to protest in the pages of *The Scottish Historical Review*, and to demand "The Preservation of the Tolbooth Steeple." May a mere Southron suggest, with due humility, that Glasgow can ill-afford to lose any link which connects her with a more picturesque past? Every intelligent person is aware of the remarkable standard of municipal enterprise associated with that overcrowded city, but there is no reason why her historical identity should be merged below that of - --- or ---- both towns only too readily mistaken for their northern rival—were it not for the Tolbooth. Individuality is a pearl of great price even if overshadowed by the smoke and grime of essential factories.

Natives and admirers of Glasgow will be interested in the reminder introducing Mr. Murray's paper that at one time it was "generally believed to be, of its Bigness, the most beautiful City of the World, and is acknowledged to be so by all foreigners that come thither." Unfortunately it has one or two upstart rivals, such as Rome, Venice, Paris, not to mention Edinboro' (and may we say London ?). We reproduce an old "portrait" of the town and a contemporary description :—



Glasgow and Neighbourhood about 1641.
From Blaeu's Atlas, Amsterdam, 1654.
It is probable that this is a reproduction of the "portrait" of the town, prepared by James Colquhoun in 1641 to be sent to Holland.

Glasgow in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a singularly attractive place. Its situation was romantic. The old town, clustering around the Cathedral, stood high above the adjacent country and commanded a magnificent prospect. On the one hand, it overlooked the Clyde valley stretching away to the high lands of the Mearns and of the Gleniffers; on the other it was bounded by the Campsie Fells—memorable in the history of St. Mungo—by Dungoyne, and in the far distance by Ben Lomond. The High Street, aligned by houses and gardens, led to the Market Cross, and from thence the traveller passed by the Saltmarket and the Briggait to the Clyde, then a beautiful clear-flowing stream something like the Shannon at Athlone. The immediate neighbourhood was charming. Glasgow, says Camden, was famous for its "pleasant situation, apple trees, and other like fruit trees much commended." The Rev. James Brome, an English clergyman, who visited us in 1669, records that "for pleasantness of sight, sweetness of air, and delightfulness of its gardens and orchards, enriched with most delicious fruits, Glasgow surpasseth all other places in this tract." Sixty-seven years later it was the same; Glasgow, we are told, was in 1736 "surrounded with corn fields, kitchen and flower gardens and beautiful orchards abounding with fruits of all sorts, which by reason of the open and large streets send forth a pleasant and odoriferous smell."

The Cure of Self-Consciousness, by J. Alexander (Reid, Newcastle, 3s. 6d. net), contains practical suggestions for the cure of such self-conscious states of mind as bashfulness, nervousness, blushing, stage fright, etc. It will be of use to adults who are aware of such a condition in themselves, and also to those who have charge of young people, for the great thing is self-control.

STRICKEN BELGIUM.

"DINANT THAT WAS," these three words will awaken the memories of those who have been privileged to visit the beautiful towns and villages which cluster along the banks of the Meuse, memories which will for many years centre on "Dinant that Was," so vividly pictured by Norman Croom-Johnson (in his sketch which appears in *The Englishwoman*)

Imagine a vivid blue river, sixty yards wide, set with a line of little old irregular white houses, smiling at their reflections in the clear mirror of the water; at the end of the line, by a stone bridge, a church with the quaintest cupola-spire, from which rang every quarter of an hour a silvery, elusive tune, a message of joy and goodwill to all the world; for background, a huge, sheer wall of rock crowned with a fortress of forbidding grimness; and further along, beyond the bridge, another row of white houses nestling against a green hillside. People the crooked old-world streets with happy townsfolk revelling in the dancing sunshine, well content that their lot should be cast in such pleasant places, and you have a true picture of Dinant as it was on any bright summer morning a short year ago. At evening the lights of the little houses sparkled like a double row of gems, and the outlines of the church would fade slowly into the shadow of the gaunt rock, to form one solid dark mass against which the sky seemed to take on a lighter tone. And sometimes in the very early morning of a hot day Dinant would wear another aspect. One would wake to a world shrouded in white, impenetrable mist; then, as the sun gathered strength somewhere out of sight, rifts would appear in the curtain and the ropes of fog swirl and twist and break, until suddenly all was clear, and river, church, citadel, and little houses stood revealed, twinkling and laughing, like a child caught out at hide-and-seek. Not without reason was Dinant once called the most charming town in Belgium. There have been men, strong, determined trampers, resolved to explore the rivers of the Ardennes to their uttermost springs, who, on arriving there at the outset of their journey, have felt their visions fail and die within them, and have returned home with no record of adventures in unknown country, but richer by the memory of days of ease spent in one of the dearest little towns in all Europe. Happy those who carry that memory in their hearts, for they will never more see the Dinant of last July. To-day there remains but a mass of burnt-out ruins, mutely appealing to Heaven for the vengeance which shall surely be visited upon the destroyers.



Mr. Norman Croom-Johnson.
Photo by Algernon Smith.

The reader will find an interesting account of the outstanding features of the long and chequered history of the town, which will for ever be associated with Louvain as the low-water mark of human brutality. The writer ends with a pleasing note of hope for the future:—

Dinant has given few great names to the world, but one may be mentioned, Wiertz, that strange, eccentric painter of vast subjects, with something of Dürer in him, something of our own Martin, and a streak of wayward genius all his own. The bulk of his work may be seen in Brussels, but before the town hall of his native place stood, and still stands, his great statue group, *Lumière*. Is it an omen of happier days in store for this dear, ruined town that *Light* remained unscathed by any German shell, and is to-day a proud symbol that at the latter end the powers of darkness shall be utterly overthrown?

Another article on the same subject appears in *The Contemporary Review.*

THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

THE "Adventures of a Despatch Rider" appearing in *Blackwood's* are full of realistic pictures of the fighting round La Bassée, and enable the reader to form a correct judgment of the nature of the task faced daily by our soldiers. Here is a grim episode, doubtless one of a hundred similar incidents:—

The enemy had made a violent attack, preluded by heavy shelling, on the left of the 15th, and what I think was a holding attack on the right. Violaines had been stormed, and the Cheshires had been driven, still grimly fighting, to beyond the Rue de Marais. The Norfolks on their right and the K.O.S.B.'s on their left had been compelled to draw back their line with heavy loss, for their flanks had been uncovered by the retreat of the Cheshires. The Germans stopped a moment to consolidate their gains. This gave us time to throw a couple of battalions against them. After desperate fighting Rue de Marais was retaken and some sort of line established. What was left of the Cheshires gradually rallied in Festubert.

This German success, together with a later success against the 3rd Division, that resulted in our evacuation of Neuve Chapelle, compelled us to withdraw and readjust our line. This second line was not so defensible as the first. Until we were relieved the Germans battered at it with gunnery all day and attacks all night. How we managed to hold it is utterly beyond my understanding. The men were dog-tired. Few of the old officers were left, and they were "done to the world." Never did the Fighting Fifth more deserve the name. It fought dully and instinctively, like a boxer who, after receiving heavy punishment, just manages to keep himself from being knocked out until the call of time.

Yet, when they had dragged themselves wearily and blindly out of the trenches, the fighting men of the Fighting Fifth were given but a day's rest or two before the 15th and two battalions of the 13th were sent to Hooge, and the remainder to hold sectors of the line farther south. Can you wonder that we despatch riders, in comparative safety behind the line, did all we could to help the most glorious and amazing infantry that the world has ever seen? And when you praise the deeds at Ypres of the First Corps, who had experienced no La Bassée, spare a word for the men of the Fighting Fifth who thought they could fight no more and yet fought.

TRACTION.

THE winged chariot of the ancients figures prominently in verse and stone; nevertheless the wheeled vehicle only came to its own at the invitation of Macadam, and it is therefore fitting that *The Scottish Historical Review* should entertain a paper from the pen of Lord Kingsburgh, on "Power Traction in Peace and War." It is a far cry from Jehu to Jarvey, and yet few can realise the mass of prejudice which has hindered the progress of the motor-vehicle even in the past ten years; but, as the writer shows, the transfer from horse-drawn to petrol-driven traction is almost complete. It is hardly a recommendation to know that without the motor war could not be waged on the present colossal scale:—

When it is remembered that no fewer than 260,000 horses perished during the South African war on the imperial side only, it is very certain that if the road work that has had to be done in supplying our force in France had been conducted by horse-drawn vehicles over the awful roads of France and Belgium, the number used up already would have required to be put down in millions. The petrol vehicle has revolutionised war and made what would formerly have been impossible of accomplishment at all a weekly occurrence. Where one hundredweight was conveyed in former wars a ton is conveyed now to the same section of war front, and that front is infinitely greater than was the case in the time of Napoleon and Wellington. Again, where a vehicle could compass twenty miles in a day, it can now compass a hundred and fifty miles. Where fatigue made recuperative rest imperative, the question of fatigue does not require to be considered. Given a relay of drivers the modern war vehicle can, on emergency, do work continuously for long periods of time. It has also a reserve of power, which will force it through difficulties which would hold up the horse-driven vehicle absolutely. If the saying is accepted that the army marches upon its belly, then there can be no doubt that facility for bringing up supplies quickly must make its marching power greater. Slow transit of food supplies means poor speed in the army's movement. And more battles are won by troops being brought quickly to the point of decision, and in good fettle because well fed, than by any other means.

As the writer says, referring to the first aid to the wounded: "It may be poor comfort, but still is some comfort, to know that power traction does something to mitigate the horrors, which would be infintely worse were animal power the only means of locomotion."

FROM THE RANKS.

THE *Millgate Monthly* contains a brief biography by Frederick Rockell of John T. Gurnett—"A Soldier Poet"—whose verse is securing appreciation from a public which refuses to welcome the meticulous effort of the mere dilettante. From the particulars we quote our readers will recognise that our poet was trained "hard":

John T. Gurnett is now in his early forties. He was born in Toronto, Canada, in a family descended from British stock. His early life was one of privation and hardship. When a mere youth he took to ranching, and much of his sturdiness of character doubtless comes from his contact with Nature in the full, free, and open-air life of a rancher in the Arizona desert. Here he had one alarming experience, which reads almost like a story out of Bret Harte. Life in the wilds of Canada then was not so secure as it is now. It was a period of lawlessness. Gangs of armed robbers roamed the country, and a mere journey in those days was a perilous adventure. The young rancher was crossing the Arizona Desert in a train, when it was held up by bandits. But the men of those times were no weaklings. They were prepared to sell their valuables and, if need be, their lives dearly. In the skirmish that followed young Gurnett was hit on the head with the butt end of a horse pistol, and in an unconscious condition was thrown out of the moving train, and left for dead on the railway track. After a time, however, he regained consciousness. But he was in a desperate plight. Weak from his wound, and shaken by his fall from the train, he was left alone in the desert without food. But, summoning his courage, he made his way on foot across the desert, hoping to find somewhere shelter, food, and rest. At last, when all hope seemed gone, he came across a friendly linesman who, with true hospitality, took him into his hut, gave him food, sheltered him, and nursed him to recovery through the illness that followed the injuries he had received and the privations he had endured.



Mr. Gurnett with his two children.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Editor of *The Millgate Monthly*

After varied experiences in Canada and the States, Mr. Gurnett grew tired of the life and came to this country. He went to Glasgow in 1897, and there enlisted as a private in the Royal Artillery. His rise in the ranks was steady and sure, and he now holds the highest non-commissioned rank, that of Quartermaster-Sergeant. But he is more proud of having received the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving a boy from drowning while a gunner at Colchester than he of his military title. He is married, and has a fine sturdy boy of ten years of age, and a little girl, who have been the inspiration of much of his poetry.

Mr. Gurnett's verse is reminiscent of Patrick MacGill's "Songs of the Dead End," and is animated by the same hatred of the shams of life and the fraud labelled by the fortunate "civilisation"; the interviewer challenges this outlook:—

"What is it precisely that you find wrong with civilisation?" I asked.

"It is not easy to frame an indictment in a few words," he replied, "but I might say that where civilisation shows itself most a failure is in its attitude towards and treatment of children. Throughout Europe there is no real outlook for the child; there is no sane provision made for its future. Society is not organised to receive the young people who are born into it—no organisation to fit them for a life worth living in maturity. But perhaps you will find what I mean better expressed in my poem, 'The Children's Garden.'"

The loving eyes of the Master
  Are veiled in horror and shame,
When children seeking their birthright
  Are seared in the tainted flame;
The flame of the lust of striving
  To live by their brother's pain:
To rend as the beasts that raven,
  The ill-starred gospel of gain.
Oh send again a St. Francis,

The lover of God and men,
To cry in the market places,
To sway us with voice and pen;
To build us a fairer city,
More pure for the little feet,
Where God may walk in our gardens,
Where angel and man shall meet.

"But have you any hope for the future? Do you see any light shining through the fog of war?"

To these questions the soldier-poet replied: "You know that I have had psychic experiences.* Being what is called clairvoyant, I am intensely sensitive to the emotions of people surrounding me. And during this war I have felt in my nerves, and in my soul, what every wife and mother must be feeling whose husband or son has been exposed to this senseless slaughter. And being thus sensitive it has come to me that after the war there will be a spontaneous demand arising from the peoples of the earth, a demand that human life and human aspirations shall be held sacred. And like a flash will come the realisation that our civilisation, its organisation, its institutions, its politics, and its creeds, are all artificial, and must give place to a new framework of society, in which there will be no room for that inter-racial ignorance and hatred that breeds war, no room for that narrow selfishness that keeps man apart from man."

"THE LITTLE MAY BE GREAT."

Science Progress contains a notable poem by George William Bettany, entitled "A Bit of Rock," from which we extract a few lines:—

. . . What mortal eye can see
One only of those evanescent spheres
Which float in air and scarcely have a name
Till myriads make the mist? Who can discern
The colour of a raindrop, till the one
Is lost within the many, and the hue
Strikes the dull eye when rapture thrills the soul
Beside a mountain tarn, or when we gaze
Out on the ocean's blue? See, at a stroke,
What fills the painter's canvas when he takes
A flood of colour on his cunning brush
And paints a purple mountain. Can he see
Gems such as this which stud the distant rocks
And give them half their beauty? Can he count
The florets of the heather, as he sweeps
Their colour on his board? O little thing,
Thou tender moss-plant breathing on this stone,
There's majesty in thee. But thou art like
Those kings among a people, unperceiv'd,
Unreverenc'd, uncrown'd, save by a band
Of bleeding thorns, till after years have shown
The little may be great.

* Mr. Gurnett has had published a story of old Egypt which came to him in a state of trance. He believes it to be a record of actual happenings.

CHRIST'S POWER OF WILL.

THOSE who fancy that the work of the theological writer is done are recommended to read the article in *The Constructive Quarterly*, by F. Herbert Stead, entitled "A Dynamic View of the Deed of Christ." The charm of the writer's treatment consists in a simple analysis which enables the reader to approve the reasoning from his own experience:—

In seeking the standpoint whence our view is taken, let us keep our feet firmly, step by step, on the unyielding basis of admitted fact. . . . Let us begin with two facts which are quite familiar to the ordinary Christian consciousness. One is a sense of bondage to the past, a feeling of the tyranny of moral use and wont, a consciousness of the difficulty, sometimes amounting to utter inability, involved in any endeavour to break loose from the chains of evil habit. . . . The other fact is a sense of glorious freedom from the past, a certainty that the soul is no longer held by what it has been, a buoyant assurance of ability to do and to be, irrespective of antecedents. . . . But these two facts, which stand over against each other in such jagged contrast, are bridged by a third fact. The transition from one state to the other coincides with the arrival of some thought about Jesus Christ.

The writer's argument is based, mainly, on the power of habit, a power which dominates our lives and prevents a fuller accomplishment. Whether Christ's contemporaries fully recognised the revolutionary tendencies of His teaching is open to doubt, but history shows that He did indeed tear asunder "the closely woven tissue of social, racial, and religious tradition."

Even the sceptic freely acknowledges the transforming quality of the Christian's faith, so that—

Even in the humble walks of ordinary human life one sees how submission to the loftier Will at once ennobles and reinforces the act of heroic will. The soldier who dies in winning his country's battle, the fireman who falls into the furnace of flame from which he has just rescued a child, the engine driver who saves the train by sticking to his post in a bath of scalding death, find their highest inspiration, as their dying words often attest, in the thought of Duty Not the glory of victory, not the applause of the Press, not even the lives that are saved, but Duty is the commanding motive. In the warmer and truer language of religion, Duty is but the Will of God, and those who sacrifice their lives at the command of Duty are offering them up as a veritable sacrifice to God.

THE HOME OF THE IMMORTALS.

IN his appreciation of Greece, appearing in *The Badminton*, T. F. Legard contrives to cover a goodly portion of Greek history, not forgetting the immediate past and the imminence of future activities. The little article is a compendium of encyclopaedic paragraphs which not only convey definite information, but teem with imaginative stimuli enabling the reader to understand the peculiar place occupied by the Greek nation at this particular period. The following extract is illuminating:—

All religions are tolerated, though the Greek Orthodox Church is the State Church. It is independent of the Government and subject to the Patriarch who, for political reasons affecting Russia and other Orthodox States, resides in Constantinople. The Holy Synod, consisting of five members under the presidency of the Metropolitan of Athens, has, however, a good deal of authority in matters ecclesiastical, and—curious as it may seem in so democratic and enlightened a State—can invoke civil aid for the punishment and suppression of heresy. But it must be borne in mind that though the upper classes are progressive, and their life is a reflection of that of Paris, the humbler Greeks are very Asiatic in their mode of life, and extremely superstitious, belief in vampires and the evil eye, amongst other things, being most firmly rooted.

The Greeks of to-day, in spite of Professor Fallmerayer, who insists that they are Slavs, retain many of the characteristics of the ancient Hellenes, their ancestors. They are a remarkably homogeneous and assimilative people, intensely patriotic and democratic, and their intellectual powers in all classes of the population exceptionally high. This "seeking after wisdom" which St Paul remarked on has its drawbacks, in spite of the pleasure derived from seeing some small boot-black or street arab poring in his spare moments over a tragedy of Euripedes or Sophocles, or reading in place of a "penny dreadful" the Iliad or the Odyssey or Pindar's odes. It tends to produce a large mass of educated men, without the employment for which their talents have fitted them who spend a great deal if not all their time wrangling over politics and persons in cafés, or using more or less questionable means of gaining political posts, and, incidentally, their living. And yet despite this ardent and rather ignoble political strife the spread of Hellenic rule to the Greek colonies of Asia Minor and to the as yet unredeemed Greek islands of the archipelago, has never been absent from the mind of a single Greek since the War of Independence, though until lately there seemed to be entirely lacking that profundity of thought and tenacity of purpose which make for national greatness.



Pontikonisi, Island of the Mouse, Corfu.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Badminton Magazine."

While concerned with the affairs of to-day the writer is not insensible to the charm of the "Land of lost gods and godlike men." He says:—

Olympia is but one vast chaos of masonry redeemed by the greatest gem bequeathed us—the Hermes of Praxiteles. Only imagination remains to conjure it up in the days of its glory. Corinth, Eleusis, Epidaurus, Sparta, Delphi, are but names amidst the fragments of marble epistyle and triglyph, scattered columns and broken pavement overgrown with blood-red poppies, purple vetch, cornflowers, lichens and weeds. In Athens only is the imagination not so taxed. And yet in spite of all the ruin and desolation wrought by time, barbarism, and the iconoclastic zeal of religious fanatics, the mere fact of standing on the sites of these historic cities, shrines, and groves, of steaming through the placid bay of Salamis or sitting on the spot whence Xerxes watched the destruction of his fleet, of gazing, with the young Greece of to-day, from the mound at Marathon or the Pass of Thermopylae eastward to that Greater Greece, to Rhodes "with everlasting sunshine bright," to Halicarnassus, Miletus, Abydos and Cyme to Ephesus, Magnesia, and Byzantium, brings with it a satisfaction which tends to discount the ruin.

From Sunion to Aegina, from Athens to Sparta in the cornfields of Elis, on the slopes of Parnassus and Olympus, by the banks of the Styx in Achaea, or of the Cephissus and Ilissus in Attica, we are on holy ground; and when we return to the rush and bustle of everyday life in more northern cities, to motor-'buses and electric trams, to elevated and underground railways and all the shrieking paraphernalia of our mechanical age, it is as though we had been dragged ruthlessly and relentlessly from the Arcadia of our visions and dreams.

The Gospel Miracles, by J. R. Illingworth, D.D. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Illingworth has justly gained high repute as a scholar skilled in presenting his ideas in a form that appeals to the educated layman interested in the subject under discussion. His treatment is not profound enough for the expert, but it admirably meets the case of those who want to know what the experts are thinking, and this characteristic is once again illustrated by his new book on Miracles. It will not convince the sceptic, but is likely to confirm the hesitating believer. The author's style is admirably lucid and pleasant; but his matter would have been improved by compression.

A CARDINAL CITY.

CONSTANTINOPLE has always secured more than its share of the limelight, and whether 1915 will mark yet another conquest of this ancient city or one more siege successfully sustained, the dramatic interest of its situation will remain unchallenged. Almost every visitor has attempted to convey an impression of its manifold aspect, but "W. J. C." in *Blackwood's* has contrived to present the picture anew, and with rare skill condensed the wonderful panorama of "Constantinople and the Bosphorus" into a few pages of print which glow with the incidents of a thousand years. The defences of Constantinople have been challenged on many occasions in the past, and "W. J. C." records a story of the pre-Dreadnought era:—

One other memorable siege the walls saw 250 years later, when they were attacked by Mahomet II. and a Turkish army of 150,000 men. For the first time mighty cannon—for which the Turks have always displayed a liking—were brought against the ancient defences. These did not altogether fail even then. The great guns were few, their fire slow, and there was time to improvise defences behind the breaches they made. Besides, the line of fortification was not only of masonry, but included a great embankment of earth filled in between the inner and outer walls; and the siege made little progress. Nor could Mahomet get his fleet past the chain across the Golden Horn. Possession of the harbour became vital to his success, so he made the famous transfer of his fleet from the Bosphorus across the high land of Pera. The exact route that was followed is still debated. Wherever it lay, however, he had to haul his ships—seventy of them—up the steep face of a hill 300 feet high, and cover at least two miles of land before launching on the Golden Horn. After secretly preparing a cutting provided with greased ways in the bottom, the transfer was made in a single night. To the Greeks a miracle seemed to have happened. The real soul of the defence was Giustiniani, a Genoese, who commanded 2,000 of his countrymen. The same day that he fell mortally wounded the last Emperor of Constantinople perished in a breach of the great wall, and the Turks entered. It was May 29th, 1453—with a little good fortune the present allied armies might have made it a double anniversary.

THE BRITISH POACHER.

THE poacher does not seek advertisement, neither has he attained any degree of public patronage, and yet he has many sympathisers who admire his mode if not his methods, and his courage and resource are qualities to be envied. "Some Poachers," by the late Alex. Innes Shand, appears in *The Badminton*, and by that token we may know that the poacher is not foresworn of good sportsmen; the rather, many such are under an ancient debt to the hunted hunter of things that do likewise crawl, creep, swim, climb, and have their due place in the natural order of things. "Many are called but few are chosen," and the article indicates to the discarded in what particular their education and direction failed to make them good poachers:—

The peasant poacher begins with bird-nesting as the duckling betakes itself to the pond. The gentle slope tends inevitably towards Avernus and more serious trespass. There is a fearful joy in stealing into copses and preserves patrolled by truculent keepers, and guarded by ominous placards announcing that all trespassers will be prosecuted. Creeping through the undergrowth, and in grassy ditches beneath the tangled canopies of the hedgerows, treading gingerly on the treacherous soil in the wilderness of sedges and bulrushes, the young vagabond, with each sense on the alert, gets skilled in ambushing and sign-reading like one of Cooper's Red Indians. Growing older, he goes to work on a regular wage.

He has already served his apprenticeship as ploughman's boy, and as he leads the team along the furrows his self-education has been progressing. When he has attained maturity he is active, athletic, and independent. When it pleases him to exert himself he is more efficient than most men, and he has no difficulty in obtaining employment. If he had the means or the thought of emigrating, he might find scope for his adventurous energies in the Colonies. As it is, he does not care to resign himself to the monotonous routine of regular farm drudgery. So he goes in for piecework, with frequent change of scene, or, if he lives in a woodland country, he seeks employment as a woodman. When he does farm work, by preference he engages himself for such light and exciting occupation as bush-harrowing. For as he sits leisurely dragging the bush-harrow across the grass, or strolls homeward towards evening, skirting the sequestered recesses of the woods, he has rare opportunities for the study of animated nature. He worms himself into the secrets and daily routine of all the stealthy wild creatures, and into the ways of the watchers as well. He knows each gnarled limb of the favourite clumps of trees where the crowing pheasants fly up to roost. And in the autumn gloaming, or in the dimness of dawn, when the ripe acorns are falling fast, and when the hedgerows are heavily laden with ruddy berries, he meets the pheasants wandering forth to feed, beyond the familiar beats of the caretakers.

The police records supply the sad sequel, and the too-close student of natural history is laid by the heels and holed from his favourite woods and pastures. The writer discusses an old point, and supplies the right answer:—

Stalking the glades by moonlight like a guardian ghost, or squatting, on weary sentry duty, in a damp ditch, has no special charm for him. Although neither a sluggard nor a sybarite, he would sooner be in his warm bed. What tempts him into sin or criminal trespass is the devilry delighting in a dash of peril, with the development of the instincts which make every country boy stone cats and birds, though he may be in the habit of fondling the home puss on the hearth and be charmed by the minstrelsy of thrushes and blackbirds.

I do not believe that the casuistry as to the rights of ownership in wild creatures has much to do with the matter; though doubtless the question is often discussed over the mugs of beer in the village alehouse. But the doctrine of heredity is responsible for a great deal. Saxon England was the Paradise of poachers; and so England would have still remained under the Norman and Angevin princes had it not been for the tremendous severity of the forest laws. As it was, the opportunities were so great, and the chances of detection so small, that the half-starved serf thought it worth while risking death or mutilation, or the diabolical penalty of having the eyes plucked out, according to a statute of the Conqueror confirmed by Cœur de Lion. The opportunities were great, for in those days one unbroken forest stretched from Trent to Humber, and onwards towards Tyne. Westward were vast woodlands and leagues of seldom-trodden sheepwalks. Southward, in the Midlands, were Sherwood and Needwood and Charnwood, till you came to the great forest of Anderida, which fed the smelting furnaces between the Medway and the Sussex Downs. Everywhere the choking of springs and the backflow of stagnating streams had turned forest land into impenetrable morasses only passable by tracks known to the initiated.

Indeed, to the initiated the poacher is always a man and a brother, possessing many of the sterling virtues which are rightly labelled "British."

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

THE CULTURE OF SUGAR-BEET.

As a direct consequence of the war, the shortage of sugar brought into prominence the possibilities of sugar beet being grown in this country in sufficient quantities to supply the nation's needs. In connection with this meetings have been arranged in various agricultural centres at which experts have lectured to farmers as to the possibilities and profits of sugar beet culture, and notwithstanding the many difficulties in the way of shortage of labour, and dislike of farmers to introduce changes in cultivation, it is gratifying to state that some forty farmers in Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, and Devon are growing crops this year, from seed supplied by the department at cost price. Other movements of a similar nature are in hand.—*The Railway Magazine.*

ADVICE TO ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS.

Except in the comparatively few big posts there is no doubt that generally the salaries of electrical engineers are now smaller than they were five years ago, at any rate in the public positions, though the actual cost of living has gone up in that interval, and will go up a great deal more in the future. What is the deduction to be drawn from these facts? It is surely this: that our young engineers must be prepared to go abroad. They have, it may be said, a national mission to perform. . . . The man who is going to succeed both as a man and as a professional man is he who will accept and follow up any proper course which opens to him, wherever it may lead, who is prepared to go abroad and to carry with him the best traditions of our country and heritage.—Sir John Snell, in *The School World.*

A COMPARISON OF NATIONALISM.

It can be safely asserted that of all the members of the Four Nations, the Englishman is the one who has the least sense of nationalism. If he is abroad on a Cook's tour he will sing his National Anthem with great fervour and will promptly be ashamed of himself. . . . He is proud of his country, of course; but his country is not bounded on the north by the Cheviots and on the west by the Severn Valley: *his* country is Great Britain. But it is not unjust to say that the Welshman is *the* aggressive Nationalist. The Irishman is a Nationalist, with a shillelagh to back up his ideals: but it is a proud nationalism, conscious of itself, not fearing in the least any external influence. The Scotchman is perhaps the greatest Nationalist of the Four Nations. His nationalism is stern, proud, and *silent*—and great because it is so silent. But the Welshman must ever be proclaiming his sense of nationalism, asserting it fiercely, aggressively, sometimes (it is true) yearningly.—T. Q., in *The Welsh Outlook.*

TRANSLATING AS A LITERARY EXERCISE.

A good translation is a work of art. It can be as original a creation as any other work of literature. I have always admired the method in vogue at Oxford and at Cambridge of setting pieces for translation. After the tutor has corrected the student's attempt and pointed out his mistakes, he gives him a "fair copy" (printed or cyclostyled) of a good English translation by a competent hand in order to arouse the learner's emulation. This and the serious way in which original English composition is treated at Oxford, account for much of the success of pupils of the older universities in acquiring a sound English style.—Max Drennan, in *The Irish Monthly.*

ASTRONOMY FOR CHILDREN.

It is not enough to *tell* children about the stars. Knowledge and action must be inseparable, or enthusiasm vanishes. Teach them to *find* the stars, and see with what delight they will enter into the captivating pursuit. Why should not this be taught in our schools? Why, in the now fashionable "Nature Study," are the stars left out? Littl., indeed, of Nature is it possible for some of our children ever to know; but here is a whole region of solace and joy that may belong to them all. Only a small amount of time and trouble would be involved in such teaching; time and trouble more than compensated by the treasure of happiness endlessly conferred.—Rose Goodwin, in *The Highway.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

In *La Revue* of July M. Finot continues his campaign against alcoholism. He thanks General Joffre for his action in forbidding absolutely the sale of alcohol and alcoholic drinks to soldiers of all ranks in the military zone, and for specifying the different kinds of alcohol so as to avoid all misunderstanding or mis-interpretation. The General has done what the Government refuses to do. M. Finot quotes extracts from letters, of which he receives a vast number, which tell with a tragic monotony of the ill-effects of alcohol and the inactivity of the Government, and, unfortunately, not only inactivity, for recently the Prefecture of Police authorised the liquor shops of Paris and of the department of the Seine which had been made to close at 8 o'clock at night to remain open till 10.30 p.m., and also recently they have decided to pay convalescent soldiers monthly indemnities, and these spend nearly all of it at the liquor shops. Several homes for wounded established by charitable ladies near Paris are on the point of being closed because the inmates have not been able to withstand the temptation to drink alcohol, and often return to the house dead drunk.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

To the Slaughter-house.



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

Inciter and Instrument.

M. Finot concludes by saying that, at the moment when soldiers are fighting heroically for the safety of the nation and their homes, it is disappointing to see men who have the power to do good refuse to do it for reasons which they dare not admit.

The Orientation of Roumania and Bulgaria is the subject of an article by an anonymous author in *Le Correspondant* of June 25th. He points out the difficulties which have stood in the way of an earlier intervention by either of those two Balkan States, and

explains that it was only natural that in a case of this sort, which involves almost their very existence, they should negotiate in order to obtain the greatest possible advantage. Roumania, enemy for many years of Russia, was in the time of King Carol friendly to Austria, but recently the ill-treatment of the Roumanian population in Transylvania has turned their thoughts to the nations of the *Entente*. For some months they have seen the impossibility of success for Germany, and, influenced by Italy's intervention, they are on the eve of entering the lists on the side of the Allies.

Bulgaria is difficult, for in order to recompense her for her intervention it is necessary to take from other countries, and it is not easy to do this without hurting someone; however, negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily, and an understanding between Roumania and Bulgaria is nearly arrived at. It was unlikely that Bulgaria, exhausted by her two wars in money and men, should be willing to face a long trench war; she is waiting until the psychological moment when her entrance into the conflict will have most effect and when the war is nearing its end. Both countries realise that the Allies are winning, and realise which side it will be wisest for them to take.



Lustige Blätter] [Berlin.

Waterloo, 1915.

BLÜCHER: "Well, Wellington, if you were still on our side it would have gone better with you."

M. Franc Lavray, writing on "The Coalition Government and Conscription in England" in the same number, after giving a sketch of the history of Party politics and the forming of the Coalition Ministry, describes the attitude of Great Britain towards Conscription. He maintains that, if the need for Conscription arises, it should be voiced by a man like Lord Kitchener, in whom the nation has confidence; for in that case, "seeing that the necessity really exists, the British will agree to it—not cheerfully, but they will agree. But let there be a hint of the Government being influenced by desire for personal power or by the Press, and there will be a terrible split in the ranks of the nation and a powerful anti-war party will spring up—which will be fatal to the success of our arms.

M. Levray himself sees no need to resort to Conscription, for already the Allies are superior in numbers to their enemies, and, as he points out, the British have difficulty in equipping and arming their volunteer army; therefore, how can they deal with a conscript one?

Giving his impressions of Serbia, on his return after an absence of four months, M. R. A. Reiss, in *La Bibliothèque Universelle* of July, 1915, tells us that the change there is enormous. Whereas in October and November the foreigners who were come to the relief of Serbia could be counted, now one jostles against English, French, Russian and neutrals, all bent on hygienic or hospital work; not to mention the military aid of the Allies. The result of all this is that the typhoid epidemic is being slowly but surely defeated, and precautions taken against cholera.

M. Reiss maintains that Serbia to-day is as strong as ever, but that she rather fears Italy's demands on Dalmatia, which Serbia considers ethnologically part of greater Serbia and her window to the sea. She fears Italy will claim the whole of it, thus shutting in Serbia as much as ever, whereas if Italy contented herself with the two strategic bases of Trieste and Valona, and left Cattaro to the Serbs, she would hold the strong places which would bottle up Cattaro, which latter place, however, is all that Serbia requires—not as a strategic base but as a port. If this were arranged the Serbs would be perfectly content.

DUTCH.

DISCUSSING the war and some of its problems, a writer in *Vragen des Tijds* is inclined to think that the Russian people are growing tired and uneasy; the retirement of the army from its advanced positions in Galicia is having an effect on them, and there are signs of uneasiness on the part of the ruling powers at this attitude; at any rate, there are indications that the Czar and his advisers are acting cautiously with regard to the subjects of Nicholas II. Another aspect of the struggle is that of the intentions of the Entente Powers. It is proclaimed, in no uncertain tones, by Britain, France and Russia that the war will continue until the militarism of Germany is crushed; the realisation of this intention is still remote, and the people of those countries are now thinking of a long fight and are asking when it will end. Will it be really possible to crush Germany? Assuming that she is conquered, how will the Entente Powers attain their object? If portions of her territory west and east are annexed and steps taken to break up the federation, will that achieve the purpose in view? The writer does not think so. The desire for revenge will consume the Germanic people; it will be transmitted from father to son, and the disrupted Empire will in reality be more united than ever. If certain portions of the territory are tacked on to other countries, the inhabitants of those portions will remain German, and will be for ever working for reunion with their brethren across the new border line. The best course for the Allies to adopt would be to declare that there will be no annexation except for a certain part of Alsace-Lorraine, the exact portion to be determined by a referendum to the inhabitants. If or when the Germans are driven out of France and Belgium and into their own country, they know that there will be no annexation of their own land, they will the more readily accept terms of peace. Such a declaration might even now shorten the war. As for the position of Holland, it will be better for her to remain outside the conflict, despite the temptation felt by some to take sides in order to obtain an extension of her kingdom.



Mucha.

The Advance in Gallipoli.

SPANISH.

SINCE the outbreak of the present war the minds of many people in Spain have been exercised concerning the condition of the army. A writer in *Nuestro Tiempo* sets forth proposed reforms in a thoughtful article. It is now approximately seventeen years since Spain lost her Colonial possessions, and since that date she has not counted for much in the history of Europe; it is not a flattering position for a country with the past of which Spain can boast, and it behoves her to carry into effect either the reforms which have been mooted for so long or to adopt others. He outlines some of the suggestions. In any case Spain must raise herself from her present position and create an army that will command respect for her in European affairs.

La Lectura contains a transcription of an address delivered in Madrid on some of the economic aspects of the war. Among the statements made by the lecturer we read that, on the average, the cost of a soldier is somewhere about eight shillings a day, and there are in round numbers eleven millions of men engaged. The cost per day can be easily figured. Then there is the cost of ammunition and other accessories. And what is the loss in connection with the number of men killed—men for whose education the nations have paid? The lecturer quoted much that has been written about the influence of Britain from the economical standpoint; Britain's capital keeps so much of the world's commerce going that it is difficult to realise what would be meant by a disaster to the British Empire. The contribution is of interest if only for the fact that it will teach many of our Spanish friends much of what they have been ignorant concerning our country and her resources.

ITALIAN.

IN an article in the *Nuova Antologia* that has excited considerable attention, "Victor" develops the scheme he propounded last month in favour of the creation in Europe of a new political and diplomatic situation which would hasten victory and impose peace. Briefly, all the Allies are immediately to band themselves together into an international league which will be so powerful that it will be in the direct interest of every neutral country to come in and financially disastrous to remain out. Without some such scheme, he argues, the war will be indefinitely prolonged, and the smaller allied nations, such as Belgium and Servia, will later be at the mercy of their wealthier neighbours who have selfishly preserved their forces intact. Such a league would work by means of the public credit, foreign exchanges, customs, etc., in the organising of which England would take a leading part; it would include the creation of an international bureau of public debt, and also a system of minimum tariffs between all allied nations and maximum tariffs against all neutrals. It would constitute, in short, a blockade against all nations that failed to declare themselves definitely on the side of the Allies. In the same number Costa Stoyanovitch, Servian Ex-Minister of Commerce, explains why Macedonia must be Servian and not Bulgarian, and complains that few foreign writers understand this complicated problem. No national unity, he declares, is possible for Servia without Macedonia.



Numero.] [Turin.

GIOLITTI: "Let go that life-buoy! I am going to save you with this slip knot."

Coenobium, the international review that deals both with religious thought and with "war against war," abates none of its pacifist enthusiasms, to which it remains "inflexibly faithful." It pays a special tribute to the noble part played, since the outbreak of war, by Switzerland, "a luminous example of ardent charity and inexhaustible effort on behalf of all the belligerents." Among various articles of pacifist intent, is one in French by Romain Rolland on "War Literature in Germany," in which he testifies to the suffering the war has brought to the souls of many of the younger German writers, and asserts that "the spirit we hate, the spirit of grasping Imperialism and inhuman pride, the spirit of the military caste and of megalomaniac pedants is being combated even in the midst of war by an intellectual élite."

The *Vita Internazionale*, on the other hand, pacifist as it has hitherto been, has no hesitation in preaching the righteousness of the present war, not only where Italy is concerned but also her Allies. The armed intervention of Italy, declares E. Bussi, in an appeal to "neutral pacifists," makes for a speedier and more equitable peace; moreover, every consideration of self-interest and self-defence compelled her to come in against the German menace.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* publishes an article urging the suitability of Italian as an international language, not only for diplomacy, but as the second language that every educated person would acquire as a matter of course. It is a clever piece of special pleading, based on more solid arguments than one would have anticipated.

Emporium is almost wholly devoted to war pictures, including a very clever series of photos of the celebrated Alpini at work amidst the snow.

The ably edited *Vita Italiana all' Estero*, which has long served as an organ of the Irredentist movement, and has also voiced the needs of Italian emigrants to other lands, appears this month in an enlarged form and with the abbreviated title of *Vita Italiana* only, so as to give itself a wider basis for propaganda both during and after the war.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

"ON TRIAL."

THE ingenuity of "On Trial," the American play now running at the Lyric Theatre, takes one's breath away. Not even Sardou, the classic master of ingenuity, ever dared to begin a play at the end and work backwards. Yet this is what Mr. Reisenstein has done; moreover, his new dramatic form is so cleverly handled that he maintains the suspense until the curtain falls, and almost —not quite—persuades us into believing that his characters are real and his plot true to life. But on a critical view "On Trial" turns out to be only age-old melodrama decked in new and attractive guise, and its dramatis personæ are but lifelike marionettes. This is said in no carping spirit, for good melodrama is as rare as any other good thing, and it can be said at once that "On Trial" is excellent melodrama, and as such is not less interesting to the critic whose business it is to pick plays to pieces to see how and why the machinery works than to the casual playgoer who accepts thankfully the thrills of the moment without troubling himself too closely with the means whereby they are attained.



Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Edyth Goodall.

The material of the play is as old as the hills. It is the venerable story of the devoted husband, the equally devoted wife, who has, however, a past, and the other man. Now here at the outset we come upon the cleavage between life as portrayed in the theatre and life as it is lived by ordinary mortals. On the stage, and particularly on the stage in America and France, where the Unwritten Law and the Third Degree present almost irresistible temptations to the dramatist out for thrills, when a husband learns from some irresponsible third person, or suspects, that his wife has a past, he invariably rushes off without making further enquiry and empties a six-chambered revolver into the other man. The play, no less than his honour, demands it, for how otherwise could the dramatic coup be effected of his subsequent trial for murder and triumphant acquittal by twelve good men and true amid the frantic plaudits of the audience? In real life the ordinary man does not live happily and trustfully with his wife for some years and then go raving mad on mere suspicion of her unfaithfulness; your true hero must be above all things a gentleman. This is the dilemma in which the unhappy playwright finds himself: unless his murderer is a gentleman he cannot be a hero; if he is a gentleman he cannot be a murderer on mere suspicion. If he is a wise man he follows the example of the historic Irishman: he looks the difficulty straight in the face, and passes on. So it is with Mr. Reisenstein. Robert Strickland, his hero, is a law-abiding citizen who would not raise his hand in anger against a fly, and would most assuredly not doubt the wife whom he adores except upon the most cogent proofs. Yet the exigencies

of the play compel him to suspect horrible things of his wife on the slenderest evidence, and to commit murder. The author makes no attempt to disguise the essential flimsiness of his foundations; he seeks to divert our attention from them by a rich feast of incident.

Thirteen years ago Arthur Thrask betrayed May Eden, then a girl of seventeen, with a peculiar villainy and in circumstances which left her morally innocent; she was not his first, nor his last victim. The girl then met and married Strickland, from whom, however, she concealed all knowledge of her tragedy, and for ten years they were ideally happy in themselves and their little girl. In the meantime Strickland had met and made friends with Thrask, though his wife and his friend never met. Thrask lent Strickland money which he thought he could not repay, and by chance discovering that Mrs. Strickland was the girl whom he had betrayed years before, he renewed his overtures with threats; and still she dared not tell. But her anguish of mind and the hopeless knot in which she ties herself in her pitiable attempts to explain away the fact of her purse having been found near Thrask's country house aroused Strickland's suspicions. He at once believes the worst and rushes off to Thrask's house, breaks in, unfortunately for him, at the very moment when Thrask's secretary has just despoiled his master's safe of the notes which Strickland had that morning paid over, shoots Thrask dead and is overpowered by the secretary, who sees in the murder a chance of escaping from the consequences of his own theft. Strickland is put on his trial for what at first sight seems the commonplace sordid crime of robbery and murder, with the criminal caught red-handed. The prisoner pleads Guilty, and otherwise refuses to open his lips, so that the prosecution thinks it has an easy task. Counsel for the defence has other views, and he successively places in the witness-box Mrs. Thrask, Mrs. Strickland, the little girl Doris and others until the whole truth is dragged out piece by piece, and Strickland is completely cleared.

Told baldly and briefly like this, the plot of "On Trial" differs only in detail from dozens of undistinguished plays. Mr. Reisenstein's problem was how to serve and season the dish so that the jaded playgoer should not murmur "Toujours Perdrix," and stay away from the feast. And this is just where his ingenuity came in. He launches us straight into the trial. At first we are allowed to know nothing beyond the bare facts of the murder. The prosecuting counsel tells the jury his version of the case, and then calls Mrs. Thrask to prove the events which immediately preceded the tragedy. Half way through her evidence the stage is darkened, and after an interval so short as to reflect the greatest credit on the stage management, the curtain rises again on the murdered man's house, and we are shown the actual robbery and murder. But still we are in little better position than the jury. We know that Strickland did in fact shoot Thrask, but have no idea why, except that being a wise audience, and knowing Mr. Arthur Wontner (who plays Strickland), we refuse to believe that robbery was the motive. Little by little the veil is lifted. Doris is called for the defence in spite of the passionate protests of the prisoner, and by way of pendant to her evidence the scene is changed to the Stricklands' house and the dawning of Strickland's suspicions. Again the Court Room, and the wan figure of Mrs. Strickland, who has dragged herself from a hospital to tell the story which if she had been brave enough to tell to her husband at the beginning would have prevented all the trouble. Once more the scene is changed and the thirteen-year old betrayal is played out. At last all the tangled threads are straightened, except one, Strickland was clearly justified in murdering Thrask, unless not revenge but robbery was his motive. The safe was without question robbed. Who but Strickland could have done it? The question is thrashed out by the jury in a last act of very great interest and cleverness, and ultimately, by means which it would be unfair to Mr. Reisenstein to disclose, the guilt is fastened on the secretary, and Strickland goes free without a stain on his honour. One need not labour the novelty and ingenuity of this method of telling a story backwards. It remains only to congratulate the author on a play which as melodrama takes high rank, and in the matter of technique is well worth careful study.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

FOUND IN A FAMILY LETTER-BAG.

TRUE history being the record of the people, not only of kings and nobles, revolutions and battles, such a collection of family letters* as are here presented by the daughter of Charles and Emma Darwin is as valuable as it is interesting, with its peeps into the lives of middle-class people of good means, whose position brought them into contact with those who have helped to make history. Members of three families are introduced. The head of one was John Bartlett Allen, a descendant of the Allens who settled in Pembrokeshire about 1600. He married in 1763, after having fought in the Seven Years' War, and was of so arbitrary a temper and melancholy a disposition that the home of his eleven children was in no wise a happy one. His daughter Elizabeth was married to the son of Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the Staffordshire town of Etruria, the seat of the famous pottery works, and their youngest daughter Emma became the wife of her cousin, Charles Darwin. Large families were the rule in the middle classes of those days, and thus over 150 descendants figure in the pedigrees. Luckily these pedigrees are repeated in the second volume of the letters, for otherwise no one could keep in touch with members of these three families who intermarried now and then.



'Mrs. Darwin.
(Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.)

To Mrs. Litchfield was handed over the packets of letters found amongst her mother's papers, and whilst reading them to get more light upon that mother's early life she found the personalities described in them so interesting that she considered that it would be well to include them in the record of her mother which she was preparing for her nieces and nephews. At first intended only for the family, readers suggested that a wider public would find them of interest. Hence these two volumes, which are enriched with family portraits.

The reader must imagine letters as they were in those days, when there were no halfpenny papers, and even the description of the battle of Waterloo, written the day after the fight, reached Mrs. John Wedgwood from her son's letter, apparently, not from the newspapers. At that period *The Times* was only a double sheet and cost 4d. Lengthy sheets of paper, without envelopes, often criss-crossed to a maddening degree, but often, too, works of art, written in the calm leisure of the closet with an unhurried pen. They impress scenes as pictures do. There was no penny

* *Emma Darwin: a Century of Family Letters*, 1792 *to* 1896. Edited by Henrietta Litchfield (John Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net).

post, and the sending of letters varied in cost according to distance, unless they were franked, or included, as these letters sometimes were, in boxes of goods despatched from the Etruria pottery works.

The first letter given is dated August 20th, 1792, and in it Josiah Wedgwood the younger describes to his father his introduction to Miss Allen and her family. The last is dated September 23rd, 1896, and was written by Emma Darwin, the lady of eighty-eight who is the connecting link between the generations, and of whose grandson, Erasmus Darwin, there is a pathetic account included in the first volume. He was killed in an action in the neighbourhood of Ypres, April 24th, 1915. A member of an important firm of scientific instrument makers in Middlesbrough he, with other friends, joined a Yorkshire Territorial regiment when war broke out, and, though offered by the War Office a Staff appointment at home, refused it, saying, "There are plenty of older men who can do the work as well as I can." His commanding officer wrote of his courage, loyalty and devotion to duty, and said that the men of his battalion loved him and called him Uncle. It is this same tone of loyalty and devotion to duty which permeates the letters and gives us the right to be proud of the country which can produce such quiet, unostentatious and noble workers.

It is not easy to give striking extracts from the letters, nor must it be supposed that lively adventures or risky scandal will be found in them, if we except an escapade of the Duke of Brunswick. The reader may even need patience in remembering Who is Who!

In those days communication was by mail coach, and, therefore, infrequent, though members of all three families travelled occasionally and the younger members studied abroad, remaining there occasionally, as when Jessie Allen married Sismondi the historian. It is curious that there is no mention of the battle of Trafalgar or Nelson; even Waterloo possibly would have escaped notice were it not from Tom Wedgwood's presence in the fight. His aunt wrote to a sister:—

> What a flood of news, dearest Emma. . . . We are particularly grateful for the news of Tom, which we received with the most heartfelt pleasure. Oh, how much do I sympathise with our dear Jenny upon what she must feel, at not only hearing that her little hero is safe (Tom is seventeen), but that he has behaved so well in this most severe engagement (Waterloo). . . . We should be glad to see his letter, which perhaps you could send us through London by a frank. It will be a feather in his cap as long as he lives to have been in this battle [poor lad, it was more than a feather, his face became contracted on one side from exposure and want of food, and remained so], perhaps the most glorious England ever fought. What they must have suffered in being forty-eight hours without food. . . . Yesterday we were put on the *qui vive* by hearing in the morning that there was a report that Buonaparte had surrendered, and not believing that to be possible, yet being persuaded there must be some good news, we waited the arrival of the mail with great impatience; and when we heard it was coming by out we all flew to the gates, like Caroline to see the Duchess of Rutland, pell-mell, servants, children, and all. We had the gratification of seeing it come up all dressed over with laurels and favours, and as it dropped Dr. Darwin's bag at the gate you may guess our trepidation in opening our letters. . . . What will become of Buonaparte is the constant question? Some of our abominable papers are strongly urging the putting of him to death, but Dr. Darwin's scheme of sending him to St. Helena is the best I have heard. Who will now be King of France?

Three years later some of the family went to Paris, and we read in a letter from Elizabeth, the granddaughter of Wedgwood of Etruria, to her brother Harry, dated April 18th, 1818:—

> We are grown very grand people, we have been in company with a queen, sitting quite at our ease as if we were as good as she, and not even rising when she came in and went out. It was at Mme. Récamier's, to whom we had letters from Miss Edgeworth, and she has been remarkably civil to us. She asked the Queen of Sweden on purpose for us to see her, and offered to present mamma, but she would not accept the honour. The queen is a very plain little woman, in a large bonnet and shawl. . . . Mme. Gautier has promised to get us if she can to some French balls, and accordingly we are taking some lessons of a Mulatto man, in a black nightcap and iron-heel boots, who we hope will make us accomplished dancers.

Needless to say with so large a family circle there are plenty of pretty little love stories, wedding festivities, and so on. There is also, early in the book, a grim pressgang tale which brings back vividly the stories of our grandmothers and reminds us that compulsion has drawbacks.

There is a reference to the stay of Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III.) in Geneva, to which France objected. Emma Wedgwood,

writing to her aunt, Mme. Sismondi, says :—

How happy you must feel that all fear of war is over. I don't understand the merits of the case, but I admire the spirit of so small a State as Geneva standing up against great big France.

Girl-like, the letter ends with the spoiling of a new gown by the overturning of a can of treacle-posset which was being carried to a sick old woman.

In 1838 Charles Darwin proposed to Emma Wedgwood, and from thence onward there is a series of his letters to her which are revealing in their simple frankness. Hers to him were not preserved, but Mrs. Litchfield's interpellations fill up the gap in agreeable fashion. The other family letters are continued, and certain public events find notice the 1851 Exhibition, the Franco-German War, when one of the relations bitterly condemns Napoleon and hopes he will be kicked out of France, whilst Woolwich cadets think that if France wins there will be war with England and they will get a chance of a fight !

Another of the writers says :—

Poor France. I can scarcely bear to read her disasters, and it makes me hate the Germans, who are wallowing in her slaughter. Oh, that a chassepôt could hit Bismarck!

On April 19th, 1881, Charles Darwin passed away, and the wife who had shared every moment of his life for so many years was left to rebuild her own future as best she could. Her children and their families were full of interest to her, and, though Emma Darwin's health became greatly impaired, she filled up the long days with steady indoor occupations. During her last years she wrote almost daily notes to Mrs. Litchfield, and in these her views of things, often quaint, are fully expressed :—

To-day I have a nice novel and nice work, and I mean to fill up my time by looking over the wine and doing any other unpleasant thing I can think of. . . .

I am deep in the life of "Maurice," and if I could keep to my resolution of never even trying to understand him I should quite enjoy the book. . . . One feels almost angry with all his self-reproach about his wife, whom he evidently adored. Man was certainly intended to be made of stouter stuff.

I got Gordon on the brain last night, and he bothered me very much - more than the *Daily News* can set straight, I fear.

And so working, reading, or being read to, gathering her children and grandchildren round her from time to time, mothering orphans and keeping in contact with current events, Emma Darwin passed the last days of her well-spent life, going quietly out of it on September 23rd, 1896.

Mrs. Litchfield says little directly about herself (she is the Etty of her parents' letters), and of her husband's work and his co-workers nothing, but her personality is infused in these two delightful volumes, and the careful reader will indeed be the richer for them.

THE WAR THROUGH FOREIGN AND BRITISH EYES.

La Nouvelle Allemagne, by Teodor Wyzewa (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.), conveys many sidelights upon the German character, and aims at showing the fundamental difference of spirit of France and Germany. The confessions of a Prussian captain (Hans Pommer) are analysed, and show that even German officers are conscious of the brutality engendered by the military system. An experience of M. Wyzewa himself is typical. As a youth he and a friend had taken a return ticket to Leipzig, and had been assured in Paris that it would hold good for departure until the eve of the six days allowed. But in the dawn of the next morning the German conductor of the train insisted that their tickets were overdue ; the little money they possessed only took them to Cologne. There they interviewed the station-master, who would only say "Speak German." Only a few musical terms did they know, and haltingly they endeavoured to explain their predicament. After stumbling along for more than a quarter of an hour the railway man interrupted them, and in the most perfect Parisian French told them that he had no more time to spend on them and it was nothing to him if they had no money, only they could not travel with the tickets they held! The Germanisation of Poland holds a conspicuous place in the book, and so does the German Spy system, in the account of which a warning is given against the *soi-disant* Dr. Carl Graves, who, in the author's opinion, is still a German spy, whose endeavour is by telling tarradiddles about the tremendous strength of the German military organisation to make Britons lose

heart, and so strength. He gives one instance of falsehood in the pretended revelations: Graves stated that he boarded the *Panther* at Barcelona with a secret message from the Kaiser; French records show that the *Panther* was never at Barcelona: it went from Dakar to Agadir.

Before, During, and After 1914, by Dr. Anton Nyström (Stockholm), is the title of a book of about 400 pages just published in Sweden, and treating of the causes of and responsibility for the present European war. Dr. Nyström is exceedingly well-versed in general history, and has always taken an all-round and deep interest in the politics of Europe. A prolific author, his books are widely read and highly esteemed, and his studies have covered subjects so varied as the evolution of the Christian Church and the correct shape of shoes. A veteran of seventy, the founder of the Workmen's Institutes, he has taken an active part in public life, and his honoured name appeals alike to the old and the young. As a young physician he took part, on the Danish side, in the war between Germany and Denmark, and has always been strongly opposed to the Bismarckian system of war.

Dr. Nyström's new book contains a survey of the doctrine of race, a sharp criticism of the theory that war is caused by racial conflict, a study of the development of Germany and the Balkan politics of Austria, and a survey of the official documents of the war and also of its conduct. Many pages are assigned to the question of population, Dr. Nyström showing that the growing population of Germany is in itself a permanent menace to the future peace of Europe. The book closes with an attempt to define the guarantees necessary to prevent another European war. If the causes for a new war are to be avoided and a new basis for international relations to be established, it is, he asserts, of paramount importance to find out where the blame of this great crime is to be laid, and though all the material is not yet to hand, sufficient is available from diplomatic documents and the political speeches of the past year to make it quite clear how the war came about. He considers there are seven remote and two near causes, all of which he refers to Germany and Austria. While he ascribes to Germany the responsibility, he is not the first, even in Sweden, to accuse Austria, egged on by Germany, of taking a course which made the risk of war imminent, and Germany for cutting off the chance of retreat by her hasty declaration of war at a point when retreat was still possible.

Dr. Nyström's statements show him to be perfectly alive to the issues at stake, and the Liberal daily, *The Dagen's Nybeter* of Stockholm, points out that his book should prove an eye-opener to any Swede who still has a lingering faith in the legend of wicked Europe having attacked the most loyal and most peaceable State on the globe.

General Sketch of the European War. By H. Belloc (Nelson, 6s.). It is surely a sign of perfection that amidst the inundation of war books one can be found which holds and enthrals with its vivid and lucid language. Mr. Belloc says:—"My only object in these pages is to lay before the reader a commentary which will help to explain the general strategy of the war." He has attained his object, for even those who know nothing of the science, or are impatient of it, can follow his descriptions of the whys and wherefores of action after action, illustrated as they are by carefully planned diagrams. He does not touch upon brutalities, etc., keeping straight along his line of action, yet underlying all his cool quietude there is a profound sensation of passion held in restraint. The final peroration should be read and digested by all who have the future in mind.

The Battle Glory of Canada. By A. B. Tucker (Caswell, 1s. net). The deathless story of how Canada arose in her might and poured out her men to help the Mother Country is one that never can be completed. The account given here is taken largely from the stories of the men themselves, and poor indeed must be the soul which could read unmoved. Opening with a note upon the mistaken German assumption that Canada was eager to separate, it concludes with the Officers' Roll of Honour and the description of the Memorial Service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

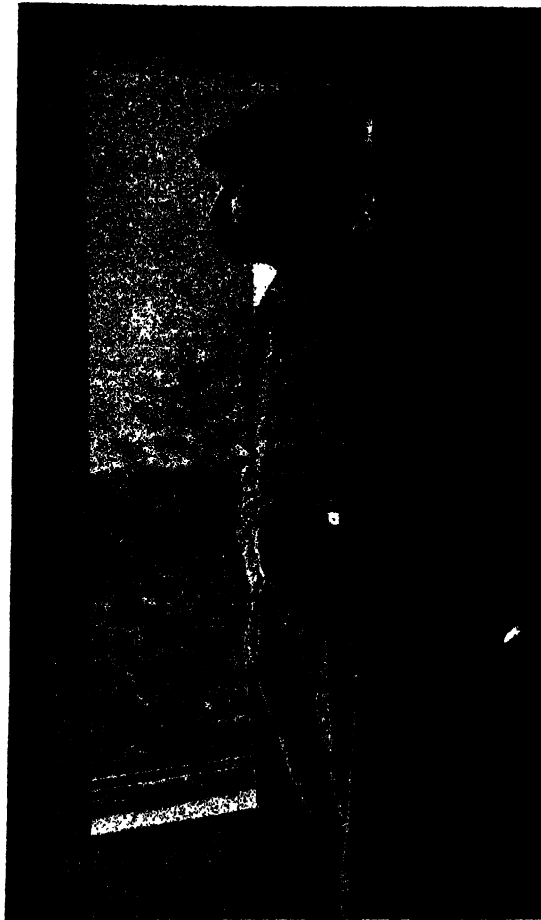
Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren, translated by M. T. Sadler (Constable, 3s. 6d. net). Those who hope that the warring world will soon recover its equilibrium should read these burning words of the Belgian

poet, who is supposed to have had his best appreciators in Germany. "Ineffably stronger than Belgium . . . Germany did not even attack her face to face. She schemed and lied and flattered. To within two hours of a cruel ultimatum she was breathing forth the purity of her intentions. She could have dared to offer open battle, but she preferred a treacherous ambuscade. And by this deed she has created for herself in the hearts of Belgium a hatred so passionate and so universal that it will go down from generation to generation to a depth that no man can foretell." These are some of his least strong words, and to justify them he tells the story of Pervyse and Dixmunde, of Nieuport and Ypres, points to the mark of the Teuton in other parts of the land, and the horrors inflicted upon the defenceless; and in conclusion shows how the spirit of to-day is opposed to the spirit of Germany.

No less strong, but bearing a somewhat different complexion, is the collection of patriotic and other poems by Emile Cammaerts (Lane, 2s. 6d. net). This volume is unique; it is the work of two poets instead of one. Mme. Cammaerts (Tita Brand) has put her husband's poems into English, with the swing of the French verse with its constant changes of rhythm, and the original and translation are given side by side. One poem is entitled "A Voice in the Desert"; it tells of the little cottage near the trenches, silent, grey, lifeless, and then:—

Suddenly, on the silent air
Warm and clear, pure and sweet,
* * * *
Through the roof a girl's voice rang
And the cottage sang.

The Agony of Belgium. By Frank Fox (Hutchinson, 6s. net). Of the countless war volumes now pouring from the press, this, by Mr. Fox, who represented *The Morning Post* in Belgium during the early months of the War, is one of the most cogent and authentic. The information is first-hand, and is conveyed in a manner at once full of passion and yet free from sensationalism. By any one who wishes a graphic account of the first terrible days of conflict up to the Battle of the Yser, this book will be eagerly read.



M. Emile Verhaeren.

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Constable & Co.)

In Germany To-day. (Methuen, 1s. net). These careful studies from life by a neutral correspondent are reprinted from *The Times*. They are scarcely to be called cheerful, but to those who know Germany they bear the impress of truth, and show how and why the confidence of the people in the invincibility of their armies is kept up.

The Psychology of the Kaiser, by Morton Prince (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net). A clear exposition of the mind of the Kaiser, showing that only through the democracy of Germany (which is not Socialism) can Germanism be overthrown and lasting peace result.

A CANDID PRINCESS.

It is quite a relief to turn to *Court Life from Within*, by H.R.H. The Infanta Eulalia of Spain (Cassell, 10s. 6d. net). Her trenchant remarks and scorn of hypocrisy and the burdensome etiquette of courts make for amusing reading; whilst her own deep sorrows, however lightly they are touched upon, prevent her work from being in any way trivial. She says:

People tell me that princesses are stupid. I wonder that we are not all idiots. During my life in Madrid, almost my only public duty was to help lay corner-stones. I helped lay enough [the Infanta, by the way, uses several Americanisms] to pave the city. Whenever nothing else could be found to justify our existence, the authorities would say, "Let them lay a corner-stone." I cannot believe that any other stones were put on top of them. It is not possible. There were too many. If the buildings had all been completed there would not be room now to walk in the town.

During the later years of her life the Infanta has travelled from Court to Court, having relatives everywhere, and, since her sons have grown up, few ties, for she and her husband made a State, not a love, marriage. She would have been a tomboy had she been born in England, and proudly calls herself a Democrat. Spain is still medieval in many things, and her ladies-in-waiting considered it indelicate to have a bath, as all one's clothes must be taken off at once! Another odd custom which gave rise to a laughable incident is that when a priest visits the dying and carries the Host, if he meets even a royal carriage he must be taken up, and moreover the royalties have to follow him to the bedside of the sick man, even if it were smallpox which prostrated him!

Shrewd are the remarks of the Princess about the war, and interesting her account of the Royal actors engaged in it. William II. seems always to have been so exceedingly kind to her that, though she does not exonerate him, her blame sounds light to us, whilst her praise of English ways is combined with a candid expression of her opinion that society has not sufficient ballast.

FICTION.

His Father's Wife. By J. E. Patterson (George Allen, 6s.). A powerful description of a tragedy happily rare among us, treated in a masterly yet inoffensive fashion. The Essex coast has islands here and there whose inhabitants are still a race little touched by modern thought. Mr. Patterson tells of a farmer with whom the desire to found a family became an obsession. As frequently happens, a commanding father breeds an uncertain son. Amongst the inhabitants of Aaron Rugwood's house was the little daughter of a dead friend. Roger and Barbara grew up together and in the natural course should have married, but Roger, cursed by his indecision, scarcely realised his love, and during his absence at sea Barbara became promised to his father, largely because scandal had been at work. To Aaron, Barbara was not only a passionately loved wife but the mother-to-be of his children. His haughty spirit could not brook even the opposition of nature, and remaining childless his gloom became deeper. The tale of the every-day life on the island interleaves the story and prepares us for the final tragedy when it is borne home to Aaron that his marriage has meant death instead of life, because the love of Roger for Barbara is not a passing phase but the passion of a lifetime. The contrast of a theme which is almost Spanish in intensity with the prose of Essex farm life is extraordinarily interesting.

The Unguarded Trust. By Mona Dunlop (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A well-told detective story with the extraordinary likeness of twin sisters as the pivot upon which the plot turns. The amusing result is the marriage of the sole representative of a French Royal line to a country practitioner in England.

The Wife Who Found Out. By G. Wentworth-James (Werner, Laurie, 6s.). A tale of a man of importance in the Navy, who habitually loved not wisely, and told secrets to a French girl who was in the pay of Germany. This she did for the sake of a man who posed as a Belgian refugee.

The Imperial Malefactor. By Winifred Graham (Werner, Laurie, 6s.). Imagine the horror and contempt of the Kaiser if he knew that a novelist had dared to take him, his wife and son and his great advisor, as the

puppets of a story in which a pretty English girl is involved. The conception of the advisor is that it is he who is the instigator of "frightfulness," having lost his sanity as the result of a blow on the head.

His German Wife. By Douglas Sladen (Hutchinson, 6s.). There is no need to say that this is an interesting novel—one from Mr. Sladen's pen could not well be otherwise; moreover, he knows German social life. But it is amusing to read the little ironic digs at both sides which he gives in the course of telling how a poor but high-born German girl, tired of the monotony of her home, found a situation as companion in England (without references or agents!), and married the son of the house just before the war. They went to her home for the honeymoon and barely got out of Germany in safety. Erna accompanied her husband to his command on the sea-coast, was accused as a spy by a scandal-loving woman, and left for Germany in anger. Of course, true love brought the young wife back again, and the pretty love tale ends with a short time of blissful re-union, before the husband rejoined his regiment at the front. Love is stronger than nationality, says Mr. Sladen.

Three Summers. By Victor L. Whitechurch (Long. 6s.). A good wholesome romantic story of three periods in the life of John Walton, beginning when he was a schoolboy and became acquainted with various people, nice and otherwise; continuing during the stormy time of love-making and the suffering of wrong; concluding happily with the attainment of most of the desires of early youth.

Bealby. By H. G. Wells (Methuen, 6s.). Does anyone want a jolly laugh at any amount of absurdities. Wells supplies here such a tonic. For once, however, let the reader glance at the preface first or he will be wondering whether an attack upon a much belied man is intended by the comic Lord Chancellor, whom Bealby so thoroughly upsets. Imagine a little village rascal who does not "want to be a servant" taken in at the Great House one morning to be steward's boy; set to work in the pantry, and from that position, behind the swing door which shuts out the house from the underworld, creating such havoc that he flees in fear of the consequences, yet in those few hours learns to become head cook and bottle washer to some delightful caravan ladies! Bealby falls in love with one of them, and, of course, spoils their holiday, as his creator intended him to do; causes misfortune to a few other people, and gives occasion for a tramp to air his—or Wells's—views of the world, before he slinks back home. What happens to him there I fear we shall never know.

Rank and Riches. By Archibald Marshall (Stanley Paul. 6s.). This further instalment of the annals of the Clinton Family brings us in contact with a vigorous personality in the shape of Armitage Brown, a man of the people who has become sufficiently rich to buy the estate of the Marquis of Meadshire, who had thrown away his patrimony. A type of the business man, hard outwardly, yet with a soft core at the heart, he takes on many of the duties of the great house. One of his vexations is that his son inherits none of his business instincts and is rather a slacker. Mr. Clinton is naturally not inclined to welcome the new-comer, whose every reported action jars upon his aristocratic instincts, but Brown has grand ideas of utilising co-operation, and he convinces the Squire that his plans are good. The necessary complications of the plot are brought about by the action of Meadshire, who stays in the neighbourhood and excites his old tenants against Brown, and by the womanly instincts of Brown's daughter, who discerns good in the Marquis. There are some charming people introduced—and the reader will enjoy the country atmosphere.

Affirmations. By Havelock Ellis (Constable, 6s. net). Mr. Ellis's characteristic powers are admirably displayed in the short studies of great persons of which this book is composed, and he has been well advised to reissue it. Though eighteen years have passed since its first publication, the interval has done little to stale his matter, and the style is as fresh and attractive as ever. With the one glaring exception of his keen anti-Christian prejudice, Mr. Ellis is singularly fair in his comments and estimates; and one finds here sympathetic and illuminating interpretations of such diverse characters as Nietzsche, Casanova, Zola, Huysmans, and St. Francis.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Church service was over, and three prominent members of the congregation walked home together, discussing the sermon. "I tell you," said the first enthusiastically, "Doctor Blank can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any preacher I ever heard." "Y-es," said the second man, "and he can stay under longer." "Yes," said the third, "and come up drier." —*The Windsor Magazine.*

A new sidelight on the intricate workings of the child mind was afforded the other day to a certain schoolmaster. He was putting his class through a series of general questions on Natural History, and in the course of the examination he asked his pupils to tell him which animal is satisfied with least nourishment. "The moth!" promptly responded a small boy, radiating confidence. "The moth?" repeated the teacher. "Now I wonder why you should choose the moth?" "Please, sir, because it eats nothing but holes!" —*Pearson's Magazine.*

It was little Teddy's first term at school, and his mother had been telling the rich old uncle how well the little boy was getting along with his studies and how dearly he loved his school. "Well, my little man," said the uncle, as the child returned home, "what do you do in school all day?" "I wait till it's time to go home," was Teddy's matter-of-fact reply. —*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily paper. "I was one of the competitors at that athletic match yesterday, and you have called me 'the well-known light-weight champion.'" "Well, aren't you?" inquired the editor. "No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because I'm a coal merchant." —*The Grand Magazine.*

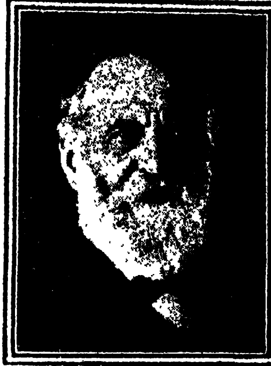
An old countrywoman, being congratulated by the rector on the fact that her only son had enlisted, said: "Well, sir, after all, it was only to be expected, for sure the old proverb says, 'Train up a child and away he do go!'" —*Organist and Choirmaster.*

A captain of Hussars gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front. "Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy." And they set to with a will. After dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and, highly indignant, he demanded what he meant by such conduct. "I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man. "Obeying orders!" roared the captain. "What do you mean, sir?" "You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir; those we don't kill we take prisoners." —*The Royal Magazine.*

There was only one apple tree in the Browns' yard, and this year it bore just one apple. This apple the children were forbidden to pick. Mr. Brown looked up into the tree one day and, failing to see the apple, called his six children to the spot. "Children," he said sternly, "I told you not to pick that apple." "We didn't pick it," the children answered in chorus. And the eldest girl added in an injured tone: "You can see yourself that it's still on the tree. I—I mean—the core is. We only climbed up an' an' took a bite once in a while—we didn't pick it." —*The Bairns' Magazine.*

A [illegible] maiden lady of uncertain age became [illegible] indignant when the Census taker asked her age. "Did you see the girls next door," she asked, "the Hill twins?" "Certainly," replied the Census man. "And did they tell you their age?" "Yes." "Well," she snapped, as she shut the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are!" "Oh, very well," said the Census man to himself, and he wrote down in his book: "Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills." —*The Windsor Magazine.*

A very stout lady at the zoological gardens was seeing the lions fed for the first time, and was rather surprised by the limited amount of meat that was given them. "That seems to me to be a very small piece of meat for the lion," she said to the attendant. The man looked at her with a glimmer of amusement in his eye. "It may seem a small piece to you, mum," he said, "but it's heaps for the lion." —*Philadelphia Record.*

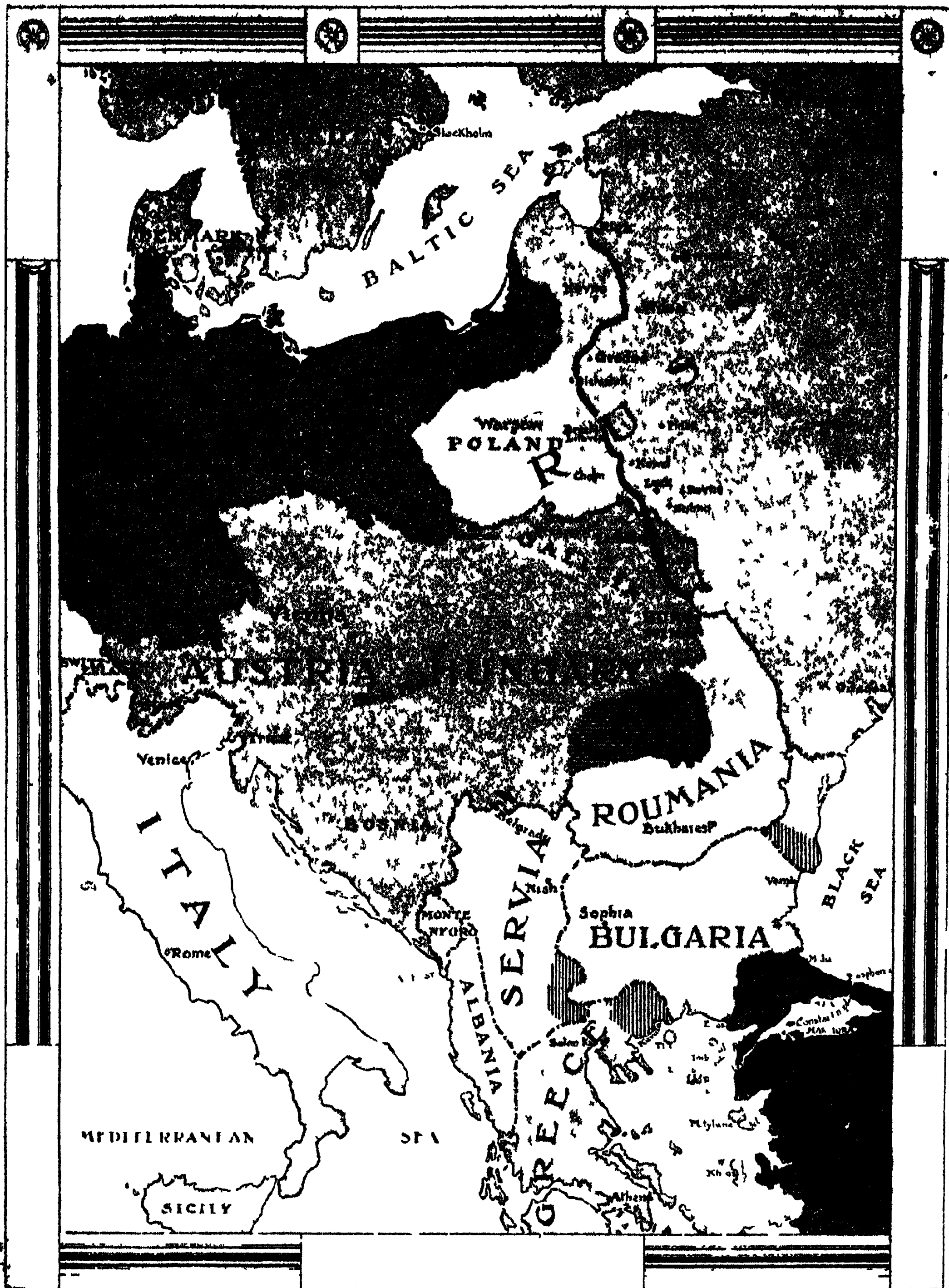


"God Save the Queen" is hackneyed by too much use, especially by its abuse as the signal for the close of a performance, which is almost as great a profanation as if one should use the Royal Standard as a handkerchief. But no abuse of this kind can impair its magic power when in times of national peril it bursts from the full heart.

It would be idle to attempt to enumerate the occasions when this Anthem has been used to body forth in audible form the sentiments that throb in the heart of the nation. Whenever any number of Englishmen find themselves fronting death or whenever they have experienced any great deliverance, whenever they thrill with exultant pride, or nerve themselves to offer an unyielding front to adverse fate, they have used "God Save the Queen" or King, as it has been and will be again, as the natural national musical vehicle for expressing what would otherwise find no utterance. It is the melody that is always heard when our island story touches the sublimer heights or sounds the profounder depths. It is one of the living links which bind into one the past, the present and future of the English race.

"Hymns that have Helped" (1895).

William T. Stead



THE CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA AND THE NEAR EAST.

The map shows Germany's advance, and the disputed territory in the Balkans is indicated by shaded lines.

Specially drawn for "The Review of Reviews" by H. Somerfield

No. 309. Vol. LII.] [September, 1915

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *September* 1, 1915.

No Stay till Victory!

The Prophets of Peace have raised their faint voices, but the fight goes on to its appointed end. High summer has passed with its hopes all unfulfilled, and autumn finds the struggle keener, more desperate, and now embittered by the conviction that our past sacrifices are but a tithe of the heavy toll which must be paid before the account is settled. The British are slow to anger, but our determination grows with the occasion; and, even as we have hitherto borne our part without hesitation, the future will find us staunch and resolved to secure the full fruit of victory.

The German Chancellor announced to the Reichstag that Germany claimed to be "the shield of peace and freedom of big and small nations." To this Sir Edward Grey has made fitting reply:—

Germany is to be supreme. The freedom of other nations is to be that which Germany metes out to them. Such is apparently the conclusion to be drawn from the German Chancellor's speech; and to this the German Minister of Finance adds that the heavy burden of thousands of millions must be borne through decades, not by Germany, but by those whom she is pleased to call the instigators of the war. In other words, for decades to come Germany claims that whole nations who have resisted her should labour to pay her tribute in the form of war indemnities. Not on such terms can peace be concluded or the life of other nations than Germany be free or even tolerable. The speeches of the German Chancellor and Finance Minister



The Bulletin] [Sydney.

The Ishmael of the Nations.

"And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him."

make it appear that Germany is fighting for supremacy and tribute. If that is so, and as long as it is so, our Allies and we are fighting and must fight for the right to live, not under German supremacy, but in real freedom and safety.

Confusion and Conscription

Meantime ill-informed persons hold that our Allies are not satisfied with the part we are playing; but in fact they would have been satisfied with far less than we have given to the common cause, for the truth is that we have withheld neither men, ships, nor money; all have been placed without reserve at the disposal of an allied strategy which sees the end sure, if long deferred. The clamour for Conscription continues as though this thing possessed some magic quality for us that has so far failed to conjure success for those of our Allies who have long since adopted this too obvious measure of defensive-offence. If it is the only way, then the Government surely will not hesitate to say the word; but we cannot avoid asking whether Conscription saved the northern provinces of France and whether Russia has not recently realised that of itself Conscription is an idle arm? Germany has not gained her position in virtue of Conscription, but in spite of it. The essential thing is organisation—intelligent organisation—and admittedly the United Kingdom stands in need of much more organisation than so far has appeared. The National Register is a point to the good, and its adequate use will express the organising ability of our statesmen. The work of compiling this great directory was entrusted in part to the Local Authorities—those long-neglected institutions which have waited and still wait to serve the War Office *when permitted*. The danger from the Conscription-mongers is great, because the Government has appeared in some matters to have yielded to clamour; but we do not think so badly of Mr. Asquith as to assume



Punch.] [Melbourne.

"Footing" the Bill.

(The financial experts in Europe declare that Germany and Austria cannot afford to end the war, as it would land them in insolvency. Their only hope is to fight on, and reimburse themselves with an enormous indemnity.)

THE KAISER: "Der can be no peace. It vos necessary dot ve fighd on till you are willing to foot der bill."

JOHN BULL: "Foot the Bill? Oh! If that's all you want, here goes!"

that he will invite confusion by consenting to Conscription before he has exhausted the most obvious and elementary principles of organisation.

Mobilise the Municipalities.

The country is tired of committees which make it impossible to follow the progress of the matters entrusted to their charge; their enquiries and reports represent in many cases wasted time, wasted money, and still worse wasted energy. Is the Government aware that in every county, every borough, and every parish there are duly elected councillors, responsible in the discharge of their duties to their fellow-citizens, who are capable of dealing with every requirement from Recruiting to Economy, and who have waited for twelve months and still wait the order for mobilisation in their country's service? So far they have practically been ignored. Lord Kitchener has, however, availed himself of the co-operation of the Mayors in the all-important matter of recruiting; but it is putting it fairly to say that association has been permitted rather than welcomed. This passive *rôle* is alien to our chief citizens, and several regiments owe their existence to the organising zeal of the Mayors of our leading boroughs. Surely this fact should encourage the Government to utilise such service to the full, instead of repressing local patriotism unless it be under the direction of the Lord-Lieutenants, who have admittedly done



De Amsterdammer.]

The First Birthday.

The War-Child surrounded by his Birthday Presents.

splendidly in building up the Territorial units, but their influence in most cases is indirect. The municipal authorities are in direct—daily—contact with the householders whose families and cash are the backbone of the British Army.

What Would Happen. Immediately the Government lift their little finger they will have at their disposal the unpaid services of the best men in the country and the ungrudging use of the municipal machinery which has taken a thousand years to erect. At the word, the recruiting poster and peripatetic "patterer" would disappear and the unmarried recruit would be available in such numbers as the War Office might desire, and this without the disturbance of essential railway, postal, munition, and other services. Local knowledge is a fount of wisdom from which Whitehall will never stoop to drink; local influence is a power greater than that wielded by the recruiting sergeant; and this wisdom and influence is at the disposal of the Government without fee when they get tired of making mistakes by too closely copying the centralisation of the Central Powers.

Economy. There is much talk of economy, but little wool of effective saving. The poor man forfeits his hard-earned holiday, and, let us hope, invests the pounds saved in the War Loan; the rich and middle-class man no longer affects travel by rail, and thousands of gallons of petrol are daily poured on the altar of his extravagance. The poor are advised of food economies, which, alas! are beyond their weak powers of imagination, for pennies saved on cabbage soup disappear in the ready grasp of the coal-ring. Local influence would speedily put an end to "joy-rides" and municipal co-operation would spell the death of the coal exploiter; but, under the quasi-military law era we now enjoy, inspiration must come from the seats of the mighty and the invaluable aid of local authorities is not invoked.

Unity! We cannot win this war, and do not deserve to win, unless we are united in a single aim to accomplish our purpose. Conscription would inevitably tend to widen the remaining divisions which prevent complete unity; Organisation, based on the co-operation of each citizen, through his own local institution, would close the ranks and enable the country to use its real weight. At present we suffer from the absence of an autocratic control and lose whatever degree of compact and directed effort which presumably flows from that enviable form of government. Meantime, to our undoing, we are not allowed to develop the democratic initiative and powers which are in our hands; the archaic critic, seeking a master, cries "Give us an autocrat!" We would respond "Unfetter the citizen," and let him be at his own proper business of saving himself from the difficulties and dangers with which he is surrounded.

Neutrality. When the dogs of war are loosed it is a wise nation that can preserve its safety and respect behind its protecting frontiers. To Belgium (with neutrality guaranteed, imposed and trebly assured) no option was given. The non-interfering policies of Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden entitle them to remain outside the arena so long as they can. The Balkan States, with their history of unbroken intrigue, have so far saved themselves by observing what has been called the first law of nature—the dictates of self-preservation. There is, however, another State—a combination of free States—which has in the past served as an example to free men the world over, and to-day, judged by her population, her wealth and virility, stands second to no other nation. Up to this moment she remains a spectator of a conflict in which

the passions of the brute beast are shamed by the outburst of devilry which has been let loose by the express design and permission of His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II. This insane monarch has caused woe unspeakable to countless homes, including those of America. This blood-lust knows no satiety; the sinking of the *Lusitania* has been followed by the loss of the *Arabic*, both involving the death of American citizens. The crime is not only admitted, but is the occasion of rejoicing in German cities. The responsibility is clear, and the only question remaining is "Whence shall come the punishment?" Self-inflicted humiliation cannot be the settled policy of a country ("too proud" to admonish an evil-doer) which would arrogate to itself the function of Universal Arbitrator. An arbitrator must be strong enough to announce an award and to ensure the respect of those against whom it is directed.

Pope and President.

The poor Pope, fettered by his sympathies and manifold interests, cannot say the straight thing to those who have butchered babes in cold blood. Is he to find comfort in the mutual helplessness of President Wilson, who hesitates to break official friendship with the creatures who daily plot still more murders? America stands for Peace, but she also stands for Righteousness. There is no need for her sons to be sacrificed in a war not of her ordering, but the

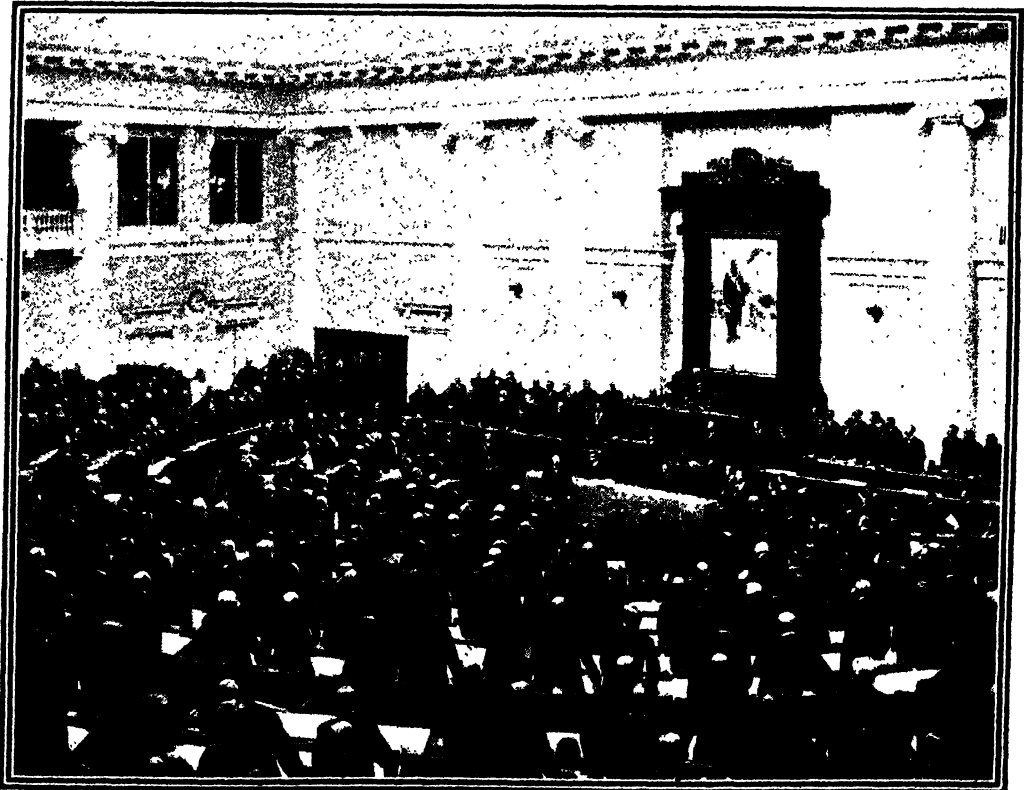


Photo by] [*C. C. Bulla.*

Opening of the Russian Duma.

"So long as the struggle lasts, let us have only one party, the party of war, to the end, and only one programme—Victory!"—*The President's declaration.*

faintest self-respect should impel the cessation of all further dealings with those who have forgotten the dictates of our common humanity.

Cotton.

After twelve months' consideration the British Government have declared cotton contraband, and this act, while aimed solely at the Central Powers, must inflict a serious blow on Neutral States. For a year we have conducted the war under a handicap—respect for the rights of Neutral States. To America the disposal of her cotton crop is a matter of vital concern, and we have respected her position to the full. Germany's needs have meant a very profitable business in cotton for her neutral neighbours. In self-defence we must restrict our enemy's import of cotton, and we feel sure America's exemplary complacency will be extended to this injury to her commerce.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

"For Valor!"

("No finer feat in Military History.")

["I heartily congratulate you upon the splendid conduct and bravery displayed by the Australian troops in the operations at the Dardanelles, who have indeed proved themselves worthy sons of the Empire.—(Signed) GEORGE R.I."]

FAME: "It comes early; but it is well earned!

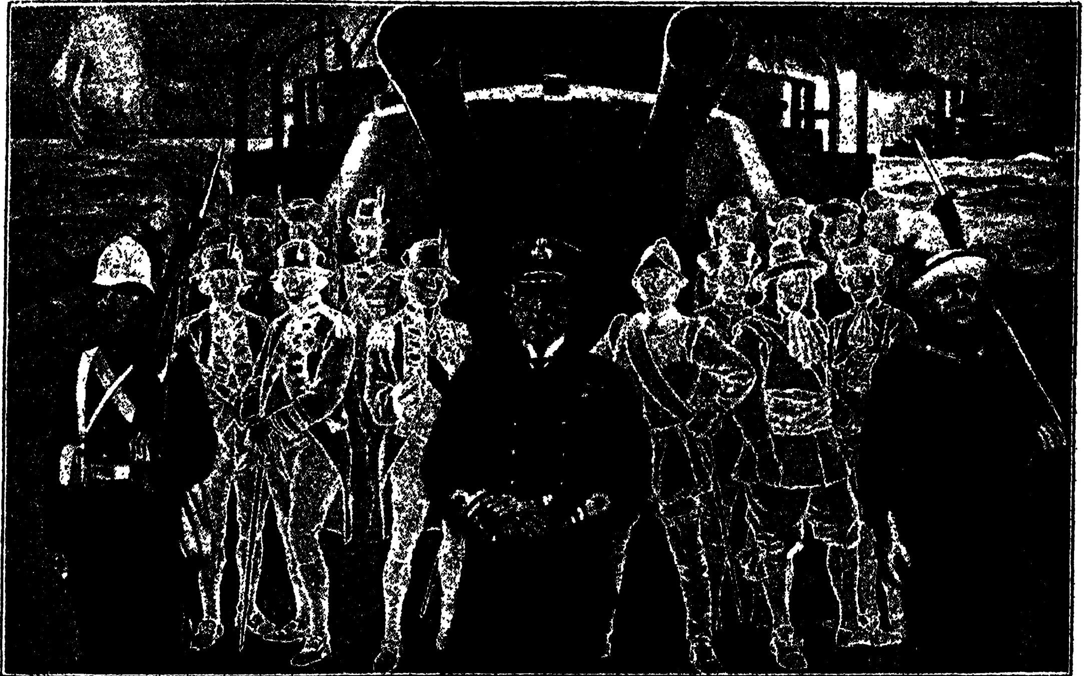
Victorious Germany.

Once again Berlin rejoices, and all her sister cities are beflagged to celebrate the astounding "victories" of German arms. The military and political aspects of these victories are as comforting to Germany as they are genuine discomfitures to the Allies; but there is another side to the account. Our own victories in Flanders are the surest index to the irretrievable damage sustained on *both sides* from any such *successful* actions. The Russians have been swept out of Poland, 'tis true, and equally true that tens of thousands of Germans have found their final resting-place in that ill-starred country. These gigantic efforts are carried on, at an untold sacrifice of men and material which brings the inevitable end appreciably nearer, for these huge armies demand correspondingly large reserves, the supply of which is not inexhaustible. The task of

putting out of action 200,000 of the enemy each month is made easier by his own impetuosity, and, so long as we are prepared to pay the price by enduring the necessary sacrifice, Germany's essential reserves cannot in the nature of things be always available. We can be sure that Germany is bearing an overwhelming stress which is the inevitable prelude to collapse. The breaking point may be nearer than many imagine, but it is nevertheless our business to prepare for every eventuality and put forth our whole strength to hasten the end.

On Land and Sea.

"Experience is a hard task-master, but it teaches as none other," and the lessons of this terrible war are being etched deep. The religionists are still aghast at the revelations of cruelty which do veritably indict a whole nation with the crime of devil-worship; the pacifists, to whom peace and progress were synonymous terms, grudgingly admit that the soldier-citizen is building even while he destroys; and the man of faith interprets each disaster or victory in terms of ultimate advance to a higher goal. The materialists and scientists are the only folk who should be pleased, but they possess too much human feeling to rejoice in the ghoulish wreckage of man's industry and handiwork. We have, in a general way, always rejoiced in "Empire," but the whole-heartedness of Colonial sacrifice has surprised the most indifferent. The Canadians in Flanders, the Australasians at Gallipoli, the Afrikanders in "Botha-land," have one and all riveted the bonds of a brotherhood which is indeed a real "progress of the world." Our War Diary gives the outstanding items of the contest from month to month, but each of those short sentences indicates a



Awaiting the Day!
The spirit of a thousand years has made us what we are.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Editor of "The Fleet."

wealth of energy, bravery and devotion which is incalculable. Germany has forced Russia out of Poland. The fall of Warsaw, the storming of Kovno, the capture of Novo Georgovitch and the rest are triumphs of force and tactical skill as yet unsurpassed by the Allies, but in her wider strategy Germany has lamentably failed. The Russian Army, defeated but not discomfited, retires, fighting step by step, and will in due time repeat its earlier successes. So long as the Russian Army is free to fight and manœuvre, Germany is faced with failure. The remaining rags of naval prestige enjoyed by the German Navy were torn to shreds in the Gulf of Riga, and the numerically inferior Russian Navy scored a great victory. The exercise of sea-power is the one thing essential to final success, and, lacking that, Germany is already fated to a final and absolute defeat.



Photo by] ss Agency.

How Women Help the Army.

The great Forage Reserve Depot at Richmond, where some sixty women assist the soldiers in storing, pressing, and despatching hay.

East and West.

The landing at Suvla Bay of some 60,000 sea-borne troops in a single day, without opposition, after a journey of 3,000 miles is a record, but our Navy took it in its stride. A few hundred miles away, the German hosts can only attack these shores through the harmless columns of the press. Here there is no need for the optimist to consider the pessimist, for the latter is discredited by the facts—and facts are stubborn things. In Flanders the fighting continues on the old lines, and we must expect another winter campaign, but under more advantageous conditions for our men. The British are now responsible for a wider front, which has enabled a

greater concentration of the French, who continue their "nibbling" with persistent patience and courage. The joint attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula has now assumed even a more desperate aspect, and heavy reinforcements lead us to expect that a decision is near at hand. The Italians, undismayed by unprecedented obstacles, are conducting a campaign above the snow-line and are slowly establishing themselves in Austrian territory. Italy has declared war against Turkey, which brings the total of such declarations to eleven—and there are more such to follow. The Anglo-French forces report recent successes in the Cameroons, but there is still silence in respect of the operations in German East Africa, and the public is permitted to hope that "no news is good news." The minor actions of the Navy in the Baltic, Marmora, and off Zeebrugge are signs that the watch-dog is not asleep and that its teeth have lost none of their sharpness; if only the enemy would oblige by coming out into the open! Our flying men have recently given the enemy good reason to question the wisdom of murdering defenceless women and children, and the skill and daring of our airmen should be a warning to Germany to modify her many breaches of the laws of fair play. The sinking of an enemy submarine off Ostend by Commander A. W. Bigsworth, R.N., was a unique achievement, and presents a striking contrast to the despicable slaughter of the crew of the British submarine E13, shoaled in Danish waters.

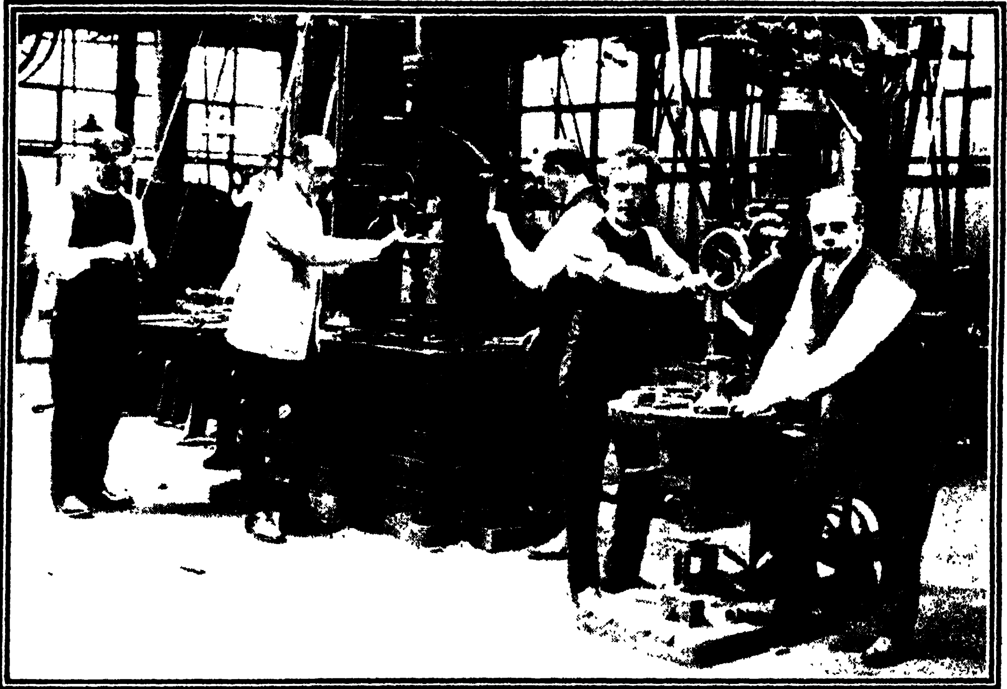


Photo by] [*Central News.*

Making Munitions.

Five clergymen busily employed in a Lancashire factory turning out munitions of war.

Disappointed Diplomacy.

Whatever comfort Germany enjoys from her recent successes in Poland must be marred by a continuance of



The Patriot.] [Athens.

The Greek Situation.

The Government takes M. Venizelos by the arm and dismisses M. Gounaris.

her tactless diplomacy. America is still waiting for a reply to the last Note, and now the sinking of the *Arabic* will necessitate more correspondence, which may even tax the politeful patience of the President. There is no sign of jingoism in America to-day, but the studied insolence of Berlin is working surely to the inevitable rupture. In the Balkans Germany's negotiations have so far met with little success notwithstanding the fraternal feelings emanating from the Courts at Athens, Sofia and Bucharest. Events have proved Germany's fitness for the task of devil's advocate, but when the pleading takes place on territory ravaged by the Turk for centuries, and the specious promises of enhanced liberties are addressed to peoples who have bought their freedom with their heart's blood, even Germany's gifts of persuasion fall short of the necessary power of seduction. After two disastrous campaigns the Balkan peoples have learnt that war is not the ready solvent of all their troubles; even the advance of their frontiers to include a few long-coveted square miles is in the reckoning a poor compensation for the deaths, wounds, disease and destitution with which war endows its victims. If Bulgaria, Greece and Roumania can curb their ambitions and jealousies, it would be the highest wisdom for them to maintain a rigid neutrality. If they are, however reluctantly, forced to abandon that position, it is hardly credible that these States will place themselves at the disposal of the Central Powers; for, if not speedily absorbed into a Germanic confederation, the Kaiser would emulate the policy of his old friend Abdul the Damned by keeping the ancient animosities alive for his own preservation as Dictator. Germany failed to impress her partner Italy with her *bona fides*, and Italian statesmen have revealed the fact that the designs of the Central Powers were aimed at the suppression of the smaller States, whose existence must be jeopardised by a realisation of the much-advertised policy of "Drang nach Osten."



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

An Impossible Task.

"Well, well; you may try, but even at this rate you won't reach round my waist."

Serbia Yields.

The Allies have made such representations to Serbia that she appears ready to make concessions in Macedonia for the common cause, and this assures a successful approach to Bulgaria. Roumania has lost her best chances of intervention, but, whatever her decision, Russia remains her next-door neighbour, and prudence dictates the adoption of an active friendship rather than a calculated passivity. M. Venizelos has formed his Cabinet, and as the direct participation of Greece in the war is the only way by which that country can realise its ambitions in Asia Minor (whatever may be the fate of Constantinople and the fast-fading shadow of Turkey on the Continent of Europe), her entrance into the war cannot be long deferred.

Home Troubles.

Once again we are threatened with a renewal of the coal strike. It is impossible to understand the Government's attitude, for on their own admission coal is vital to the nation's needs. No one questions the truth of this statement—then why hesitate to extend national control over the mines, if only for the duration of the war? Britishers object to exploitation, and the miners will strenuously resist patriotic appeals which are based on a continuance of the injustice which could be remedied in five minutes—not by an arbitrator, whose awards to-day seem to result inevitably in the need for further arbitration to-morrow. Collieries pay notoriously high dividends; eliminate the profit-monger, and peace will assuredly reign in the coal-fields of Great Britain.



Western Mail.] [Perth, Western Australia.

The Struggle for Liberty at the Front.

The Federal Government recently brought in six Referenda Bills, and bludgeoned them through the House of Representatives in one sitting. Replying to an objection that it would be a scandalous thing to reshape the Constitution while 80,000 of our men were away fighting, Representative Fenton said: "They *will* be able to vote at the front." "Hear, hear," said the Prime Minister. (News item.)

DIARY OF THE WAR.

July 26.—German destroyer sunk by British submarine near the German coast.

Occupation by the French of the Pass between the Linge and the Quarries (Vosges).

Enemy attacks on the advanced works of Ivangorod repulsed by the Russians.

Capture by the Italians of the heights of San Martino and of Monte San Michele.

July 24–26.—Germans repulsed by Russians in the direction of Tukkum, towards Cholk.

July 27.—Bombardment by the Germans of Arras and of Soissons.

Conquest of the German position on the heights dominating the principal valley of the Fecht completed by the French.

The Schlucht Pass bombarded by German artillery.

Occupation by the Italians of Pelagosa, mid-Adriatic, announced.

July 28.—Two enemy blockhouses east of Lingekopf and of the Schratz-Mannele occupied by the French.

July 29.—Austrian occupation of Lublin.

July 30.—Two German spies executed in London.

German bombardment of British front round Hooge, and attack with flame-projectors. British trenches penetrated on a front of 500 yards.

Nine raids by French air squadrons on the Ypres-Roulers railway, German bivouacs in Longueval, etc.

Batteries at Shili (Black Sea) shelled, and collier and 47 sailing ships sunk by Russian torpedo-boats.

July 31.—Manifesto issued by the Kaiser declaring he did not will the war.

British recapture of portion of trenches lost near Hooge.

Raid by Italian seaplanes on Riva and bombs dropped.

Austrians repulsed at Monte Sei Busi.

Aug. 1.—French occupation of trenches between Ablain and Angres.

Conquest by the Italians of Mount Medelta, north-east of Cima Cuestralta, announced.

Italian bombardment of forts in the Cadore Valley resumed; also bombardment of station of Kovereto.

Mitau, west of Riga, reported to be occupied by the enemy.

Aug. 2.—French capture of trenches on the Linge heights, etc.

German transport sunk by British submarine in the Baltic.

Successful attack by Colonial troops on Turkish trenches in Gallipoli.

Two Turkish steamers reported to have been torpedoed by British submarine in the Sea of Marmora, and torpedoes fired at lighters alongside the arsenal at Constantinople.

Second French report on German atrocities published.

Aug. 3.—Bombs dropped on Strasburg by Allied aeroplanes.

German gunboat driven ashore near Windau by Russian seaplanes.

Withdrawal of Russian troops from the Blonie-Nadanzin line.

Russian torpedo-boats announced to have raided the Anatolian coast and destroyed over 450 sailing vessels and 4 naval yards.

Aug. 1–3.—Battle on the Naref between Ostrolenka and Lomza; enemy defeated.

Aug. 2–3.—Desperate attempts by the enemy to pierce various points of the Allies' lines from the sea to the Vosges repulsed.

Aug. 4.—German bombardment of the Lingekopf ridge, and portions of trenches won from the Allies.

Evacuation by Russians of Ivangorod.

Bombardment by the French of Asia Minor ports.

Correspondence between Mr. Walter H. Page and Sir Edward Grey relative to the British right to prevent the export of German goods from neutral ports published.

Validity of the seizure of the *Dacia* in the Channel by French cruiser on Feb. 28 confirmed.

Aug. 5.—German assault with hand grenades and petards in the Argonne repulsed.

Evacuation by Russians of Warsaw and occupation by the Germans.

General Sarrail appointed French Commander-in-Chief in succession to General Gouraud, severely wounded.

Aug. 6.—Announcement of separate peace proposals made to Russia by the Kaiser; proposal vetoed by Russia.

Aug. 7.—Violent attack by Germans against the French position on the Lingekopf-Schratz-Mannele repulsed.

Proclamation by Prince Leopold of Bavaria to the inhabitants of Warsaw, and hostages taken.

Aug. 8.—Auxiliary cruiser *India* torpedoed and sunk by German submarine in the North Sea; 22 officers and 119 men saved.

Armed patrol vessel *Ramsey* sunk in the North Sea by German armed vessel *Meteor*; 49 saved; the *Meteor* blown up to avoid capture.

Attack by the German fleet at the entrance of the Gulf of Riga repulsed by the Russians.

Turkish gunboat *Berk-i-Satvlet* and enemy transport torpedoed by British submarine in the Sea of Marmora.

Turkish attacks in the Passine Valley, Caucasus front, repulsed by the Russians.

Aug. 7-8.—Renewed attacks on Kovno; enemy repulsed.

Aug. 9.—The Kaiser's views on peace made known in the United States by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg.

British destroyer *Lynx* sunk in the North Sea through striking a mine; 26 men saved.

Raid by hostile airships on the East coast; 14 killed and 14 injured; one Zeppelin destroyed and one British aviator lost.

Trenches at Hooge, captured by the enemy on July 30, retaken by the British.

French air raid on Saarbrücken, and shells dropped on station and factory.

Turkish battleship *Hairredin Barbarossa* sunk by submarine.

Aug. 9 10.—Offensive against Servia resumed by the enemy; attempt to cross the Danube unsuccessful.

Merghemin Pass captured by the Russians.

Aug. 10.—Capture by the enemy of the fortress of Lomza.

In Gallipoli 200 yards of front gained east of the Krithia road.

Italian occupation of Cima Undici in Camelico region announced.

Aug. 11.—German bombardment of Raon l'Etape.

German attack on Riga repulsed.

Russian occupation of Toviany, cutting through German line.

General Freiherr von Scheffer Boyadel appointed Governor of Warsaw.

More ground gained in Gallipoli.

Austrian submarine *U 12* torpedoed and sunk by Italian submarine in the Upper Adriatic.

Aug. 12.—Zeppelin raid on the East coast; 6 killed and 23 injured.

Enemy bombardment of Belgrade, and Servian bombardment of Semlin and Pantchevo.

Russian evacuation of Siedlce, Sokolof, and Lukof announced.

Russian occupation of Meliasghert.

Austrian submarine *U 3* sunk in the Lower Adriatic by French torpedo-destroyer *Bisson*.

German munition factory at Jaffa destroyed by gunfire of French cruiser.

Aug. 13.—Reply of the United States to the Austrian Note of June 29 regarding the exportation of arms and ammunition to the Allies dispatched.

Destruction of Austrian mine field in the Adriatic by French submarine *Papin* announced.

Aug. 14.—Bombardment by French aeroplanes of German post in the valley of the Spada.

British transport *Royal Edward* sunk by enemy submarine in the Ægean; about 1,000 lives lost and 600 saved.

Aug. 15.—500 yards gained at Suvla, Gallipoli.

Aug. 16.—Bombardment by German submarine of North-west coast—Whitehaven, etc.

Russian re-occupation of Van.

Aug. 17.—Zeppelin raid on eastern counties; 10 killed and 36 injured.

Fall of Kovno.

Important position west of Marcottini carried by the Italians.

Unsuccessful Austrian attack on Pelagosa.

Aug. 17-18.—German attacks on Ossovetz repulsed.

Aug. 18.—French capture of the junction of the Bethune-Arras and Ablain-Angres roads.

German cruiser torpedoed by British submarine in the Baltic.

Norwegian mail steamer *Haakon VII.* on her way to England stopped by German submarine and mails to nations hostile to Germany seized.

Aug. 19.—White Star liner *Arabic* torpedoed and sunk without warning by German submarine off the Irish coast; 39 missing, including 2 American victims.

Stranding ashore of British submarine E 13 on Danish island of Saltholm, in the Sound, and attack of the submarine by German torpedo-boat destroyers; 15 men missing; also Danish protest to Germany against the outrage in neutral waters.

Turkish steamer reported sunk by Russian submarine off Anatolia.

Aug. 20.—Cotton declared absolute contraband by British and French Governments.

German transport reported to have been sunk by British seaplane in the Sea of Marmora.

Turkish transport sunk by French aeroplane in the Dardanelles.

German submarine trapped in the Bay of Aivali, in the Ægean.

Bombardment by Italian aeroplanes of enemy's aviation camp at Raunizza, east of Gorizia.

Aug. 21.—Italian declaration of war on Turkey.

Italian aeroplane raid on enemy aerodrome at Aisovitza.

Zeppelin approaching Vilna shot down.

Aug. 16-22.—Naval battle in the Gulf of Riga; defeat of the enemy, resulting in loss of a super-dreadnought, 3 cruisers and 8 torpedo-boats; also capture by the Russians of 4 barques of German troops; loss to Russians of gunboat *Sivoutch*.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns.*



Westminster Gazette.]

A Little Difficulty.

HINDENBURG: "I've crushed him!"
THE KAISER: "Then bring him in!"
HINDENBURG: "I can't! He won't let me!"



Le Rire.] [Paris.

Tartuffian Reply to the American Note.

"The principles of humanity . . . are fully echoed in Germany, which has always adhered to the principle that one must regard the civil population of the enemy."

"Impossible! It must be a misprint."



Cape Times.]

Robbing Peter to Pacify Paul.

THE KAISER (about to pluck feathers): "You must learn to renounce, dear Bird."

THE TURKEY: "I've done nothing else!"

[According to a recent cable message, Germany is endeavouring to persuade Turkey to make territorial concessions to Bulgaria with a view to securing the latter's neutrality.]



Cape Times.]

What will it Hatch?

THE PRUSSIAN GOOSE (after a patient sitting): "It's beginning to crack!"

THE TURK: "Yes, but are you sure its going to turn out another goose! I have my doubts!"

[Germany is making eager efforts to gain the friendship of the Balkan nations, in order to procure facilities for supplying Turkey with munitions. She has so far met with no success.—*Cable.*]



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Advance, Australia !

"PUNCH": "The hammer is as 'smity' as the sword, William Workman. Smite now, and smite hard! It is for you to beat out the heart of this demon."



Reynolds's Newspaper.]

Taking his Measure.

[After over a year of the traditional British policy of "wait and see," the Government, by means of the National Register, recently measured the man-power of the nation.]

When they've measured his might,
If they use it aright
(Which they surely will do if they're wise),
Then there isn't much doubt,
When the figures come out,
That his "form" will be quite a surprise.



The Bulletin.] [Sydney.

The Call !



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Call to Khaki.

[RECRUITING SERGEANT PUNCH: "Yes, my boy, you are a fine fellow; but just now it is the tailor makes the man, and this suit would just fit you."



St. Helena.

A Forecast of the Terms of Peace for which Australia is Fighting.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The British-Australasian."



The Bulletin.] [Sydney.

The Face at the Window.

JOHN BULL: "By Jove! It wasn't a dream, after all. Time I got up!"



The Bulletin.] [Sydney.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Bull's Run.

The Italians scored against the Austrians by liberating stampeding bulls upon them.

[The Germans have suffered from a similar foe for quite a long time. They are never likely to forget the stampeding of John Bull among them.]



Pasquino.] [Turin.

Turkey's Fall.

THE SCHOOLMASTER: "Take a good look at Turkey now . . . because when we re-open school she will have ceased to exist!"



Pasquino [Turin.

An American Threat.

AMERICA TO GERMANY: "Beware! If you continue to insult me, I will make you pay dearly—(*to himself*) through the goods I am exporting to you!"



Pasquino.] [Turin.

Loaded with Lies!

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA: "What are those things?"

THE GENERAL: "Sire, they are bombs loaded with lies; we have no other munitions left for use against the Italians!"



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Kaiser's Heroism.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO HIS ALLIES: "We shall go on fighting heroically as long as *you* have a single soldier left."

THE COAL AWARD—AND AFTER?

THE article "King Coal: The Tale of a Tub," which appeared in the August number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, has aroused considerable comment. The writer advocated the Nationalisation of the Mines as the only method which can secure permanent peace in the minefields of Great Britain. Mr. Runciman's award was welcomed, by the Press, with a flourish of trumpets; but eminent journalists are not authorities on the work of coal-getting, and the men who really count—the miners—are renewing the strike.

The plain truth is that frock-coated Arbitration is out of date, and is no more able to administer justice in such a case than a whole bench load of judges. The training, instinct, and knowledge of such men are all in favour of extending the fullest protection to the owner's profits; men's lives and comfort have always received secondary consideration. The public *knows* that the coal-hewer is of more importance to the nation than the capitalist; the latter can be replaced by public credit; the former is indispensable, and must receive the fullest consideration and not be subjected to the ingenious give-and-take of an award which tends to leave things in a state of flux. The Government may coerce or cajole the men, and send either an army corps of soldiers or arbitrators; they may defer the only solution of Nationalisation for a generation, but it must come, and wise statesmen would take the present unequalled opportunity for action.

Meantime the coal consumer is not assured that the Limitation of (Coal) Prices Act will enable him to buy British coal at moderate prices, and we publish a letter from a well-informed correspondent, who warns us that the coal trade will not relinquish its exorbitant methods if it can find any loophole in the Act whereby it may induce an approach to famine prices.

SOME UNCONSIDERED "FACTORS."

DEAR SIR,—After reading the article "King Coal," in your August issue, one is at a loss to understand why the Government still hesitate to adopt the measure you advocate. It may be argued that, as the Government by virtue of the Limitation of (Coal) Prices Act, have now the matter under control, such a step is unnecessary and undesirable; but, as we know, the colliery owner and the coal merchant are not easy to manage. I don't infer that it is so, but it may be there are ways of evading, or circumnavigating, the Limitation of Prices Act. If the price demanded by the colliery owner of the coal merchant for coal supplies in 1915 (other than that contracted for) must not exceed that of 1913, plus the amount (4s., I believe) due to increased cost of production determined by the Act, then another course is open to the colliery owner. A colliery having a contract with a coal merchant at a figure exceeding that fixed by the Act, but irrevocable because arranged prior to the passing of the Limitation of Prices Bill, will not have any quantity in excess of that contracted for to offer to that particular merchant, because the price of such excess quantity would probably be regulated by the 1913 price, which, undoubtedly, would be considerably lower in view of the fact that most contracts are said to be fixed for 1915 at 6s. 6d. per ton to 7s. 6d. increase. Consequently the coal produced in excess of "contracts" would be placed elsewhere, the elsewhere being, presumably, with purchasers who had no 1913 purchase to determine the price. Put another way, new business would be sought for all surplus coal.

It may be contended that such new business is not probable. That is so. Then a new condition enters into the scheme. Hitherto it has been the practice of colliery owners to dispose of their surplus to coal factors. Is it not possible that the coal factors can and will organise to do increased business with collieries, and that such business could be remunerative to the colliery owners because they would quote their surplus supplies to factors having no 1913 prices to regulate the 1915 prices; and to the factors because they could arrange a "pooling" system between themselves? Could not the colliery owner obtain from the factor a price in excess of that allowed by the Act (no 1913 business being on the books) and the factor make his purchase from a source not on his books in 1913, with the result that the factor might, by judiciously offering supplies from a colliery with which he had no dealing in 1913, leave to another factor the opportunity of doing similar business with some other colliery, to their (the factors) mutual advantage? For example, factor A buys from Colliery B instead of, as heretofore, from Colliery A, and factor B buys from Colliery A instead of Colliery B. A factor usually does the greater proportion of his business with a particular colliery, being more or less an agent. An arrangement of this kind might be a profitable venture, at the expense of the coal merchant, and, of course, so on to the public. Why not nationalise, and obviate any such conjectural possibilities?—Yours truly, VIGILANT.

MEN OF THE MOMENT.

MYSTIC AND MAN OF ACTION.

THE eyes of the world are riveted on the intense drama being enacted around Constantinople, and month after month one name stands out clearly as the prime mover of Turkish resistance. The Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and the automatic German officers are but marionettes on the stage, each and all are subject to the influence of one man—Enver Pasha, whose military reputation suffices to keep the Turkish armies in being, and to imbue them with the hope of final victory. In his article in *The American Review of Reviews*, on "Enver Pasha: Turkish Patriot," Lewis R. Freeman gives the reader some idea of the fascination exercised by this remarkable man over all with whom he comes in contact, not excluding Englishmen :—

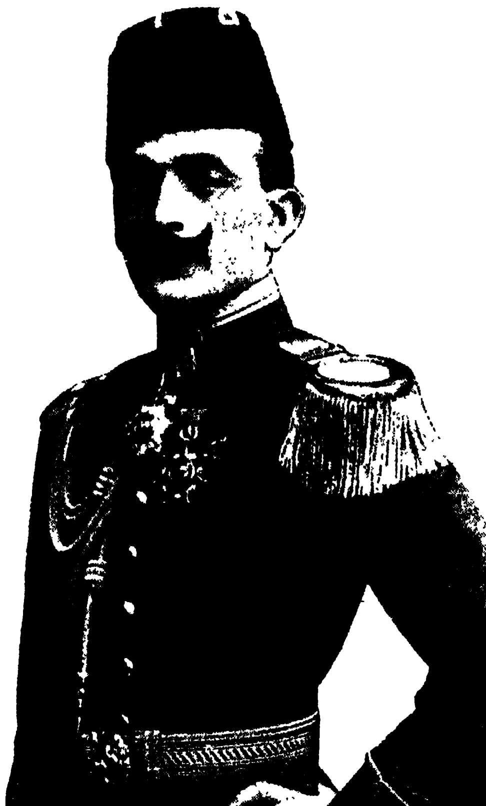


Photo by] [Stanley's Press Agency

Enver Pasha.

I had heard the name of Enver Bey spoken many times in Syria in the winter of 1912 before finding anyone who could tell me much about him. Enlightenment finally came through the British Vice-Consul at Beirut, whom I met at the tennis club one afternoon.

"He is one of my best friends," said that young official, after I had been introduced to him by Dr. Bliss, of the American College, as one interested in Enver Bey. "He is without a single exception I can recall off-hand, save, possibly, Lord Kitchener, the most forceful individual I have ever known, and for sheer magnetic attraction stands absolutely alone in my experience. In any other country besides Turkey—in England, Germany, or the United States—he could not fail of a great career. Here, the higher a man climbs the surer he is to be marked for a fall, and Enver Bey has been in danger of assassination ever since his progressive spirit began to manifest itself in his early teens. Some day—it may be to-morrow or it may not be for a number of years—the agents of his enemies will kill him, and when they do there will pass the sincerest patriot that Turkey has known since the days of Midhat Pasha."

. . . .

Enver's forceful personality, his magnetism, his capacity for leadership, made him at thirty a political power in Turkey, and a military dictator at an age when most European officers have not attained their captaincies. His is the deep, abiding faith in the mystic, in the soundness of the things for which he stands, and, sincere patriot that he is, his plans, his dreams are all to one end—the regeneration of Turkey.

More of Enver Bey—of his marvellous swordsmanship, his fluency as a linguist, of the almost ascetic simplicity of his physical life, of his strange combination of practicality and idealism, of the mystic and the man of action; of the way in which he had always exercised his influence and authority, often at the expense of discipline, quite out of proportion to his official or military rank—I heard from the British Consul, and on the morning that he came to see me off on the Damascus train on my circuitous journey to Palestine and Egypt, he enjoined me especially to miss no chance of meeting the brilliant young Turkish patriot in the event that I was able to carry out a plan I had formed of penetrating through to the Turco-Arabic forces in the Tripolitan hinterland.

Mr. Freeman's interview confirmed the high opinion he had formed of Enver's

capacity, and the policy which governs his present action is indicated by the following utterance: -

"The plans of all of the Powers have always been entirely selfish as far as Turkey was concerned," said Enver, with a bitterness not incomprehensible under the circumstances. "For years Russia has coveted Constantinople, to say nothing of the rest of Turkey along the Black Sea and south of the Caucasus, and Britain has endeavoured to keep us just strong enough to prevent Russia from realising these ambitions. (It was an Englishman who first called us the 'Sick Man.') Finally came the Kaiser with his scheme of a chain of German-controlled states from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, and for the success of this plan a strong, not a weak, Turkey is a *sine quâ non*. Russia would wipe us off the map, England would keep us weak, Germany would make us strong. All selfish motives on the face of them, no doubt, but--can you wonder which alternative is the least repugnant to us Turks, especially to us Young Turks, who have done our best to avoid being enmeshed in the nets of British and Russian diplomacy and intrigue which held helpless our predecessors? I think I will not need to say more to answer your question as to why it was Germany obtained the Bagdad railway concession, why the Hedjaz line was built by Germans and why the Germans are recasting our military establishment."

"Do you care to speak of your so-called Turkish reform programme?" I asked as a final question, warned by the Sheiks and officers gathering under the flap of the reception tent that a conference was about to be held. Enver hesitated for a moment, and then, his eyes lighting with the enthusiasm kindled by the project, which I have since learned was the one nearest his heart, rose to his feet and spoke briefly and to the point, the meantime grasping my hand in a warm grip of farewell.

"Real Turkish unification is my dearest wish, and any international political arrangement which will leave me a free hand to work for that, I will subscribe to. Turkey contains a great many Christians as well as Mohammedans. The latter I would regenerate from within, not from without. The West has little that we need save battleships and shrapnels, and if it would leave us alone we would not need even these. Nor can the Occident give us anything better to follow than the precepts of the Koran. For us Mohammedans, I would purify the old faith, not bring in a new one—there are close to a score of them, as you know. But for our Christian peoples I would let them follow their own faith in peace and security, something they have not always been able to do in the past. I would offer them everything that England, or Greece or France could—more than Russia ever would--and by this means I would make them Turkish subjects in fact as well as in name.

AN ELDER STATESMAN.

THE wonderful modernity of Japan is subject to the wise direction of a remarkable body known as the Genro or Elder Statesmen, whose long experience is directed to the preservation of unity in the rapid development of the country. Among these statesmen Prince Yamagata is held in high honour. Born in 1838, he has lived through the later phases of the clan system, and has taken a leading part in the transformation of the Government, and directed some of its most important departments. In *The Japan Magazine*, Y. Yamada contributes an interesting sketch of the Prince's career, which covers over half a century of ceaseless activity:--

In March, 1869, Prince Yamagata by order of the Emperor visited Russia and France to make a study of military methods, and returned the following August, when he was installed in the War Office and entrusted with reorganising the Japanese Army. And it was badly in need of reorganisation. The muskets in use were for the most part not better than those introduced by the Portuguese in 1543, and quickly acquired by most of the daimyo of the empire. It was an old and heavy flint stock without a bayonet. It was indeed little better than the old-time bow and arrow.

In 1872 Prince Yamagata became Lieutenant-General of the Imperial forces, and the following year he was made Minister of War. Not satisfied with having created the army, he now set about reforming military abuses, and the first thing he did was to abolish the custom of allowing the samurai to bear two swords about with him. When the Satsuma rebellion broke out in 1877 Prince Yamagata was Chief of Staff for the subjugation of the rebels; and after the rebellion

was over he became head of the General Staff. Next he gave much attention to national politics, which he saw to be in rather a sorry state; and in 1882 he was appointed head of the Council where political affairs were discussed. After the establishment of the Constitution and the organisation of a Cabinet he was called to the portfolio of home affairs, and devoted himself for some years to the reform of national politics.

In 1887 Prince Yamagata again visited Europe for the purpose of making an examination of local government and institutions, and after his return home he promoted local self-government throughout the empire. The present municipal administrative system of Japan owes its foundation to his exertions and advice. The results affected for the better all the villages and towns of the empire. Even to this day the method of choosing heads of villages which he suggested is still followed. When the Kuroda Cabinet fell in 1889, owing to the deference of the Foreign Minister, Count Okuma, to foreigners, Prince Yamagata was called upon to form a Cabinet; and it was during his administration that the Imperial Constitution was promulgated and the members of the Imperial Diet first elected. He was the first constitutional Minister to make a speech in the Imperial Diet.



Prince Yamagata.

Reproduced from "The Japan Magazine.

During the war with China in 1894 Prince Yamagata was chosen head of the first Army Corps, at the head of which he returned to Japan in triumph and was made a Marquis. In 1897 he accompanied Prince Fushimi to the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and brought about the first Russo-Japanese Agreement with M. Robanoff, the Russian Foreign Minister. In 1898 he again was called to form a Cabinet, which lasted for three years. During the war with Russia he was head of the General Staff, and after the war was made Chief of the Imperial Privy Council. At this time the Emperor made him a prince of the realm, and he has been ever since known as Prince Yamagata: Ito and Oyama being the only other commoners that have received such distinction. From that time he has been regarded as one of the most distinguished of the *Genro*, or Elder Statesman

Personally the Prince is one of the most affable of men, of a decidedly humble temperament and noted for wisdom and circumspection, qualities which endeared him much to Meiji Tenno. His old friends of many years value him for his unfailing constancy, and young men are attracted to him by his personal interest in their progress. Men like the late Prince Katsura, Count Kodama, Count Terauchi and others that have attained high distinction, owed much to him. His one weakness, if he has one, is his partiality for the younger members of his own clan; and for this reason he is not so popular as Prince Ito and Count Okuma. Yet it must be remembered that want of great popularity is largely due to his extreme reticence and his retiring temperament. But for what he had done to establish the Imperial Army on a footing second to none, for his military efficiency and his remarkable merit as a soldier, as well as for his influence on Japanese civilisation and institutions, his name will be regarded as immortal by his countrymen

OUR IMPERIAL IMPRESARIO.

"THE Northcliffe Press" is one of our national institutions, for it administers to public taste in a degree which overrides the ordinary limitations of business activity. Lord Northcliffe's journalistic activities have roused many enmities, and he may have shrewdly planned this particularly narrow path to the eminence he now enjoys. The bulk of his readers are not admirers, but consumers, and it has been left to his detractors to advertise him to a publicity which finds him rejoicing to the confusion of the faithful.

The American public may be pleased, or amused, to find that Lord Northcliffe is not without a champion, and on this side we may read with advantage the eulogy by Sydney Brooks in *The North American Review*, for it states the case for a man who has "arrived" in the face of many obstacles, and whose success would have been even greater if he had credited the reading public with a little perspicacity and a degree of memory. The bulk of the article deals with the shell controversy, and Mr. Brooks has no hesitation in saying that the conduct of the Northcliffe Press "may prove to have saved the country from a great disaster." The writer's sketch presents sufficient material to visualise the genius of a commanding personality :—



London Opinion] [*Drawn by Bert Thomas*

Another Northcliffe Nostrum.

"DOCTOR" NORTHCLIFFE: "This wonderful Conscription Medicine will remove all the ills from which I have told this poor gentleman he is suffering."

Lord Northcliffe is an extremely practical journalist who understands all sides of the business, is proud, and naturally so, of the unexampled triumphs he has achieved in his chosen profession, and possesses a highly developed instinct for catching the popular favour. But he is also a man of genuine public spirit and patriotism. He has travelled much and with an understanding eye and mind; he is one of the comparatively few Englishmen who really know America and can enter into the American point of view; he is one of the largest employers of labour in the kingdom and one of the largest manufacturers of paper in the world. All this, and a zest in life that brings him into agreeable relations with multitudes of people, make him a man who would count in any sphere. He enjoys life and he enjoys power and he enjoys particularly turning out a better newspaper than anyone else; but for money itself he has, I should say, the indifference that most men feel who have made a sufficient fortune in their early years by sheer hard work and to whom it is simply an instrument for further activities. Lord Northcliffe is a prodigious and insatiable worker, a man of swift and strong emotions, of instantaneous, usually shrewd, sometimes erratic and impulsive decisions, kindly and generous in his periodical relations with men, tingling with ideas himself and quick to appreciate them in others, with an ever-present sense of humour . . . He is in every sense a man of power, but it is power directed to no personal or unworthy ends. So far from merely giving the public what it wants, he more often makes it want the many excellent things he has to give; and if he were once convinced that the national interest demanded that a certain thing should be done, Lord Northcliffe would do it and would keep on doing it, whatever the loss of popularity or circulation or advertisements.

AN INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT.

The American journalist has the great advantage of receiving uncensored information from all quarters, and such material is essential to an accurate opinion as to the respective losses and gains of the belligerents. The following article is from the pen of Frank H. Simonds, Editor of the New York *Evening Sun*, whose record of the War in the *American Review of Reviews* continues to be the best informed summary printed in any country. It is a truism that the spectator sees most of the game, and the judgment of an independent and impartial neutral will enable some of our readers to correct their perspective in viewing the world events whose ultimate issue no man can foresee.

ONE YEAR OF WAR.

By FRANK H. SIMONDS.

I. Twelve Months' Summing-Up.

On the first anniversary of the Great War there is an inevitable temptation to estimate in terms of achievement and result the meaning of twelve months of world war. In this period not less than 10,000,000 men have been killed, wounded, or have gone into foreign prisons; a territory exceeding in area Ohio or Pennsylvania has been ravaged. Cities known through the centuries as the treasure-houses of art or in the last century become the centres of modern industrial life have been destroyed. Written history has no record to compare with the tale of recent months of suffering, slaughter, destruction, human misery, and human grandeur. But what now is the result?

The simplest answer to make to this question is to take the premise that peace would come to-morrow on the basis of things as they are. Such a settlement it is instantly apparent would mean that Germany, helped rather by her use of the resources of her two allies than by any capacity of theirs, has won more European territory than any State has acquired by a single war since the Treaty of Westphalia, a more complete victory than any people since the Napoleonic episode. To-day her armies occupy practically all of Belgium and 8,000 square miles in France, that region which before the war was the centre of French industry and French mineral production. In the East victorious forces have pushed deep into Poland and approached Warsaw, Riga and Brest-Litowsk.

On the field of battle Germany has won mighty and memorable triumphs. Her defeats have been repulses, when her foe was in his last ditch. They have resulted in the interruption of an advance, the recoil from the extreme point of progress. But at the close of a year German armies are fighting on French, Belgian, Russian soil; only in a tiny corner of Alsace has the foe retained a foothold in the Fatherland. Allied offensives in the West, after terrible losses, have invariably been beaten down within sight of their starting-places. Since Von Kluck re-crossed the Aisne in September Germany has suffered no material loss, despite the masses she has sent to the East. The "Spring Drive" of the Allies has dwindled to a gallant but only locally successful push of the French at the edge of the Lorette hills.

In the East the amazing victories of Tannenberg, Lodz, the Mazurian Lakes, and in the recent terrific campaign in Galicia have checked, repulsed, routed Russian advances, and to-day (late in July) Russian hosts are clinging desperately to the permanent line of fortifications about Warsaw, against which German masses are steadily driving with still unchecked vigour. The greatest battles of modern warfare have been won between the Baltic and the Roumanian boundary by generalship and military efficiency in men as in commanders that has only the Napoleonic parallel.

At the Dardanelles German-led Turkish troops have for months held back Allied fleets and army corps. Around the Gallipoli peninsula the troops that lost Lule Burgas and Kumanovo are making a fight unsurpassed at Plevna, unrivalled in the long history of Osmanli power in Europe. More English and French troops than perished in the long Crimean campaign have found their graves in the few weeks of fighting north of the Dardanelles; and five Allied battleships have been sunk in the narrow waterways.

Serbian efforts have declined to mere passivity. Italy, bringing new and eager masse

into the field against the shaken regiments of Austria, directed by German officers, has, as yet, made but small progress in emerging from the constricted field in which the Austrian fortified mountains confine her. To hold France, England, and Belgium at bay in the West, to sweep Russia back over hundreds of miles in swift defeat, to give Austria and Turkey the necessary support to withstand tremendous attacks--this has been within the resources of German genius in the past months.

Only on the water has she suffered real defeat. There her few free ships have been sunk; her commercial fleets have been scattered, sent to prize-courts, or interned. Beyond the seas Kiao-chau, South-west Africa, Togoland, Kamerun, and Samoa have been conquered. Sea-power has dealt with her as with Napoleon. But as Napoleon conquered the Continent, Germany has successfully defeated Russia, France, Great Britain, Belgium. The victory for the first year is then hers. Such difference of opinion as exists must be over the extent of the victory, which, however great, is nowhere yet decisive.

II. PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

Conceding, then, that the success is German, what, then, is the prospect of peace? What chance is there that Germany can in the immediate present turn into profit or into honourable peace the real triumphs won? Here, again, the answer is not doubtful. Great as her successes are, they have been of the character to make further war inevitable. Peace to-day would leave Germany mistress of Europe. Industrially she would win through the fact that she has ruined the great manufacturing regions of Belgium, Northern France, and Poland, while her own factory districts are undisturbed.

But politically her success is even more dangerous to the rest of Europe. Even if she now ceded back French and Russian territory and left Belgium, she would have put France outside the number of Great Powers. It is inconceivable that France, or stricken Belgium, would again stand in Germany's pathway. France would sink to a second-rate Power, a political dependent on German will, and Belgium insensibly become a Teuton outpost, a region for pacific penetration.

For Germany, in addition to having occupied French and Belgian and Russian territory, has to all practical purposes absorbed Austria-Hungary and thereby added fifty millions to one central empire.

Peace now would mean that 25,000,000 Austrian Slavs would be bent to German purpose; that this vast empire would in its own time descend to the Ægean, crush the remnant of independent southern Slavs, and throw aside the weak Hellenic barrier. Collectively, her foes have not yet been able to defeat her; individually, they would not dare to venture to interpose between Germany and her purpose. The one failure of Germany has been the inability of her diplomacy to keep her rivals apart. Bismarck did not make this mistake and German diplomacy would not make it again.

Such peace as is now possible, viewed from London, Paris, or Petrograd, would mean German domination of Europe. To Germany's foes it would mean the recognition of almost all of what Germany has sought, with the perfect realisation that the rest would follow inevitably and at no distant date. Recalling how difficult has been the process to unite Russia, England, France, and Italy, who can believe it could be repeated or that Germany would fail to find one necessary temporary ally?

The enemies of Germany, then, still suffering from no serious injury, collectively far richer and far more numerous in population, are convinced that peace now on the best terms conceivable—the restoration of the conditions of the day before the war broke out—would mean a German triumph, perilous, if not absolutely fatal, to all their own national interests. They believe that it would mean a repetition of the Napoleonic time, when war followed war until at last Europe united to curb and destroy Napoleonic dreams of world-domination.

It is not necessary to accept this view as correct. But it is essential to recognise that it prevails in all the Allied capitals and that, since it does prevail, there is not the smallest prospect of peace short of the exhaustion of some of the contestants. To judge from outward evidences, this exhaustion is still a long way off. Every estimate of the duration of the war is a sheer guess, and yet my own conviction, based on all evidence available in all capitals, is that the enemies of Germany are preparing for at least two years more, and I can detect no present evidence of any breakdown in German resources that suggests that, for the greater part of that time

at least, Germany will not be able to defend herself, if not all of her conquests.

There remains the possibility of a decision before that time. If Germany can crush Russia in her present campaign,—not locally, but in such fashion as to eliminate her for some months,—and then bring sufficient troops and ammunition west to break down French and British resistance before snow flies, complete German victory is likely. But failing a twofold decision before winter, which is just conceivable, the chance of German conquest seems slight. Her chance of holding off her foes until slaughter and bankruptcy pass human endurance is another matter. But Italian forces are daily growing; British troops must in time become decisively numerous; Russia, despite her handicaps, will always be able to produce new corps with necessary delays. Therefore, to win big, to succeed in the completer sense, I am satisfied that Germany must succeed east and west before Christmas, while Constantinople is still untaken.

In estimating the prospects of peace it is necessary to visualise the situation as the Allies now see it. To them Germany has become a central empire extending, not from the Meuse to Memel, but from the Channel to the Gulf of Libau—not from the Etsch to the Belt, but from the Belt to the Balkans, and, with but a thin intervening façade, to the Euphrates and the Arabian Desert. This little Balkan interruption would promptly vanish with the signing of peace. Turkey, now a Teutonic outpost, is still the head of Islam, and from Stamboul is and would be preached the gospel that spells ruin to French, Russian, British and Italian colonial empires from the Straits Settlements to Cape Spartel.

Americans will do well to recall the situation at the close of the first year of the Civil War. Then, any possible accommodation of the differences would have yielded the South that independence which was its single aim. Peace now would concede to Germany quite as completely the goal of her leaders, of her statesmen, soldiers and dreamers. It would, in the Allied view at least (and it is from this standpoint that we must look in discussing the prospects of peace), mean the realisation of the dream of "world power." Napoleon after Austerlitz, even after Wagram, was not more nearly a world ruler than would William II. be, so the Allied capitals believe, if peace came now on any conceivable terms. That is why peace is a forbidden subject in all Allied circles.



De Amsterdammer]

The Imperialist Hunt for Happiness.

An adaptation of the picture by R. Henneberg.

III. WHY GERMANY HAS WON.

Conceding, then, that Germany has, without actually or approximately achieving a decision, won a remarkable series of triumphs in the first twelve months of the war, what are the causes? Outnumbered, inferior in population, wealth, resources, cut off from the sea, how has she been able to conquer provinces and win campaigns?

At the outset of the war the world ascribed German success to that marvellous military machine which impressed itself upon the mind and the imagination of mankind. German preparation, foresight, military genius held the wonder of a world.

Yet the cold fact is that the military genius failed. It was not equal to the task set for it. At the Marne it broke down, not as the Prussian machine broke down at Jena, but it was defeated and the decision for which it had risked all turned against it.

Yet the consequences of defeat were relatively slight and they were slight because behind the machine there was a nation, organised, disciplined, united. A world which talked about helpless masses hurled by Hohenzollern might against the foe unwillingly knows better now. It recognises that Hohenzollern and stable-boy were but component parts of a nation, a people, which had submitted itself to age-long discipline, which had endured severe training and was prepared to suffer untold hardships, because it was serving a national ideal.

Germany was not merely possessed of a marvellous military machine. Her people through long years had been taught, had been trained, had come to believe in a destiny for their country that could be realised only by supreme effort. Before the present war the average Englishman talked somewhat vaguely of the Boer War; the Frenchman, of 1870; but the average German began his historical review with the Thirty Years' War and passionately, bitterly lamented the loss that had come to Germany by years when Europe took advantage of her helplessness to divide the East.

Out of this state of mind had sprung the spirit that recalls Sparta--the civilisation, the ideals, the virtues, and indeed the vices which were Lacedemonian. Germany was not merely ready with an army. Every detail of national life was mobilised with the call to arms; industry, agriculture, every branch of the life of a people was ready. The victories won by the 42-centimetre were in the opening days, but the real battles were won behind the firing-line later.

Thus after the Marne and the Battle of Flanders the Germans resources rapidly mounted, while those of the Allies almost stood still. Ammunition, equipment, all the necessaries of war, were turned out by German factories, food was stored and distributed. National organisation repaired the failure of the military machine. German armies made head against a world in arms because behind them was an organised nation, not only trained, but moved by a spirit quite as genuinely patriotic, quite as national, as the French, more intelligently alert than the British.

On the battlefield, save in the opening weeks, the German troops have not proven themselves superior to the French. The French field artillery has been more effective than the German. Russian armies have not been lacking in courage; their commanders have shown skill. But the Russian nation has not mobilised to meet the situation as has the German. The French were not mobilised. They have overtaken the Germans now, but the dark blot on the map of France is the price that has been paid because the French nation was not ready.

Germany has so far won because she knew her own mind, from the outset, was moved by a national spirit quite as splendid in its vigour as that of the French in 1792, and had over long years subjected herself to a discipline which the years of her weakness and suffering had taught her was essential to her safety and then to her larger success.

In a year of war Germany has taught the world the meaning of national organisation. It may prove to be as enduring a lesson, when the merely military details are eliminated, as the other lessons of the French Revolution. In this thing the Germans call *Kultur* the army is but a detail, a major detail to-day, but one that may vanish to-morrow and leave the real lesson useful to mankind.

IV. WHERE GERMANY HAS FAILED.

Notwithstanding her great success, it is plain that the real prize has so far, if not permanently, slipped through Germany's fingers. What has been the cause of this failure? Why have the most splendid army and the most perfect national organisation, despite the most complete and systematic preparation, missed a decision against disorganised, if collectively stronger, foes?

Plainly because German science and German foresight failed to reckon with the imponderables,—above all with the national spirit and patriotism of other races.

The invasion of Belgium was not the military mistake it seemed to most of us in the opening days of the war. The Belgian army did not interrupt German plans or assure German defeat, as has been said so often. But it did rouse the moral sense of Europe. It did give to every Frenchman, to every Englishman, precisely that inspiration which adds the decisive force in close contests. More than all else it explains the presence of Italy in the battle-lines to-day. It assured the presence of the British in France in the opening days of the war.

But its effect upon the French can hardly be described. It gave a nation which always needs the stimulus of a great idea to fight best one of the most deeply stirring of incentives. It united 1792 to 1914 in the mind of every soldier of the Republic. It enlisted and continues to enlist neutral support and neutral sympathy for the foes of Germany. To strike France quickly Germany invaded Belgium, and the invasion gave to French and British arms new force. It even spurred the slower-moving Slav to the unexpected success in mobilisation which made the invasion of East Prussia possible and fatal to German plans.

The German spirit of nationality in the very opening hours of the struggle awakened the same opposing spirit which ultimately overthrew Napoleon. 1914 took on the character of 1813, but the French and Prussians had changed sides. Yet behind this spirit of other races there was no national organisation such as Germany possessed. There was just the necessary strength to check the flood at the Marne, and again in Flanders repulse could not be turned into decisive victory, because only the German people had been ready.

Yet from the day the first German soldier set foot on Belgian soil to the present moment the consequences have been fatal to German plans. France, with the Belgian example before her, saved herself and Europe at the Marne. Serbia answered Austrian tyranny and arrogance by the victory of the Jedar. The war took on the character of a war of liberation for subject races. The Balkans stirred uneasily. Italy, driven by a reaction of the Belgian episode, moved from neutrality to war. Roumania, with her millions to liberate, is to-day almost on the edge of war, and Greece is apparently at the point of casting her lot with the Allies to free her fellow-Hellenes in Asia Minor.

A war between France and Germany, between Austria and Russia, a conflict between the two sets of allies, would have been a different thing. It would have been one more in the long series of European conflicts over questions of power. In such a conflict German success cannot be questioned and men would have differed as their sympathies run. But instead, four great and two smaller States are fighting two Great Powers and crumbling Turkey. Other States seem on the point of entering and the war has changed character utterly.

The Slav, the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon, differing in every conceivable fashion, have been brought into an alliance which grows closer rather than weakens with defeat and delay. So far this alliance has only availed to hold back German masses from their goal. It is not as yet clear that it will succeed, although the great crisis is now at hand. But if it does hold, this incongruous alliance, it will be because the German has armed his possible foes with the one weapon that could save them, the weapon of national spirit, the spirit that liberated Prussia from Napoleon.

More and more as the terrible conflict proceeds we are passing from the stage of the battle of men to the battle of ideas. More and more, too, the conflict is taking on the aspect of a battle of the world against the German, and as it progresses the world is learning from the Germans the secret of their success—the value of national organisation. To this extent the German idea is conquering the world. But the German arms have so far failed, because the German idea enlists new enemies to replace conquered hosts and the German has, so far, failed to understand the idea, the nationalism of his foes.

RECRUITS: VOLUNTEER OR CONSCRIPT?

A CANADIAN SERGEANT'S FINE RECORD.

So many thousands of columns of letter-press are devoted every day to the consideration of the Allied Armies and the results of the fighting in Europe, Asia, and Africa that it is desirable to make some note of the personal work which has for its object the recruiting of the Grand Army which is making history for the present and future generations of Britons. In France, Russia, and Italy they have a short method of enlistment which ignores any individual punctilio; but here in England we have our own methods, which, judged by results, are not so bad as they seem to the jaundiced eye of the conscriptionist.

London's main business artery lies between St. Paul's and Trafalgar Square, and for many weeks past well-organised recruiting meetings have been held at various places near these two vantage points, and a central platform has been arranged by Captain Baker at the foot of Gladstone's statue, near Kingsway. A striking figure at these meetings is Sergeant C. W. Niemeyer, a member of the First Canadian Contingent, who was invalided from the Front in the early days of the war, and whose efforts have so far resulted in an access of nearly 4,000 men to the Colours. This is a wonderful record, and is a tribute, apart from the Cause, to the quality of the man who launches an appeal to his hearers which few can resist or avoid. Sergeant Niemeyer wins none by flattery, nor does he condescend to cajolery; he is incisive, and is possessed of a remarkable power of repartee which leaves no room for hesitation. Like those commanded to bring guests to the wedding feast, he compels them to come in; the passer-by is riveted by much the same influence as that wielded by Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."



Captain William Short,
The King's Trumpeter.

The Sergeant would be the first to admit that he is greatly blessed in his efforts by the loyal co-operation of two helpers, Captain William Short, the King's Trumpeter, and Miss Violet Almer, a most talented reciter. Mr. Short's professional career is unique; he holds warrants of appointment under three British Sovereigns, and wears medals commemorative of the part he has taken in successive national celebrations. The Silver Trumpet makes itself heard and arrests the hurrying feet like enchantment; seldom has the noisy Strand been hushed by such sounds as flow like a challenge from the heart of the player. The lingering insistence of "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" brings tears to the eyes and responce from those "of military age." Miss Almer's gifts are used to the full in her passionate recital of "The Woman's Part," "Only an Actor," and "Do your Bit." This young girl, only seven-

teen, impresses the listener with a sense of the tragedy of the times, and the sentiment of the words is overborne by the spirit which gives them utterance. A truly remarkable trio, brought together by common impulse, for the common cause; and great is their reward in knowing that, whoever may be "slackers," they at least are "doing their bit," and doing it well.

These notes have been jotted down as a rough impression of the work which is at the back of the voluntary system, with no thought of comparison or suggestion that it is the only way, the right method, or the mark of a decadent race. There it is; it is the English way—take it for what it is worth. It is a fair sample of that spontaneous individual effort which so far has never failed to carry England through.

In our October number we hope to publish particulars of the important work undertaken by the National Volunteer Training Corps, which is responsible for raising volunteer battalions throughout the Kingdom.



Sergt. C. W. Niemeyer,
Lancashire man, who is a member of the First Canadian Contingent.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Wanted!

The Australian Defence Department is asking for suitable ideas for recruiting posters, and *Punch* supplies one.



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Red Tape Entanglement.

(Medical men are declaring that the acceptance of good men among the recruits is barred by endless red tape.)

RECRUIT: "I'd go and fight for my country, if I could get out of this."

A COLLECTION OF NATIONAL SONGS.

A WONDERFUL PENNYWORTH FOR EVERY HOME.

THE August number of *Books for the Bairns* (No. 230) is, so far as the Editor of it can ascertain, a unique publication, for it presents for the first time the National Anthems of many different countries. Members of the Embassies and Consulates of various countries have kindly co-operated in the compilation of this little volume. An English lady, Miss Adela Schäfer, as well as Mrs. Mann and others, have devoted much time and trouble in translating and adapting the English words. Mr. Hubert Bath, the musical adviser to the London County Council, has arranged and adapted the music for children. In order to show our readers exactly what the book consists of we reproduce a specimen page, and this, it will be seen, not only gives the words, but also the music in Tonic-Solfa and Old Notation. The book opens with the National Anthem of the British Empire, and the national songs of the following countries also find a place: Russia, France, Belgium, Serbia, Portugal, Japan, Italy, Canada, India, Australia, South Africa, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, America, Denmark, and Norway. Copies of this little book can be obtained, at one penny each, from all booksellers and newsagents, or it can be sent post free for 1½d. from Stead's Publishing House, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C. It should find its way into every home in the Empire, and certainly every school in Great Britain should make a point of securing it.

In addition to the penny publication there has been prepared the Pianoforte Score of the Songs, and this has also been adapted by Mr. Bath. This is specially recommended for the use of teachers in schools. Published at one shilling post free, it should prove popular in educational and musical circles.

BELGIUM: "THE BRABANÇONNE."

Words adapted by A. Schäfer.

Key C.

Oh, Moth-er-coun-try we a-dore thee! For
Bel-gium our hearts beat high! And our life's blood we'll
shed for thee We swear to con-quer or to die: Thou shalt
live hon-oured 'midst the na-tions And our sons in u-ni-ty shall
sing The words on our dear well-worn ban-ner: "For
Jus-tice, Li-ber-ty and King!" The words on our dear well-worn
ban-ner: "For Jus-tice, Li-ber-ty and King!" "For
Jus-tice, Li-ber-ty and King!" "For Jus-tice, Li-ber-ty and King!"

A PRINCE OF CARICATURISTS.

A POWERFUL ANTIDOTE TO GERMAN POISON.

THE work of Louis Raemaekers in *De Telegraaf*, of Amsterdam, indicates in the clearest manner the importance of the artist in the political field. We present our readers with a portrait of this remarkable man, whose example is exercising the most powerful influence on his fellow-countrymen. The position of the Dutch people is a difficult one, and the existence of many cross-currents is evidenced by Mr. Raemaekers's experience as outlined in the following interesting letter addressed to THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS :—



Photo by] [Bern. P. Eilers.

Mr. Louis Raemaekers.

MY biographical details are very uninteresting. Born in Roermond (Holland), studied in Amsterdam and Brussels, etc. Painter of landscape and portraits. Member of the Holland Art Societies. For some eight years making political cartoons; also portraits (*d'après nature*) of our most eminent politicians. Last six years only for the *Telegraaf*.

Since the war doing nothing else but fight the Kaiserism, so that I am now one of the most hated men in Germany, as also by our Holland *milieu*, which are as Prussian as the Crown Prince. I am hated also by the Roman Catholic leaders, which has resulted in such a ferocious and Jesuit campaign against me, as if I were the bare-devil (perhaps because I undertook the defence of real Christianism, and took the murder of priests and the ruin of cathedrals more to heart than they did themselves).

I am doing things for English, French, and American papers, in albums and postcards. I am trying to show the world the "Kultur" as I see it; and it seems that I am succeeding a little, as many articles in foreign papers tell me. Particular letters of well-known artists give me satisfaction on the artistic side; other ones from prominent fellow countrymen and foreigners are so many proofs of the efficacy of my campaign.

But the best proofs of all are the furious articles in the German and the pro-German Press and Catholic papers in Holland; they don't spare me any kind of intimidation, calumniation, menacing persecutions, etc. They tried friendly letters, gentle hints, influences of old friends and relations,

anonymous letters, etc. They succeeded in making the "politic-commissaries" interdict the public sale of my albums. Foreign ambassadors or their agents tried to have me condemned for bringing in danger our neutrality (maximum six years prison) or offence to the Kaiser. Countrymen of much influence, and between them a well-known Christian clergyman, wrote me they would not rest until I was in prison for a long time. They spread rumours that I was bought by England or France. The same attacks and accusations and calumniations are used against *De Telegraaf*.

All that does not touch or alter my mind in the least, for it is only "*la vérité qui blesse*," and so *they* feel themselves touched, but not I.

Holland is full of German business men, manufacturers, warehouse and shopkeepers, hotels, and so on. Many hundreds of thousands of Germans (naturalised or not) are living here, and their influence is an enormous one. A very big part of our own commerce is under German influence. Nevertheless they did not succeed in creating here an anti-French feeling (I except the Roman Catholics, who always are fulminating against France). But they succeeded better in creating hostile feelings against England, using for their purpose all kinds of long-forgotten memories of griefs that they could dig out of history. The Transvaal was a fine thing for them.

Even the Dutch Social Democratic Party came under the influence of its great German sister, and they are foolish enough not to see that the only danger for Democracy and Humanity is Kaiserism. They now have found out that *De Telegraaf* and I are burning with impatience to make war with Germany; because we are making propaganda for the improvement of our Army. A mere child can understand that our chances to be attacked by Germany diminish in the same degree as we enlarge the defensive forces we have to oppose to that attack, though the Socialists try to believe (and make others believe) that the better our army the greater our danger to get in.



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

Victorious (?)

VON BERNHARDI: "Such a colossal success, my dear madam, is beyond our wildest anticipations!"

You see it is not an easy task I have chosen, and my path is bestrewn with thorns. *But at the end of the path I am going now I see one rose, which I have always admired and loved with all my heart. I see her now brighter than ever, and I am quite proud that I may help to clear her of the ugly grey-green lice which try to suck her blood and to spoil her beauty. That wonderful rose is "La France."*—Most sincerely yours,

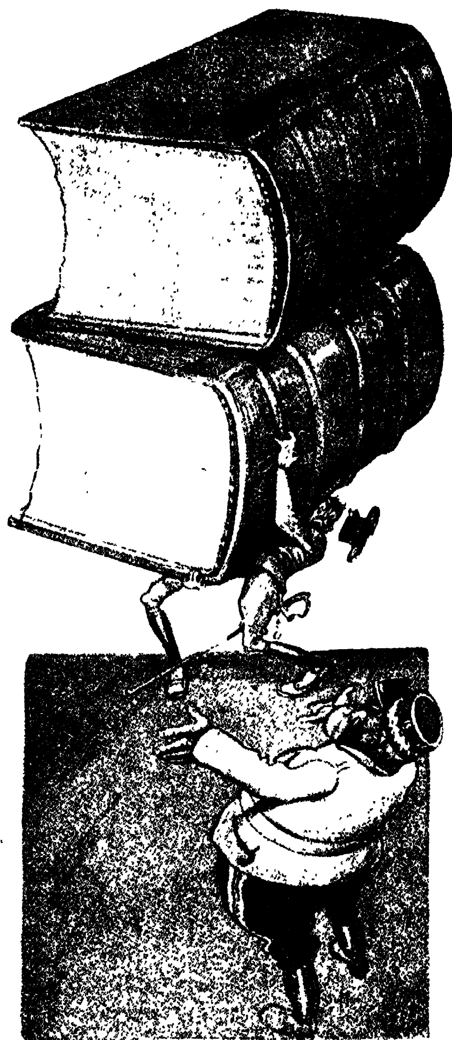
LOUIS RAEMAEKERS.

HUNNISH HUMOUR.

A COLLECTION OF CURRENT CARTOONS.

THE caricaturist is busier than ever, and the enemy, although mobilising all available forces for the fighting line, has evidently spared the inimitable artists whose work tends to amusement if not edification.

Russia and Italy have proved the most attractive to the enemy cartoonist this month, and naturally much is made of Russia's "Strategic" retreat, and the Tsar is depicted as being in deadly terror of internal revolution as also of the encircling grip of the German Army (pages 221 224).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Registration Bill.

Never let it be said—England has made no effort in this war. Here are the address books of the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich

The Allies Behind the Curtain.

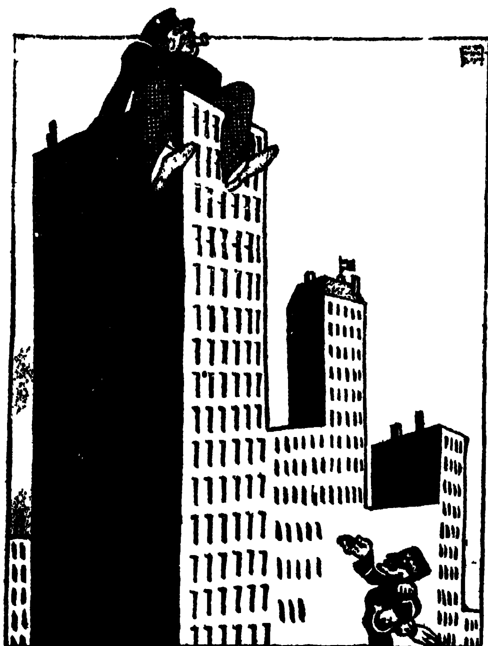
Quarrelling amongst themselves.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich

The Curtain Rises.

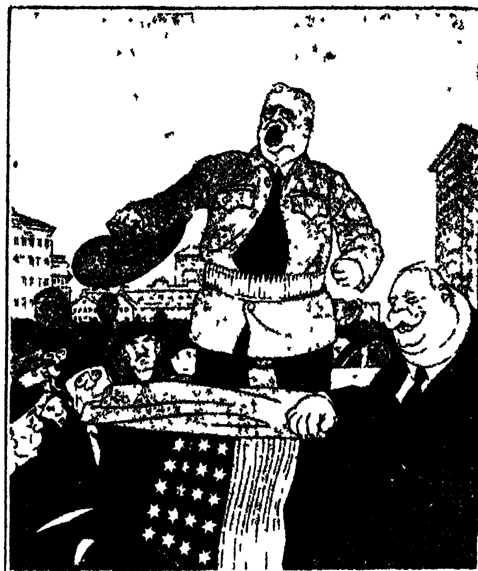
Italy is certainly going to her death trap in the Alps (page 224). Servia and Montenegro are shown as rejecting Italian overtures (page 227). England is marked out as having bribed Italy to join the Allies in order to help her out of her difficulties in the Dardanelles. German wit is strained to show how English gold is being poured out freely to bribe her Allies as well as her soldiers to fight for her (page 226). John Bull is depicted as coercing America, who is out for profit (page 220); as the instigator of America's actions and policy (page 225) Only one paper ventures on the delicate subject of submarine warfare (page 225). Reference to any success of Zeppelin raids is markedly missing. *Simplicissimus* points at disruption amongst the Allies (page 219)



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Speculators.

AUSTRIA: "Mister Wanamaker, I hear you want 400 million marks as purchase price for Belgium. I will lease you the Adriatic and the Mediterranean What will you pay per litre?"



Die Muskete.] [Vienna

Roughrider Roosevelt.

"If we place America in the saddle she will know how to ride!"



Jugend.] [Munich.

"The God of Profit"

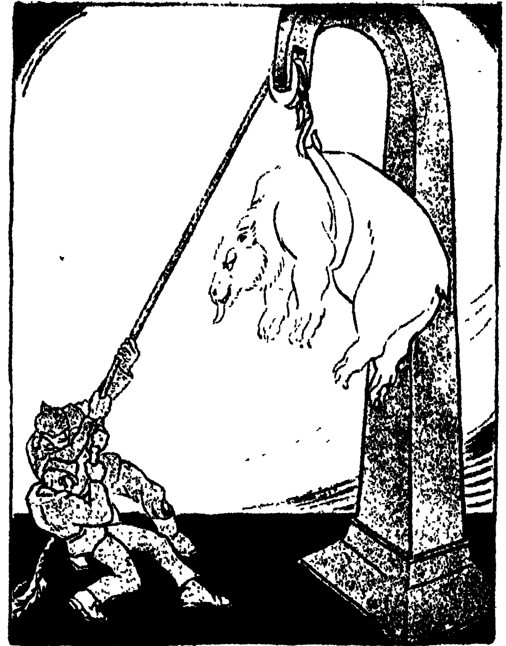
will take the place of the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbour.



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Supreme Command.

Nicholas—as the one who has been most often beaten—is appointed Supreme General-in-Chief (Generalissimissimus) by the Allied Powers.



Jugend.] [Berlin.

The Grand Duke's Report.

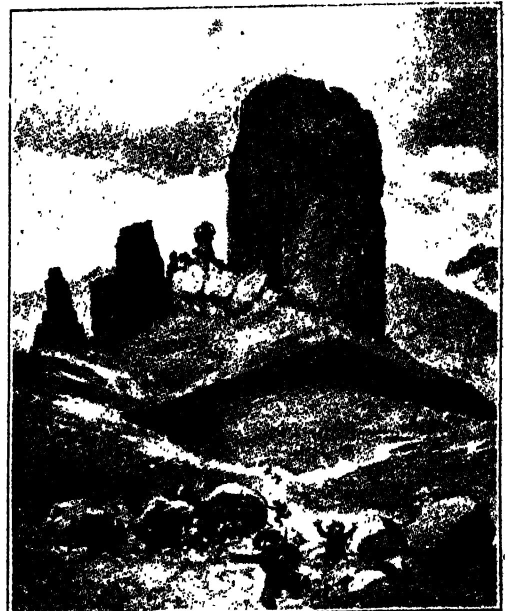
"The Russian Army is at the head of the situation—it has triumphantly repelled the enemy, and now on top awaits events with confidence."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Strategic Retreat.

RUSSIA: "Don't trouble, dear Allies, it is only a strategic death!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Situation in the Dolomites.



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart

Up to the Neck!

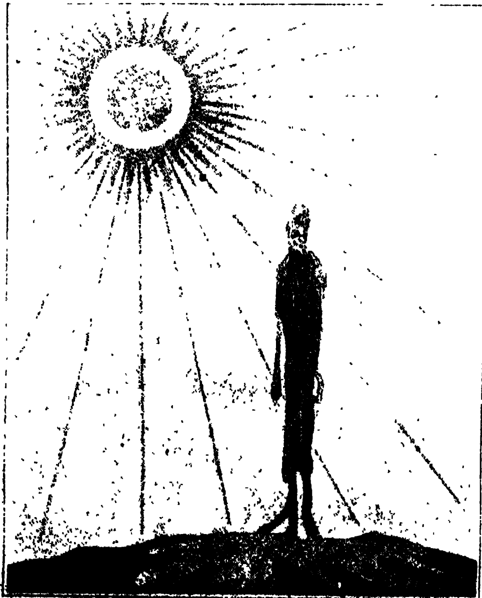
NICHOLAS: "If I don't conquer the enemy Revolution will conquer me."



Wahre Jacob. [Stuttgart.

The Truly Secret Duma.

"Please shut the door Truth has the floor!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Dog Days.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Last Resort!

The Lord of All the Russias has decided to take up his residence in a roving armoured train.



Jugend.] [Berlin.

The Bomb Factory.

"As soon as we enter the Russian capital we must establish a German kitchen and illuminate the Russian castles."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

A Vision in Tsarkoe Selo.

"Have no fear, Little Father, I bring you—eternal peace."



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

The Busy Washerwomen.

RUSSIAN: "We are kept busy with all this dirty linen."
FRENCH: "We all have the same trouble."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Summer in Germany, 1915.

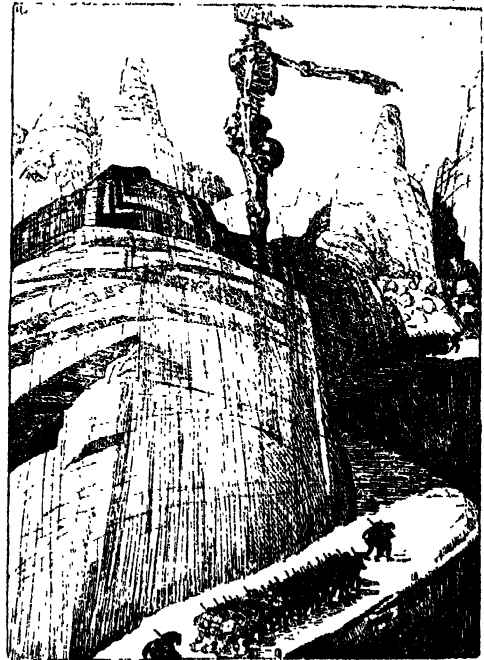
"Wait a moment, you below there; I must finish off this sluggish fellow first."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Little Father's Latest Proclamation.

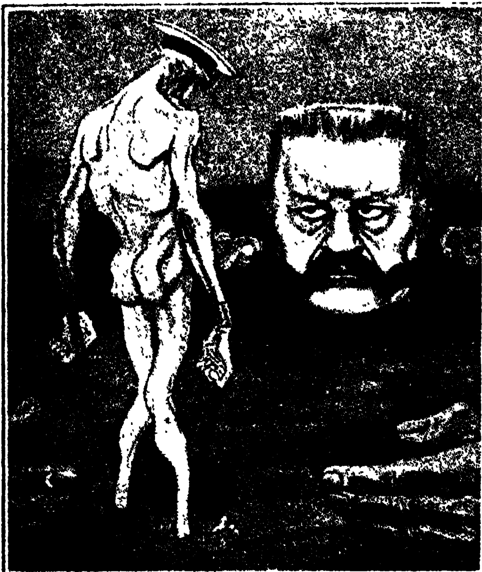
"Russian Priests retired on account of old age are required to report themselves to their district commanders in order to take part in the procession against Hindenburg."



Jugend.] [Munich.

The Signpost:

"On the way to Vienna."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Growing Fainter and Fainter.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

After a Year: Conversation in Hell.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: "A year ago I sent you out against Germany. Have you crushed her?"

WAR: "Nay, and if we started all over again it would still be impossible."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

England in Distress at Sea.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US AND THE ENGLISH :—We have diving boats, they have diving Dreadnoughts !



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Dictator.

JOHN BULL TO WILSON : " Write—Should the Imperial German Government so strain the friendly relations between America and Germany as to attempt to hinder the delivery of weapons for the abolition of the Central Powers, then the American Government will be compelled to regard it as a deliberately unfriendly act."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The German Note.

THE GERMAN GRETCHEN (to the American traveller) : " I have already done so much for you that there will soon be nothing left for me to do."



Jugend.] [Berlin.

John Bull's Recruiting Drum.

The death's head recruiting agent who offers a shilling a day, which soon amounts to a pound for a corpse.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

How They View the Dardanelles.

"Amidst this devastating fight Churchill sits with his angry mouth firm set."



Jugend.] [Munich

England Has a Herculean Task Before Her.

(Sir Edward Carson.)

"He will work with his mouth, but not with his arms."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Journey Through the Balkan Villages.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Fighting Impetus, 1915!



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

An Improvised Look-out.

"Do you wish to gaze on Innsbruck ?"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Slow Progress Explained !

VICTOR EMMANUEL : "Cadorna, your march to the heart of Austria seems to progress slowly !"

CADORNA : "I have only just discovered the Alps bar the way."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

The Sword Umbrella.

When Victor Emmanuel wants to board his warships, all weapons must have umbrellas fixed to them to guard him from attack from air or water.



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

The Naughty Rascals in Albania.

"Sapristi, I'll help you to steal my apples."

"There is no need for you to help us, brother ; we can finish them quite well ourselves."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

BARGAINING WITH THE BALKANS.

"The arrival at an understanding with Bulgaria and the consequent reconstitution of the Balkan League probably means the augmentation of the Allied armies by at least 1,290,000 men, and that the armies composed of these men would be in a position to act in exactly the areas where their presence would be most valuable to us. Four hundred thousand Bulgarians would advance into Turkey. The occupation of Adrianople, of Kirk Kilisse, and of Uzun Kupru would be a comparatively easy matter. This would mean not only that the Turkish land communications with Gallipoli would be practically cut off, but it would also result in the creation of a political and military situation at Constantinople which would be entirely unfavourable to a prolonged Ottoman resistance. At least 300,000 Greeks would be available to take part in some other campaign—a campaign to be carried out either in conjunction with the Serbians or the Bulgarians in Europe or as an independent operation in Asia Minor. Five hundred thousand well-armed and well-trained Rumanians would probably cross the Austro-Hungarian frontier. By occupying the Bukovina and Transylvania, and thus by threatening the Austrian right flank and rear they would not only further the causes of Russia and of Serbia, but they would go a long way towards obliterating the danger of that Germanic attack upon the latter country—an attack which is certainly possible as a result of the Germanic victories in Poland."—H. Charles Woods in *The Fortnightly Review.*

BULGARIA *V.* SERBIA.

Students of the Balkan crisis would do well to master the important articles appearing in *The British Review*, which present an extensive survey of the debatable land. In the September issue Crawfurd Price deals with "The Rôle of Serbia," and pays the highest tribute to our valiant Allies in their recent defence against the Austrian hosts. The paper devotes considerable space to the events which led up to the disastrous defeats of the enemy and dealing with the present situation. Mr. Price says:—

The reconstruction of the Balkan *bloc* is outside the scope of practical politics. A Balkan "Entente," under which all the nations of the peninsula will be found fighting on the same side, is not impossible, but it involves the acceptance of the principle of give and take by both sides. Serbia is prepared to make concessions, but Bulgaria must moderate her claims and her method of imposing them. Any attempt to demand compensation on the ground that the Macedonians are of Bulgarian race merely renders the problem more difficult of solution. Serbia cannot admit this contention. She may be persuaded to give up certain territory in order to assist the general cause of the Allies, but to her it will entail the surrender of a part of Serbia and a population of Serbs, and she will make the sacrifice now, as in 1912, *only for reasons of political expediency.* She offers much, but not that vital artery whence flows her wealth to Ægean seas or those hills and dales where fathers and brothers lie crumbling next the long dead heroes of Dushan's glory.

The rôle of Serbia! Twice to confound the Austrian hosts and prevent the German Empires from linking up with their misguided allies in Constantinople. Valiantly to guard the flank of allied operations in the Dardanelles, and then to be the sorry carcase upon which neutrals would fain batten as the price of concourse.

"The Serbo-Bulgarian Situation" is also the subject of careful consideration by A. H. E. Taylor, who also presents reasons to show that Serbia has reached the limit of possible concession:—

The Entente can hardly force Serbia to recede from this position, or secretly promise part of its ally's territory to another State. It is easy for the partisans of Bulgaria to demand that the Entente should "dictate" terms. But how can the dictation be carried into effect, especially if the State refusing dictation be an ally in arms? Should the future European Congress assign to Bulgaria territory to the west of the Vardar, Serbia, so it is said, will refuse to execute such provisions, and will prefer to face her third Bulgarian war. M. Pašić has a deserved reputation as a moderate statesman, but there are limits even to his enormous authority with his fellow-countrymen, and were he to sign away the Macedonian heritage he would fall, and even the dynasty might be involved. Serbia does not see why her possessions, actual and potential, should be used as a common stock from which portions can be cut away with which to bribe first this State and then that

THE UNITED BALKAN STATES.

THE title of Oliver Bainbridge's article in *The Asiatic Review* suggests a consummation devoutly to be desired and the causes of disunion are summarised in the opening sentences:—

The two recent wars which left the Balkan States bleeding at every pore, instead of extricating them from their entanglement, have compelled them to sink deeper and deeper into it. Their guilt in their peculiar circumstances is far less than that of certain Powers whose interests in these events were intense.

The union of the Balkan States would forestall Germany's chances of eventually taking Constantinople, which is one of the most important military and naval centres in the whole world. If Constantinople were in her hands, she would not only make it impregnable but equally strong for offensive purposes, and control the Balkan States, with their incomparable strategic positions, Asia Minor, the Levant, North Africa, and the Syrian Coast.

The Balkan States have always been a fertile source of jealousy and intrigue, and to-day they present a political phenomenon which British statesmen must grapple and conquer, for the time is at hand when their aspirations can neither be ignored with impunity nor repressed without danger.



Mr. Oliver Bainbridge.

The writer goes on to deplore the universal ignorance displayed by the British politician of the many factors which explain the policies of the several States whose interests have been subordinated to the ends of the Great Powers. The matter is one affecting our prestige, for the Balkan peoples "believe that Britain is so honest that they can rely on her integrity, so sincere that they never doubt her truth, so just that they can confide their interests into her hands, so truly kind and generous that they are sure she will do them good and not harm."

That Mr. Bainbridge makes out an unanswerable case for unity goes without saying, but the continuance of ancient feuds is a disturbing element, and there are few encouraging signs that the lesson of tolerance has yet been learnt. These proud people have suffered endlessly in their devotion to their ideal of liberty, and in support of their national independence, but as the writer says:—

It is time that the statesmen of the Balkans ceased to be "politicians" and became patriots, ceased groping about in a state of blindness, and correctly estimated the position of their countries in the European world, for their enemies are planning to wipe them out from the list of nations. They are spending their energy in thinking what they ought to have done, and chiding themselves for not having done it instead of planning how to do it. Life is really too short for this kind of thing; there is too much to be achieved in the present and in the future to justify continuous dwelling on unimproved opportunities in the past. It is always in order and in time to turn over a new leaf, to begin again, to make stepping-stones of the sins and errors and mistakes of the past, remembering them only so much and so long as to learn how to avoid and overcome them in the future.

Roumania and the Great War, by R. W. Seton-Watson (Constable, 2s. net). A plain and concise statement of the chief features of Roumanian history, with especial relation to its consequent policy as regards the war.

BULGARIA'S DIFFICULTIES.

AFTER reading "Bulgaria's Reasons," by a Bulgarian, in *La Revue de Paris* of August 1st, it is impossible not to sympathise with Bulgaria in her hesitation to join with the Quadruple *Entente* in the war against the Central European Powers.

The article, which is a frank statement of Bulgaria's position, by making clear the difficulties under which that little State struggles, does much to remove the rather bitter feelings that one was inclined to cherish towards her. The author points out that Bulgaria has just had two wars, and in them has lost 60,000 men, not to speak of her financial losses. This for a small country is a heavy burden, and, although she is recovering rapidly, she is certainly not in the position to carry on a long war. Then, again, the people do not want war; they have lost their men and their money in two wars with no appreciable gain as the result, and they will not join in a third unless it is to achieve that aim which Bulgaria has had before her for so long—the liberation of Macedonia. For nothing less than that will Bulgaria move.

Throughout the article runs the feeling that Bulgaria has not received fair play. In the first Balkan War she bore the brunt of the attacks, and as to the outbreak of the second, although, as the writer admits, Bulgaria was to blame, yet Serbia and Greece were guilty of an agreement whereby Bulgaria was to be despoiled of the larger part of her gains. Bulgaria was made the scapegoat, who, after the Treaty of Bucharest, was left with very little more territory than she held before the war in which she sacrificed so much. It is a case of the burnt child dreading the fire, and agreements will have to be very secure before Bulgaria enters into another war.

In 1912-1913 Bulgaria felt herself strong, relying as she did on the Serbian-Bulgarian Treaty and the Treaty of London; by the first she was guaranteed Macedonia, by the second Thrace. Every stipulation of the Serbian Treaty was contested by the Serbians who had signed it, and the Treaty of London had not one defender the day that the Turks reoccupied Adrianople. After these two experiences Bulgaria is cautious.

The author, with some justice, points out that, if the *Entente* should be victorious, Serbia by acquiring Bosnia-Herzegovina will have gained great territorial advantages, and Greece with the dismemberment of Turkey will obtain the same; therefore, surely, they can give up their claims to Macedonia and leave it to Bulgaria, whose one aim has always been its liberation.

INSATIABLE.

A WRITER in *The Fortnightly Review*, commenting on "The Fall of Warsaw and its Sequel," points out that this event gravely affects the situation in the Balkan Peninsula:

Each of these Balkan kingdoms has its ambitions. The worst of it is that so many of them want the same thing. We do our best to preserve our sympathy with them, but it is more than a little difficult when we discover how much these different States hate each other and how entirely they guide their policy by the most crudely selfish considerations. As the well-known French publicist M. Francis Charmes has recently remarked, these peoples were much more interesting to us when they were the unhappy victims of Turkish oppression and when we held out our generous hands to help them to throw off a detested yoke. It is they now who hold out their hands, but it is in order that we should put something into each of them, some generous gift or other likely to gratify their greed. We frankly acknowledge that it is very natural for them to try to drive a hard bargain with us, and, within certain limits, it is a legitimate thing. But they might remember how disinterested the Allies have been in the past, how warmly they have assisted the Balkan nations, and that it was Austria, mainly, who was responsible for that Treaty of Bucharest which bears so hardly on Bulgaria.



De Amsterdammer.]

The Czar's Manifesto to Poland.

"I will make you free!"

IS CONSCRIPTION NECESSARY?

"About the relevant circumstances of the case we are all, except the Government, wholly ignorant. We do not know how many men have joined the Army; we do not know how many men the Government wish to join the Army; we do not know how many men it is possible to equip, nor at what rate progress in the furnishing of equipment is being made; and, again, we do not know how many men are wanted for work for munitions of war and how many ought to be left for agriculture and the different wealth-producing industries that are necessary for our financial strength. We know, in fact, hardly anything which an intelligent man would take into consideration in deciding a question which, nevertheless, your numerous correspondents and your writers of leading articles insist on discussing."—LORD HUGH CECIL, to *The Times*.

"If we are to conquer we must make up our minds to put every man in these islands in the field, perhaps an army of 5,000,000, and set ourselves to back them up here with all the vast economic resources at our disposal." - AUSTIN HARRISON on "Britain's Duty."

BE NOT OPTIMISTIC OVER-MUCH.

UNDER the guidance of its Editor, *The English Review* continues to be one of the most outspoken champions of conscription, and Mr. Harrison returns to the charge. He says: —

We call ourselves sportsmen. We are the sailors of the modern world. Our national pride is the youthful splendour of our athletes. The very name of Nelson still brings a lump into our throats. And yet we hesitate. Still, like schoolboys, we prattle about one volunteer being the equal to four conscripts. Still we talk about man and his rights, about liberty, about civilisation, about Empire, yet after a year of unsuccessful war we cannot even make up our minds to take the one step which can ensure us victory, and the one course which can enable us to say that we are doing our best.

"*Every fit man, whatever his position in life, must be made available, as and when his country calls him, for the fighting line, or, if specially qualified, for national service at home.*" With these words the National Service Manifesto appeals to the country. Can any man read them to-day and disapprove? Can any man doubt that we are to-day at the turning point of our history? Can any man see the Red Cross cars stealing through the streets in the early hours of the morning and hesitate any longer? Can any man calling himself an Englishman believe that we are doing rightly and nobly, fighting at half strength, refusing still to recognise the peril of our Allies, the grave danger to our homes even in these islands? Can any man hold that England is justifying her civilisation if she refuses to give her all to fight for it? Can any man read those words and think of the vulgarity of the street posters, the fact that there should be any necessity for placards at all, without indignation, without a sense that all is not well in a philosophy of life which in the hour of need lacks a common inspiration?

The time has come to dispel all illusions and false optimism, and face the facts that face us. They are not pleasant I will briefly enumerate them.

First we have to face the fact that the Russians, though still potentially the decisive factor, are to-day only relatively so, all idea of an energetic Russian offensive being now no longer even a possibility for at least six months. Secondly, we have to face the fact of the unshaken German line in the west, and that the only condition of success there is its 'iruption. Thus at the beginning of the second year of war the Entente strength is less than it was at the beginning of August, 1914, Russia having lost her great strategic vantage point centred round the fortifications and railway system of Poland; we and the French occupying much the same position that we held last November.

Six months ago the "experts" were writing that of course the Germans had lost the strategic offensive; to-day nobody but an ass would say so. They shot off also about seven million Germans; the answer to-day is the German advance in Russia. They told us Germany was financially broken; to-day we are getting concerned about the American exchange. The summer offensive has not materialised. In Gallipoli we are fighting a terrible war, the difficulties of which have never been explained and are still incalculable. Our own difficulties of supply are enormous owing to our neglect in peace to prepare for war and our neglect till quite recently to organise our industries. These are the facts. To hide them, to pretend they do not exist, to gas ourselves any longer is not optimism but cowardice, not patriotism but the most fatuous kind of treason.

WANTED: A PRESS CABINET.

IN the current number of *The English Review* Sir H. H. Johnston ably seconds the resolution moved in the last issue by its Editor—viz., that the Press constitutes the true Committee of Public Safety. The seconder goes further and suggests that the Press should formally aid Parliament in its legislative labours:—

The policy of the united Press is, whether consciously or unconsciously, in favour of full and free discussion. Of course, each newspaper, as representing its proprietor and its editor, has its own limitations and prejudices and clear-cut opinions. I do not mean to say that *The Morning Post* or even *The Times* would permit too much argument in favour of continued Free Trade, or Irish Home Rule, or the Woman's Vote, or some other line of policy which they had recently opposed. But the letters or articles they would not take would be received by most organs of the Liberal Press, by *The Westminster Gazette* or THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, *The New Statesman*, or that very open-minded organ *Public Opinion*, which allows expressions of opinion on any topic that is fit for discussion.

In short, the Press, though it has not supplanted and will never supplant Parliament, has become a most valuable outer court to that institution. Perhaps the most perfect form of government would be a two-chambered Parliament of journalists and editors who would debate and decide finally on the questions thrashed out for months or years beforehand in the columns of their newspapers and the pages of their reviews.

Obviously, our existing Parliament has too much to do, too much detail to look into; it is given far too little time, and it is allowed to waste at least half that time in the most ridiculous school-games fashion. With our innate conservatism and love of precedent we allow the workings of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords to be saddled with such ridiculous outworn forms and ceremonies and primitive rites and before-the-days-of-printing-and-machinery methods, that only about two hours out of the average sitting of nine hours are given up to serious business.

Sir Harry goes on to show how the combination would work:—

The Press should act as a kind of digester for the Legislature, receiving at one end all the raw material of the people's opinions, and emitting its essence at the other in a concentrated fluid of sweet-reasonableness, which should then be tested and passed, bottled, and issued for public consumption by the Legislature after authorisation by the Sovereign.

We hope that Mr. Harrison's idea of a Press Council or Cabinet will rapidly materialise and can promise our hearty co-operation.

MILITARISM v. NAVALISM.

IN *The Fortnightly Review* Archibald Hurd deals faithfully with "Germany's New Policy" of securing the "freedom of the seas." So far America and other neutral States have not taken Germany's bait for the simple reason that Britain's naval supremacy has never threatened the liberties of the world, whilst Germany's militarism would end the liberty of all peoples in a degree which is fully appreciated by her neighbours. Mr. Hurd, remembering that though "it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is tyrannous to use it like a giant," says:—

Let us use our sea power to the full extent that is permitted by the generally-accepted interpretation of international law as adapted to the conditions which confront us. But at the same time, even at some temporary inconvenience, let us be on our guard against committing acts even savouring of illegality or injustice. A temporary advantage may prove a permanent embarrassment. We are not less the champions of the freedom of the seas than we are the immemorial champions of freedom on land. If the war should close leaving on the minds of neutral observers an impression that "British navalism" is in any sense the equivalent on sea to "Prussian militarism," grave injury will have been inflicted on the future of the British Empire, and the war will leave as a legacy seeds which may produce a renewed and fierce and it may be, to us, disastrous competition for naval power. Our claims to naval superiority at sea rest on the boast that we are, in our normal state, an unarmed and peaceful people, possessing in proportion to our wealth and position in the world the smallest army of any of the Great Powers. We can never make a war of aggression, because our military force is necessarily of slow development. It would be a calamity if, by any act, we gave the world the impression that our naval power resembles in its expression and results Germany's military power, or that we intend to imitate Germany's policy, when she hoped to be supreme on sea as well as on land. Our case at the judgment-seat of history rests on the fact that our fleet is the life-line of a maritime Empire, that it defends the freedom of the seas for us and for all law-abiding Powers, and that behind it stands no great standing army to which it can give safe and rapid transport on any errand of aggression.

HEROES ALL!

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute Sir Gilbert Parker read a Paper entitled "Lights and Lessons of the War" (reprinted in *United Empire*), from which we extract the following tribute to our fighting men:—

Since M. Bloch wrote, new terrors have sprung from the arsenals. Guns have been invented before which the stoutest fortresses shrivel into fiery dust; shells destroy men in platoons, blow them to pieces, bury them alive; death pours from the clouds and spouts upward through the sea; motor power hurls armies of men on points of attack in masses never hitherto employed, concealment is made well-nigh impossible. These things, however, have but made war more difficult and dreadful; they have not made it impossible. They have only succeeded in plumbing profounder depths of human courage and evoking higher qualities of endurance than have ever been seen before.



Photo by] [*Lambert Weston & Son*

Sir Gilbert Parker.

The torch of valour has been passed from one brave hand to another down the centuries, to be held to-day by the most valiant in the long line of heroes. Deeds have been done in Europe since August, 1914, which rival the most stirring feats sung by Homer or Virgil, by the Minnesingers of Germany, by the troubadours of Provence, or told in the Norse sagas or Celtic ballads. No exploit of Ajax or Achilles excels that of the Russian Cossack, wounded in eleven places and slaying as many foes. The trio that held the bridge against Lars Porsena and his cohorts have been equalled by the three men of Battery L, fighting their single gun in the grey and deathly dawn until the enemy's battery was silenced.

Private Wilson, who, single-handed, killed seven of the enemy and captured a gun, sold newspapers in private life; but he need not fear comparison with any of his ancient and radiant line.

Who that cares for courage can forget that Frenchman, forced to march in front of a German battalion stealing to surprise his countrymen at the bridge of Three Grietchen, near Ypres? To speak meant death for himself, to be silent meant death for his comrades; and still the sentry gave no alarm. So he gave it himself. "Fire! For the love of God, fire!" he cried, his soul alive with sacrifice; and so he died. The ancient hero of romance, who gathered to his own heart the lance-heads of the foe that a gap might be made in their phalanx, did no more than that. Nelson conveniently forgot his blind eye at Copenhagen, and even in this he has his followers still.

Bombardier Havelock was wounded in the thigh by fragments of shell. He had his wound dressed at the ambulance and was ordered to hospital. Instead of obeying, he returned to his battery, to be wounded again in the back within five minutes. Once more he was patched up by the doctor and sent to hospital, this time in charge of an orderly. He escaped from his guardian, went back to fight, and was wounded for the third time. Afraid to face the angry surgeon, he lay all day beside the gun. That night he was reprimanded by his officers—and received the V.C.!

Sir Gilbert's description of the modern battlefield is most interesting, and his paper is full of good things, and not least his tribute to Tommy Atkins, the imperturbable hero of ten thousand "scraps." The paper is incorporated in Sir Gilbert's book, *The World in the Crucible*.

TAXATION AND TRADE.

THE FINANCIAL BURDEN.

J. A. HOBSON contributes a valuable paper to *The Contemporary Review* on "The Coming Taxation," and, discussing the question of taxes on imports, says:—

A tariff so adjusted in its scale of duties as to exclude "foreign luxuries," such as motor-cars and jewellery, while yielding large revenue from lower taxes upon foreign articles of general consumption, might seem to serve both purposes, providing money and enforcing economy. But it is only so long as the proposal remains in the region of general terms that it seems plausible. To set up an elaborate new machinery of customs for the swiftly changing circumstances of war-time would be an extremely difficult and dangerous experiment. It could, moreover, yield little revenue. For, in face of rising food prices, it would be politically impracticable to tax cereals or meat or groceries, while the high duties upon other articles would bring in very little money. Such a tariff would hardly pay its costs. Most of its advocates, indeed, are probably motived more by the desire to seize the opportunity for getting into being an instrument which can afterwards be used for protective purposes, than by any serious belief in its immediate efficacy for war-finance.

It is, I think, unfortunate that statesmen, impressed by the real gravity of the import problem, should have, perhaps unwittingly, lent some assistance to the agitation for a tariff by the excessive stress they have laid upon the urgency of reducing our consumption of foreign goods. The special nature of this appeal has rather tended to weaken in the public mind the apprehension of the general need for economy. For, while the general duty of economising our expenditure is absolutely vital, it is relatively unimportant whether that economy takes shape in reduced consumption of imported or of home-made goods.

Mr. Hobson is of opinion that those who at present escape the income-tax should be brought within the scope of the tax, and should this be done there should follow a remission of indirect taxation:—

There is only one condition on which I should be disposed to support such an extension of direct taxation, so long as other sources remained unexhausted—viz., that it were applied in substitution of certain indirect taxation, which, by its present incidence, is very burdensome to the poorer working families. The substitution of a small graduated income-tax on wages yielding more than £100 or even £75, a year, for the present breakfast-table duties, would certainly be beneficial to the workers as body. For these indirect taxes are particularly vicious in their incidence, in that they impose a burden which varies inversely with the size of the income, the poorest spending the largest proportion of their means upon the taxed articles.

ENEMY LOSS OF TRADE.

THE Kaiser's triumphant armies are unable to avert the overwhelming defeat which has overtaken Germany's commerce. The colossal nature of this disaster to the "Fatherland" may be appreciated by the reader of the article in *The British Review* on "Europe's War Bill," contributed by H. J. Jennings, whose presentment of the facts is clear and conclusive. We quote the figures which the writer submits by way of encouragement to the Allies to "take occasion by the hand":

The following table gives some idea of the volume of trade that has been to all intents and purposes extinguished, and how it affects the enemy countries. It is not pretended that the figures are in all cases exact, partly because recent statistics are unobtainable, and partly because hardly any two of the standard authorities are in agreement. The particulars are, however, sufficiently near the mark to present a fair and reasonable view of the enormous injury which the three enemy countries have experienced and are still experiencing.

	Imports.	Exports.
Germany's trade with —	£	£
United Kingdom ...	43,805,000	71,910,000
Russia	71,230,000	44,000,000
France	29,110,000	39,495,000
Italy	15,885,000	25,051,000
Belgium	17,231,000	27,551,000
Serbia	525,000	971,000
Austria-Hungary's trade with—		
United Kingdom ...	22,641,000	42,845,000
Russia	6,793,000	4,040,000
France	4,710,000	4,260,000
Italy	6,736,000	9,975,000
Belgium	2,352,000	1,091,000
Serbia	1,698,000	1,798,000
Egypt	1,515,000	1,381,000
Turkey's trade with—		
United Kingdom ...	7,705,000	5,417,000
Russia	2,482,000	820,000
France	3,449,000	3,955,000
Italy	3,271,000	1,380,000
Belgium	1,310,000	552,000
Serbia	414,000	270,000
Egypt	1,129,000	1,409,000

The overseas trade of these hostile countries with India, Australasia, and British South Africa has equally come to an end, and altogether their loss of export trade may be put at very nearly £300,000,000 a year during the greater part of the duration of the war

AMERICA'S ACQUIESCENCE

Four months have passed since the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and, although Germany is not rushing to reply to President Wilson's last letter, she may be relied upon to continue the elegant correspondence until American sentiment ceases to be disturbed by the murder of American citizens. Thus America may be assured of peace, but at a price that must limit her influence to the confines of her own borders. More might be said, but it is a matter which must be left to the discretion of American men and women who will continue to live in a world of their own making. The torpedoing of the *Arabic* adds another item to the account.

COLONEL HARVEY, the outspoken Editor of *The North American Review*, is under no misapprehension, and in his columns openly challenges the Wilsonian interpretation of the motto "America First." Sentiment is a fine thing, but unless backed by commensurate action its display invites scorn. This Col. Harvey fully recognises when he says there "come times when it is advisable to clear away the mists of logomachy and take a fresh perspective, to the end that there shall be no obscuration of the straight line of duty. To our mind this is one of those times because—and too great stress cannot be put upon the vital fact—our nation is now at the parting of the ways. One path points to honour and self-respect, the other to obloquy and shame; one to maintenance of free democracy, the other to craven submission to arrogant monarchy; one to *America First* in reality as well as in words, the other to *Americans Last* in the consideration of their own Government."

The facts of the case suggest that Germany despises America and ladles out the thinnest bluff, as when she claims that she is the unwilling victim of an offensive war. This rouses the Colonel to reply:—

It may, indeed, prove to be a fight for existence; but "*forced upon Germany*"? Then it was England, not Germany, that was fully armed and equipped and ready to spring at a moment's notice! And it was France, not Germany, that tore up the "scrap of paper" and made the irresistible drive through brave little Belgium, devastating her fields, burning her villages, shooting her old men, violating her women; France, rushing on and on in a mad fury to the very gates of Berlin until—why, until the unoffending Germans, drawn hurriedly from all parts of the Empire to defend the firesides of the Fatherland, managed to gather in sufficient numbers to crowd back the overreaching invaders; of course; and, of course, too, we understand—"understand and appreciate"—that in such circumstances it is indeed "the sacred duty of the *Imperial Government* to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects," even though despised Americans and other helpless neutrals do perish in the process. Of what consequence are their paltry lives—the lives of men like Frohman and Pearson and Hubbard, and of mere American women and children when contrasted with a possibility of the *Imperial Government* finding themselves "guilty before God and history"—history especially—"of violating principles of highest humanity"? But there is no need to indulge in a contemplation so horrifying. The Almighty, in common with ourselves, we assume, is duly informed that——

"If in the present war the principles which should be the ideal of the future have been traversed more and more, the longer the duration, the German Government has no guilt therein."

From which two inferences are obvious: (1) That humane principles *have been* traversed in the past, and (2) that they *will be* traversed "more and more" as the war continues. So the *Imperial Government* absolve themselves in advance. *Me* (positively) *und Gott* (reservedly) can do no wrong. And the United States of America and her President, her Congress, and her people can go to hell.

For that is what Germany says to us; just that; nothing more and nothing less. She disavows none of her crimes; she makes no suggestion of reparation; she recognises no rights of neutrals; she reiterates her repudiation of all treaties and of all laws, whether among nations or of civilisation and humanity, which may conflict with her own conception of military necessity; she apologises for nothing; she concedes nothing; she acknowledges nothing; she seeks only to secure our approval of her lawless practices through our acquiescence in her proposal that we waive our unquestioned rights upon the high seas and sail so many of our ships as she may permit, under her surveillance and subject to her dictation; having injured us, she would wrong us; having insulted us, she would humiliate us; that is all there is of this insolent declaration.

Not one of our moderate demands is accorded even the courtesy of frank recognition; all are in effect denied; each and every one is either tacitly spurned or impudently ignored.

"America First" is a good motto, but we suggest that "Civilisation First" is a better.

FUTURE FRIENDSHIPS.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

The Asiatic Review contains an interesting article by Dr. John Pollen, which was originally addressed to the East India Association. Dr. Pollen emphasises the essentially democratic characteristics of the Russian people, and looks forward to a continuance of the present alliance :—

I for one look forward with confidence to great and abiding benefits both to the East and to the West, and especially to India. I have never believed in the policy of buffer-states and bottled-up harbours ; and following Sir Alfred Lyall and others who knew India and her true interests well, I have for the last twenty-five years consistently advocated combination and co-operation with Russia. Until the Crimean War Russia had always been our friend and ally, and during the Crimean War it must be recalled the Emperor Nicholas protected British colonists and merchants in Russia, and allowed the British in Moscow to pray in their church there that Queen Victoria might have victory over all her enemies. Russia has always proved a generous foe and, war or no war, has never repudiated her debts.

She is in truth a great democratic Power, and she has saved Europe more than once from tyrannous foes. She has given peace to Central Asia, and is helping to revive its cultivation and civilisation. And now an abiding alliance between her and Great Britain will probably prove the best safeguard of the rights and freedom of the peoples and nations of the East, while securing the populations of the West from future wars of aggression and destruction.

MILITARY AND ECONOMIC ALLIANCES.

"A WAY to End the War" is the hopeful title of Dr. Dillon's contribution to *The English Review*, and in plain English the method is one to "dish the Neutrals" of their expected commercial gains on the exhaustion of the belligerents. Dr. Dillon writes :—

The Turks have a proverb which runs : "He who takes a donkey upon the roof must also take him down again." And that is precisely the task to which the Allies have now to set their hand. The one way to effect this is to supplement the military entente with an economic league which shall reserve for its members those advantages, financial, commercial, and others, which are now like the sun's light and heat lavished upon staunch friends and bitter enemies without discrimination. Germany is working at a similar scheme to-day, and I have seen two [illegible] of it which may have been since perfected [illegible] adopted in principle

What I venture to propose is the adoption by the Allies of two customs tariffs for all produce and manufactured goods entering their respective countries from abroad, a lesser one to be applied to imports from Allied countries—this, in our case, may, if we will, be wholly dispensed with—and another very much higher to be levied on all merchandise coming from other States. Against this innovation it may be objected that it connotes the abolition of free trade and the return to a system to which the bulk of the British people is absolutely opposed. To this one may fairly answer that circumstance is stronger than theory, and always ends by bending our pet maxims to the new and unalterable conditions. Thus without committing ourselves to militarism we have found it to our advantage to create an army of two million men for service abroad and to transform industrial concerns at home into manufactures of munitions. In like manner we shall have to reconcile ourselves to the abolition of the most-favoured-nation clause after the war. It was that clause, imposed upon the French in the Treaty of Frankfurt, upon the Russians during the Japanese campaign, and upon the British by their free trade system, which furnished the Germans with the "silver bullets," by means of which they are now holding out against our last expedient—the war of exhaustion. Without the freedom of the enormous world markets of Great Britain, France, and Russia the Germans would never have been able to build up their navy, to maintain their numerous army, or to lay in the supplies of war material and gold, of the vastness of which we are only now acquiring an adequate idea. Shall we bestow on them the same privileges after the war ? If so, whether our leanings be in the direction of free trade, fair trade, or protection, we shall be suicidally running after fate, and shall richly deserve to overtake it.

Such an Economic League would serve to maintain and enhance the benefits at present derived from the close co-operation with our Allies and would result in a certain immediate advantage to our cause :—

The direct bearing upon the destinies of Europe of a close economic Entente established at once can hardly be overstated. For it is manifest that none of the Neutrals, if denied the gratuitous enjoyment of the benefits now conferred on them by communion with the owners of the world's chief markets, could thrive on the few crumbs that might fall from Germany's frugal board. Solicitude for the material interests to which they are peculiarly susceptible would, therefore, move them to turn like the sunflower towards the source of heat and fertility. And if instead of speculating on our ultimate defeat they felt moved to speculate on our triumph and to make the venture safe by throwing in their lot with ours, the campaign would be virtually won.

OUR JAPANESE ALLY.

ENGLAND'S WATCH DOG (?)

THE Editor of *The Japan Magazine* publishes the following comment suggesting that Britain is less friendly to Japanese development than America :—

Some of the British newspapers and magazines indulge in misguided criticism of Sino-Japanese relations, says *The Kokumin*. *The Outlook*, of America, however, to our great joy and satisfaction, gives an unbiassed view of the situation. *The Outlook* says that it is proper that Japan should maintain an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine; Japan, for her own self-protection, cannot leave China altogether in the hands of the Europeans; Japan, in order to save China from her weakness, wants to establish her power in that country, which is a proper thing; but in order to do so Japan must exercise her influence in a proper manner. We had been saying that the Americans should place themselves in the position of the Japanese. *The Outlook* has now done so. The Editor of that magazine has understood the innermost mind of the Japanese. If American public opinion be like that, why should we worry about relations between Japan and America? We now wish that British public opinion were like it. England is dissatisfied with the position of Japan in China. As she herself cannot take action in China, she uses big words, threatening "You just wait. Even if you indulge in plundering while fire is raging in Europe, when the peace conference comes the questions of the world will be decided in that conference of Powers. We do not allow you to take advantage of us." The British journals further say that Japan is a poor country. Unless we establish good connections with London and New York, Japan would only hold empty letters, and be boasting in vain. The Englishmen try to hold down Japan by the power of money, and use such threatening words. Who can say that the Englishmen, are broad-minded? Their mind is indeed very small. Japan is now serving as a watch dog for England in the Far East, and England is bent on using Japan like a slave, and the latter tries to refuse proper privileges to Japan. We doubt whether such near-sighted views will be beneficial to England.

This is to belittle Japanese diplomacy, which has surmounted many difficulties in the past, and with the cordial co-operation of her British Ally, is likely to achieve its mission. If the peaceful penetration of China is Japan's purpose, the methods chosen will be her sole justification. Great Britain, no less than America, is concerned to find the door kept open with equal opportunity to all nationals.



Hindi Punch.]

Good Prospects for Jap.

JAP: "Thank you very much for putting me in possession of all this."

INDIAN ELEPHANT: "Which all should have been mine, if my keepers had kept a good eye on it. Ah me!"

[Japan is reaping a rich harvest in India at present by capturing several lines of German industry. Several kinds of German articles, which have ceased coming to India owing to the War, are now being supplied by Japan, India doing almost nothing in the matter of starting industries to supply its own wants.]

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

WILL a National party arise after the war which will put national watchfulness and national defence—economic as well as military—as the great legend on its banners? Will a man appear among us able to rise to the height of that great argument? Social reform could go hand in hand with such a policy, for it is certain that the British people will never again tolerate the spectacle of the man broken in the wars, or his wife and children, holding out their hands for alms at the corners of our streets. For such a cause and such a leader the nation earnestly longs and waits. There are millions, I believe, willing to put aside their old party ties and claims and attachments to welcome such a man and such a programme.—A. W. WOODBRIDGE, in *The English Review*.

THE TRAGEDY OF POLAND.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR.

WILLIAM F. BAILEY gives "Some Glimpses of Russian Poland To-Day" in a vivid article which appears in *The Fortnightly Review*. The writer affirms that Russia has long since abandoned the task of crushing the Slavonic soul out of Poland, and that the atrocities of the German soldiers have everlastingly embittered the former antagonism against Germany.

The concluding passages of the paper suggest an inferno of hate and desperation, which should move the hardest heart to action :—

Picture one village in particular, which is, after all, only one of many that have met the same fate. Groups of the frightened inhabitants are clustered in the road between the two rows of tumble-down houses. Some still make a pretence at carrying on their simple occupations, but the greater number of them are too stunned to indulge in any activity. The heat is oppressive and sickness is rife. Very many new crosses rear themselves up over there in the cemetery, where the freshly-made graves are all small. For pestilence takes the children first. The faces of those who remain are haggard, sallow, ghastly. Up in the small whitewashed church at the end of the village street the old priest is about to say vespers and his people kneel around him. Only the rustling of the wind through the willows and amongst the shivering poplars, the crying of the wild fowl on the mist-obscured marshes, the lowing of the untended cattle on the fields, the shuffling of feet, and the whining voice of the old priest disturb the ominous silence. Dusk falls, and then the night; and on the wings of night rides up the storm so long expected. A light—not of the moon—angers the sky above the dark belt of pine forest fringing the low horizon. Then a great burst of flame rushes up into the silver-dusted heavens, followed by a second flame, and by a third. And from very far off comes the rumble of thunder—not altogether like thunder, for it never ceases, and seems to gather strength—till, with an awful crash, it shakes the very earth. The whole sky is now crimson. Now come wild shrieks. Doors open, and every hovel disgorges its inmates. Mothers grasp their babies, old people one another, the girls stand mute—paralysed—for they have heard of the fate which befell their sisters in Kielce, in Krzepice, in Turek, in Sieradz. And redder still blazes the horizon, nearer rumbles the thunder of the cannon. "To the Church!" cries someone, and, like a covey of terrified birds, women, old people, children—there are no able-bodied men left in the place—whirl up towards their poor sanctuary. But what use to pray? God has forgotten them as He forgot the innocent in Kielce, in Sieradz. What use to pray when "the grey devils" have taken down their Little Virgin from her shrine and desecrated Poland's "Holy Place"?

They will pray no more, neither will they attempt to escape, for the plains are infested with the devils.

They will do as the bravest Polish folk now do. They will fire their village and destroy themselves. Better death than dishonour and outrage. And the thunder rolls nearer!

Each family enters its hovel and every door is closed. Half an hour—and then, from beneath the dilapidated wooden doorways, from under the overhanging thatch of the weed-grown roofs, through the one-paned windows, hungry, fiery tongues of flames shoot out, curl up and ripple on. Black volumes of smoke vomit through the chimneys, through every crevice. Another quarter of an hour—Polish hovels are old and dry—and this village has gone like the rest, and those who inhabited it have joined their neighbours—eternal witnesses against the "devils in grey"—the Kaiser William's Knights of Teutonic culture.

AN ENGLISH PRINCE FOR POLAND!

IF the Western nations have a strong desire to maintain peace in Europe, and are sincere in making the freedom of *all* nations their battle-cry, then one of the points they are fighting for must be an *independent* Poland. A united Poland without independence would be a half-measure only, and as such doomed to failure. A free Poland, whose freedom and neutrality were guaranteed by all European Powers, would become one of the most powerful factors of international peace by maintaining the political balance in the East—where the whole trouble has now taken its origin—as well as in the West of Europe, and in order to ensure this and to prevent all intrigues neither a Russian nor a German but an English prince ought to be crowned King of Poland and reside in Warsaw. As to his popularity there would be not the slightest doubt, in view of the great admiration of Polish people for England and her liberal rule.—G. DE SWIETOCHOWSKI, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

"SOULS OF DISH RAGS."

"The Slav peril has been much talked about of late. Now the Slav peril means, if it means anything, Russian thought; and Russian thought, as it reveals itself in Russian literature and Russian dancing, seems to me the most splendid and most desirable thought in the world to-day."

THE first eleven words of the second sentence in the above quotation contain a great truth, and fewer words have never been used to refute a gross travesty which seeks to besmirch the whole Russian people with some intangible criminal characteristic which eludes defence or justification.

The quotation is, indeed, the confession of faith of W. B. Trites, whose article on "Dostoievsky" in *The North American Review* is marked by insight which helps the reader in his turn to a correct appreciation of a remarkable Russian novelist. The writer properly limits his viewpoint:—

I desire to consider Dostoievsky from one angle alone—the angle, namely, of the dish rag. *The angle of the dish rag:* to interpret that phrase let me quote the following passage from *The Double:* "He must not suffer them to insult him, to trample him under foot like a dish rag. As a matter of fact, if someone really attempted to make a dish rag of Mr. Goliadkine, the attempt would, perhaps, succeed without difficulty and without danger (Mr. Goliadkine often admitted it himself). He would then become a dish rag; he would no longer be Mr. Goliadkine, but a foul dish rag, not a commonplace dish rag, however, but an aspiring one; a dish rag with fine feelings; fine feelings concealed deep within his wet folds, but fine feelings all the same."

Dostoievsky shows us—to speak fantastically—the souls of dish rags. He lets us hear the lamentations of the lowest, the vilest, the most shameless. From the mud the drunkard speaks. The coward speaks from his black skulking place. Thieves speak, and the murderers of old women; harlots speak, and men who live on harlots' gains. And lo, all those voices are beautiful. They are sad and beautiful. All those ruined souls are like you and me. Like you and me, they love virtue. Like you and me, they loathe vice. And they mourn, down there in the morass, they mourn their incredible fall as you and I would mourn if, by some incredible mischance, we ourselves fell.

Dostoievsky reveals the soul of the lowly and the degraded. That is his essence. That is the one thing which he alone can do. The souls of our great picturesque, grandiose sinners have been revealed to us, lamenting in their jewelled robes, their marble palaces, from time immemorial. But the soul of the drunkard kept in drink by his harlot daughter: the soul of the elderly coward pawnbroker whose girl-wife kills herself rather than endure his petty cruelties: it is Dostoievsky alone who reveals the terrible beauty of these.

In a final sentence the writer pays Dostoievsky the highest tribute when he says that he "has never drawn a character, no matter how degraded, how shameless, but the reader must say of him: "He is my brother."



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

The Mocking of Christ.

Aug. 1, 1914—Aug. 1, 1915.

"Gott mit Uns."

Breach of Agreements and Treaties; Terrorism; Poisonous Gases; Liquid Fire; *Lusitania* Murders; Well Poisoning; "Holy War"; Destruction of Monuments, etc.

SOME time ago Miss Estelle W. Stead contributed to *The London Magazine* a remarkable article on "Why I Believe in Spiritualism," and later the same writer had in *Vanity Fair* an important communication entitled "When We Speak with the Dead." Many of our readers will be glad to know that these articles have been reprinted in booklet form, and may be obtained from Stead's Publishing House, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C. They will be sent post free for 3½d. each

AVE, GUGLIELME!

THE editor of *The Open Court* (Chicago) is one of the most respected of hyphenated American citizens, and has considered it a conscientious duty to present the German case as against that of the Allies. We reprint an appreciation of the Kaiser, from the current number of *The Open Court*, simply as a token of the extreme depths to which partisanship can fall; the reader may question the sanity of the writer—one Aliester Crowley, an alleged native of these isles; but that there should be an audience in America for such barefaced balderdash is appalling. The article is entitled "The New Parsifal," and is humorously described as "A Study of Wilhelm II":—

In truth, to his own soldiers he appears, flashing hither and thither, like St. Michael, to rally, to encourage, to lead forward in the charge. Where the fight is thickest, there is the emperor, pale and stern, like Christ as he arose from Gethsemane and walked forth to meet Fate, and to find triumph and immortal glory. From front to front he rages, whirling aloft the consecrated sword of his fathers. He never spares himself; he is a comrade to every soldier in the ranks.

There is something here to catch the popular imagination. To his very enemies he seems like Lucifer or Attila, not wholly human. They endow him with the magic gifts; he is reported simultaneously on every battle front, as well as in a dozen of his castles. Even the Crown Prince is killed a hundred times and rises to renew the combat, ever more glorious because more glittering as he breaks through the spider-web of myth whose gossamer shrouds him as with the veil of a high priestess over the silver armour of a knight of the Graal.

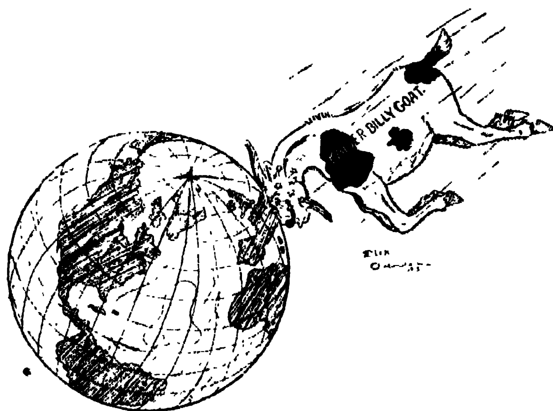
There is no such magic drapery about the Czar. He is in Petrograd, and goes to the front now and again, a mere king, hardly a warrior king, certainly not a sacred king, and still less a demi-god. But Wilhelm II. is the genius of his people. He has the quality that Castor and Pollux had for Rome. He seems omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, the very angel of God. terrible and beautiful, sent to save the Fatherland from savage foes. Even if he perish, he will not perish as a man. He will acquire the radiance of Milton's Satan, and go down the ages as the hero of the great lost cause of humanity.

None will know the place of his burial. Legends will grow up around him as they did for Christ, for Balder, for Adonis, for Arthur, for Mohammed, for Napoleon. "He is not really dead; he will come again to lead his people to the final triumph," will be the word in the mouth of every peasant, and a subconscious hope in the heart of every noble. The poet will know that this is mystically true; for he knows that there is no death, that character is more permanent than flesh and blood, that men are in truth the incarnation of some god. He knows that the hero, compact of myth, is yet more real than the historical figure of the man himself. Imagination holds more truth than science; art is real, life is illusion. For art holds the idea complete and pure, the divine-thought clothed about with beauty. Art formulates deity: not from the quarries of the amorphous earth, builds its imperishable palace of white marble, of onyx, or porphyry.

Ave, Guglielme! Rex, Imperator! Hail, Saviour of the world, that, clad in golden armour, with the helm of holiness, wieldest the sword! Hail, sovereign and saviour, that healest all the disease of the ages, that hurlest back the heathen from the sacred realm.

Welcome to the world that lay in anguish, hungering for thy dawn, O sun of righteousness! The holy kings of old salute thee; the prophets anoint thee with the oil of benediction; they offer thee the crown of Europe. The poets see thee, and know thee; their songs weave silken veils about thine armour! Ave, Guglielme, rex, imperator!

This crepuscular effort should have been dedicated to the widows and orphans of the Kaiser's countless victims. It is, of course, conceivable that it is "writ sarkastic."



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The William Goat.

["We are against the world; but, huge as our task may be, we shall accomplish it."—The KAISER.]

WILLIAM (butting in): "It's a hard nut to crack; but I'm not going to admit mine may crack first."

THE MOST ANCIENT REPTILE ON EARTH.

MANY strange beasts have come from the Antipodes, including the duck-billed platypus of our nursery Natural History books. But if not the strangest, certainly the most venerable, beast on earth is the tuatara, of which New Zealand is the proud possessor. Mr. R. W. Reid, writing on the subject in the current number of *Knowledge*, tells us that the tuatara combines in many respects peculiarities of both the crocodiles and the turtles. In other lands, it would appear, the old-world tuataras came in a much greater degree under those mysterious forces which we term the laws of evolution, and one section branched off into turtles, while another section underwent so many changes that its members became crocodiles; and save in New Zealand the tuatara is now everywhere extinct. Last year the Dominion Minister of Internal Affairs adopted certain measures with the view of protecting the ancient reptiles, as there was a danger of their becoming extinct in New Zealand also. As it is they are no longer to be found on the mainland, but the coast-line of New Zealand has in places something like a string of adjacent islands, and it is on these islands and islets, and probably on these alone, that the tuataras are now to be found. Mr. Reid gives us the following interesting account of their habits :—

The female tuatara deposits her eggs in a hole in the ground, packs damp earth and sand around them, blocks up the entrance, and there her maternity duties come to an end. Time and the heat of the ground do the rest ; and in from ten to twelve months the young make their appearance. When the tuataras emerge from their place of birth their mouths remain for some days as if hermetically sealed. The tuataras never venture very far away from their homes, though on foggy nights, for some reason not explained, they may be found occupied in a fairly extensive tour away from their own particular burrows. They live on flies, spiders, and the like, and display remarkable dexterity in effecting captures. Their length, when full-grown, is from twenty to twenty-five inches, and the young are seldom found less than six inches long. Their colour varies with age—usually it is dark yellow.



From a photo by] [*W. S. Berridge.*

The Tuatara Lizard (*Sphenodon punctatus*).

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

A CERTAIN star of the British stage, who shall be nameless, and who has no very low opinion of his own talent, was recently having his beautiful theatre re-decorated. He asked the workmen engaged on the job if they would care to see him play, and they said they didn't mind if they did. So all of them received passes for the next Monday night. At the end of the week, when glancing through the pay-sheet, the actor-manager in question was a little hurt to see the following item against each workman's name: "Monday night. Four hours' overtime at ——— Theatre—4s."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

I THINK one of the funniest stories that I have heard in connection with the war is one of two Jews—the one German and the other Russian. At dead of night they leave their respective trenches—each bearing a banner. They meet in the no man's land between the trenches, exchange banners, and silently return with their trophies, and are both decorated for their prowess. Business as usual!—WILL OWEN, in *The Strand Magazine.*

AN Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman made an agreement among themselves that whoever died first should have five pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and asked him if he had fulfilled the agreement. "Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?" "Oh, I jist wrote ma check fer ten poonds," said the Scotchman, "an' took your five sovereigns as change."—*Argonaut.*

GRAVE complaints were made by the undergraduates to the dean of a university against the college cook. The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him upon his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless matters were improved. "Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed the cook. "You oughtn't to place too much importance on what young men tell you about my meals. Why, sir, they come to me in just the same way and complain about your lectures."—*International Culinary Magazine.*

SHE was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well-meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future on the expiration of your sentence?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post office."—*The Windsor Magazine.*

A SCHOOLMASTER was lecturing to a class upon the circulation of the blood. "If I stand upon my head," said he, "the blood will run down into my head, will it not?" The boys replied, "Yes, sir." "Then," said the master, "why does not the blood run into my feet when I stand upon my feet?" There was a pause for a few moments, when a bright youth replied, "Please, sir, it's because yer feet ain't empty."—*The Treasury.*

HE was an able-bodied out-of-work, and made a genial request for a little assistance. It was perhaps natural for the donor of twopence to inquire whether the recipient had contemplated enlisting in the Army. "I'd go like a shot, sir," came the answer, "but I've such a 'ot temper, and when I read what them Germans 'ave done *I can't 'old myself in.* No, sir, if I was at the front I couldn't 'elp committing outrages on 'em. I'm best at 'ome."—*Everybody's Monthly.*

DURING the past few months some coal dealers have managed to clear their yards of a good deal of rubbish at remunerative rates. An indignant woman stopped a coal dealer in the street one day, and loudly complained of the quality of the fuel supplied to her. "I never saw such coal in my life!" she declared. "And the price you charged me for the stuff, and it won't burn!" "Well, missus," was the reply, "coal is now at famine prices, and we have to be satisfied with what we can get. I gave a good price for that coal myself." "Then you've been robbed!" retorted the grumbler. "Why, my husband can supply you with the same stuff at half the price." "I didn't know your husband was in the coal trade, missus." "He ain't," snapped the lady; "he's a slater!"—*The Boy's Own Paper.*

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

OUR SEAMEN'S DEPENDANTS.

No phase of the present war stands out so conspicuously to the credit of the Admiralty as the treatment of the seamen's dependants. In pre-war days the sailor's wife was an unknown quantity; for some reason the Admiralty had never acknowledged her. For many years the soldier's wife had been acknowledged and provided for; to a limited extent it is true, and there were many restrictions hedging round "married on the strength"; but the difference in treatment of the two Services was conspicuous and much heart-burning was the result. War came, and with a generosity as unexpected as it was pleasing, every possible cause of complaint was removed; not only were separation allowances instituted, but machinery was set up which placed each dependant under the aegis of a body of officials whose task seems to be to protect the dependants' smallest interest and to smooth their path.—*The Fleet.*

SCISSORS-AND-PASTE PREACHERS.

If a preacher has not much to say, let him say that little and have done, but do let him refrain from numerous quotations, which after all appear little better than so much padding. I once heard a person say he would rather hear borrowed sense than original nonsense. Perhaps so, but surely there is a medium. What would the people of the past generation have thought of Henry Ward Beecher, or C. H. Spurgeon, or Dr. Joseph Parker, if they had interlarded their sermons with quotations as freely as do some preachers of to-day. In such a case the influence of these great preachers, instead of being world-wide and abiding, would have been limited and transient. These men did not go into pulpit to quote the opinions of others, but to tell out what they themselves had felt and seen. It is sometimes said of third-rate editors that their leading articles are very largely matters of scissors and paste. With all charity I must say that this seems only too true a description of some of the discourses I have recently listened to. At any rate, they were far more redolent of paste than of what used to be called midnight oil.—James Sarvent, in *The United Methodist Magazine.*

THE KO-P'U OF YUNNAN.

The Ko-p'u are a branch of the great No-su family. Their language, customs, etc., attest them akin. From whence they came, and how long they have lived on their present holdings, are moot questions. . . . Physically, the Ko-p'u are a medium between the Miao and the Chinese. They exceed the stature and the powers of endurance of the former, but do not attain to those of the latter. Socially, they rank higher than the Miao, but are inferior to the No-su and Chinese. There is indeed some ground for believing that once upon a time they were the serfs of the stronger half of the No-su tribe. Heartily despised and exploited by the Chinese, the Ko-p'u do not fail to thoroughly reciprocate the feeling of hatred. Long years of oppression and loss have generated a deep sense of wrong and resentment. . . . The Ko-p'u are endowed with a large share of deceit, self-love, and capacity for looking after number one. They were by no means overlooked when Father Adam handed down his least desirable characteristics to posterity. They are under no delusion as to the value of filthy lucre; they can sell a horse with any son of Romany. They may be thoroughly unsophisticated and appear like country bumpkins, but they are by no means such Simple Simons as they are sometimes taken to be.—Rev. H. Parsons, in *The Missionary Echo.*

THE LETHARGY OF THE CHURCH.

The Church has a great organisation in the Church of England Men's Society; yet it is not this body, but an undenominational agency—the Young Men's Christian Association—which has done the major part in supplying huts for recreative and religious purposes, both for the men in camp at home and for those with the British Expeditionary Force abroad. The one Church organisation which has in any way risen to the opportunity in this matter is the Church Army, and that is due to the untiring energy and resource of its founder and director, the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, D.D., rather than to any initiative on the part of official leaders of the Church. . . . Several instances could be given of splendid efforts made by other voluntary agencies of an undenominational character

(such as the Army Scripture Readers' Society, the Soldiers' Christian Association, etc.), where the Church is doing little or nothing to meet the needs of the time. . . . The Church as a whole has not risen to the occasion as we should expect.—*The Month.*

IN PRAISE OF FRUIT.

ALL the functions of the body are stimulated in a natural and healthy way to increased action by the free use of fruit. I have no doubt that the fruitarian is healthier and stronger and possesses greater powers of endurance than the meat-eater and that he is less liable to disease and better able to resist its onslaught when it comes, because he has a cleaner alimentary canal, more efficient digestion, more active eliminative organs, sounder bones, firmer flesh, purer blood, a healthier skin, stronger and steadier nerves, and a clearer brain. Furthermore, he stands a better chance of attaining to a happy, healthy, and active old age.—A. B. OLSEN, M.Sc., M.D., D.P.H., in *The Vegetarian Messenger.*

WILL COAL MINES BE SOCIALISED?

OUT of the South Wales labour dispute one point is becoming increasingly clear namely, that the coal mines, so essential to the nation's well-being under modern methods of production, will have to be in some way socialised. The idea of the owners of mining rents and royalties and of the colliery capitalists seems to be, "that coal mines exist primarily to yield the maximum of income to them." And the idea of at least a section of the coal miners seems to be "the coal mines for the coal miners." But the coal mines must be held and exploited for the whole people. They were not created by the landlords or the capitalists or the miners, but are a free gift from the Power that has been working through the ages and that is no respecter of persons.—*Brotherhood.*

FOR ENGLAND!

ENGLAND needs more than ever to-day the unrestricted energies of all her sincere and devoted souls, even when their objective appears to be the opposite of war, but she cannot endure, and need not, the insincere, the slacker, the pseudo-intellectual, the suspicious, the selfish, those who, like wens, draw from her the pure strength she needs and turn it to loathsome poison. No one is worthy of our friendship who, thoughtless of self, is not through good or evil report doing his or her best for England now.—ALBERT MANSBRIDGE, in *The Highway.*

"SALES" v. "FANCY" PRICES.

FOR the ordinary middle-class buyer of clothes the sales furnish the chief opportunities of purchase, and at these times well-made garments of good materials can be had at small cost. I have been told by the head buyer in the under-linen department of one of the biggest West End shops that the sales clear off what is left of garments sold in an ordinary way at, more or less, "fancy prices" to rich women during the greater part of the year. The night gown sold for two guineas for a rich young woman's trousseau in May sells for 6s. 11½d. to a middle-class woman in July—the right price being, say, 18s. 6d.—ENNIS RICHMOND, in *The Commonwealth.*

BANANA BREAD.

BANANA flour is being used as a food in the French base hospitals. The banana yields about a quarter of its weight in meal, and the cost of meal in the West Indies is about 2d. per lb.; mixed with wheat flour excellent loaves and cakes are obtained, and if wheat continues to advance we might well take a leaf out of the German book and use another ingredient. This loaf is quite as nutritious as the wheaten, which is more than can be said of the "war bread."—*The Colonial Journal.*

Will our Canadian Subscribers kindly note that, in consequence of an increase in the postal rates for magazines sent from Great Britain to Canada, the Subscription Rate for "The Review of Reviews" is now 7/6 for twelve months, instead of 7/- as heretofore? Our British friends who send subscriptions for Canada are also asked to note this change.

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

In *La Revue* of August, 1915, M. Jean Finot, writing on "The United States and Future Peace," says that the time when the United States might have used her power of intervention to the greatest advantage has passed. This was some months before the war; and that since the outbreak of war she has been too anxious to maintain her neutrality, forgetting that even neutrality admits of a protest when the rights of treaties are ignored, as in the case of Belgium. Also the fact that the United States in order to preserve her own unity has to bear in mind her German population does not predispose the Allies to welcome her intervention very enthusiastically. What she might do, however, would be to open an International Commission to enquire into the accusations brought up by all the belligerents — a Commission which would be welcomed by the Allies, and which the Germans could but accept in order to prove their good faith and their claim to a civilising mission throughout the world. All the Neutral States would reply favourably, and the United States could thus during the war take up a practical and moral *rôle*, which would assure her a special position. For even on the basis of a peace founded on the destruction of militarism the conclusion of future peace presents certain difficulties; there will be many points which need solution between the Allies themselves, which can be solved by a mediator from outside. No other Neutral is strong enough; it must be left to the United States. But M. Finot thinks it time that America abandoned her passive neutrality, and took up the courageous attitude of a country which has a great civilising and humane *rôle* to perform.



Cape Times.]

Walrus Tears.

"I weep for you," the walrus said;
"I deeply sympathise."
With sobs and tears, he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.
(*"Through the Looking Glass."*)

[A Copenhagen telegram says it is stated in the German papers that the Kaiser, during his visit to the battlefield on the western front, knelt before a large group of dead German soldiers and wept, exclaiming, "I have not willed this."—*Reuter's Special War Service.*]

In *Le Correspondant* of August 10th there is an interesting sketch by M. Miles of the Voïvode Putnik, General of the Servian Army. Voïvode is an old Servian title equivalent to our Commander of an Army Corps.

Putnik is a man of sixty-eight years, to a large extent an invalid, suffering terribly from asthma, so terribly that he rarely leaves his heated room, and never goes amongst his men, and yet is adored and trusted by them with an absolute faith. He has earned this trust by his experiences. Born in 1847, his father a schoolmaster, he studied at the Belgrade Military Academy, where, although an officer, he still was when the Turkish-Serbian War broke out in 1876. He served as infantry captain in the campaign of 1877–1878, and was one of the first to enter the historic plain of Kossovo. During the Serbo-Bulgarian War of 1885 Putnik became Lieutenant-Colonel, and soon commanded the Chaumadia Division. However, his known Radical sympathies offended King Milan, who made him give up his command, and during the reigns of the last Obrenovitch he was in retirement. During this time, being poor, he gave lessons at the military

schools. He was, together with his pupils, the object of suspicions, but master and pupils managed to surmount almost all obstacles.

When the Karageorgevitch came to the throne he was recalled, and given the rank of General, and since then he has climbed higher and higher. He led the armies in the first Balkan War, and is now in supreme command of the Serbian Army. Contrary to the custom of many foreign officers, Putnik did not study in the schools of other countries; without leaving Serbia he learnt English, French, German and Russian, but he continually visited battlefields, and meditating there got information.

In appearance he is small, with nothing of the vigorous expression of men of action; his grey beard cut to a point, two vertical lines between his eyes, indicating a tenacious will—such is this man of office victorious General. In his old-fashioned faded uniform he is physically and morally the incarnation of this army of peasants.

In the same number Olivier Guiheneuc writes on: "Can One Defend Oneself Against Submarines?" After a description of the evolution of the torpedo, he describes some of the attempts which have been made to defend warships against their attacks, such as torpedo nets and water-tight compartments, neither of which he thinks is of much avail; the nets are easily cut through, and the torpedo comes with such a force that the separate compartments are of little use. This he describes as passive defence. Of active defence he writes that against the torpedo itself no attack can be made, but against the submarine it is possible but difficult.

The author discourages the idea of an aeroplane or dirigible destroying a submarine by dropping bombs on it, as he points out that it is extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to drop a bomb exactly on a given spot; the only use that can be made of an aeroplane is, that from a height the aviators can detect submarines under the water, and by means of their wireless send directions as to its position to destroyers, which have a greater speed than the submarines, and leave it to them to destroy the latter. However, the destroyer, although capable of greater speed, has to take twenty minutes to get it up, and the submarine with its Diesel motors is at once at its maximum speed; therefore as each new submarine is capable of greater speed than the preceding one, and as it can always dive when in danger of capture, the author admits that he himself sees no adversary capable of opposing it.

SPANISH.

"AUSTRIA, the Victim of Germany" is the title of a long and thoughtful article in *Nuestro Tiempo*. The writer says that he knows Austria well; he traces the story of the events leading to the war and declares that the conflict could have been averted had it not been for Germany, and states that there are definite proofs of that fact. Austrian subjects of all races and religions were naturally filled with indignation about the murder of the Archduke and supported the notion of a punitive expedition against Serbia, but did not believe that Russia would interfere; when they found that Russia intended to mobilise a complete change occurred. However, they were forced into war. The Austrians are not enthusiastic about the result. Suppose, continues the writer, that the Triple Entente triumphs; German military power will be crushed, but it will be wise to maintain an Austrian Empire. That Empire would be composed of the German elements of the present Empire, plus Bavaria (under its own monarch, with a ruler in Vienna as supreme lord, as is the case with the German Emperor now), but Hungary, Bosnia, &c., would not belong to it. Such an Austrian Empire would be a natural one and would prevent the Prussianisation which now menaces Europe.

Ciudad de Dios contains an imaginary conversation between three persons under the title of "Who Ought to Win, Britain or Germany?" One idea is that Germany, having invented or perfected so many things (instruments, medicines, &c.) of service to humanity, resulting in the saving of so many lives and the diminution of human suffering, deserves to win. Another view is that Britain should win because she has such commercial predominance that she has spread civilisation to all parts of the earth, and continues to do so. This leads to historical analysis, showing how the great trading peoples of the past

have disappeared or fallen into decay. The title question is not really answered, but the perusal of the conversation affords food for reflection.

DUTCH.

De Beweging contains an instructive article on the belief entertained by many people in Germany and elsewhere that war means increased trade for the victor after the conclusion of hostilities. The rapid progress of Germany after the war of 1870 is cited as proof of the contention. The writer denies that there is any reason for the belief that Germany's progress was due to her victory over France; it was due to other causes. In the first place, Germany did not prosper for about ten years after that conflict; it was not until about the year 1880 that Germany advanced. Increased population, organisation and the opening of certain trade routes by other people helped Germany. The increase of population naturally led to an augmentation of effort to secure trade; that was not a "war" reason. Organisation has done a great deal to assist the additional enterprise engendered by the more populous condition of the country; there is no gainsaying the advantage of organisation, but that of itself would not have sufficed. The Suez Canal had gradually proved its value as a new trade route and Germany enjoyed the advantage with other nations. The opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel was another opportunity for Germany. The sons of the Fatherland have been quick to perceive the opportunities and to make use of them. Protection, it is also assumed, has helped Germany, but the writer of the article is of opinion that protection is more likely to hinder than to promote trade. He therefore concludes that those who think that the present war will benefit the victors will be mistaken.



Hindi Punch.]

The Last of the German Boarhound; or the South African Lion's Latest Shikar.

[An Indian view of General Botha's acceptance of the surrender of the entire German force in South-West Africa.]

Vragen des Tijds publishes its usual monthly contribution on the war, in the course of which the writer deals with the opinion of the Scandinavian countries. It is contended that those neutrals have suffered very considerably from the war and the restrictions on over-sea communications imposed by Great Britain have been more injurious to them than the sinking of various vessels by the Germans and by such declarations of contraband articles issued by the Central Power. Sweden, fearful of Russia, and not liking Germany particularly, looked to Britain; but the alliance with Russia made the Swedes turn to Germany. Norway is irritated against Britain; even Denmark, embittered against Germany and therefore pro-British, has changed considerably. Against this view of the writer in *Vragen*, who has shown himself very fair in his statements, we now have the opinion of travellers that Sweden is returning to her old love, Britain.

ITALIAN.

In *The Nuova Antologia* a writer signing himself XXX, and possessing evidently much inside knowledge of Italian foreign politics, discusses the root causes of the disruption of the old Triple Alliance. It was intended to be not only a political but a close commercial alliance on the lines that "Victor" has recently been laying down in the pages of *The Antologia* for the new Quadruple Alliance. The writer believes that in the hands of Caprivi and Crispi the Triplice might have fulfilled all the hopes Italy placed upon it. The essential fault is attributed to Germany's policy of selfishness, and a long list of grievances, both real and diplomatic, is cited which tended to embitter Italian feeling. The writer expresses the hope that the faults of the past may be avoided in the future: he dwells on the glorious possibilities of the alliance with England, and urges that English commercial houses should take greater pains to develop commercial relations between the two countries. Much space is also given to reproducing foreign approbations and criticisms of "Victor's" articles in favour of an Economic League of Allied Nations, which have excited widespread notice. Romolo Murri points out how in the face of war all the existing antagonisms of Italian life, between Church and State, between capital and labour, between central and local interests, have vanished utterly. Hence the war appears to him, side by side with its horrors, as a salutary crisis which is producing a real national renaissance that fills him with a joyous hope in the future. Prof. Oberziner, of Milan, discusses the Trentino in its various aspects—geographic, ethnographic, historic—and shows how not only the Trentino proper, but the whole province of the Upper Adige as far north as the Brenner Pass should belong to Italy.



Pasquino.] [Turin.

The Astonished Huns.

"We have captured Warsaw, but the town is empty!"

"What a barbarous people! What a way to make war!"

The outbreak of war has not interfered with the appearance of the weighty annual report for 1914 crammed with statistics on "Economic Italy," which is brought out as a supplement by *The Riforma Sociale*. The introduction states that even the first half of 1914 showed in Italy a progressive decline in prosperity, a falling-off in production and a decrease in exports and imports. The outbreak of war gave a shock from which all Europe still reels. While dwelling on the incalculable economic changes that the war is bound to bring in its train, the writers are of opinion that the acquisition of Trieste, regarded as a foregone conclusion, will quickly compensate Italy for all her losses.

The Vita Italiana, which has been rather drastically censured this month, discusses the Balkan position, and, while pointing out the acute disappointment that continued Balkan neutrality has caused the Allies, attributes the misfortune largely to the faulty diplomacy of the Triple Entente, and more specifically to their failure to realise that the key to the situation lay not at Athens but at Sofia. As to the future, the writer, F. Evoli, is distinctly pessimistic. Another article frankly attributes the continued neutrality of Roumania to the retreat of the Russians across Poland, but expresses the conviction that she will very shortly come in, lest the end of the war should find her "isolated and deluded."

The Civilta Cattolica makes itself the mouthpiece of the Pope's pacifist policy, while admitting that Benedict XV. does not anticipate any immediate good results from his latest appeal to Europe.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

"GAMBLERS ALL."

CARDS are, as everyone knows, the Devil's books, and cards came within an ace of ruining the domestic happiness of Sir George Langworthy and his young wife. The trouble was that Lady Langworthy was a Tempest and gambling was in her blood; Sir George, on the other hand, who had acquired a respectable fortune by "legitimate speculation" on the Stock Exchange, was a bigoted, fanatical anti-gambler. So his poor wife was compelled to develop a passion for music, the gratification of which required her attendance at many afternoon and evening concerts, and at these "concerts" she lost very much more than she could afford. She dared not tell her loss, but, like Viola, "let concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on her damask cheek." Besides, why should she tell? The luck was always going to change. But it never did change (it never does), and at last in desperation she deserted the comparative safety of the bridge-table for the dangerous open ground of chemin-de-fer. And one fatal evening her husband, coming to fetch her from what he supposed to be a musical party at an ultra-respectable house in Buckingham Gate, found that the ultra-respectable house was a gambling hell, kept by that ultra-respectable couple Major and Mrs. Stocks (who cared nothing for cards, but owned to a tenderness for jig-saws), and that his wife was playing with a mixed crowd of tipsy men and ladies of no particular reputation. (I think the authoress must be at fault here. Surely the guests at gatherings of this kind are as carefully selected as at an episcopal dinner party.) While Sir George was still slowly taking in the situation the place was raided by the police, and Sir George regretfully said farewell to his anti-gambling reputation on the Stock Exchange.



Photo by] *[Foulsham & Banfield*

Miss Doris Lytton as "Ruth." **Mr. Gerald Du Maurier** as "Harold Tempest."

Two other important persons must be mentioned: Harold Tempest, Lady Langworthy's brother, whose share in the family blood had involved him in pressing difficulties with Mr. Amos, a moneylender; and Mr. Leighton, a mysterious financial friend of Sir George. . . . Yes, Mr. Leighton *is* Mr. Amos, but the secret must not be officially revealed just yet. Harold would do anything for his sister; Leighton would do anything for Sir George's wife. It is not surprising, for Lady Langworthy, for all her naughtiness, has extraordinary charm. However, for Sir George the charm is drowned in the horrible revelations of her duplicity, mendacity and violation of his most cherished prejudices, and more in anger than in sorrow he proceeds to punish his errant wife. For

two or three months after the débâcle the situation in the Langworthy household is extremely strained. On Christmas morning the poor lady feels she will burst if she is stood in the corner any longer, and implores for forgiveness; but Sir George is adamant, and storms off to church to listen with what grace he can muster to a sermon on peace on earth, goodwill toward men. Then comes Harold, who boldly tells his sister that to pay her debts he has forged Leighton's name to a bill of Amos, that Leighton and Amos are one, and that the fat is in the fire. He produces a revolver, which his sister very wisely impounds. Then follows Leighton, who urges Lady Langworthy to fly with him, and, as Leighton is Mr. Lewis Waller, the best lover on the English stage, and Lady Langworthy is Miss Madge Titheradge, who in each new part reveals fresh emotional powers, we have a love-scene such as it should be, but very rarely is, played. The poor girl, wild to save her brother and miserable with her husband, half consents.

Up to this point, the end of the third act, "Gamblers All," although, of course, a throw-back to the Victorian Age of drama, is more than bearable. The characters, though of the stage stagey, are consistent to themselves, and much of the dialogue is neat and well turned. Moreover, whenever the theatricality of the plot seems likely to overwhelm us there is always Miss Agnes Glynne as a very modern flapper to chip in and amuse us with some hearty assault on the conventions. But, alas! the fourth and last act really is hopeless. The scene is Leighton's flat, and depicts a bad half-hour in the life of the owner. He has just discovered Harold's forgery, and naturally believes the worst. First comes Ruth Langworthy, Sir George's charming if somewhat serious-minded daughter of his first marriage, to ask his advice as a friend of the family as to how she can make Harold Tempest propose to her. While he is explaining, with difficulty, that Harold isn't worth her love, in walks Harold, and to show her faith in him Ruth proposes to him in the presence of the unhappy Leighton, who can only wriggle wretchedly. Between them the men tell Ruth that Harold is a forger, and she goes dolefully. Then Leighton tells Harold that he proposes to elope with his sister, and that if Harold attempts to interfere he will prosecute him for forgery. Harold departs to dissuade Lady Langworthy, but the gentleman-moneylender is by no means done with the family. In pops Sir George to ask his advice about a yacht: he has repented him of his harshness and is going to take his wife for a long sea-voyage; and to whom should he turn more naturally for counsel than to his old friend? Leighton foams at the mouth and gets rid of him. Finally Lady Langworthy herself arrives, very woe-begone, very much in love with her husband, but determined, if by this means only she can save her brother, to carry her bargain with Leighton through to the end. But Leighton has had enough of the quick-change Langworthys: in one morning he has seen Harold transformed into a forger with a revolver, the gentle maidenly Ruth openly propose to the criminal, Sir George suffer a metamorphosis into a treacly dotard; and when his beloved says that she can never, no never, love anyone but her husband, he gives it up and sends her back to him. Or, more accurately, Harold and Sir George come back for her. There is one final flicker of storm, and Leighton, at last at peace, burns the offending bill with one hand and with the other offers Harold his cigarette-case.

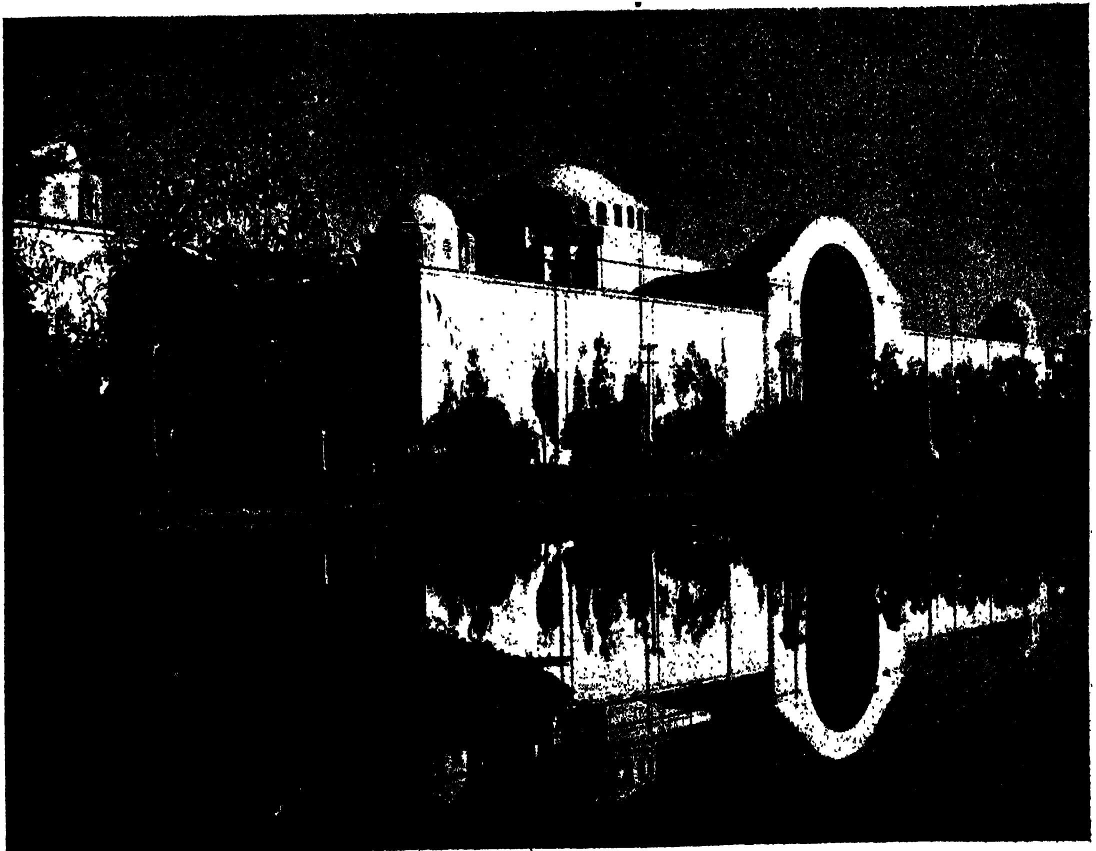
One cannot criticise an act like this. There is nothing to do but sigh gently and pass on. So long as plays like "Gamblers All" are as brilliantly acted, so long will they succeed in the teeth of the most devastating criticism. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. C. V. France and Miss Madge Titheradge are each in their own way such expert artists that they can do wonderful things with the most creaky machinery.

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

THE war has been responsible for many things in many parts of the world. One of its effects has been to dim the glories of the great exhibition which is being held at San Francisco to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, and which in normal times would have created world-wide interest. Still, that its chief features may not pass unrecorded, *The Architectural Review* for August gives a short account of the more important buildings with illustrations, one of which—that of the Palace of Education—we are permitted to reproduce by courtesy of the editor. On the whole, the writer comes to the conclusion that the architectural merits of the buildings do not rise to the general high level attained in the Chicago and the St. Louis Expositions. Perhaps the most striking effect is that gained by the Tower of Jewels, 485 feet high, when at night giant searchlights play upon the 125,000 cut-glass prisms set in the structure. The writer says :—

Quite unique in its purpose is the Great Wall that extends around the exhibition on the north and west, enclosing especially the Court of the Seasons. At San Francisco during the summer months the western trade winds blow, bringing with them a cool fog from the Pacific Ocean. It was to deflect the current of cool air sufficiently to pass over the buildings that the Great Wall was erected.



The Palace of Education at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

THE EUROPEAN PATCHWORK.*

"Each of the great European States may be compared to an infinite piece of patchwork. There is some sort of jumbled design about it, yet to draw conclusions from one of the small insets and apply them to the whole piece leads only to error."—*Thomas F. A. Smith.*

MOST people will say "Yes" to this dictum and some of the writers of to-day are bent on studying the soul of each particular section, the distinctive character of the common type, believing that to understand aright the gigantic quarrel which has convulsed Europe we must study the character and mood and outlook of each of the nations involved in the great war.

Mr. McCabe, in his *The Soul of Europe*, opens with what is now a pathetic picture of the annual brotherhood of the nations at play, such as may have been seen in July, 1914. Gatherings in all the great cities of merry groups, heedless of the grim forts which here and there marked boundaries. And in one moment, as it seemed, all this was changed. The result of race-hatred? Nothing of the kind, though race is a fact not to be ignored. Neither was it that any particular nation was avid of blood. Mr. McCabe says that the guilt of Germany and Austria needs no demonstration from him, yet in his careful analysis of the psychology of the nations at war he states with emphasis that cruelty and deception are not parts of the German character. The Viennese are amongst the most generous and joyous people in the world; the typical Turk is an honest, truthful and self-respecting man; in the Balkans truculence is confined neither to one race nor one religion. So our author goes on, aiming at and destroying the ancient "tags" which are so mischievous, and endeavouring to make intelligible the mental or moral diversities of the different peoples and, in some measure, the degeneration of normally excellent characters in time of war. Yet in spite of this his estimate of the German "soul" agrees in essentials with that of Mr. T. Smith in his *The Soul of Germany*. This university professor, having travelled from end to end of Germany and Austria, is at home in many of the great cities, having mixed with all classes. In the course of some 350 pages Mr. Smith gives information of all kinds, the fruit of his own observation during his nine years' stay. Neither freedom of speech nor political liberty belongs to the German, though the Kaiser allows him freedom of thought; but as to the war, the people, he says, are as guilty as their Emperor, for he is the incarnation of the national character, of German duplicity and brutal self-assertion and indifference to others. With reference to the guilt as to the war, Mr. Smith states that on July 25th a brother professor at the University of Erlangen, who is an officer of the Reserve, told him that he had received his orders and war was certain, and during the following days reservists came into the barracks in numbers, but quietly, so as to avoid observation, whilst after the 27th none were permitted to leave the barracks.

Mr. McCabe dwells upon the Kaiser's charm of manner and genius, but feels sure that he mounted the throne with a definite policy for the aggrandisement of Germany, and of himself (by the sword probably), and has pursued it to this day, using his zeal for political reform, etc., as a cloak.

Mr. McCabe gives no optimistic view of the state of Russia. There also too much depends upon one man, who has not the strength of will of the Kaiser; but the Russian is fighting an heroic fight for his right to a share in promoting civilisation, and has so far surpassed every army in the field. For an estimate of the probable results of the war as regards Russia we must

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* *The Soul of Europe*. By Joseph McCabe. (Fisher, Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

The Soul of Germany. By Thomas F. A. Smith. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

Russia and the Great War. By G. Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. (Fisher, Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

J'accuse. (Hodder, Stoughton.)

Kitchener's Chaps. By A. Neil Lyons. (Lane. 1s. net.)

Sergeant Michael Cassidy. By Sapper. (Hodder, Stoughton. 1s.)

Deeds of Love and Courage. (The Salvation Army.)

Serbia: Her People, History, and Aspirations. By Woislav M. Petrovitch. (Harrap. 3s. 6d. net.)

turn to *Russia and The Great War*, by Gregor Alexinsky. He, too, endeavours to picture the soul of his country to his readers, and with reasoned force and in picturesque language shows the struggle of the Russian for liberty and the transformation of the situation when the outbreak of war forced the Russian people in its masses to occupy itself with the defence of its national life. The foreign invasion compelled the Government to place the armed forces of the country on a war footing, and to ensure the solidity of the rearguard. Hence the proclamations to the Poles and to the Armenians, and here Mr. Alexinsky believes the Czar to be sincere in his promises. His belief, however, is in the Russian democracy, and he thinks that this must be quite understandable to France and England. Free Trade he advocates, proper treatment of the Jews he demands, and, speaking of the instinctive aversion of the Russian to war and aggression, he says that the people which is least aggressive is most capable of defence. The present war is a defensive war, disagreeable but necessary, and after the war is ended his people will be the first to extend a hand of friendship to their present enemies, moreover, there is no intention of augmenting Russian territory at the expense of Germany and Austria; an Alsace-Lorraine-Galicia would be deplorable. The Dardanelles should be neutralised, he thinks.



Vuk Karadgitch.
An early Serbian Philologist.

Of all the nationalities Serbia is perhaps the one the least known. To earlier generations these people belonged to the Turks, and did not concern us at all. To later folk the unhappy feuds between the Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch families and the resulting assassinations, together with King Milan's notoriety, brought about the idea that all Serbians were tarred with the same brush. In reality I suppose there can be scarcely a people so little affected by the personality of its rulers, for it is a country of peasant proprietors with a constitution which allows them liberty unusual in the East; and, with a passionate national feeling, fostered by their mountains, which has from time to time caused heroic risings against their oppressors. M. Petrovitch gives us here a brief and lucid *resumé* of the history of his race from the time when the Serbs descended to the Black Sea; and a moving picture of the efforts of their ruler, Dushan, in 1331. He it was who promulgated the wise code of laws of

the Serbian empire, securing freedom to his subjects and favouring the development of trade. But a swift death (supposed to be from poison) in the midst of his work brought disintegration such as again assailed the country 450 years later, when their friend Joseph of Austria was also smitten when helping to drive away the Turks. Just as the Serbs have suffered by the rivalry of the two ruling families, so they have been crushed between the rival nations of Austria and Russia. No one interested in Balkan politics—and surely the difficulty now would be to find who is not—should fail to read M. Petrovitch's book. The Macedonian difficulty is here at least comprehensible, even if its solution is as far off as ever. He does not make his people paragons, but he does show them a people to be honoured by our own freedom-loving race. He tells us all about their superstitions, but also shows their hospitality and strong religious feeling; whilst their epic poems, recited for centuries by the national bards, were collected and, as it were, codified by a peasant illiterate until his eighteenth year. Vuk Stephanovitch Karadgitch it was who gave a literary form to the language of the people by his spelling reform, which made Serbian the most logically and easily-written national idiom in Europe. Grammars, dictionaries, critical essays and commentaries are the work of this self-taught peasant, whose picture we present here by the courtesy of the publishers.

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Is *J'accuse* the expression of even one German soul? Issued in Lausanne last April, it has been translated into French and published by the firm of Payot at 4 fr., and an English version has been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Reading it no one can wonder that its author's name has not been given, for no English or French writer has been more emphatic about the guilt of Germany in provoking war. Will other Germans be able to read it, even if the chance offers? It takes a strong man to believe his country is in the wrong! The epilogue opens with a quotation from Buckle, "They who do not feel the darkness will never look for the light," and continues:—

> A German has written this book.
>
> No Frenchman, no Russian, no Englishman.
>
> A German who is unbribed and unbribable, not bought and not for sale.
>
> A German who loves his fatherland as much as any man; but just because he loves it, he has written this book—.

He concludes with the warning to his countrymen: "Open the doors and let in the truth, the truth which your enemies know if you do not. History will write this sentence in letters of fire—'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.'"

The contents of the book are, "A Cry of Warning," "The Witness of Books and Documents Issued Before the War," and "The Story of the Crisis." In this, referring to the demand of Germany that Russia should demobilise, it is said:—"The ridiculous nonsense of this is shown by this hypothesis: If Russia—which is theoretically possible—had consented to demobilise against Germany but refused to demobilise against Austria, this would have been to partly accept and partly refuse the ultimatum. Germany would have then declared war on Russia because Russia had refused to demobilise against Germany's ally. And yet Austria would not have demanded this!" The crime, its consequences, and the future are all as straightly spoken of. There are blanks here and there, said to have resulted from the Swiss censorship of the German original.

After these serious studies a little relief is permissible, and here *Kitchener's Chaps* comes in with its varieties of slang, a few ruddy adjectives, and its clever word-pictures of our extraordinary volunteer army from the Hoboken motor-driver to the Billingsgate fish-salesman or the Colonial millionaire. *Sergeant Michael Cassidy's* stories are Irish, which is saying a great deal, and for uplifting we may turn to the *Deeds of Love and Courage* of another volunteer army—that which has for commander General Booth.

"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR."*

THOUGH not obvious at first sight, this is really the latent feature of the two entirely dissimilar novels. In *Oliver* we have a complete revelation from boyhood to middle life of a character naturally well inclined but spoiled by timidity. The child of a strong, sturdy, self-willed father and a delicate, consumptive mother, he had always been surrounded by kindly ministrations, but an inherent weakness and a love of praise had inclined him to tell those lies which we might expect from a browbeaten child, but is rare in one so much loved. Later in life he acknowledged that "He had never been bold and straight and fearless as so many boys were. Even when he was quite small, he had been timid and cunning. How frightened he used to be of the dark, and what excuses he made to hide his fear!"

The boy was pretty and ingratiating, however, and readily made friends; whilst having a conscience which did not allow him to do wrong with impunity, he often made sacrifices to appease that conscience. With a curiously sympathetic touch for a man, Mr. Neuman follows Oliver up from school to his father's office, where he worked fairly steadily until his father's death. But his command of money had brought him into bad company, the decadent artist set, and by another swing of the pendulum he married a country girl, thinking she loved him and would help him to live a clean life. Unhappily, Ethel Grimwood had married for a rich home, and this Oliver felt was another link in a long chain of failures. But Ethel died, leaving behind her a baby boy, and once again the man felt there was a new chance that love might be given him.

Step by step Oliver and his son Roland grow up together, for only so can be described the new and brighter life of the father who fought continuously his own failings so that his son should achieve. Oliver had passed over his father's business to the school friend who had become his partner, and took up his abandoned studies in order to work with his boy. Himself accomplished and easy as to means, they gathered many friends around them, and Roland was on the point of marriage when the war broke out.

Neither Oliver nor the *fiancée* were of the stuff to hold back the lad they loved, so Roland the fearless went to France and there was wounded. Oliver, whose whole life had been spoilt by fear of his own timidity, forgot everything in his overpowering love for his son, and, as other elderly men have done, found means to persuade the War Office to find a use for him; then, to reach his son, rose to highest heights of courage, and, being an expert motor driver, he was able to help in the defeat of a German attacking party. That it was at the cost of his own life is the needed climax of the novel. Happily, his son was with him at the last, and to him came the faint whisper. "School — that's just what life is like. I've been an awful dunce. I've broken bounds, and done all kinds of things. And yet, after all, I think I am going to get my remove. Trust the Head, Roll. He is so strong and kind — and wise — and good." So closes an intensely moving story, in which the many characters are no puppets, but living, human beings delineated in that clear-cut, powerful fashion of which Mr. Neuman is master.

More romantic and not so virile is *The Sails of Life*. In *Oliver* the perfect love is from man to man, in Mrs. Adair's story the love which casteth out fear is from man to God. It is not strange that the present heavy trouble should bring about a recrudescence of an ardent longing for and expectation of the Coming of the King such as was rife some fifty years ago, when of a few it was stated that they even gave up sowing seed because the immediate second coming of Christ was, to them, clear from the prophecies. This is the idea upon which is built up a moving story of a church and settlement in a city slum maintained by the free-will offerings of slum toilers. There are not a number of characters, each has a distinct individuality, and all are as a background to Edmund Anstruther, the Vicar, who is an optimist, though he does not believe that our terrible social evils can ever be done away with by the laws of man. He lives to ameliorate them until the new manifestation of power from on high. That there are one or two beautiful love stories in the course of the novel goes without saying, but they are not the motive of the book.

* *Oliver*. By B. Paul Neuman. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Sails of Life. By Cecil Adair. (S. Paul. 6s.)

"PASS IT ON."

"IF only I had known before how much a little is appreciated, I would have sent abroad long ago"

So wrote a lady to me the other day, and it is because the little is so much appreciated that we want to interest you in the "Pass it On" Department.

This Department has been formed with the idea of passing on to Missionaries, Teachers, and others working in the foreign field, Magazines, Papers, Texts, Old Christmas Cards, Old Picture Post Cards, Pictures (large and small), Gifts, etc., for use in Schools, Institutes, Orphanages, and Zenanas, when finished with by friends at home

Many we know, just at this time are kindly passing on their literature to our soldiers in England, but there is many a soldier lad from Great Britain in training abroad, and Y.M.C.A.'s and other Institutes in India, China Africa, are sorely needing your papers for these lads' use. Then there are missionaries out of touch with home news, often getting only scraps of information. One missionary writes "Oh! this fearful time, if only we could obtain news such as is supplied by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS or other good reviews, *The Weekly Times* or *Westminster*, *The Sphere*, *Graphic*, or *Illustrated London News*, how grateful we should be *Punch*, too, it is as good as a bottle of tonic!"

Here is just the need for the work of our "Pass it On" Department

Educational books and papers are of special use, books on the formation of S S work, books of Blackboard Illustrations and Kindergarten Work, Testaments, Tracts, Texts in native language—all are needed

Pictures are one of the greatest needs of our missionaries. Scripture Pictures are of untold value. Before November next we make a special appeal for these, as we want to send to fifty Leper Homes a gift of Pictures with Christmas Greetings Who will volunteer just an offer of one Scripture Roll?

No good reading must be thrown away, all is needed, and it will be well worth the postage Book Post all over the world being only ½d. every 2 oz.

Will you just send your full name and address (stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and saying what you are willing to "pass on?" Information as to whom and where to send will immediately be forwarded to you, to which you can post the same.

So write without delay to

MISS GERTRUDE EDWARDS,
Hon. Supt. of the "Pass it On" Dept,
World's Sunday School Association,
56 Old Bailey,
London, E C

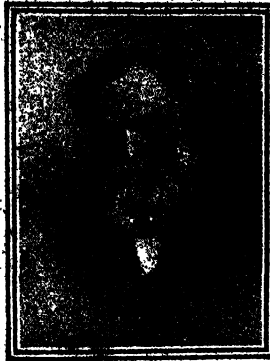
Please do *not* send your gifts to the Hon Supt., but ask for an address to which *you* can send, as her work is only to link giver and receiver together



The Rev E G. Tewksbury and Students at the Summer School.

AN IMPORTANT AMALGAMATION.

THE September number of *Books for the Bairns* (No 231) contains a long and interesting story entitled "Snuffles," by Christine Chaundler the illustrations being done by Brinsley Le Fanu In addition to this the little pink covered favourite has now incorporated within its covers all the best features of *The Bairns' Magazine*, and this amalgamation will no doubt not only add to the interest but also largely increase the already extensive circulation of the popular magazine for children which the late Mr W. T. Stead founded in 1896. In order to accommodate these new features extra pages have been added, and the Editor (Miss Estelle W. Stead) may be relied upon to provide tempting matter for young readers not only at home, but abroad The price remains the same as usual—one penny, whilst for those abroad arrangements have been made to book subscriptions at the rate of 1½d per copy post free, or 1s. 6d for twelve months Orders for subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher at the office, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London W.C. Booksellers and newsagents all over the country stock the book


In 1903.

"And so the Gothenburg system would cover the land as the waters cover the face of the mighty deep?"

"The modified Gothenburg system, because in order to meet the objections of those who fear that the immense advantages accruing to localities who have, so to speak, municipalised their public-houses by placing them in the hands of the Public Trust."

"Then on the whole you are satisfied with the working of the Trust System?"

"More than satisfied. It is the only temperance reform which has been mooted in this country which has brought about immediate results, which promotes temperance, secures profits for the community, and does not alienate the brewers. Indeed, if the Trust were universal, the tied house, in which the brewer sinks so much capital at present, would be unnecessary, and we shall have achieved at the same time a great benefit to the public, the brewer, and temperance reform."

Interview with Earl Grey.
"Review of Reviews," October, 1904.

William T. Stead



Czar Ferdinand is regarded by his subjects as the "first of good Bulgarians" The son of Prince Auguste of Saxe Coburg, his mother was Princess Clementine, daughter of Louise Philippe of France, and he has been said to be "nine tenths a Frenchman"

This autograph photograph was presented by King Ferdinand to Mr Oliver Bainbridge

No. 310. Vol. LII.] [October, 1915.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1915.

Stupendous Figures.

The assembling of Parliament has cleared the air of the miasma of debilitating discussion which always rises during a recess. Parliament has its faults, but it spells "publicity," and rumours of Cabinet dissension speedily received their quietus—as would all other threatened troubles if Ministers would be frank and cease to surround themselves with obscurity. Mr. McKenna's Budget is Britain's answer to those who still wonder if we are in earnest. To meet an estimated expenditure for the coming financial year of £1,590,000,000 is serious enough in all conscience, and should absolve John Bull from any claim to be considered as a "slacker." The Chancellor anticipates the revenue to produce some 305 millions sterling, and this sum necessitates an increase in taxation to the tune of 83 millions, which will be produced by an "enveloping" movement:—



Punch.] [Melbourne.

Germany v. Civilisation.

Punch is of the opinion that when Fremiet designed the wonderful little statue of "The Gorilla and the Woman" he had a prophetic vision of the present situation.

(1) The Income-tax is to be increased 40 per cent. The exemption limit is reduced from £160 to £130, and the abatement limit from £160 to £120.

(2) The Super-tax is raised to 6s. 10d. on incomes of £100,000 and over. An income of this figure would pay £34,029.

(3) On War Profits there is imposed a tax of 50 per cent. This applies to all

such profits which have increased over the normal by more than £100.

(4) Taxes on Sugar, Tea, Tobacco, Coffee, Cocoa, Chicory, Dried Fruits, Petrol, Patent Medicines.

(5) Duties on imported luxuries: motors, cycles, watches, cinema films, plate glass, musical instruments, and hats.

(6) Increased Postal Rates affecting all the popular services.

The Budget meets with universal approval notwithstanding obvious faults. Under usual circumstances every item would be sharply challenged, but these added charges are much lighter than was anticipated, and Mr. McKenna has made it easier to extend the area of taxation if at a later day the financial position assumes a more urgent aspect.

Trust the Nation.

We are all, at last, settling down to the grim business of war. The amateur strategist is almost silent, and the soothsayers are conscious that fighting is become more important than prophecy. This is so much to the good, and the Government is slowly discerning the fact that the nation is ready to give its best—without stint—and only awaits direction. The nation has every confidence in the Government, and a wise Government will respond by encouraging and directing the purpose of every man and woman who is anxious to help. The task of utilising British brains and energy is truly a giant's task; but if the Government can bring itself to remember that it is the servant of the public, unnecessary friction will be avoided, and we can all get on with the business in hand—which is to defeat the enemy and win the war. There continues to be too much secrecy—too much silence—and this reserve is directly responsible for endless rumours, gratuitous advice and criticism which Ministers would avoid by treating Britons as grown-ups and not children. The straightforward statement issued after the Zeppelin raid allayed natural excitement, and the public will appreciate a similar treatment of the many issues which are enveloped in mystery. No sane person demands disclosure of military plans, nor regrets the suppression of information vital to the enemy's appreciation of our dispositions or intentions; but the ready sacrifice of the nation does entitle it to adequate and timely reports. The belated dispatches from Gallipoli, the intermittent revelations of the fighting in the Persian



The Bulletin.] [Sydney.

Ave, Imperator!

DISEASE: "Hail, master! I have slain my tens, but you have slain your thousands!"

Gulf, suggest that those in authority assume that the public can be ignored—this is the impudent assumption of officialdom, and by arousing resentment endangers national unity. It is our war, involving our sons, our liberty, and our money, and the Government must beware of indulging in a secrecy which is worse than futile; it serves no useful purpose, and engenders suspicion where confidence should reign.

Three Millions!!!

At last we are officially informed that three million men have responded to the call to arms. This is a splendid achievement, and Voluntaryism needs no higher testimonial. A moment's reflection reveals the tremendous social disturbance caused by such a transfer of men to the camps from all ranks of life. The ready response of women in taking their place in the office and factory has made this possible, and the commerce of the country goes on practically undisturbed. Would it were equally true of the family circle! Needless to say the Conscriptionist is not satisfied; argument will not move him from his position that every male should be available for the fighting line; to him three millions is a mere handful. Judging from the crowded streets, parks, and other public places, there are still another million young men who have not yet answered "the call." If, however, Britain is to mobilise every male of fighting age then her power of aiding her Allies—and herself—with money, munitions and food will be seriously affected. The Conscriptionist, like the daughters of the horse-leech, will still continue to cry, "Give! Give!" But the unguarded threat that labour must be coerced has given a check to the campaign.



The Bulletin] [Sydney.

The Incubus.

TIME: "How long! How long!"

Labour's Fears.

The fatuous opinion that "all strikers should be shot" underlies so much of the talk of the Conscriptionist that no wonder labour leaders show that they are not to be intimidated, and if more men are wanted the Government cannot ignore the warnings uttered by men of the standing of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Railwaymen's representative, at Westminster. To talk of striking when the country is at war is intolerable, and no patriot supports such an attitude at this time, but we must ask



The Quiz.] [Dublin.

David Before Saul (Welsh Style).

"David took an harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—*I. Samuel* xvi. 23.

ourselves a straight question—Have the employers ever considered the men's side until threatened with a stoppage of work? Any case in which this has happened is the exception proving the rule that Labour has had to fight its way unaided by Parliament, and in spite of private prejudice which still operates to deny it the bare justice of an impartial hearing. The Bishop of Lichfield in his pastoral letter says:—

We may speak as strongly as we like about the lack of patriotism among those who foment strikes and labour disputes, but there would be little fear of strikes if there were not a suspicion that unfair profits are being made out of the necessities of the nation.

If either employers or workmen are trying to get selfish advantage out of the present trouble the money they acquire is blood money, and a curse is on it.

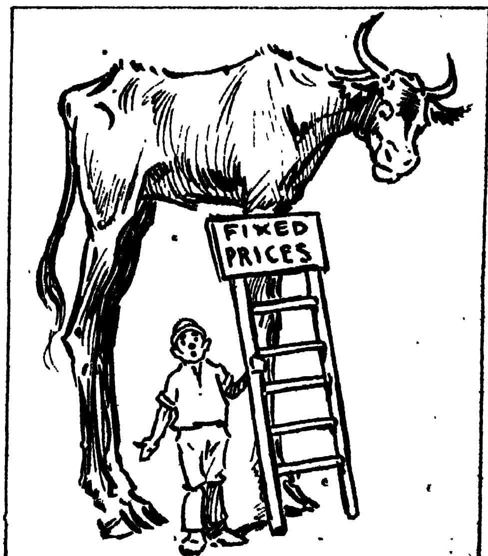
The threat to strike is the ready response to the threat of coercion, and reveals discordant interests which Ministers can modify by consulting both employers and workers and harnessing them, by the ties of good will, to the nation's chariot. Labour will not be found wanting, and we can heartily endorse the advice of Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., who said:—

Ministers, above all others, ought to set an example to the people. Sensible people are tired of these irritating controversies, and personally I am not going to be a party, in speech or interview, to this nursery nonsense. Let's get on with the war.

That is the only thing that counts—"Get on with the war." When that is finished it will be our task to take up the neglected duty of adjusting the rival claims of Capital and Labour. The Trades Unions are either cajoled, criticised or patronised. Labour should be made responsible in due measure for the conduct of national affairs; that is the just way and the only way to secure a real settlement.

More Men Wanted.

Lord Kitchener's demand for more men will be met without fuss or bother if the Government will consent to drop the present recruiting tactics and consult the municipal authorities. The plea advanced in these columns last month has met with encouraging support, and we have hope that the Government will note the practical sugges-



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Tall Meat and the Short Ladder.

THE WORKER: "No matter what I do with this ladder, I can't overtake a beast that grows so quickly."

tion of "mobilising the municipalities." The possibilities are summed up by the Mayor of Westminster (whose letter we print on page 284) in a few words as "one of the few sources of real and practical help of which the cost of working would be next to nothing." The example of the Mayor of Wandsworth speaks for itself, and proves the influence of our leading citizens, whose zeal and patriotism, for some unaccountable reason, the authorities choose to ignore.



Photo by] [*Hayne*

Mr. Archibald D. Dawnay,

Mayor of Wandsworth. One of the many Mayors who have succeeded in raising Battalions in their own Boroughs.

The Tsar as Generalissimo.

The favourite theory of our reactionaries that autocratic government is essential to victory has received rather a rude blow. The Russian people is equally concerned with its Allies to secure victory, and the act of the Tsar in placing himself at the head of his valiant army is a recognition that the national will must find expression even in the direction of military affairs. To casual thinkers this may appear paradoxical, but they forget that the Tsar himself is a Liberal, whose progressive tendencies are subject to the absolute checks of an autocratic bureaucracy, and it is the latter which must be defeated before victory can be assured. Autocracy is always fatal to Liberty (whether in Russia or Britain), and without freedom our fighting would be in vain. The Grand Duke goes to the Caucasus to take chargé of the campaign which has secured the division of the Turkish forces, and imposes upon them the disadvantage of fighting upon two fronts without the excellent communications which has enabled Germany to hold her own to such good purpose. The resistance of the Russian soldier under the stress of a protracted retreat calls forth universal praise. Handicapped by lack of equipment, buffeted for months, he nevertheless meets with unflinching heroism the rain of shells and the assaults of a vainglorious enemy. If this high courage emanates from the Slav spirit it will stand comparison with the noblest quality which can animate the proudest race. Overwhelmed and shattered he may be, but the Russian soldier gamely endures and defies defeat.

The German Drive.

During September the Austro-German forces continued their march eastward, but the victorious phalanx has at last received a check at many points along the long line,

which has broken to the disadvantage of the pursuer rather than the pursued. The resistance on the River Vilia enabled the Russian Army, practically surrounded, to retreat from Vilna eastward, and Hindenburg was out-manœuvred and his strategy frustrated. This striking success has inflicted very substantial damage upon the enemy, whose gigantic losses brings him no nearer the achievement of his plans. Further south Mackensen has had to yield ground, and General Ivanoff has materially improved his position in Galicia. So long as General Ruszky holds his own in the defence of Riga, the enemy cannot secure the railway communications between Riga and Lemberg, and his advance is made more precarious. There is much conjecture as to the objective of German strategy—Petrograd, Moscow, or Kiev? In a war of this magnitude no Headquarters Staff can control circumstances. These govern the direction of an ever-changing strategy. The necessity of securing a decision over the Russian Army compels the Germans to follow, and the absolute daily wastage makes their task harder and their ultimate defeat—from exhaustion—certain.



Cape Times.] [Cape Town.

When Will the War End?

Not till then!

Exhaustion.

In the early stages of the war General Joffre stated that attrition would be the deciding factor, and we are now in a position to estimate the meaning of that word when applied to the wearing-down of the armed might of the Central Powers. Joffre has proved himself right, and even the extraordinary efforts of the enemy only confirm the statement. Month after month the Germans have been condemned to maintain their line in the West, and whatever advantages they may have in defence, they see



Evening Post.] [Chicago

Oliver Twistovitch.



Simplicissimus.] [Munich.

The Metal Distraint.

"There will certainly be a winter campaign, children. They are taking the oven doors to shelter under."

their superiority dwindling until the balance of power swings slowly to the side of the Allies. German finance has become a synonym for a gamble involving the whole structure of the national credit, and when the end comes Germany will be faced with bankruptcy, and her credit can only be maintained by wholesale expropriation, and that spells revolution, even in docile Deutchsland. This is anticipation, but the determination of Germany to win the necessity of victory, the dependence on indemnities to redeem her position are all a measure of the strain which she is enduring. Her reserve of soldiers is automatically reduced with every fresh spurt; her trade is crippled beyond redemption while our Navy swims supreme, and her growing dependence on the material of war will hasten the end as surely as a crushing defeat in the field. Attrition is a slow process, but it grinds surely when a nation's energies are devoted to the destruction of life and capital.

Renewed Activity.

The operations in Flanders, which had developed into a continuous bombardment of the opposing line of trenches, have taken a striking turn to the advantage of the Allies Both French and British forces have broken through the German first line of defence notably near Lens and Arras resulting in the capture of 20,000 prisoners and many guns These tactics were initiated by the French, and for over five weeks the firing has been incessant, the Germans following suit and the British Fleet has co-operated by shelling the German positions along the Belgian coast This points to an adequate supply of shells, and a wise decision to avoid infantry actions unless such attacks are likely to lead to material gains There has been a lull in the fierce fighting on Gallipoli, and the advance is still held by the formidable natural obstacles which, so far, even the superhuman efforts



The High-explosive Shell Breaking Fortified Enemy Entrenchments

(Special Sphere Diagram)

of our men have been unable to surmount. From the Persian Gulf comes the welcome news of steady progress and the growing demoralisation of the enemy. A renewed attack on Egypt is threatened, but is highly improbable at this juncture. Italy is facing the heavy task with cheerful equanimity, and her troops continue to distract an increasing number of the enemy from the Eastern battle front.

The Balkan Barrier.

Serbia is once again threatened with invasion, and Germany proclaims her intention of marching to the support of her Turkish Ally. Bulgaria, as the buffer State, is immediately concerned in such a venture, for her borders must be crossed before relief can be brought to Constantinople. The Bulgarian mobilisation has aroused the attention of Greece and Roumania, who are hardly likely to remain spectators should Bulgaria attempt to take possession of Macedonia. If that *coup* be successful, then the new territories acquired by Greece and Roumania under the terms of the Treaty of Bucharest are imperilled, and the whole of the Balkan States would be dragged into conflict. The Bulgarian Premier intimates that the mobilisation is to ensure the armed neutrality of Bulgaria, and this may well be so, but the acquisition of territory from Turkey at this juncture is an unpropitious sign, and augurs for war rather than peace. Strong representations have been made to Tsar Ferdinand by the leaders of the Opposition that the country will not acquiesce in any policy which advantages the Central Powers. If Bulgaria can maintain her neutrality to the end of the war she will be in a position to claim her reward from the victorious side and have that claim allowed. Greece has immediately followed suit, and King Constantine and M. Venizelos are agreed that the national



Punch.] [Melbourne.

With the co-operation of the Lion.

[" Such a peace may come sooner than is expected. Even if it only gives an incomplete result, it will serve as a preparation. Further, it could be signed to-morrow if I wished it."—THE KAISER.]

THE LION: " Yes, William; you can have peace when you wish it—inside!"

interests call for energetic measures which, we hope, will prove purely precautionary. Greek mobilisation is a plain intimation that no one state is to have a "walk over" in the Balkans.

The President's Dilemma.

As we ventured to foretell last month, America's self-respect is the one factor which will operate to isolate German diplomacy in its blundering attempt to bludgeon the American people into acquiescence with murder: Dr. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, has been recalled to Vienna, and Count Bernstorff's activities for mischief are being circumscribed within very narrow limits. The "idiotic Yankees" cannot be expected to turn the other cheek to a smiter who esteems them easy dupes to any bogus concession which promises advantage to Germany alone. The sinking of the *Hesperian* convinced America that the pacific assurances of August were hollow pretensions of friendship offered by Powers which can only claim Turkey as a friend amongst all the nations. President Wilson's attempt to discriminate by dismissing Dr. Dumba and retaining Count Bernstorff must end in failure. The conspiracy against America's neutrality involves both plotters, and she cannot quarrel with one and continue cordial relationships with the other. The successful floating of the loan of 100 millions to assist the Allies is the true test of America's sympathy and identifies her with our cause,



London Opinion.] [By Bert Thomas

More Leg-Pulling.

VON TIRPITZ: "Good news, Sire. We have sunk another great liner!"
KAISER (*aside*); "Not so loud. I've just promised my friend Wilson I wouldn't do it again!"



The Passing Show.] [By Ivo Chesney

Waiting for Further Evidence.

"The President (Dr. Wilson) is taking the matter with his usual poise, and proposes to wait for all the evidence from London before he decides on his course of action."—*New York World.*

Mr. Balfour's assurance that our Navy has taken heavy toll of the German submarines explains the marked diminution of their activity, and Bernstorff's claim for credit has been heavily discounted.

Pulpit and Public.

The appointment of the Rev. S. W. Hughes to Westbourne Park Chapel marks the definite retirement of Dr. Clifford from his ministry. The veteran preacher has nobly sustained the most honorable traditions of Nonconformity, and his Catholic example has done much to extricate the chapel from the stigma of narrow parochialism. Dr. Clifford has inspired his generation, and we trust the day will be long deferred when his voice ceases to champion the great causes he has so long served. At the same time the City Temple loses the services of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and no successor is yet announced. The suggestion that Dr. Campbell is going to the Church of England marks the decline of that religious partisanship which has so frequently marred the cordial relationships which should exist between the various Christian Churches. A hundred years ago such a change would have heralded a campaign of uncharitableness, but to-day believers anxiously desire the close co-operation of all those who call and profess themselves Christians.

ENLISTING THE MUNICIPALITIES.

By Councillor BOOTH HEMMING, Mayor of Westminster.

THE efforts made by this country during the past twelve months to organise her resources in men, materials, and money have been very great, and in some directions admirably effective; there is, however, one sphere with immense possibilities which as yet has hardly been noted. I refer to the various municipalities and their use, combined, in this very work of organisation. So far, they have been freely used as "local centres" for many different objects—principally, I think, for the promotion of relief funds; but no attempt has been made to obtain from the hundreds of Mayors and Councils, whose duties bring them into intimate touch with the peculiar needs, resources, and capabilities of their own districts, particulars which might by this time have proved of incalculable value and might have saved the country enormous sums expended on roundabout ways of gaining information. Nor has the cooperation of the thousands of business men belonging to these assemblies been invited.

It appears too often to be the case that the authorities are inclined to ignore bodies whose activities in days of peace are perhaps rather local than national, forgetting that those whose daily business it is to control the affairs of any *part* of the community naturally possess special knowledge of vital interest to the *whole* in a time of national emergency such as the present. A body of Councillors, some of them employers, others highly-placed employees, would in a few minutes by their chosen representative place before the authorities of any Government office ore concise details as to the conditions of labour and of life in general in their neighbourhood than could ever be gathered by the haphazard methods which at present seem to prevail; not only so, but by the fact of the business men of each municipality being brought into closer touch with national requirements, active co-operation would result in any proposed scheme, for there is not the slightest doubt that their services would be willingly given. Here are the means ready to hand; the number of ways in which they might be used will occur to anyone after a little thought. The density of the population; the chief industries; the class of men who could most easily be spared for War-service of any description; the number of houses available for billeting; the number of aliens; the areas of land suitable for cultivation (a matter hitherto neglected, but which may be of greater significance than we seem to realise); these, and a score of other points, might at a word from the Government be at their disposal, to be the basis of quick and decisive action whenever necessary. This should have been done, one is compelled to think, a year ago; but it is perhaps not too late to make the suggestion, for I have seen, again and again, opportunities wasted, time and money needlessly spent, when an enquiry or two in the proper quarters would have brought the happiest results.

The authorities, it is to be feared, are still hampered by precedent and the fear of novelty; in a matter such as this, however, there could be no possible danger or imprudence, and it is one of the few sources of real and practical help of which the cost of working would be next to nothing.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Aug. 21.—British charges to seize Anafarta hills; inability to hold the position gained.

Aug. 22.—German lines penetrated on the crests of the Schratzmannele and the Barrenkopf.

German occupation of Ossovetz.

Aug. 22–23.—German destroyer sunk off Zeebrugge.

Aug. 23.—German batteries at Zeebrugge bombarded by British warships.

Stations at Tergnier and Noyon bombarded by French aeroplanes.

Fall of Georgievsk announced.

Aug. 24.—Bombardment by French aeroplanes of Offenburg and Lorrach railway stations.

Aug. 25.—Attack on shell factory at Dilligen by French aeroplanes.

Air raid by Allies on Houthulust Forest; three German ammunition sheds destroyed

Aug. 26. German submarine destroyed by aviator Bigsworth off Ostend.

Bombardment by French aeroplanes of gas factory at Dornach and of Saint Baussant and Essey (Woevre)

Evacuation of Brest Litovsk and of Olita announced.

Aug. 27.—Electric installation at Mulheim bombarded by French aviators

Aug. 27 28. Capture by British of tactical feature commanding the Biyuk-Anafarta valley.

Aug. 28.—Bombardment by French aviators of German works at Ostend, etc.

Raid on Paris by German aeroplanes defeated; one enemy aeroplane destroyed.

Aug. 27–30.—Russian successes on the whole front in Eastern Galicia announced.

Sept. 1. Promise by Germany to warn passenger liners before attack by submarines announced.

Luneville, open town, bombarded by four German aeroplanes.

Luzk occupied by the enemy.

Island of Ruad, Syria, occupied by the French.

Series of successes of Allies in the Cameroons announced.

Sept. 1–2.—Incendiarism and murder of Armenians by the Turks at Nicomedia (Imid), Asia Minor.

Sept. 2.—Russian success on the Strypa reported.

Bielostok reported to be evacuated.

German attack on Grodno and outer forts reported to have fallen.

Sinking of four Turkish transports by British submarines in the Dardanelles announced.

Sept. 3.—Violent mutual bombardment at many points on the Western front.

Friedrichstadt evacuated by the Russians.

Fighting resumed near Grodno.

Sept. 4.—Allan liner *Hesperian* torpedoed by enemy submarine off the Irish coast; 32 missing.

Special Conference on National Defence at Petrograd; declaration by the Tsar of "War until victory is complete."

Sept. 5.—Failure of enemy attempts at assuming the offensive on Russia's new front.

Bombardment of barracks of Dieuze and Morhange by French aircraft.

Four Turkish colliers sunk by Russian destroyers in the Black Sea.

Turkish destroyer *Yagh Hissar* sunk by submarine in the Sea of Marmora.

Sept. 6.—Command in the field assumed by the Tsar.

Factories, etc., at Saarbrücken bombarded by forty French aeroplanes.

Italian decree declaring cotton absolute contraband of war issued.

Avowal by Dr. Dumba, Austrian Ambassador at Washington, of complicity in plot to interfere with munition plants in the United States.

Sept. 7.—Raid over Eastern counties by three Zeppelins; 17 deaths and 43 injured.

Harrison liner *Dictator* sunk.

U 27, submarine which sank the *India*, regarded as lost.

Bombardment of Belgian coast by British fleet; and bombardment by British and French naval airmen of aviation sheds at Ostend.

Bombs dropped on station and military establishments at Freiburg.

Russian victory near Tarnopol.

Withdrawal of the Austrians from the Sereth "before superior forces."

Sept. 8.—Zeppelin raid on London district; 20 deaths and 86 injured.

The Grand Duke Nicholas appointed Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus and General Alexieff Chief of Russian General Staff.

Sept. 9.—German defeat in the region of La Fontaine aux Charmes, Argonne.

Austrian evacuation of Rovereto, Tyrol.

German reservist, Gustav Stahl, *Lusitania* perjurer, who pleaded guilty, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at New York.

Sept. 10.—Bombardment of enemy's batteries at Bois de Nonnenbruck by French aviators.

Attack on Nancy by enemy aeroplanes

Germany's reply to the United States on the *Arabic* crime, refusing to recognise obligations for compensation for the death of American citizens

Recall of Dr. Dumba demanded by President Wilson.

Sept. 11.—Zeppelin raid on the East coast; no casualties.
Aviation sheds at Brayelle bombarded by French aeroplanes.
Sept. 12.—Violent bombardment of Ramscapelle and other places.
Bombardment of Ghent and destruction of cotton factory by Allies' aviators.
Sept. 13.—Bombs dropped on East coast by Zeppelin; no casualties.
French air raids on Trèves and Dommary Baroncourt
Fighting in progress for the Vilna-Dvinsk-Petrograd railway.
Sept. 14.—Railway cut by the enemy at Novo Sventysany, between Vilna and Dvinsk.
Capture by the Russians of 17,000 prisoners on the River Sereth front announced.
Sept. 15.—Desperate fighting in Galicia, enemy driven across the Strypa.
Sept. 16.—Sinking of Submarine E7 by the enemy announced.
Fleet of Turkish sailing ships laden with ammunition sunk by Russian torpedo-boats near Sinope, Black Sea.
Sept. 17.—Raid by two French aviators on Donaueschwingen-Villingen railway; troop train trapped.
Vidsy occupied by enemy troops.
General evacuation of the Trentino as result of the Italian advance begun.
Sept. 18.—Bridges at St. Michel destroyed by French artillery.
Capture of Vilna by the enemy announced.
Austrian defeat at Derajino, Rowno region.
Italian success near the Fiorentini Inn, north-west of Arsiero.
Sept. 19.—Bombardment of Belgian coast by the British fleet.
Nine air combats on the British front; two hostile aeroplanes brought down.
Violent shelling of German lines on the French front at many points.
Sept. 20.—Footing on right bank of the Aisne-Marne Canal won by the French.
Heavy fighting reported in Dvinsk region.
Sinking by Russians of Turco-German submarine in the Black Sea announced.
German submarine reported to have sunk by mistake another German submarine painted like an English submarine, near Island of Utsine.
Sept. 21.—Station at Bansdorf Junction bombarded by nineteen aeroplanes.
German blockhouse destroyed in the Forest of Apremont.
Proclamation to the inhabitants of Lodz issued by the German Governor threatening penalties for propaganda against German authority.
Failure of German attempt to encircle Vilna army.
Publication of dispatch from General Sir Ian Hamilton on Gallipoli operations, May 5—June 30.
Sept. 14-22.—Capture by Russians on the Styr front of 26,400 prisoners.
Sept. 22.—Bombs dropped by French airmen on railway station at Conflans and on enemy's cantonment at Middelkerke.
Bombs dropped by French aeroplanes on Stuttgart Royal Palace and station.
Effective fire on German trenches on Western front at several points.
Smorgono retaken by the Russians.
Sept. 23.—Effective bombardment of enemy's trenches north of St Hilaire.
Intense reciprocal bombardment in Roye and Quennevières district.
German trenches penetrated near Souchez.
British air raid on enemy's communications near Valenciennes; railway damaged.
Bombardment by French aeroplanes of railway stations of Offenburg, Conflans, and Vouziers; also enemy cantonments at Langemarck and Middelkerke.
Luzk recaptured by the Russians.
Austrians east of Luzk forced to retreat to west bank of River Styr.
Austrians defeated in Volhynia.
Germans driven out of Vilicka, east of Vilna.
Severe battle in progress in region between Riga and Dvinsk.
Enemy position on Monte Coston captured by Italians.
Sept. 24.—Violent bombardment of German lines in France; ground gained in La Bassée.
Bombardment by the French of enemy's positions between the Somme and the Oise.
Bombs dropped on Bruges by Allies' aircraft.
Furious fighting along the front of the Dvinsk positions.
Sept. 25.—Zeebrugge bombarded by the British.
General attack on the German lines on the Western front.
Enemy positions west of Loos and Hulluch successfully attacked by the British; 5 miles of trenches taken; also 9 guns and 2,600 prisoners.
French advance in Champagne on front of nearly 17 miles; 12,000 prisoners taken.
French progress between Lens and Arras, near Souchez, announced.
Longuichine re-occupied by the Russians.
Sept. 26.—Trains near Loffres and at Rosult bombed by British aeroplanes.
Valenciennes railway station bombarded.
Quarries north-west of Hulluch re-taken by the British.
Souchez occupied by the French, and advances made eastwards in direction of Givenchy and southwards to La Folle.
Fresh points gained in Champagne.
Brody, Galicia, evacuated by the Austrians.
Sept. 27.—British captures on Western front now amount to 2,800 men, 58 officers, 18 guns, and 32 machine guns.

Mr. Bainbridge's article should remove any absurd fancies that Bulgaria is only "half civilised." Her progress has been remarkable since the efforts of Russia and Britain entitled her to claim the right of "a free and independent State."

THE BULGARIANS.

By OLIVER BAINBRIDGE,

Author of "India To-day," "Rambles in Thoughtland," "The Heart of China," etc., etc.

"No other country has travelled so far and so fast the last one-third of a century as Bulgaria.

"The Bulgarians are tolerant towards other nations and towards all religions. They are thrifty, economical, home loving. They have initiative and sound judgment, and desire to attain to the best things in government."—Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ex-President of the United States.

"The Bulgarians possess more common-sense than any other people whom I know."—The Rt. Hon. SIR FRANK LASCELLES, ex-British Minister to Bulgaria.

"Sternly practical, thrifty, and without wild ideals, they may not be the most attractive of the Balkan races, but they possess qualities which must tell in the long run, and which should one day secure them, under proper government, the foremost place in the history of the peninsula."—WILLIAM MILLER, M.A. (Oxon), *The Balkans*.

"It may be safely asserted that nothing more remarkable has occurred in modern Europe than the resuscitation of the Bulgarians, the capacity they have already shown for self-government, and the results they have already achieved." The Rt. Hon. LORD EVERSLEY.

THE advanced state of democracy attained in Bulgaria proves that centuries of tyranny have not unfitted the Bulgars for self-government. All lovers of freedom are delighted with the prudence they have shown and the enormous success which has attended their efforts. A million and a quarter sterling over expenditure during the first eleven years of their independence is a record in financial administration which I respectfully recommend to the favourable notice of Mr. Lloyd George. They have a single chamber, known as the Sobranje, the members of which are elected by universal manhood suffrage. The assent of the Czar is required for all laws passed by the Sobranje. Eight Ministers, who are nominated by and are responsible to the Czar, form a Council in which the executive power is vested.

The Czar Ferdinand, who is highly distinguished for the penetration of his intellect, has made Bulgaria. Those who know the inside history of that country during the last twenty-eight years will agree with H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain that he has built it up commercially, attracted money to it for railroads and industrial development, and administered its finances as ably as he administers his own private fortune.

During the conversations which I have had with his Majesty I was impressed with that sanguine temperament, that spirit of self-reliance, that fearless determination which has enabled him to transform Bulgaria from a condition of weakness and poverty into a progressive and flourishing country.

The Czar has been ably assisted during the last seven years by the Czaritsa Eleonore, the royal Florence Nightingale, who has taught us that the first element of true culture is utility, and that we should think more of others and less of ourselves. During the two Balkan wars she travelled incognito over the lines of transport to see the wounded accommodated, and, whenever possible, helped in the operating room, where her gentle presence cheered and encouraged the sufferers. It would have done a great many of our ladies in the West, who fritter away their lives in purposeless inaction and aimless pleasure, a world of good if they had seen the enthusiasm which this Royal lady inspired as she moved amid scenes of loathsome disease and death.

Her Majesty told me, with much amusement, that some of the peasants, who are anything but paragons of cleanliness, were not altogether pleased with her efforts to inculcate

ideas of sanitation, and referred to her as "that meddlesome nurse up at the Palace."

The Czar is the constitutional head of the State, the real power being in the people. The State is divided into twelve districts, at the head of which there is a Prefect who is appointed by the Czar on the recommendation of the Minister of the Interior.



The Queen in Royal Robes.

The moment Bulgaria attained her independence she instituted a system of free and compulsory education, for she knew that it was the basis of National destiny, and when we remember that the Bulgarian peasantry depend upon the help of their own families to till their farms we can form a faint idea of the sacrifices they make in order to send their children to school. There are agricultural schools to which model farms are attached at Sadovo and at Roustchouk, while at Philippopolis there is a school open to young men who wish to take up fruit growing. Priests and village schoolmasters are compelled to take a course in agriculture. Students, when they travel separately on the railways, are allowed a reduction of 50 per cent. on the price of the ordinary ticket, and when they travel in parties of ten or more, and are accompanied by one of their teachers, they are allowed a reduction of 75 per cent. The railways are State property and are under State management. If we take into account the new lines in course of construction and the others that are planned Bulgaria has more lines of railway than Serbia, Greece and Turkey put together.

The adolescent University of Sofia has three faculties—History and Philology, Physics and Mathematics, and Law. It is attended by 2.000 students, of whom 300 are women, and there are 60 professors and lecturers. The 5,450 educational institutions in Bulgaria, which include some of the finest high school buildings in the world, have a staff of 13,500 teachers and are attended by 580,000 students—315.000 boys and 215,000 girls. I was much surprised with the attention and the intelligence of the students, each one of whom seemed to be imbued with the magnificent idea that they must build their character for themselves, and the State is rendering an incomparable service by enabling them to build it upon firm foundations and with enduring materials.

There are National libraries at Sofia and Philippopolis and over one thousand reading-rooms throughout the State. In the important centres they have courses of public lectures which are always greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences.

Bulgaria is pre-eminently an agricultural country. Out of a population of nearly five millions, about three millions are engaged in cultivating their own farms, which rarely ever exceed six or seven acres. They have fixity of tenure, paying one-tenth of the gross produce by way of rent, which seems a most cumbersome system. The Government is theoretically the owner of the land, and can resume possession in the event of the holder not being able to pay his tithe. The Agricultural Bank, which has many branches and agencies throughout Bulgaria, has met with the greatest success. It not only advances sums to farmers to buy cattle, seeds and agricultural implements but very often does the buying for them.

The grains cultivated are wheat, maize, barley, rye, oats, rice and millet. The principal industrial plants are tobacco, roses and beetroot. I was particularly interested in the rose crop, for I had often heard of the famous Bulgarian Atta made from the red and white roses gathered in the gardens of Kazanlik, Karlovo, Klissoura and Starazagora. It takes a ton and a half of roses to

make a pound of oil, which is obtained after three distillations. It is a deep golden colour, and the odour is so pungent that it produces a sense of giddiness. The oil is placed in leaden bottles and sent to the perfume emporiums in Paris and London, where it is used to form the basis of a thousand different scents. The girls who gather the roses make jam and syrup from the petals, which are very delicious, but a trifle too sweet for my Western palate.

There is not a high standard of comfort among these simple peasant farmers, whose clothing is homespun and whose footgear is made of the pelts from which the wool is taken. Even the more well-to-do are content to live in plainly furnished cottages with mud floors.

During my visit to some of these houses I could not help but think if all of us were rigorously to put down the share of our expenditure which buys for us what we really want and what we genuinely enjoy and habitually make use of, and then if we were to put down also the expenditure that surrounds us for form's sake, with things that we do not use or enjoy, but that the customs of our social circle require of us, we should be surprised at the amounts that might have been saved by fidelity to our own instincts. Simplicity of taste and the courage of one's opinions will make thrift comparatively easy. It is this spirit of thrift which the Bulgarians exercise so wisely that is always a sign of strength of character. It presupposes the cultivation of habits of self-control. The man who has sufficient mastery over himself to compel himself to save will have gained, by the exercise of his will, a strength that is of more value than the money he has accumulated, though the money will be an additional reason for feeling free and master of the world instead of enslaved by it.


The Queen as Nurse.

The Bulgarians have a firm idea of right and wrong. If a man is asked to do anything which is not approved by the master of his soul, he only says, "I cannot—it would be shame." He cannot tell you why it would be shame; he knows that he would suffer, and he does not trouble himself with complex explanations. It is this mould of thought which influences the whole current of life and movement in Bulgaria. And it is because they have made God their partner they have been able to give us such lessons in courage and self-sacrifice, and show that noble toleration of religions other than their own, Mahommedans, Greeks, Jews, Roman Catholics, Armenians and Protestants all enjoy complete religious freedom in Bulgaria. The national faith is that of the Orthodox Bulgarian Church, which is governed by the Synod of Bishops under the Presidency of an Exarch. The late Exarch Joseph was one of the greatest men of modern Bulgaria. He guided the destinies of the Church for the last thirty years with such tact and courage that all Bulgarians were drawn to him in an attitude of respectful affection.

His Beatitude, who received me at the Palace of the Holy Synod, impressed me as a man who had accustomed himself to the thoughtful and quiet study of human nature, as well as having a wide experience in politics, which I think is amply revealed by the intellectual and material progress made by the Bulgarians in Macedonia. When I mentioned some of the charges that the Balkan States had made to me against one another he said: "I am afraid, Mr. Baingbridge, that you will find the deviation from truthfulness has not been sufficiently guarded against."

The Exarch and bishops are chosen for life by secret ballot in which laymen are

permitted to cast their vote as well as the clergy.

The ecclesiastical authorities exercise complete jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to marriage and divorce. According to canonical laws, the legal age for contracting marriage is fixed at nineteen years for boys and seventeen years for girls. The Bulgarians are generous lovers who trust as fully as they love. They realise that there must be much in another's life which they cannot know and cannot share however closely it may be bound with their own, and they are willing and glad to accord it perfect freedom. Relying on its character and confiding in its love, they put it to no test, they seek for no fresh proofs, they demand no signs to confirm it nor evidences to verify it. They give freely of the wealth of love in their own hearts, but they never bargain or pause to consider whether they receive the full price of the love they pour out. Yet it is to them that the full measure of affection is given, "pressed down, shaken together, running over." Demanding nothing, exacting nothing, they receive abundantly; while they who are ever grasping lose all.

Bulgarian women, who present a charming picture in their white head-dresses, short embroidered kirtles and lace petticoats, do not indulge in flirtation which is the intermediary between companionship and courtship and a mockery of both. They believe the secret chambers of the heart are too sacred for the imps of flirtation to gambol in.

The Bulgarians, even if they have to struggle hard, lead a life which is almost ideally happy. The great thing which gives happiness is mutual confidence, and, when we see man and wife exhibiting quiet and mutually respectful familiarity, we may be fairly certain that they are to be looked on as most fortunate in the world.

Divorce is very rare in Bulgaria, where it may be obtained on several grounds. It delights me to be able to state that parties who have been found guilty of adultery are not allowed to marry their accomplices, and if we in the West would adopt this very wise law and punish these home-wreckers a disgusting blot would be removed from the brow of our civilisation.

The pure life led by the Bulgarians accounts for them being such a strong and healthy race. Mr. G. Aird Whyte, of Edinburgh, who spent several months with a medical mission in the Balkans, in writing to me says that "physically they are in many ways superior to other nations. They have a sound constitution and lack the 'nervous system,' so that there were few cases of collapse in our hospitals. I came across only one case of vomiting after chloroform of all the cases that passed through our operating theatre at Mustapha Pasha. Out of nearly two thousand men who passed through the hospital, with the exception of those who had emigrated and returned to fight, only two had bad teeth—a good index of the general health of a nation. Out of the same number of cases there was one suspected of a venereal disease."

No city in the East has undergone such a magic transformation as Sofia. Prior to the emancipation of the Bulgars it was a small Turkish town of 20,000, with narrow, dirty streets. There was practically no trade and the people were in a hideous state of poverty. The city which has now risen up has a population of about 125,000 and is rapidly becoming one of the best in Eastern Europe. Architecturally it has far more claims to respect than is at first apparent. The streets, which are well paved and beautifully clean, are too narrow for the adequate display of the fine proportions of the Czar's Palace, the National Theatre, the General Post Office, the War Office, the Bulgarian National Bank, the William Gladstone High School for Boys, the Grand Hotel de Bulgarie, the National Agricultural Bank, the Sobranje, and many other public buildings which are of fine sandstone. The ecclesiastical edifices are of remarkable beauty, especially the new cathedral.

Sofia can boast of every modern convenience, including telephones, public motors, and electric trams. One afternoon I went with a Bulgarian friend for a tram ride and witnessed a very touching but not uncommon scene in Bulgaria. Among the passengers there was a pretty but sad-faced little woman dressed in deep mourning, and just as I was weaving a history around her and figuring upon putting her in my book the tram stopped and on got two pals whom I afterwards discovered had fought side by side through both of those bloody Balkan wars. One of them was on a crutch and using a cane. He looked like the wreck of Imperialism. One leg was gone and the balance of him was travelling not far behind. His eyes were bright with an unnatural lustre. He seemed to be journeying with both Life and Death and not receiving much attention

from either. When the lady in mourning saw them the dustless air vexed her eyes. His companion was bandaged chin, jaws and throat to the thickness of several towels His hands and wrists were a mass of sores which showed that he was no stranger to pain. After we had gone about three-quarters of a mile the lady in mourning stepped quickly over to one of the poor wrecked fragments of humanity and said, almost in a whisper, "Do you ever accept any help?" and without waiting for a reply placed a piece of paper money in his bony hand and hurriedly left the tram He was too overcome to say "Thank you," and he gazed at his companion in misfortune while a gleam of mingled surprise and gratitude came over his haggard, chalky face. It seemed strange that these two beings, who appeared to be in need of everything, were not asking anything, but that is the way in this land of many virtues.

The photographs accompanying this article, together with the frontispiece portrait of Czar Ferdinand, are reproduced by permission of Mr Bainbridge, who holds the copyright



"Commercial" Street, Sofia.

OUR CITIZEN ARMY.

THE VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS.



Proficiency Badge
Designed by Mr S J
Solomon R A

"Your country needs you" if of military age and during the past year the way of the camp and battlefield, has been discovered by Young Britain, whose record of bravery and devotion attests their allegiance to the land that bore them. The first flush of youth has gone at forty, but the love one bears for the homeland is not a matter of years; the steady fires of patriotism burn brighter through all, and the hazards of the present time evoke its passionate expression in all classes. The most practical indication of this feeling is the spontaneous growth of the Volunteer Training Corps formed, for the most part, of men above military age who have been moved to make ready against a foe whose discipline and resolution demand like qualities in those who would oppose them.

The possibilities of such a force were first recognised by Mr. Percy A. Harris (who has long served his fellow-citizens on the London County Council), and "a letter to *The Times*" secured such a response that the success of the movement was immediately assured. A powerful Committee was formed, with Lord Desborough as President, the Public Trustee as Treasurer, and General Sir O'Moore Creagh (only recently retired from the position of Commander-in-Chief in India) as Military Adviser. The one thing lacking was Government recognition, and whatever irritation may have been caused, the fair-minded critic must admit that the responsibilities of the War Department have been so overwhelming that some delay was inevitable. This last phase of the Volunteer movement surpassed the enlistment provoked by the threat of invasion by Napoleon, when our grandfathers were ready to take their place as a second line of defence to the first if need be. The old spirit lives in their sons and grandsons, who, surrendering their "slippered ease," devote their scant leisure to the serious task of soldiering.

After considerable consultation and some agitation the War Office was minded to grant the necessary recognition in November last, and this was embodied in the following rules restricting the character of the organisation: —

1. It is to be clearly understood that only the names of those can be registered who are not eligible through age to serve in the Regular or Territorial Army, or are unable to do so for some genuine reason, which is to be recorded in the Corps Register, in the case of the latter, they must agree in writing to enlist if specially called upon to do so.

2. No arms, ammunition or clothing will be supplied from public sources, nor will financial assistance be given.

3. There may be uniformity of dress among members of individual organisations provided that no badges of rank are worn, and provided that the dress is distinguishable from that of Regular and Territorial Units.

4. Members of recognised organisations will be allowed to wear as a distinctive badge a red armlet of a breadth of three inches with the letters G R inscribed thereon. The badge will be worn on the left arm above the elbow.

5. The accepted military ranks and titles will not be used or recognised, and no uniform is to be worn except when necessary for training.

6. No form of attestation involving an oath is permitted.

7. It will be open to Army Recruiting Officers to visit the Corps at any time and to recruit any members found eligible for service with the Regular Army whose presence in the Corps is not accounted for by some good and sufficient reason.

To many volunteers this was regarded as the text of a grudging concession, but it enabled those responsible for the Central Association to prosecute the three

objects for which they had devised the movement:—

1. To assist recruiting for the Regular and Territorial Army.

2. To encourage men not of age for service in the Regular Forces, or, if of age for service, who have a genuine reason for not joining the Regular Army, to form themselves into Volunteer Corps in order to learn, in their spare time, the elements of military drill, and rifle shooting.

3. To organise the various Volunteer Corps throughout the country into Battalions and Regiments, taking as the geographical basis of such Organisation the County area; to provide Rules and Regulations for such Volunteer Corps; to secure their military efficiency; to act as a connecting link between them and the War Office and to enforce such Regulations as the War Office may issue.

In spite of many assertions to the contrary, it must be stated the Association has rendered incalculable service to the country in stimulating recruiting. As many as 1,600 men originally members of the Sheffield V.T.C. have joined the colours, and their places have been taken by those above military age, and this is but a sample of the work done during the past year, and continued day after day with no suggestion of reward other than a knowledge of duty well done.

That the Association has achieved its second object is not open to doubt; the numbers affiliated are rapidly approaching half a million, representative of every class in the community. The membership of each unit involves considerable self-sacrifice of time, money, convenience, business or pursuit—which spirit is the ultimate guarantee of efficiency.



Mr. Percy A. Harris.

The wearing of a uniform is not obligatory, but even the poorest are ready to do all in their power to add to the prestige of their corps, and the men are getting together and equipping themselves in a most creditable way. The distinguishing

badge, bearing the initials "G.R." is now a recognised feature of every thoroughfare in the Kingdom, and the man in the street views with respect the artistic ornament, designed by that distinguished Royal Academician, Mr. Solomon Joseph Solomon, and worn as a token of proficiency. Each man undertakes to remain a member until the end of the war, and to assimilate the necessary military discipline by means of drill and rifle practice, the proficiency badge being granted on the completion of no less than forty drills and passing muster as a second-class shot.

The confusion which threatened the uniformity of the various corps scattered throughout the Kingdom is obviated by the presence of General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., as Military Adviser, and his suggestions to the local commandants are an indication that the V.T.C. will, in an emergency, be called upon to share the burden so well borne by their comrades in the King's Army. These suggestions, needless to say, have been loyally received as instructions, and the problems of defence are based upon a local knowledge of the vulnerable points, and all matters that would be useful to a military force acting in the neighbourhood.

The Corps have now been linked up into Regiments, the County being taken as the area of organization. Amongst the Lords Lieutenant and others who are acting as Presidents of their respective County Committees are the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Lincolnshire, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore and Major-General Lord Ranksborough; whilst amongst the Regimental Commandants, the Volunteer title for the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, are Generals Sir Josceline Wodehouse, Sir James Marten and Sir R. Harrison.

The V.T.C. sets an example to every citizen: it provides the simplest means whereby every man above military age can place himself at the disposal of his country; and if the Government are enabled to carry on without the imposition of some form of National Service or Conscription, it will be mainly due to the V.T.C. In discussing the vexed question of conscription in these columns three months ago it was stated that, if Lord Kitchener deems it necessary to call upon the men between forty and fifty years of age, a million men will respond. Already half that number is in training with the V.T.C., and the slightest encouragement will double the number. Volunteer efforts in the past have been fated to secure the scant approval of military authorities and the tardy appreciation of the public, but this war has shown that the volunteer, by whatever name he is known, is made of the same stuff as the soldier heroes who have secured the lasting foundations of our Island Empire.



Reproduced by permission of the Hampstead Volunteer Reserve

THE MUNITION MAKERS' CANTEEN.

HOW THE SINEWS OF WAR ARE PROVIDED FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

By ONE OF THE HELPERS.

A WORK little known but most important in its service to the country at this time, when all effort to promote the output of munitions is a step towards the cessation of hostilities, is the canteen work being done by hundreds of ladies throughout the country. It has been officially stated that in factories where these canteens are working the output has increased and that the sale of intoxicating liquor has decreased as a consequence.

One of the first to realise the necessity of providing munition workers with good food on the spot was Lady Lawrence, and in the early part of this year she approached Woolwich, Enfield, and various other munition centres, and requested that she should be allowed to organise canteens in the works where the workers could be served with food and drink, for a small charge, during their working hours. The suggestion was in every case enthusiastically taken up by those in authority, and since May twelve canteens have been started at different works throughout the country. Most of these are still under Lady Lawrence's direct control, but in one or two cases after being set going, they have been taken over by a committee of local ladies. The Munition Makers' Canteen is one of the organisations recognised by the Board of Control, and is now working under the Munitions Board.



Photo by] [Lafayette.

Lady Lawrence.

The work is all voluntary and requires an enormous amount of organisation, as although some of the helpers are women of leisure, the majority are workers themselves, and can only give one or two days or nights per week. Many helpers, too, are continually dropping out and must be replaced. The work of arranging just the right number for each shift is no light one, so that the secretaries for the various canteens are kept very busy.

As Woolwich has one of the largest canteens and was the first centre to have one, I will describe it in more detail. The day helpers arrive at about 2 p.m., and at once set to work preparing for the first visit to the workshops, which takes place at four o'clock. Fifty helpers are required for the day shift and the same number for the night. About 500 ladies are on the books.

Here the old Fire Station has been converted for the canteen, which started in one small portion and has now spread over the whole building. One part is fitted as a kitchen; in the large central portion the cakes are stored, here along the wall are several large boilers for heating the water. A small room at the side is used for storing mineral waters. For each afternoon or night one lady is made responsible for making the tea and coffee: about thirty pounds of tea is used for two shifts and twelve gallon jars of coffee essence. Another lady is responsible for the cake, and has to superintend the cutting, which is no small task as 15 cwt. of cake is used in the two shifts. Another looks after the minerals; over 200 dozen bottles are used in a day, and about 66 gallons of milk, as several of the men, especially in the forges, prefer milk to any other drink One lady does the catering and one lady is in charge of the shift; she has to count the money, allot the helpers to the trolleys, and see that all is carried out in order. At Woolwich milk trolleys are used; a captain and two assistants are needed for each trolley. One large motor trolley and a horse van are used to take the food and drink to the larger and more distant shops. Each trolley has a large milk can full of tea or coffee, several bottles of mineral waters, and two wooden boxes full of cake, biscuits and rolls, a basket hangs at the side for tin cups.

By 3.30 the trolleys are ready. Soon after the helpers start off on their rounds so as to be outside the shops by four o'clock when the first break occurs. They take up their stand just opposite the door, and as soon as four strikes the men crowd round and business is brisk for half an hour. The helpers all agree in praising the behaviour of the men, and have always found them most obliging and appreciative.

As soon as the helpers get back to the canteen with their trolleys they load up again for the next round, which takes place at 5.30. After this round is over everything that has not been sold is returned to the canteen, the trolleys thoroughly cleaned, the urns polished and put away ready for the night shift. The motor trolley and horse van have one more round at seven and then the afternoon work is over. Night helpers come on at 2 a.m. The work at Woolwich is to be extended still further, and before long ten stalls are to be opened at different parts of the Arsenal, these will have their own stores and will lighten the trolley work a good deal.

The success of this canteen is largely due to the untiring efforts of the capable Honorary Secretary, Miss Brisco, and the two working Committee ladies, Miss Webster and Miss Christabel Eaton.

At Enfield the work is organised in the same manner; here the canteen is only open at night and not more than 25 to 30 helpers are necessary at a time.

The helpers travel to and fro from Liverpool Street, leaving at midnight and returning about 6.40 a.m. They visit the shops twice during the night and very eerie it is walking with one's trolley in the darkness by the side of the canals which thread the Works, and waiting outside the shops for the whistle to "stop work." At Enfield the men have only a quarter of an hour, so business is even more hurried than at Woolwich. Trolleys and urns are cleaned, until recently in the very dim light between four and five o'clock, but now a new kitchen has been put up.

At another Munition Factory, where girls are employed, large dining rooms have been built, these are fitted with buffet, tables and forms, a kitchener or large gas stove, and a piano. Here the girls are served with a substantial dinner and tea at 12 o'clock and 5 o'clock in the day, and 12 o'clock at night and 4.30 o'clock in the morning. The girls all come to the dining rooms, so the work is more centralised, and fewer helpers are needed, about ten for each dining room in the day time, when all food has to be prepared, and six at night are all that are necessary.

The helpers at these centres have the harder work; tables have to be laid, food

prepared, special cooks preside over this section in the day and leave all ready for the night shift helpers, who only have to warm it up. Potatoes have to be peeled, vegetables washed, fruit prepared, etc. As soon as the girls come in, one of the helpers takes round the tea, which is provided for both meals, the others are at the buffet serving Some of the girls bring their own dinners, these have to be warmed up ready for them by 12 o'clock. The girls have an hour off for dinner but are generally finished in a little over half an hour, and whilst some of them sleep or work, others dance whilst one of the helpers or one of the girls plays the piano. Sometimes they sing, and very fine singing it is, as one or two have good voices.

As soon as the girls have gone back to the shops, cleaning up commences. Two hundred cups and saucers, meat plates and pudding plates have to be washed up, tables rubbed down and laid for tea, buffet set out afresh, bread and butter cut, scones heated, etc The girls have half an hour for tea, after which the tables are cleared again, the two hundred cups and saucers unending they seem-- washed again, the food put away, the room brushed out, the money counted, and the report written. It is stated that the girls have been ever so much better in health since they have been catered for in this way, and their output has increased quite wonderfully.

To help run a canteen is very interesting and pretty hard work, and those who have never worked all night and watched the dawn breaking and the sun rising have missed a real pleasure. One sees the girls and the men, and one realises a little what is going on in many places all over the British Isles in order that the majority may sleep peacefully in their beds, and one feels it good to be able to help even this little mite.

The canteens are all directed and organised from 58, Victoria Street. More helpers are needed; helpers who do not mind *work* and can give one or two days or nights *regularly* for several weeks are most welcome. A garage is wanted for the motor supply car. If any of our readers can supply this want, please communicate with Lady Lawrence at 58, Victoria Street.



Kikeriki.] **The English Munitions Law.** [*Vienna.*

KING GEORGE. "Nicholas! Nicholas! We are becoming more and more alike."



De Amsterdammer]

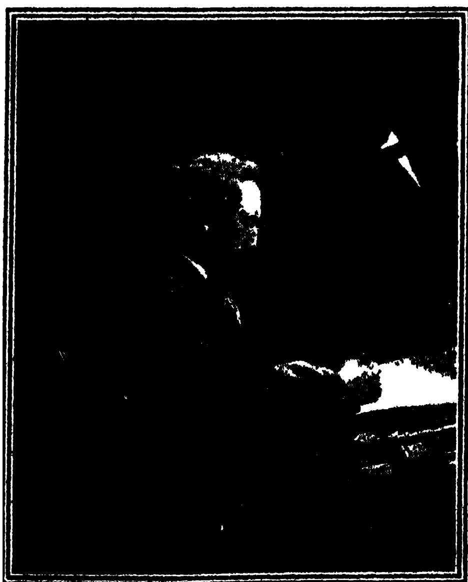
The Sequel to the Sarajevo Murder.
What one shot brought forth.

DE AMSTERDAMMER
WEEKBLAD VOOR NEDERLAND.

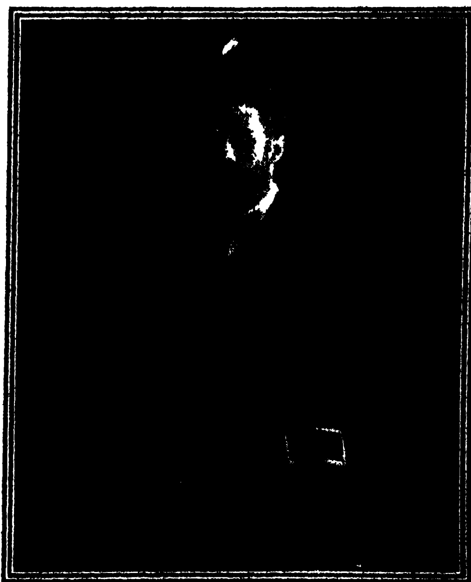
THE artists on this notable paper are true exponents of their countrymen's feeling at this critical period of Dutch history. There is no sign of flippancy in the work of the caricaturists who have enhanced the reputation of *De Amsterdammer* a newspaper which has risen to a foremost place in the ranks of journalism by giving expression to national sentiment in preference to serving the petty ends of clique or party.

The fate of Belgium hangs heavily on the people of Holland, who are under no misapprehension as to the aims of her mighty and unscrupulous neighbour, and are prepared to defend their independence to the uttermost. The work of the caricature-artists is receiving world-wide attention, and we are glad to give our readers the following biographical details of the men whose pencils are powerful aids in the moulding of policies —

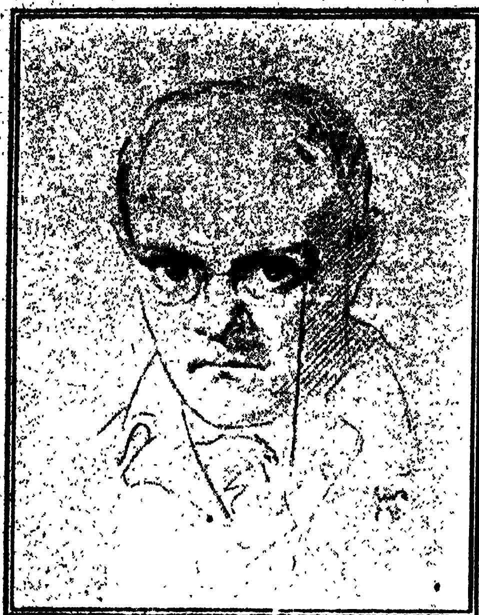
Johan Braakensiek is, perhaps, the best known caricaturist in Holland. Every week for twenty-eight years a large drawing from his hand upon some topical political subject has appeared, besides this he is well known as a book illustrator His speciality is the people of Amsterdam, especially the type of bourgeois which we name 'de Jordaners,' the people who live in the poorer quarters. He was born at Amsterdam in 1858. His father was a designer of maps He left school at twelve years and up to his fifteenth year he was at work in a shop Then a journalist recognised his talent and a gentleman of Amsterdam enabled him to follow a course at the Academy of Beaux-Arts, where he studied under Professor Allebe After he had finished his studies he began by illustrating the books of a well-known writer, Justus van Maurik whose favourite subject was the same as his own, that is to say, the people of Amsterdam, seen from a slightly ironical point of view. Once in his life Braakensiek, who is a man of simple tastes, came to London.



Johan Braahensiek.



Joan, Collette.



George van Raemdonck.

He did not understand English, but he had in his pocket a card upon which he had written: "Mr. Policeman please show this gentleman the way to (the name of his hotel)." Braahensiek is a born artist. The composition of his figures is perfect and, almost without effort, scientific, when he once knows his type, face or profile are easily placed. Hence his political drawings are much esteemed abroad. John Grand-Carteret in his studies on this subject speaks of the celebrated Braahensiek. He is an admirable pater-familias, and it is suggested that his allegorical figures very much resemble Madame Braahensiek.

George van Raemdonck may be best described as a "spirituel" artist and has shown proof of marvellous ability and technique. He was born at Antwerp, in 1888. In October, 1914, he came to Holland, when the Germans invaded Belgium, and during the short time that he has collaborated with *De Amsterdammer* he has acquired a great reputation in Holland. His pictures are admirably composed and his subjects are original, well chosen, and full of detail. He studied at the Academy Royal of Beaux-Arts of Antwerp under the direction of Frans Courtens.

Joan Collette is a painter and black and white artist, the son of an officer, he was born at Delft, 1889. At the Academy he came under the influence of the painter Torrog, who nevertheless was not his master. At the exhibitions his works soon attracted attention, but did not bring him immediate success. He has cultivated the style that suits him best and in his drawings he believes he has found his future.

We reproduce specimens of the drawings of these artists which have been specially selected as representative of their work on *De Amsterdammer*, the editor having courteously placed the pictures at our disposal. That of Mr. Braahensiek will be found on the next page.



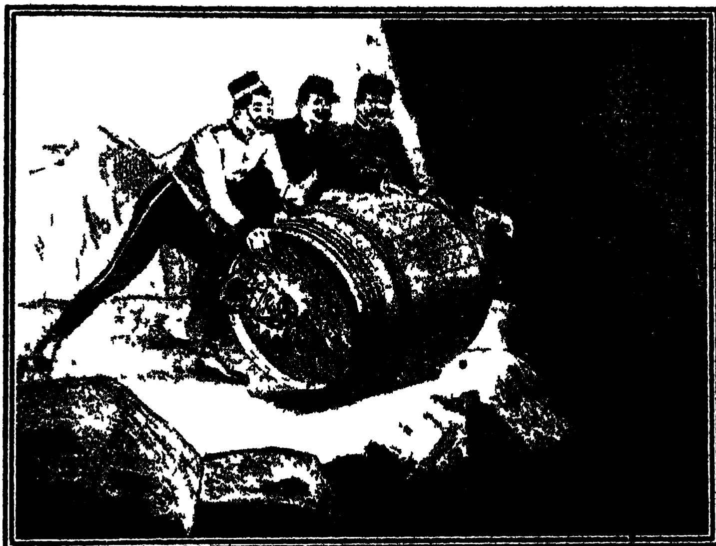
De Amsterdammer.]

The Crime of the Civil Population.

"There has been shooting."

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."—*Burns*.



De Amsterdammer]

One at least who is getting the worst of it!

The war has compelled Russia, France and England to take steps against the use of liquor



World] [New York

Climbing Down.



Evening Telegram] [New York

"What's the Use?"



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

The Invasion of Russia.

"Father, is it much further to Moscow?"



Nebelspalter.] [Zürich.

The Happy Father (?)

"Your youngest child, Majesty, but whether he will live is more than I can tell."



Nebelspalter.] [Zürich.

Peace Rumours.

HINDENBURG: "I will brush a little further and so clear the way for the Angel of Peace."



Mucha.] [Warsaw.

In the Kaiser's Blood Press.

WILLY: "Be quick, be quick, Germania! Another two or three shovelfuls and final victory is on our side!"

GERMANIA: "Well, well! Take care not to overshovel it, for my hands are already faint, and the bottom of my bucket is getting visible."



Cape Times.]

Another on the List.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP: "Your Majesty! General Botha has captured your Imperial Majesty's Colony, German South West Africa."

THE KAISER: "Then Gott Strafe General Botha!!!"



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Real Offenders.

("Before God and history my conscience is clear. I did not will the war."—KAISER TO HIS PEOPLE.)

THE KAISER: "Oh, thou, our German Gott, knowest full well I did not want war. I wanted to get everything from everybody WITHOUT war. The other nations wouldn't give it me; consequently the responsibility for all this horror is upon their heads."



Punch.] [Melbourne.

The Right-of-Way.

(The Kaiser tells Roumania that he will carry munitions across the country, whether Roumanians like it or not.)

ROUMANIA: "You pass only over my dead body."

KAISER (*whipping up*): "By all means."



Hindi Punch.] [Bombay.

Make Hay while the Sun Shines.

JAP: "I'm filling my bag with Indian silver while that German and Austrian are busy with sword and shell. You?"

YANKEE: "Ditto, ditto. And something more. I am filling mine with the gold of the belligerents besides, friend!"



Hindi Punch] [Bombay

An Indian Idea of Lloyd George

Three cheers for the "Lloyd George shell Hip! Hip!



Dziennik] [Chicago

A Polish View

of Prussian activities in the United States.



Evening Ledger] [Philadelphia

It may Live, but can it Thrive?



Cape Times] [Cape Town

The Price of Neutrality.

Is it too much?

MEN OF THE MOMENT.

A MASTER-MINISTER OF DEFENCE.

No higher honour can be paid to a man in these days than that he should be chosen as Minister of Defence. Major-General Sam Hughes has been so honoured by the Dominion of Canada, and that he has proved worthy of the choice is the unqualified judgment of Britton B. Cooke, who contributes a pen portrait to *The Canadian Magazine*. The reader gathers the impression that Canada has found the man for the [illegible]

If one lay aside one's affection for that discreetness which is a sociable form of lying, that tact which is a more tolerable form of the same thing, and, in short, one's devotion to what might be called the fur of politeness in which men wrap themselves against the abrasions of social intercourse it is possible then to direct attention to a great man, a genius. If these concessions cannot be made, if the "fur" is insisted upon, one may then only call him—a man, but a real one! If you prefer, instead of this attempted exposition, to see for yourself this man, then go to Ottawa and watch outside the main entrance to the Militia Building. At least, do not be content with the mere snapshots of the man as shown in hurried newspaper paragraphs. On the whole, the newspapers do not applaud General Sam Hughes. But one's likes and dislikes are often founded upon such precarious grounds that it is a pity, on either of their accounts, to draw the blind of prejudice and so shut out the sight of a real man walking down the main street of Canadian public life.



Major-General the Hon. Sam Hughes, K.C.B.,
Minister of Militia for Canada.

"Blunt, vigorous honesty, a tremendous heart, a 'twin-six' thinking engine—these are characteristics of the man who is responsible for the splendid organisation of Canada's share in the fight of the world."

A statesman?

No.

A great politician?

Hardly.

A profound thinker? A discoverer? A wit?

No.

One might write two, or even three, "sketches" of as many really popular public men in less time than it takes merely to "draw a bead" on General Hughes. Other public men have their pose and their accidental moments off-guard when one may observe the mark where the pose comes off at night. With the aid of Morgan's *Men and Women of Canada* and one of the tried and proved formulæ for writing short biographies, it is usually easy to drape a few words over almost any gentleman's moral figure, if he have one. But to write of a man who must be either all pose or no pose at all is disconcerting. To discover any crack or joint in the outward manifestations of the member for Victoria and

Haliburton, where one might lay a finger and say: "Here begins the real man and here—the thing he hopes the public thinks he is," is impossible. The outward and apparent Minister of Militia and Defence is the only Minister. There is behind that quick, alert, sun-bronzed countenance and that fine straight glance no secondary Sam Hughes pulling the strings by which the outer Hughes is actuated and the public deceived. While other public men—some of the best of them at that—dissemble a modesty they surely don't feel, so as to encourage the simple-hearted into bestowing extra encomiums, Hughes treats modesty as she should, logically, implore to be treated. He says, "I am—that I am!" thrusts out his splendid jaw, draws down the corners of his tight yet humorous mouth, sets his rather good and aggressive nose straight in the face of public disapproval, and blazes away with as fine a pair of snapping, defiant, and intelligent Irish-Canadian eyes—grey-blue—as ever shamed the devil. I venture to call him to your attention as a genius, but, if you must have your geniuses conventionally clad, barbered, and tamed, then I withdraw to a stronger position. Here is a man to whom it is fitting to give honour. From this position there can be no retreat.

The writer's tribute is animated by no mere hero-worship, for he impresses the reader with the fact that Hughes is "making good," and that is sure testimony of the man's fitness for his responsible task.

A POET HARNESSED TO THE PLOUGH.

A SKETCH in the *North American Review*, by Ernest A. Boyd, presents the lineaments of "A.E." whose diverse gifts mark him out as one of the few men who can do most things well, and some things better than any other. The writer is unqualified in his praise:—

The smallest pseudonym in Irish literature stands for the most manifold, indeed, the greatest personality in Ireland at the present time. A.E., mystic poet, painter, and essayist, whose pseudonymous initials were once the cherished friend of a few, is now known to a wider public as George W. Russell, the co-operative economist. It is difficult to find a recent parallel for such a diversity of intellect and activity, all nevertheless the faithful reflection of a consistent, yet multiform, personality. William Morris suggests an obvious comparison, but there was less contrast between the different interests of Morris than between *Homeward: Songs by the Way* and the *Irish Homestead*, the agricultural journal of which A.E. is the editor. The combination of artist and poet does not surprise, especially when we find the artist expressing in his painting the same thought and emotion as the poet in his verse. When, however, we hear pleading for agricultural improvements the same voice that was expounding the most abstruse doctrines of Oriental philosophy, or clothing them in verse of the tenderest beauty, then surprise is more legitimate. It is related of a certain society of intellectual pretensions in Dublin that considerable astonishment was experienced when A.E., on being invited to speak to the members, discoursed familiarly of fertilisers and creameries, but said not a word of Karma or Nirvana. The "impractical" mystic proved on that occasion too mundane for the hard-headed intellectuals, who had come prepared for a feast of reason, at which the dreamer's fantasies would be picked to pieces and the dry bones exposed.

There have been poets and painters before Russell, who have patronised the seasons, and affected the rural arts, but it has been left to him to present the framework of a social economy which would transfer the beauties of the canvas to the hearth of his fellow mortals. For this reason, as Mr. Boyd says:—

Within recent years A.E. has made his prose almost exclusively a vehicle for the propagation of his social and economic ideas. A born teacher of men, it was a characteristic impulse that led him to flee from the possible sterility of a purely meditative, literary activity, and to throw himself into the work of agricultural reorganisation.

The Irish co-operative movement has gained infinitely by the presence of A.E., who has brought into it that loftiness of ideal, that faith in mankind, which are the mark of his poetry. He has raised the economic struggle to a level from which one catches a glimpse of vistas elsewhere obscured by the darkness of materialism. Co-operation is seen to be something more than the saving of middlemen's profits and the capture of dividends; it stands for a new social order.

"GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN."

MAN is a peculiar animal and one of his idiosyncrasies is his ability, in moments of great stress, to seek relief from his many trials and tribulations. Star-gazing has diverted many minds from time immemorial, prophets and kings have sought in the heavens a sign, and the practical work of the astrologer has been carried on by scientists who step by step are evolving order out of the apparent chaos of the firmament.

W. F. Denning, in *Knowledge,* gives a few biographical details of some of the "Great Astronomers" whose silent labours are carried on apart from the glamour of publicity. America's interest in astronomy is shown in the lavish endowment of observatories which are without rival in Europe. The following extracts from Mr. Denning's article record the work of two distinguished scientists:—

Professor William R. Brooks has been the most successful of all modern comet-finders. No fewer than twenty-seven of these wonderful bodies have been discovered by him since 1881 as a result of his unwearying effort and acute vision. He is an Englishman by birth, though his astronomical work has been performed in America. Born at Maidstone, in Kent, on June 11th, 1844, he went to America with his parents in 1857. Naturally very fond of astronomy, he made himself a reflecting telescope, and started comet-seeking about thirty-five years ago. He soon achieved marked success, and rediscovered Pons's and Olbers's Comets at their returns in 1884 and 1887. In 1889 he picked up a very interesting periodical comet, which in the year named divided into several portions.



Prof. W. R. Brooks in his Observatory.

Mr. Brooks was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, and carries on his comet-seeking at Geneva, New York, with a twelve-inch refractor.

Professor E. E. Barnard, born in 1857 at Nashville, Tennessee, has such a lengthy record of observational discoveries and successes that it would be difficult to enumerate them all. Starting his astronomical career as an amateur with a five-inch refractor, his initial work consisted in observing the surface markings on Jupiter and in sweeping for comets. Of the latter objects he discovered no fewer than twenty during the years 1881 to 1892.

His special abilities led to his being appointed one of the astronomers at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, and he soon distinguished himself there by detecting the fifth satellite of Jupiter. This was effected with the thirty-six-inch refractor, and the feat formed a significant tribute to the quality of the instrument, as well as to the keen observational powers of the discoverer.

Mr. Barnard also obtained a series of valuable micrometric measures of the planets, and determined their real diameters. The degree of accuracy attained was very great, and the results highly valuable, especially in regard to the minor planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. He proved that Vesta was much smaller than Ceres and Pallas, though of much greater apparent brightness.

Mr. Barnard's photographic work has also been of high class and very abundant character. His pictures of various comets, and notably Morehouse's in 1908, have shown the remarkable irregularities and rapid variations displayed in the tails of these wonderful bodies.

In later years Mr. Barnard has worked at the Yerkes Observatory at Chicago, where he has the advantage of using the forty-inch refractor. He has continued his important labours there, and numerous papers from his pen have appeared in the *Astron. Jour., Astron. Nach.,* and other publications. Mr. Barnard has had the use of the best telescopes of his day, and he has proved himself the most successful observer. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to him in 1897.

THE HATE OF THE HUNS

PICTORIALLY PRESENTED.

THE enemy cartoonist this month again finds the greatest scope for his art on the Eastern Front, and Russia is depicted in various aspects of terror at the overwhelming onrush of the Central Powers. According to *Wahre Jacob* our campaign in South-West Africa was undertaken merely for what treasures might be got out of it (page 818). *Der Brummer* has a word of warning for America with regard to possible difficulties with Japan (page 811). *Kladderadatsch* and *Die Muskete* illustrate once again the insolence of Germany's point of view with regard to Wilson's attitude. *Kikeriki* gives an idea of the impression created by the friction in our Labour circles (page 297). The cartoonist of *Die Muskete* must have been inspired with the courage of despair, for even the Austrians could hardly accept such a grotesque perversion of the known facts (page 311).



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

The Little Father Pacifies.

TSAR: "Above all, don't scream, my children! There! you shall have the bottle again."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin

Energy; or, Nicholas and the Balkan Neutrals.

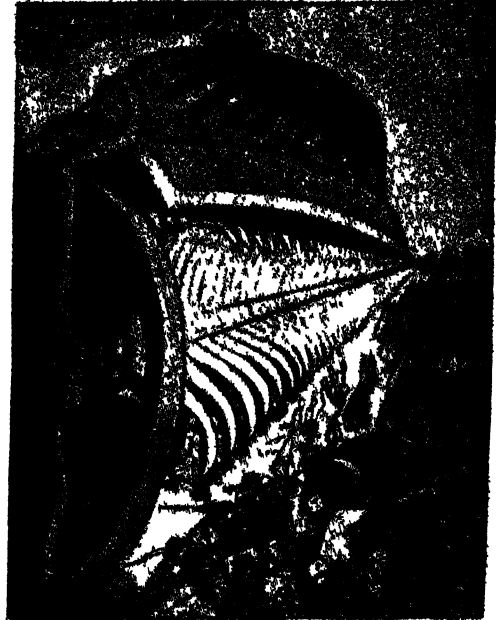
NICHOLAS (furiously): "Children—spectators—not allowed! Either you must help me or I shall come over the fence to you—and then you will see what will happen."



Kladderadatsch] [Berlin

Down-hill Towards the East!

GENERAL RUSKI (to the Tsar). "Little Father, I think our steam roller cannot be held back any longer."



Jugend] [Munich.

"Patent" Theft by Germany.

"Save yourselves, if you can! The Germans have stolen and improved on our famous steam-roller idea!"



Kladderadatsch] [Berlin

The Balkan Sphinx.

NICHOLAS (in anguish): "Devil take you—upon whom are you going to fall?"



Kladderadatsch] [Berlin.

Fate Knocks at the Door.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

The Bombardment of the English Coast by "U" Boats.

If the Churchill lion won't hunt the "Rats," then the "Rats" must hunt the lion.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

On the Sea.

"For Heaven's sake, children, don't make a ripple—that ship over there has one Yankee amongst the passengers, and Wilson will send me a 'Note.'"



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Searching a Way Through.

"He knocks everywhere, and all the time gets nothing but knocks!"



Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.

"The Death of the Gaul."

Joffre's nightmare.



Ulk. [Berlin.

English Politics.

GREY: "To America's motion—that the Freedom of the Seas must be one of the Terms of Peace—we can agree, with the understanding, of course, that we control them."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

Rôles Reversed.

FISHER: "My Lord, your army has suffered shipwreck; all your offensives up to now are shattered!"

KITCHENER: "And your ships, my Lord! They have firmly entrenched themselves at the bottom of the sea!"



Der Brummer.] [Berlin.

A Word in Season.

JAPAN: "Say, old chap, don't give away all your powder. You may need some of it yourself."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

An Idea from Germany.

A suggestion that the Americans will celebrate the prosperous year 1915 by a special coin glorifying the result of their munition output.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Tripoli.

The first of the Provinces to be freed!



Jugend.] [Munich.

England's Newest Slave.

"Advance, Savoy!"

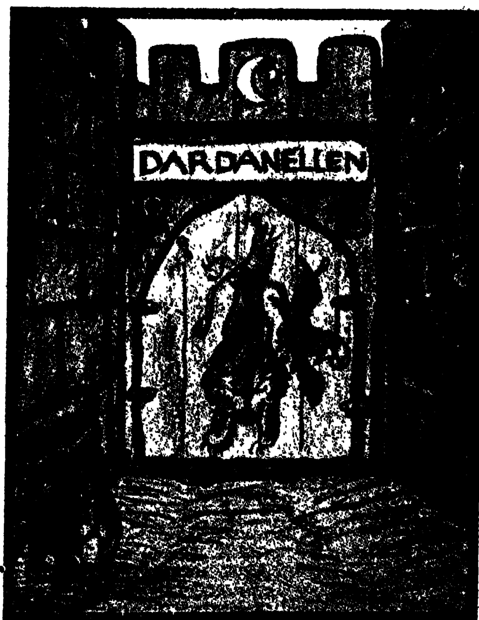


Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

At the Gallipoli "Bar."

TURKEY TO ITALY: "Come in, the gentlemen long for your company."

ITALY: "No, signore, the Adriatic-Bitters have spoilt my appetite."



Ulk.] [Berlin.

Turkish Hunt Trophies.

THE THIRD VICTIM: "So it is here I shall be immortalised!"



Jugend.] [Munich.

A Healthy Blow from the "Sick Man."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Up till now I have always been able to steal what I wanted without suffering."



Ulk.] [

England and France: German View.

THE ORPHANS: "Please, dear Russian Mammoth, come to life again! Don't leave us alone with those awful Germans!"



Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

Botha's Raid.

BOTHA: "The South-West belongs to us—not that there is anything to be got out of it. There can be no talk of annexation; it is merely a change of Governments."



Die Muskete.] [Vienna.

War—Profit—Peace.

THE WORLD-WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL.

By HENRY CARTER.

The drink question has stirred Britain again and again during the War. Everyone knows that. Is it as generally known that this is part of a world-movement against Alcohol? Such a movement was well under way before the War. But, in these days of searching test and drastic change, its pace is quickened, its range widened, and month by month it wins a larger public assent.

Thrift, efficiency, and the claims of national conscience are the factors compelling change. Food must be conserved; hence the use of grain and potatoes in brewing and distilling is checked. Soldiers and civilians must give their best in service; therefore Drink, which depletes strength and blunts the edge of skill, comes under the ban of the State. As the tide of sorrow rises, as the sense of peril deepens, there wakens among the peoples a common protest against the carnal lust of intemperance; this moral factor impels and sustains the war of the Governments against their "internal enemy," as M. Finot has called the alcoholism of France.

Neutral Nations.

Even neutral nations have fought Drink to stop waste, and increase efficiency. In the first month of the War Switzerland prohibited the use of grain and potatoes for the making of spirits. The State Monopoly in the sale of spirits was suspended. To-day, in the Swiss Army, no spirituous liquors are supplied; the sale of any alcoholic drink is forbidden to soldiers in railway refreshment rooms; and innkeepers are required to sell non-alcoholic drinks to soldiers at low prices.

Denmark also forbade the use of potatoes and various kinds of corn for the manufacture of Alcohol, and hedged round the sale of liquor with new restrictions.

Sweden, half a century ago a notoriously drunken country, has developed in recent years an aggressive Temperance policy in legislation, and now ranks among the most sober of nations. Yet, even here, when the European strife began, the State claimed new powers against Drink, the Swedish Riksdag going to the extent last March of vesting in the Government and Provincial Boards power to prohibit entirely the sale of intoxicating drinks "in times of distress and danger of war."

In the United States the Prohibition Movement has gained immensely from the European demonstration in war-time that Drink spells danger and want. Why, asks the American, consent to this waste of working-power at any time?

Enemy Countries.

Exactly what is happening in Germany we may not know, but the main facts are clear. However wild and wanton the outrages of drunken German troops in Belgium and Poland, the German genius for organisation has grappled with the waste through liquor in Germany itself. To preserve barley for bread, the quantity of beer which can be brewed throughout the Empire is limited to 40 per cent. of the average output; local authorities were given power last March to limit or prohibit the sale of spirits; and in certain areas spirits must not be sold to soldiers in uniform.

Austria prohibited the malting of corn, cut down the week-day hours for the sale of drink to those between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. and imposed Sunday closing on all shops where liquor only is sold.

Turkey, as a Mohammedan nation, ought to be free from intemperance. The strict rule of total abstinence from liquors has broken down in face of Western seductions. Hence the point of an Irade of the Sultan issued two months ago, making public drunkenness "a crime subject to trial and condemnation by court-martial."

ALLIED NATIONS.

Italy, like France, has prohibited absinthe. No alcoholic liquor may now be sold to any young person under 16. In the Italian Army the same tendency is seen as in the armies of other combatant nations: spirits are prohibited; the wine-ration is reduced: in "first-aid" outfits a bottle of syrup of coffee has replaced the bottle of brandy. The *Lancet* affirms that the Alpini, whose daring in mountain warfare the whole world knows, are "abstainers in the strictest sense," officers and men alike.

France has suppressed absinthe with a strong hand. Prohibition is no mere letter of the law. Stocks of the absinthe weed are seized and burned. A case tried in Hérault in July is significant: a distiller, proved guilty of manufacturing absinthe, was severely fined, charged quintuple excise duties, and his stock, valued at £2,000, confiscated; his total loss through lawbreaking was estimated at £9,200. In August the campaign against alcoholism reached a new stage. A Bill was read in the Chamber of Deputies aiming to end the right of "home distillation"—a root of much mischief—imposing heavier taxes on alcohol, and proposing a State Monopoly of *commercial* alcohol.

The story of Russia's emancipation from vodka has been told again and again. With a great price she bought her freedom, and Russian sobriety has gone far to sustain the nation and maintain the *morale* of her armies in the defeats which the shortage of munitions brought upon her. The prohibition of vodka has been rigidly maintained. When some vodka-drinkers turned to methylated spirits and other deathly drugs, an Order was at once issued imposing heavy penalties for illicit preparation and sale. The enormous advances in Saving Bank Deposits, as a result of the new Temperance of the people, and the gains to social order, are a notable vindication of the argument that to depose Strong Drink is to enthrone public welfare.

GREAT AND GREATER BRITAIN.

What Britain has attempted is well-known to British readers. Military authorities, Licensing Justices, and the new Central Control Board, all armed with new legal powers, have set bounds to the drinking habit. The end of the war-time anti-liquor campaign in Britain is not yet. We may see a near approach to Prohibition on the national scale before many months are past.

Greater Britain has also been strongly moved. In Australia "wet" canteens are not permitted in the camps of the New Army. In South Australia 6 p.m. closing of licensed premises has been established.

In Victoria the hotels now open five hours later than before the War, and close at 9.30 p.m.

From the provinces of Canada a series of notable reforms is reported. Ontario has fixed 7 p.m. as the closing hour for liquor-bars, and made illegal the sale of liquor to soldiers in uniform. Manitoba has established 7 o'clock closing. In New Brunswick the hours for the opening of liquor bars are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and soldiers in uniform are not served. In Saskatchewan all private liquor bars have been abolished, the sale of liquor is restricted to State "dispensaries," and liquor is sold only in sealed packages for "off" consumption. Alberta has gone even further, and by a majority of 2 to 1 has recently declared for Prohibition.

When the whole civilised world turns against the liquor habit in war-time, it is something more than venturesome speculation to assert that, with the return of peace, a drastic overhauling of the liquor laws will mark the domestic policy of the great nations.



Record.] [Philadelphia.

Teaching Him a New Trick.



Reynolds's Newspaper.] [London.

Well in Hand.

Recent naval disclosures indicated that we are sinking more German submarines than they are building, and that already more than half their original submarine fleet is at the bottom of the sea, the latest addition to these being the U 27.

THE MODERN NEPTUNE (*King of the "Seize"*): "Come along, my beauties. I've got you well in hand."



De Telegraaf.] [Amsterdam.

Slaughter by Submarine.

In the interest of civilisation, the only answer that should be given.



World.] [New York.

Everybody's Doing It!

The Fortnightly Review contains a valuable article by W. O. Horsnaill devoted to a detailed consideration of "Submarines *versus* Surface Craft for Future Navies." In the same review John B. C. Kershaw contributes the first of two articles dealing with the "Scientific and Engineering Aspects of the War."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

BRITAIN'S SHIELD.

We have been saved by our panic-built Navy from the worst consequences of war—the invasion of these islands, the disintegration of the Empire, the destruction of our vast mercantile marine, and the strangulation of our ocean-borne commerce, which is the very life-blood of the British people. The panic-built Fleet has also enabled us to save Europe and, it may be, the world from the domination of Germany. Behind the screen provided by the Navy we have been able to train and equip new armies, constitute ourselves, in large measure, the paymasters of the Allies, and place at their disposal the industrial resources of the United Kingdom and, in large measure also, of the United States, besides assuring to them and ourselves supplies of raw material which have been readily obtainable, owing to our command of the sea, from British Dominions as well as distant foreign countries.

WITH the above sentences Alexander Hurd introduces his historical sketch of "Our Panic-Built Navy," which appears in *The Fortnightly Review*, and utters a grave warning against the possible neglect of sea-power after the war. At the moment this article seems supererogatory, but the Navy has only reached its present state of efficiency as a result of a series of deliberate panics, some engineered by events and others by individuals. Here is the list: —

First Panic.—Due to a letter in *The Times* from the Duke of Wellington, pointing out the inadequacy of the Fleet and urging the need for a larger Army to prevent invasion.

Second Panic, 1852.—This was due to the *coup d'etat* of December and the re-election of Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic.

Third Panic, 1859-1861.—Public uneasiness was occasioned by the writings and speeches of Admiral Sir Charles Napier and the provocation offered by Napoleon III.

Fourth Panic, 1884.—Mr. W. T. Stead, assisted by the late Mr. H. O. Arnold Foster (both of them inspired, as is now well known, by the present Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher), published a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposing to the astonished country the weakness of the Navy.

Lord Northbrooke, in the House of Lords, had stated in reply to a speech by the late Lord Salisbury that he would be at a loss to spend the money if the House of Commons put three millions into his hand. Mr. Stead's subsequent articles and the statements which appeared over the initials "A. F.," together with many letters from distinguished naval officers and others, led to a crisis.

The Fifth Panic produced the Super-Dreadnought in 1909, and the Sixth Panic centred in the menace of the Airship in 1913.

There is no advantage in attempting to place the blame for any neglect in the past, the chief necessity is to insist that any future expansion of our military arm shall not be at the expense of our Navy.

Mr. Hurd does not underestimate the "peril from the air," and suggests an extension of the voluntary principle for the purpose of strengthening our aerial defence :—

Aerial craft are undergoing a process of rapid development, and the danger which is now associated with them will increase rather than decrease. It is difficult to see how the State can avoid taking adequate measures for defending us against the perils which, to a very limited extent, we have already experienced. By some means this country must be protected from bombs thrown promiscuously from airships and aeroplanes. It may be that once again our salvation will be found in the voluntary effort and patriotic devotion of the civil population. Out of the chaotic volunteer movement of 1859 grew the Territorial Army, a quarter of a million strong, which has rendered such conspicuous service during the present hostilities. Is there any reason why we should not possess a volunteer air-service closely associated with a volunteer anti-aircraft service, both organised under the authority of the Admiralty? Is there any reason why every town of importance should not raise and equip an efficient body of airmen and provide its own means of defence against enemy aircraft? It will be folly to argue that we shall never again be at war with a Power exhibiting the inhuman instincts of the Germans. On this planet prophecy is the art of fools. The air peril promises to be greater than that of invasion from the sea, because the chances of success in the air will be greater, and, therefore, it will be essential to develop some adequate and efficient system of defence.

A MILITANT EDITOR.

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON never attempts to avoid the responsibility of directing his reader's judgment. As Editor of *The English Review* Mr. Harrison has the privilege of forcing political considerations upon those who would probably prefer to regard *The English Review* as a "literary treat." In the October number we have a renewed appeal to the Press for unity and an admonition to the Government conveyed in a sentence—"Away with half measures and off with the Blinkers."

Mr. Thomas's threat of a railway strike brings upon his head a lecture as to the real nature of Radicalism and Socialism, and the recalcitrant Labour leader will be surprised to read the following:—

To-day the State is weak because the State has not the necessary Collectivist powers. Mr. Thomas can give the State these powers. When he does, the State will operate for the State, and with him. It cannot before. If Mr. Thomas really desires to help Britain to win, he will not oppose National Service; he will insist upon it as a Socialist ideal; and he will insist on the State socialisation of industries the coal mines, and profits generally; and he will get them, and Britain will get the necessary Armies.

If Mr. Harrison's estimate of the power of Mr. Thomas's insistence be correct we can congratulate ourselves upon the discovery of "the one strong man" everyone is looking for. It is probably quite true that Mr. Thomas can be convicted of the crime of being illogical, we are an illogical people, but the really sad fact is that while the Government refuses to take Labour fully into its confidence—representing as it does the bulk of the nation—labour leaders can only resort to threats. Labour should not only be consulted but required to aid the Government, not as a sop, but as a right, and all would be well.

In a following article "A British Member" speaks his mind concerning the "alien control in this year of all years" of the British Association, with special reference to the Presidential address. The writer thinks that the President should have resigned and adds, "Modesty is not a Teutonic attribute."

"England, My England," by D. H. Lawrence, is an episode which expresses extremes of emotion with the varying touches which reveal a master of prose.

BEATING US WITH OUR OWN ARGUMENTS.

WRITING in the *Deutsche Revue* for September, Professor Bernhard Fehr replies in some sort to the "violent invectives" which the English have levelled against Germany's conception of the State and of Power as set forth by Treitschke, Nietzsche, and Bernhardi. The writer's endeavour being to beat the English with their own arguments, he begins with Carlyle, whose teaching on the conception of the State has been expounded by one Schulze-Gaevernitz. Says, in effect, Schulze-Gaevernitz (the Professor does not quote Carlyle): "The stronger nation not only has the right, but it is its duty partly to vanquish, partly to supplant the weaker nations. . . . Of all sides of State activity military development is the oldest and historically the most far-reaching." Such is Carlyle's doctrine of power, asserts Professor Fehr, and it has not been abandoned but rather more firmly accepted in recent times by England. How extremely sensitive the English Government and the English people are about this matter was shown in the South African War.

Professor Fehr then goes on to say that at that time England did not keep her word in regard to the Free States. She decided to crush the Republics, for the British flag was to fly over the whole of South Africa, and so on. Special mention is made of three articles in the *St. James's Gazette* of March 1st, 2nd, and 18th, 1900, which are stated to have taught that might is right, and which were written to justify British Imperial policy; and quotations from these are given which show, the Professor maintains, that the English representation of the German doctrine of the State and of might is in fact none other than England's own. In her condemnation of the German conception of might England has attributed her own national mental sickness to Germany. This is not surprising, for never has the Englishman been able to understand other nations, or even wanted to understand them. To be German means to understand; to be English not wanting to understand!

"Germany and South Africa," by R. C. Hawkin, in *The Contemporary Review*, suggests the reasons of Germany's marked failure with her colonies.

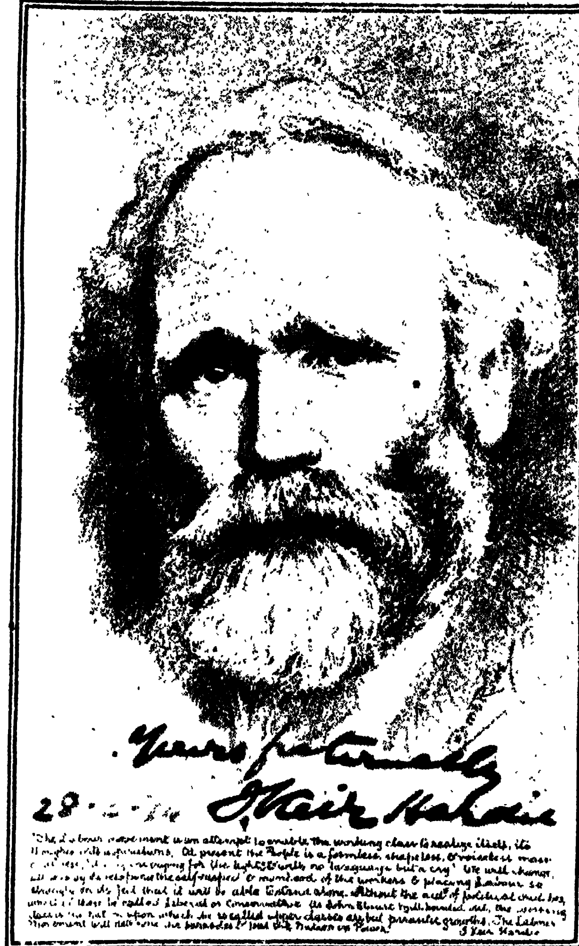
HIGH WAGES AND TAXES.

"The mere fact that the workers are doing well out of the war is not in itself to be regretted. But one wishes that they had done better out of peace."

"THE War and Social Revolution,"* by Philip Whitwell Wilson in *The Fortnightly Review*, should be read by all as a first lesson in attempting to appreciate some of the immediate social results of the war. Mr. Wilson asks a few awkward questions:—

Will the agricultural labourer return to 16s. a week, when his wife alone with her children has been receiving a sovereign? and will wives ever again submit to housekeeping on a portion of their "man's" wage, after having handled their own money, in hard cash across the counter of the Post Office, without deduction, whether for beer or "baccy"? Again, what about these war bonuses? They are easy to grant, especially when the State pays the piper, but they are less easy to terminate, and, for the classes affected, their continuance during the war obviously weakens the personal motive for desiring an end to the struggle which has reduced unemployment to nil. Yet to maintain the bonuses when Government contracts are brought to an end might be to strain commerce to breaking-point.

The writer approves of high wages, for Money so paid is not lost. It maintains the home market, conduces on the whole to good health, and tends to diminish pauperism." Then follow the words quoted at the head of this column, which we trust will be remembered when the war is over and we are faced with a readjustment of our social structure. If not, Mr. Wilson foresees trouble which may be avoided by mutual understanding and a bold social policy:—



The Late Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P.

From a Drawing by Cosmo Rowe.

If Great Britain is wise she will retain her war taxes, burdensome though they be. She will establish a high sinking fund on her debt, and she will invest that sinking fund, either directly or indirectly, in a complete reconstruction of her industrial centres of population. Until this is accomplished she will allow no man to be idle. And when it is accomplished she will have small reason to fear either disloyalty or ingratitude among her working classes. If she allows herself to be too preoccupied to attend to the vital necessities of her population, she will quickly discover that the crisis which she has so boldly faced in Europe will be followed by a not less challenging crisis nearer home. The prospect would be alarming if it were not for one fact. Fore-warned is forearmed, and we may surely assume that our statesmen are alive to the duty of thinking out not only the terms of peace which will resettle the map of Europe, not only the strategy by which those terms of peace are to be composed, but the industrial conditions by which domestic peace is to be maintained within our own borders.

GERMANY'S GOD.

IN *The Fortnightly Review* A. W. G. Randall analyses the attributes of the God who is permitted to secure the "adhesion" of the German people. The argument tends to prove that "Pan-German propaganda links itself on to religion and turns the 'alte deutsche Gott' and all that the words imply into the watchword of official chauvinism," the writer's point is made by two quotations which speak for themselves. The first is from the work of a novelist, Kurt Engelbrecht:

They are all marching away to the war, the brave and the fearless, as if to a war in a sacred cause. And, indeed, it is no blasphemy to call that holy for which we struggle and spend our blood and treasure. . . . There resides in our nation some of that God-consciousness which filled the prophets of the Old Testament: how childlike, but how full of deeper instinct was that little boy who, at the outbreak of war, said to his playmates: "I am not afraid! The dear God is helping us, and He is a German!" . . . And certainly this is the proud consciousness shared by all those who are opposing the foe yonder, and of whose courage and self-sacrificing devotion we are daily informed: God must adopt as His own the German cause for which we fight.

The second is from an essay by Professor Max Lenz, one of Germany's foremost historical writers:

"The God of the Russian earth is great," was the closing sentence of the Tsar's address to the members of the Duma and of his Imperial Council when he tried to find some justification for the horror which he had let loose upon the world in the shape of this world-war. We know this God. He is the God who has presided over Russian history for centuries: tyranny and conquest were ever his ways, murder and revolt, treachery and deceit were always his tools: He is the God of despots and slaves. . . .The God in whose name Germany's armies have marched into the field, He is another God. He is the God who made iron to grow and would have no slaves to serve Him. . . . To Him have we yielded ourselves, living or dying. And exulting, as if going to a festival, our young men have faced the divine ordeal of combat. . . . O wonderful, sanctifying power of war! Where are now the white-livered fools who, in a world full of envy and strife, wished with soft, sweet words to plant eternal peace? . . . They have vanished like a puff of smoke. . . . We shall conquer because we must conquer, because God cannot leave His own to perish.

Arthur E. P. Browne Weigall follows in the same review with a criticism of "German Logic—and Its Results." The writer has no difficulty in denying Germany's claim to be considered a Christian nation, and points his remarks with an interesting comparison which will appeal to the learned and simple alike:—

The German motto is "God with us," not "Christ with us"; and vain-glorious references to "Our good old God" have almost entirely superseded the humble appeal of the contrite heart to the mercy of the Man of Sorrows. In a leading London newspaper an account was recently given of a British regiment which went into action singing "There is a green hill far away"; and those who will recall the words of this hymn will realise more clearly than I can express how great is the difference between the mental attitude of the singers and that of their opponents who delight to shout "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." When we read of a regiment of war-worn soldiers singing before battle this one hymn which perhaps of all others most clearly expresses the tender, unworldly, unpractical idealism of Christianity, we may realise the total dissimilarity between our civilisation and that of the Teutons.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

These words have but one meaning. They are the cry of a people who desires passionately that love which the world cannot give, and reveals in that desire an idealism which has nothing in common with materialism. I do not suppose that the singers were particularly religious men: that is not the question. The point is that the men were able to sing of divine love at the moment when they were about to fling themselves upon the enemy; and were capable of this paradoxical idealism even in the midst of the most terrible realities of human slaughter and passion.

Such an attitude is essentially Christian in character, and the fact that it is so illogical makes it obnoxious to the German mind. Materialism can find no place for Christian principles in its code, and Christianity, therefore, has become in Germany an empty formality. The Kaiser and the vast majority of the lower classes have adopted, without knowing it, a sort of pagan worship of a Germanic war-god, an outcome, very largely, of the popularity enjoyed by the old Teutonic legends since Germany became an Empire. On the other hand, the upper classes have for the most part ceased to feel the need for religion at all, for they find no room for such speculations in their logical life.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS (?)

THE CRITICAL HOUR OF SWEDEN.

DR. LUDWIG STEIN opens the August number of *Nord und Sud* with an article bearing the above title. He remarks that the longer the war lasts the less enviable will the position of neutral countries become, and he shows how Greece, Denmark, Bulgaria, Holland, and Switzerland have all been adversely affected, though in different ways. Worst of all, however, is the position of Sweden, finding herself as she does literally between two fires.

Hitherto the Liberal Government of Sweden has followed a policy of the strictest neutrality, but recently a note of dissent has made itself audible. England has failed to observe the inviolability of letters in Norway, and she has declared cotton contraband of war, seriously injuring thereby Denmark in one of the most important of her industries. Russia has violated Swedish rights on the sea, and England desires to interfere with Sweden's economic independence. Fearful of attack in her political sovereignty on the part of Russia, and of attack in her economic sovereignty on the part of England, Sweden is at the parting of the ways.



Mucha] [Warsaw

Advice.

ENGLISHMAN: "I say, my boy! You used to have various dealings with Poles in former times, so that a certain old Polish proverb might, perhaps, prove useful to you at present?"

SWEDE: "Please, how does it run?"

ENGLISHMAN: "Like this 'Don't put your finger between the door.'"

Not long ago a book was published at Stockholm on Sweden's Foreign Policy in the Light of the World War—a collection of essays by different writers (all anonymous), who are convinced that by joining forces with Germany all the dangers which threaten Sweden will be averted. One contributor explains that a neutrality which at bottom only seeks to avoid war, whatever happens to the country, is a weak and dangerous policy. Sweden, says this writer, must seek in a community of interests with Germany the sure starting point of a foreign policy. The maintenance of a strong German Empire, without whose will no change in the map of Europe is possible, is of vital interest to Sweden. The true aim of Sweden's foreign policy is relief from the pressure on the east; in short, the duty of Sweden is to defend Germanic Central Europe against the domination of the Muscovites.

Why does the author who thus offers counsel to his country in her critical hour prefer to remain anonymous?

Public opinion and the situation in Sweden is the subject of an extremely interesting article by Jacques de Coussanges in *Le Correspondant* of August 25th.

Of course we have felt for some time that we had to a large extent lost the sympathy of Sweden; and after reading M. de Coussanges's article one understands more clearly why this has happened. Naturally we are not without friends there—we have many and good ones; but, as the writer points out, they are not those who speak the loudest or the most. It is amongst the people, Liberals and Socialists, that the friends of the *Entente* are chiefly to be found.

It is curious that the sympathies of the Swedes should now be so entirely German, when one calls to mind the universal sorrow felt in that country over the fall of Sedan; but since then, thanks to German machinations, the Swedes have chosen to consider themselves as of one race with the Germans.

and to regard the French as Latins of a race apart. Why they do not also claim relationship with the British is not known; but they do not, and reserve a particular enmity towards us, largely fostered by Germany and aggravated by the stoppage of Swedish ships and the delay of the mails consequent on the blockade.

Germany has long been educating the Swedes to look on her as the saviour of Sweden. Every act of Russia with regard to Finland or Sweden herself has been magnified by the German agents until the people have made of their neighbour a perfect bugbear, and have in this way quite blinded themselves to the fact that, although they might be threatened by Russia, their fate as a subservient State to Germany is likely to be far worse for them.

During August, 1914, no newspaper of the Allies reached Sweden; the French were short of paper, and could spare none for abroad, the British, which usually went *via* Liége, were held up by the war, as also were the letters from Swedish correspondents in Paris and London by the Censor, with the result that for that month German-edited news held the ground, and the author does not fail to remind us of the value of first impressions. To this day the majority of the papers are in the hands of pro-Germans, and the news given is very carefully selected so that the Swedes get no news but that passed by the Germans, and a very garbled account it is.

There has been for some time a fairly strong party, mostly amongst the Nationalists, in favour of intervention, of course on the side of Germany; now however, that danger is more or less over, thanks to the staunch and determined neutrality of the Liberals and Socialists. Moreover, in spite of all, there are many good friends to France in Sweden, people who, although they hope that Germany will triumph over Russia, still do not wish harm to come to France, although how they reconcile the two wishes it is difficult to discover.

At this moment, when the decision of the Balkans is trembling in the balance, Germany would no doubt wish to see Sweden, whom she has so carefully nursed into a warm sympathy with herself, enter into the conflict, and certain Swedes are of this opinion, but it is gratifying to note that the majority is against them and in favour of peace, and we must now work once more to seize our hold on that country's sympathies which Germany has for so many years usurped.

There must be more intercourse and friendship between the Swedes and the *Entente*, and in time they will realise how very little they, with their liberal, independent and humane character, have in common with the Germans; and, moreover, they will realise that we who have fought for the Serbians will not let Scandinavian liberty perish.

THE SOUL OF POLAND.

If Sweden desires any guidance at this crisis the fate of Poland may be a warning as to the tender mercies of dominant neighbours. Writing in *The Contemporary Review* on "The Resurrection of Poland," J. H. Harley is inclined to hope for a brighter future, and is encouraged in that belief by a study of Polish history. He says:

Poland has rightly been called the Phœnix of Europe. Its history is the record of an imperishable life. The story of its vicissitudes shows a continual emergence from the very jaws of death. Even when desolated by foreign armies and apparently trampled under the feet of men, it has manifested the beginnings of a glorious resurrection. . . . Since the German occupation a great deal has been heard in newspaper reports of the Polish Citizens' Committee, which is at present functioning in every town and rural district of the kingdom. This was the first opportunity for many years that had presented itself to the people to show their administrative capabilities, and well and efficiently they seized it. Everywhere during the earlier part of the war one saw signs of their great activities. All the people, young and old, rich and poor, seemed to be standing together to meet unitedly all the calamities that the war involved. In the rural districts they bought seeds, and distributed them to the peasantry. In the greater towns they faced the questions of destitution and unemployment. When part of the country was occupied, and some of these committees were isolated from the central and co-ordinating body, they simply did their utmost to bring efficiency and completeness to the operations of the rest.

The work was so well done that after the formal entry of the troops the German Governor requested Prince Lubomirski, the Chairman of the Warsaw Citizens' Committee, to continue his directing operations. The same writer contributes an article to *The British Review* entitled "Prussianism and the Poles."

THE SOLACE OF RELIGION.

THE religious minded are prone to interpret the War as God's method of improving mankind by chastisement, but the argument convinces few who have felt the lash of bereavement. In *The Socialist Review* Carl Heath administers a rebuke, entitled "Mysticism and a Defence of War," to those who glibly explain God's purposes and are ready to justify war as a spiritual necessity. Mr. Heath takes as his text a recent article, "Problems of Conflict," by Miss Evelyn Underhill (*Hibbert Journal*), and here is an extract from his sermon:—

But the moral wickedness of war has no relation to the qualities displayed by the poor conscript, or the volunteer soldier. Armies are not trained, and war is not waged, to give the soldier an opportunity of dying like a hero, or of displaying "a thousand touching traits."

War is waged and the soldier is trained to *kill*. The happy warrior may be happy if he can, but his happiness, and that "effect of war upon character" which Miss Underhill thinks produces "true manhood," is obtained in modern war by the stabbing, maiming, blinding, blasting, and ruthless extermination of "the enemy"; of those *unwilling* sacrifices, those poor conscripts whose chief hope is to come out of the hell of war alive and to see again the faces of their wives and children and their quiet homes of peace.


Mr. Carl Heath.

And, moreover, when we recall that the vast armies now in the fighting lines are the millions of the workers of Europe, the miners, the engineers, the boilermakers, the cotton operatives, the factory hands, the railwaymen, the clerks, the farmers, and the field labourers; the myriads of wage-earners who pay no income-tax and take but short, very short, holidays; who work in times of peace from morning till night and are happy indeed if there is no unemployment, and the children are fed, and the old folk are given a pension of some few shillings a week, and sickness and accident are provided for by an Insurance Act; when one thinks that it is these men who constitute 99 per cent. of every army in the field, surely then it is something bordering upon a lack of all proportion for cultivated writers in *Hibbert Journals* and kindred publications to talk of the "rebuke to self-indulgence and frivolity" which the war has brought and of "ideals blunted by a long spell of comfort and security." Such a attitude of mind seeking an excuse for war and declaring pacifist doctrine "perverse" is truly illuminating.

Mr. Heath's position will be better appreciated by the readers of *The Constructive Quarterly*, in which journal room has been found for the ultra pious opinions of Dr Adolf Deissmann, the well-known Berlin Professor, who registers the "magnificent spiritual awakening" caused by the war in Germany!

There is much talk of hopeful religious propaganda amongst the soldiers and common people of Germany, but no hint that any special pains are being taken with the Kaiser and his exalted advisers. We are pleased to recognise the appreciation of the opportunity of ministering to the prisoners of war which is apparently regarded as a Christian duty. There is, unfortunately, an extensive field for practical Christianity in this direction, not to mention the millions in Belgium whose testimony, strangely enough, is not quoted by the good Professor. In a concluding passage he quotes with approval the words of Dr. Georg Pfeilschifter:—

I believe we may point to two phenomena as being lasting achievements of our religious life. The first is the experience that the Christian religion has proved itself anew an heroic religion, creating valiant heroes in active fighting as well as in patient enduring. And the second is the faith in the guidance of our nation by our Lord and God, who not only governs the destinies of individual man, but also determines those of the nations. Divine providence, as we firmly believe to-day, has made us one of the greatest nations on earth and we trust its guidance to lead us on in the future.

This is the nearest approach to humility which the reader will discover in this truly interesting narrative, extracted from letters which Dr. Deissmann is industriously circulating amongst friends in former pupils in America.

GERMANY'S PUNISHMENT.

Last month we reprinted Dr. Dillon's suggestions that the Allies should form a Customs Union designed to suppress German commerce, and in the current issue of *The English Review* Mr. Hyndman submits the proposed "Financial Boycotts and Policies" to a general criticism. It is pointed out that the success of such a scheme depends upon "the power of the Allies to dominate ocean traffic," and this implies a threat to neutral countries. The critic continues:—

The object of the Union is to prevent the Germanic Powers from using their wonderful powers of organisation and scientific efficiency to check the development and override the interests of the combined nations during the years which they devote to the improvement of their own industries. But to turn this temporary expedient into a policy of permanent exclusion of the productions of a most important portion of the human race—itself, as we may hope, developing in the direction of complete democracy and social progress—would be a most foolish and injurious form of reaction. Bitter as we must all feel towards the enemy of to-day, who is preparing, even in war, for a furious trade conflict in peace, the time will assuredly come when the memory of the crimes committed by the Teutonic Empires will fade, and commercial relations will be renewed with the new generation of Germans, as they were with the French after the great Napoleonic wars which extended over twenty years. International comity cannot be permanently suppressed, whatever national feeling, as well as national interest, may reasonably counsel for the time being.

Mr. Hyndman concludes that the wiser course would be to learn the lesson of German efficiency:—

Unless we at once set to work so to re-order our national life that huge slum areas with the physical deterioration they engender are finally swept away; to establish a system of training, feeding, and clothing which shall ensure health and strength to all from childhood onwards; to put an end to the furious profiteering of competition which renders all social reform under capitalism illusory and futile in the long run; to regard all measures as beneficial only in so far as they increase the well-being of the whole community, and thus secure the fullest development, physical, mental, and moral of each individual; to bring our political forms into direct democratic harmony with our economic collectivism—unless we do all these things, and do them quickly and thoroughly, all the tariff regulations and Customs Unions in the world will not save our nation from anarchical revolution or possible final ruin.

GERMAN WAR POETRY.

Quite an interesting article on German war poetry appears in the September issue of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Professor Martin Havenstein introduces his subject by observing that the enemies of Germany see in militarism, as they are pleased to call the politico-military strength of Germany, a great falling away from the position the nation occupied a century ago, and which earned for it the distinction of being a nation of poets and thinkers. He argues that poetry and militarism accord well together, as is shown by the tremendous flood of poetic production called forth by German military achievements, without a parallel in history, in the first year of the war. It has been estimated that in the first month of the war about a million and a half poems were written in Germany! This over-production should prove, he adds, that the Germans are not so cold and prosaic as their unmusical cousins on the other side of the Channel.

Unlike the Germans, the French in all their national stress are ever mindful of their literary glory, and they are not so sure that it is wisdom to collect and save their mass of war poetry as French literature. To them a poem is a work of art rather than the expression of the true feeling of a soul.

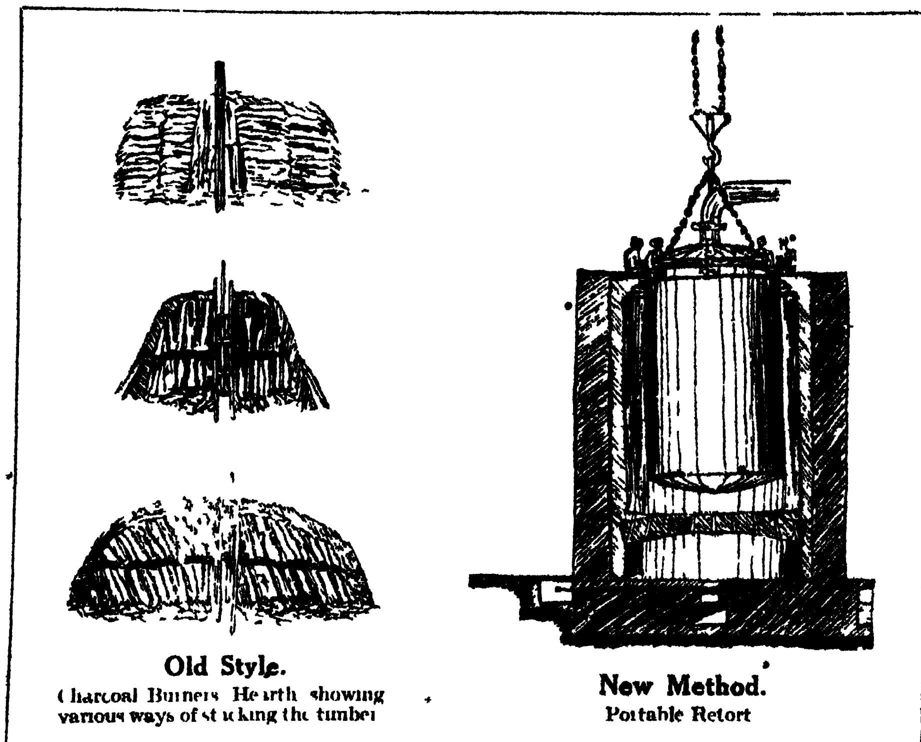
The writer has little doubt as to the German poems coming from the heart, yet he says their value is not so much present as future. Comparing the lyrics of 1818 and 1870 with those of 1914, he notes that those of to-day are characterised by more colour, and real experience; they do not speak of events, they represent them. He is by no means convinced of the immortality of Ernst Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate." He says it is a good poem, but one that will soon age; indeed, it has aged already. It was an expression of a mood in the first weeks of the war, one which Germans are glad not to care to remember. "Long hatred" is not a German characteristic. It is not German to sing psalms of revenge; expressions of rage can be left to Germany's enemies on the other side of the Alps and the Vosges. The aim of the poetry of 1818 was to call the people to arms; no such lyric fanfare was necessary in 1914, but present war poetry gives one the impression of too much boasting. The best poetry, after all, is not war poetry; and it is a noteworthy fact that the great poets are silent in the din of war.

CHARCOAL-BURNING.

In the manufacture of high explosives charcoal plays a considerable part, for the essential acetone is a product of the process known as the "coaling of wood."

The art of the charcoal-burner is as old as the hills, and although he still survives as a picturesque figure in many countries, modern methods tend to improve him out of existence. In his article on "Wood Charcoal" in *Cassier's* C. S. Vesey Brown gives a clear idea of the economies effected by the introduction of machinery. The sole object of the old style was the production of fuel, but the scientist is concerned to recover the valuable by-products set free by the process of carbonising, and the plant can be modified to meet the possibilities of a single estate.

An ingenious contrivance used in France enables a number of retorts to be used in connection with a single brick-built furnace, and the accompanying illustration shows how the retort is moved bodily from the heating chamber and allowed to cool off whilst another is placed on the furnace.



Old Style. Charcoal Burners Hearth showing various ways of stacking the timber

New Method. Portable Retort

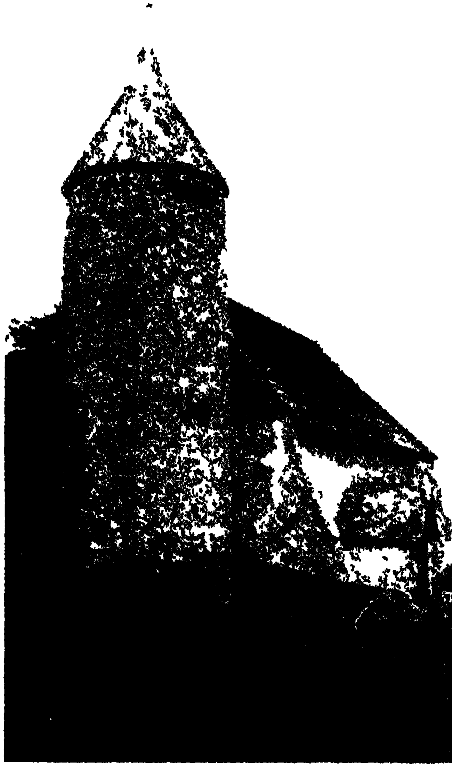
The writer enumerates the chief crude residuary of the process of distillation: 1. Inflammable gas, part of which is condensed and part (being incondensable) returned to the flues to be burnt and heat the retorts and ovens; 2 A liquid known as pyroligneous acid; 3. Tarry oils, known as Stockholm tar, creosote, etc.; 4. Charcoal. Further distillation supplies wood-naphtha (wood-alcohol), acetate of lime, from which again valuable acids are derived useful in dyeing and chemical work Of the uses to which charcoal is put Mr. Brown writes:—

> Charcoal is used in metallurgical work for the production of charcoal iron, the smelting of copper, lead and silver ores, for heating in domestic use, the production of explosives, the production of foundry blacking, arc lamp carbons, calcium carbide, packing cold storage chambers, filtration of water, sugar refineries, decolorisation of liquids, and in electrolytic cells. Advantage is also taken of the great power of absorbing practically any kind of gas into its pores and the consequent purification of malodorous and noxious vapours in chemical and sewage works

THE ROUND TOWERS OF OUSE.

In the whole broad county of Sussex there are but three round towered churches (and not many elsewhere in England); and these three, as a writer in the current number of the *Treasury* reminds us in the course of a very pleasant article, lie within the compass of a morning's walk down the valley of the Ouse from Lewes to the sea. They are the little churches of St Michael-in-Lewes, Southease, and Piddinghoe. Why these churches, and these only, should have round towers is so far an unexplained mystery. The author suggests that one explanation of their planning is the saving of the quoins they effected in a locality where flints were the only available material; another is that experience showed that flint so built better withstood the ravages of the weather; but neither explanation is conclusive, for there are many flint churches in Sussex, and all but these stand sturdily four-square to the winds. However that may be, they are undoubtedly most fascinating and architecturally most interesting, for each of the three is probably of Saxon origin and certainly contains Norman work. Here is a charming picture of Piddinghoe:—

Lime and stone and a silver stream paint Kipling's "windy Piddinghoe" in monochrome. Only on the tree-crowned knoll lapped by the winding tide, where the third and last of the round towers of Sussex is girt about with green upon a little promontory—the "Hoe" or heel of land that once was Saxon Paeda's—did we find the lacking colour. Time has touched the quaint exterior of the church with the richest pigments on his palette, embossing its grey stones and the red tiles of its steep roof with golden lichen that with its black porch timbers and the play of leaf-flecked sunshine over all made it curiously suggestive of some lacquered shrine of ebony and bronze.



The Round Tower of Southease.

By courtesy of the editor of *The Treasury* we are able to reproduce a picture of the ancient round tower of Southease.

THE HOME IN JAPAN.

The Japanese home is an excellent training ground for discipline. All must obey the Head, but he is bound also by custom and many religious regulations. The atmosphere is almost always one of kindliness, gentleness, and good manners. Children are not allowed, in Japan, to go to school until the March or September after they are six, but when that important event takes place they are already disciplined little human beings, with great respect for learning and some thirst for knowledge. They have already done some small share of the work of the home, they have been taught something of the history and literature and religion of their country, they are expert in manners, and are keen little patriots. All this education has been given them in their home. A true conception of a Japanese home is necessary for any clear knowledge of the Japanese nation, and explains many things, *e.g.*, the fact that workhouses, old age pensions, school attendance officers, a cane in the schoolroom, and a truant school are unnecessary and inexplicable to the Japanese people.—E. P. Hughes in *The Highway*.

How to Become a Perfect Scout, by a B.P. Scout (Gale & Polden, 6d. net), would be a right good gift for any boy, and is an eye-opener as to the value of the movement. *The Ambulance Handbook*, by J. Gibson (Gale & Polden, 6d. net), is a simply worded explanation with the necessary diagrams of first aid.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

THE DIPPER.

To the September number of *Wild Life*—an admirable issue, by the way—Mr. Ralph Chislett contributes an illustrated article on "Some Dipper Records." From it we learn that the Dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*) is quite an abundant species in moorland districts, although, strange to say, few people other than fishermen are acquainted with it.

The Dipper is an interesting bird to watch from a hiding-tent, for it pursues its business intently and methodically. When arriving with food, says the writer in recording some observations, "the male bird flew directly to a stone in mid-stream, halted there for a few seconds to make his curious, sidelong, bobbing bows, and then flew up to the nest without more hesitation." On the other hand, "the female always approaches from down-stream in a series of short flights from stone to stone, usually hopping about on her final 'waiting-stone' for some time before venturing up to the nest; afterwards she always departed in the same direction." The writer goes on to say:—

"The nest was kept clean in the usual way by the old dippers, but as they grew older some of the droppings from the young birds fell over the edge of the nest to the ground below; these were also removed and placed in the stream, invariably by the male. Such procedure would have been unnecessary had the nest overhung the stream, as is more often the case. To test the power of instinct, I rolled up balls of tissue paper, flicking them out of the tent to the ground below the nest; and each time I did so, after feeding the young, the male dipper flew down and removed the white pellets of paper, placing them in the stream, and rinsing his bill each time as carefully as he did after carrying excreta. Upwards of a score of crumbs of cake, the fragments of my lunch, which I placed upon a stone in mid-stream to see if he would use them as food, he also carefully placed one by one in the stream, and again he rinsed his bill after touching them—a proceeding which was hardly complimentary to the cook.



[Co]pyright.] *Ralph Chislett.*

A Characteristic Attitude of the Dipper.

By courtesy of the Editor of *Wild Life* we are permitted to reproduce the excellent picture on this page.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The household were economising by doing without a servant, and Hubbie, who was engaged on overtime war work, had come home to supper slightly peevish. He vented his feelings—not for the first time—on his wife and on the food. "I want you to understand once and for all, John," the lady exclaimed firmly, "that you did not marry a cook." He looked at her sadly. "I know it," was his reply.—*Pearson's Magazine.*

In preparation for a reading lesson the teacher had written a number of the difficult words upon the blackboard. The pupils were expected to consult the dictionary and to be ready later with the meaning of each. One of the words was *agility*. When teacher called for its meaning the reply came promptly: "Quickness." Then teacher asked what people would need agility in their occupations. The pupils answered, "Firemen, sailors, policemen," and one small but extremely lively boy said, "A lawyer." "Why would a lawyer need agility, John?" teacher asked. "He'd need it in his tongue in talking."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A man who was very vain of his personal appearance went to the doctor one day and asked him to explain a singular circumstance. "Doctor," he said, "my hair is perfectly black, but my whiskers are turning white rapidly. Now, how do you account for that?" "Well," replied the physician, "I don't know, unless it is because your jaws have worked a great deal harder than your brains."—*The Windsor Magazine.*

An old lady was on her first ocean voyage. "What's that down there?" she asked the Captain. "That's the steerage, madam," he replied. "Really?" she exclaimed in surprise. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—*Chart and Compass.*

"The gentleman behind will pay," said a lady sitting with her children in the park when the attendant came for the money. "Mother," said one of the tiny mites in a shocked voice. "Daddy's not a gentleman—he's an architect."—*The Educational Times.*

He was the slowest boy on earth, and had been sacked at three places in two weeks, so his parents had apprenticed him to a naturalist. But even he found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stick a pin through a dead butterfly, and four to pick a convolvulus. The only point about him was that he was willing. "And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon changing the goldfishes' water, "shall I do now, sir?" The naturalist ran his fingers through his locks. "Well, Robert," he replied at length, "I think you might now take the tortoise out for a run."—*Christian Register.*

A concert in aid of the fund for something or other had been arranged in the village, and all the local "stars" were booked to appear. Miss "Elsie Hands," the favourite soprano, was announced to sing, and, before she began, apologised for her cold. Then she started: "I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree-e-e—ahem! On a willow-tree-e-e—oh!" Her voice broke on the high note each time. She tried twice more, then a voice came from the back of the hall: "Try 'anging it on a lower branch, miss!"—*Boy's Own Paper.*

The sergeant looked at the new recruits for the transport service. "Any of you used to Rolls-Royce cars?" he asked pleasantly. Three or four recruits stepped forward, a little conscious of their superiority over men who had driven cheaper cars. "Ah," said the sergeant, "you get scrubbing brushes and scrub down that staircase. Now don't none of you say you come here to drive. You come here to obey orders, and if you don't you goes to clink."—*The Treasury.*

Miss Curley kept a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil. "What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl. "Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mamma supports me." "Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?" "Why," replied the little girl, in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—*Argonaut.*

RANDOM READINGS FROM THE REVIEWS.

VOLUNTARY SERVICE OR CONSCRIPTION?

After twelve months the slacker still exists in considerable numbers. Assuming that some two and a half million volunteers are engaged in the Services, and making a liberal allowance for those otherwise employed in helping the State, a simple sum in arithmetic will reveal the existence of at least a million or two who might be in khaki and are not. I do not underestimate the seriousness of the decision such men are called upon to make: they are called upon to embrace what is at best a life of discomfort, restriction and fatigue, and at worst of mortal danger, wounds and captivity: they have to give up in many cases present ease and fair prospects. It is an heroic choice for most men, but the occasion calls for heroism, and many succumb before the test. . . . The existence of such weaklings in large numbers, men unable to realise or unwilling to perform their duty, will probably necessitate conscription before the war is over.—J. Keating, in *The Month.*

THE NEW ARMY.

I like the term "New Army" better than "Kitchener's Army." . . . For the past half-century the parson and the teacher have drudged and toiled to make the New Army. The cinematograph and the gramophone and the motor-omnibus have helped, so far as to make the men alert and up-to-date, but it was not in their power to supply the education and refinement which Private Thomas Atkins now enjoys. Patient spade-work by his master and his pastor have given him that. Not always with due appreciation, either. Benevolent old gentlemen have grumbled about the school rates going up, and venerable old ladies have questioned the propriety of educating the "lower orders" out of their sphere; while people have complained of the clergyman because he was always collecting money for his Church Lads' Brigade or other unnecessary schemes; and have wondered that his wife should interest herself in the Mothers' Union and other gatherings of poor people. But at this hour of the nation's need, when country and Empire are trembling in the balance, the teacher and the parson have come into their own.—W. A. Purton, in *The Churchman.*

WOMEN'S WAGES ON WAR SERVICE.

A ledger clerk earning £2 a week joined the Army and was replaced by a girl at 17s. 6d., who did all his work. Another clerk at the same salary left two months later and was replaced by another girl at 17s. 6d., net result being that the firm, instead of paying £4 a week, paid 35s. Only one male ledger clerk is left, but he is very uneasy! but, characteristically, not because the women are shamefully underpaid for doing identical work, but because he feels his tenure and the taking back of the other men as very insecure—the firm may wish to pursue these economical tactics. These girls were supplied to the firm by a well-known cramming establishment, and presumably advised to accept these conditions. But it is the same in the Civil Service—*e.g.*, Post Office.—*The Educational Times.*

AFTER THE WAR—COLLECTIVISM.

The war has permanently strengthened the collectivist ideal. It has convinced the workers who previously adhered to the necessity and desirability of this reconstruction that they were right; it has won over many of those who were opposed to the principle because they did not understand it. If collective ownership and control of the resources of the State, administered for the collective good, is necessary in time of war, it is also necessary in time of peace. We may palliate the social disease as we will, but it will become more and more aggravated as the tendency of modern capitalism grows towards oppressive monopoly. The time is not far distant when production for individual profit will bring about its own undoing, and we shall turn to production collectively because we tested it in time of National stress, and found that it was good.—George A. Greenwood, in *The Millgate Monthly.*

MUSIC EXPLOITED AS CHARITY.

A grave danger besets many professional musicians at the present moment, and it is one which should be faced firmly. There is a great tendency in many quarters to exploit music for charitable purposes *at the expense of the artists.* Having secured their artists almost gratuitously, certain *entrepreneurs,*

and other social organisers, give their concerts at normal or even supernormal prices. The concert is then worked on good business lines in aid of some charitable object; a large but decidedly miscellaneous audience results, and in consequence, thanks to the self-sacrificing artists, several hundreds of pounds are handed over to the fund and the organiser is covered with congratulations. But what of the poor artists and what of music? With an audience collected on such lines, one artist after another capitulates to the desire for mere effect, and the programme degenerates into something often below the standard of a good variety entertainment. And what of those entertainments when the elastic word "proceeds" is used? In either case it is the musician who suffers and runs the risk of kicks with the knowledge of "no ha'pence." The level to which music is frequently lowered in concerts of this class is very deplorable, and it is to be hoped that musicians will make a firm stand against such inroads on their unbounden rights, and that the time is not very far distant when an enlightened public will no longer consent thus weakly to such a use of our noble art, and in the interests of fair-play insist on paying *full price to the people who really supply the goods.*—*Monthly Musical Record.*

THE TOMATO.

THERE is no doubt that the tomato is indigenous to America. Exactly where it originated is a mooted question. The name seems to be of Aztec origin, given by some as "tomatl" and by others as "xitomate." The word still exists in names of Mexican towns, such as Tomatlan, Tomatepec, etc. Humboldt states that the plant was cultivated for its fruit by the Mexican natives long before the Spanish conquest, while Alphonse de Candolle, in his "Origin of Cultivated Plants," arrives at the conclusion that the plant and its culture for edible purposes originated in Peru, and thence spread to other sections of the Americas. At any rate, it had been known and cultivated extensively in these countries for centuries before the Columbian discovery, and there is little doubt that many of the plants seen and described by the European invaders as wild species were really cultivated varieties originated by the Indians by crossing of selected species. Botanically, the common tomato belongs to the order *Solanaceæ* and the genus *Lycopersicum*, the species which is usually cultivated for food purposes being named *esculentum*. The designation of the genus, derived from *Lykos*, a wolf, and *persica*, a peach, had its origin in the supposed aphrodisiacal qualities and in the real beauty of the fruit of the vegetable.—*Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* (Washington, U.S.A.).

WHOLEMEAL v. WHITE BREAD.

THERE is no greater waste and no more unfortunate practice than the total exclusion of the bran or fibre of the wheat grain from our national loaf. The mineral salts in our foods have been placed in the husk or the skin for a wise purpose, and we are careful to exclude them as far as we can in almost all that we eat. They are responsible for the production of the bones and the teeth, and they are vital to the blood, which, when reduced to a condition of poverty, affects the happiness, health, and life of the man. A child fed on milk from which the minerals had been removed could not live, for it would obtain no bone-making material, while its blood would be unable to nourish it. White bread consists almost wholly of starch and gluten, and, when consumed, leaves no residue in the digestive system, for practically all is absorbed. It is this fact which accounts for the pernicious habit of the Englishman as a consumer of purgative medicines, to which the consumer of wholemeal bread is almost an absolute stranger.—PROFESSOR LONG, in *Pearson's Magazine.*

THE WEIGHT OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

FOR a good many years now I have always taken the weight avoirdupois into account in adopting a new book for class use, and I have no hesitation in stating that every year it becomes more difficult to find good modern text-books that are suitable in weight for use in day schools. This is notably the case in subjects such as geography and history and in the readers wanted by the youngest children of all. Where four to five ounces used to be a common weight for a school book, one now finds eight to ten. It is easy to test this statement. Three to five books are required as a rule for homework for girls over twelve years of age, so that the weight of the satchel for books alone works out at anything from a pound and a half to two pounds.—ETHEL GARVIN, M.A., in *The School World.*

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

La Revue of September 1st contains an interesting article by Jane Misme on "Woman's International Rôle during the War," in which she attacks the International Alliance for Women's Suffrage for its peace propaganda. She writes, and truly, that it is a curious fact that of all the Governments interested the only one to realize the possibilities in the international organization of women was Germany. They, with their thoroughness and preparedness for all eventualities, realized that love of peace is inherent in woman, and it being to Germany's advantage to have an early peace, they have so worked on this side of woman's nature that many fell into the trap, and are to-day, and have been for some time, playing into Germany's hand as thoroughly as even she could desire. Hence we have the Peace Congress of Women at the Hague organized by the International Alliance to which all the suffrage societies of neutral and belligerent countries were invited to send delegates, to discuss the possibilities of bringing about an early peace, which in other words means the salvation of Germany.

The French Societies refused to go, and explained their refusal in a noble article to all newspapers, declaring the utter impossibility of French women meeting the women of an enemy country, who do not even repudiate the crimes of their Government, and declining to collaborate until they should recognise respect of rights as the basis of all social union.

The author thinks that the French Societies should break away from the Alliance. Woman's rights would not suffer, for that question is sufficiently advanced to require more particularly internal efforts, and they would lose nothing by the loss of the German and Austrian delegates. She suggests that French woman's work affiliated to international federations should be under the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the same way as the Red Cross is under the War Office, for it is not good that organizations capable of influencing the fate of the nation should be acting without control and without the concurrence of the chiefs of the State.



Evening Sun] [New York.

He wants to go!

THE KAISER: "Oh, if I could only quit now!"

In the same number there is an article on "Russia's Reforms," by an anonymous writer, who, we are told, is a high personage in Prussian Poland. He points out that it is now six months since the Grand Duke Nicholas proclaimed the independence of Poland, and since then very little has been done in any way to show that it was more than a promise. The Tsar no doubt was willing, but his *entourage* were not; they are conservative of conservatives, and anything in the way of change is abhorrent to them, and therefore the Polish awaited in vain the promised changes in their condition. Finally, however, Russia discovered that she could no longer put off the suppression of the *régime*, which although condemned was still in force, and in March it was decided to give to the Polish towns not in German hands the famous municipal liberties which had been adopted in principle by the Duma some time before the war, but which the Council of State had always kept back. This was something, but very little; for, as a Polish paper pointed out, Poland is not a town, and reforms which were to give her her independence could not

be reduced to a municipal reorganisation, however perfect.

Municipal reforms appearing insufficient, the Government decided to elaborate a more complete list of reforms. These had not been officially published when the article was written, but enough was known unofficially to shew Poland what Russia considered Polish liberty. Certain institutions are to remain centralised for the greater benefit of the two nations—such as legislation, the army, the fleet, the financial institutions, taxes and customs, posts, telegraphs, telephones, and railways, and, finally, the magistracy. And autonomy—a liberal autonomy—towards all that remains!

Poland should have instead of a Governor a Lieutenant of the Crown, with nothing to prevent him being any general, therefore this change is only one of etiquette; but with this Lieutenant and under his presidency will be a Grand Council composed of members and functionaries chosen by the authorities, and others elected by the territorial and municipal councils. These last always subject to the approval of the Lieutenant of the Realm!

The project also includes the creation of Justices of the Peace by means of election. And the people are allowed to plead in Polish, and the use of their native tongue is made legal in certain other cases, and is allowed in the schools. Legislation, Russian history and geography, however, must be taught in Russian. And, finally, Catholic priests shall have the right to teach the Catechism to Polish children, and the supervision of this shall be given back to the Bishops. But that is all, and the author finds it very little. Above all, he complains that so long as Poland is not governed by Poles, so long as it continues to be a colony into which will overflow the surplus of functionaries from Central Russia, the independence of Poland will be a myth.



Westminster Gazette.]

Very Unfair.

[Reading the Kaiser's answer to a congratulatory telegram from the King of Würtemburg: "We can see in the fall of Warsaw a significant step on the road along which the Almighty by His grace has led us hitherto."]

"Well, I'm dashed if that's fair! It has been MY job right through from the start."

In *La Revue de Paris* of September 1st Rear-Admiral Degouy gives us another article on the subject of "Submarine Warfare." After explaining the difficulties of a blockade since the advent of submarines and the consequent withdrawal into safer waters of the big Dreadnoughts, he suggests that it would be feasible to bottle up the enemy's fleet by means of automatic mines laid across the entrance to their harbours, and on which the enemy ships would come to grief; and also he maintains that our submarines should be able to penetrate into the German harbours and destroy the ships in their retreat. He acknowledges the great difficulties which would be encountered—such as nets stretched across the entrances and mines—but maintains that such difficulties might be overcome, as they have been by our submarines operating in the Dardanelles, although there the difficulties were smaller.

The Admiral is pleased to hear that our fleet is prepared for the eventual battle with Germany, and that she has a surprise awaiting them, for he still holds to his assertion that Germany during her months of waiting has prepared a big one for us.

NEW MUSIC.

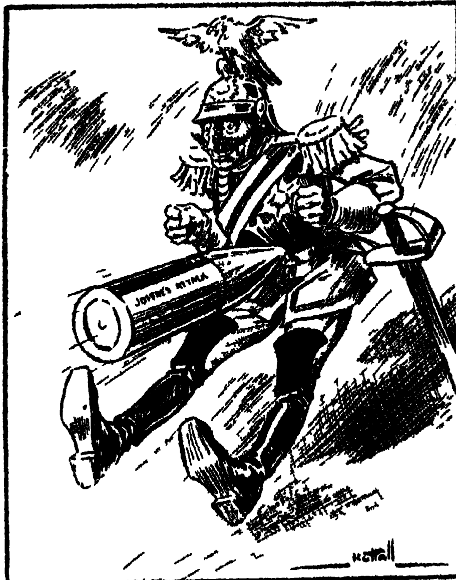
IN the batch of specimens of their recent publications which Messrs. Novello have sent us are many part-songs, madrigals, anthems, etc., a special feature of the firm being the publication of such works in separate numbers for the use of choirs. We may draw attention to such old favourite composers of glees as Thomas Morley and Orlando Gibbons. Among the songs is included Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air," with an accompaniment arranged by Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill. A concert edition of Balfe's popular opera "The Bohemian Girl" has also been issued. Act I is omitted and certain cuts have been adopted. All the music is clearly printed and the choral numbers are a marvel of cheapness.

GERMAN.

COMMENTING on the events of the war in August, Dr. Hans Delbrück, in his *Preussische Jahrbucher* (September), asks how it was that the Germano-Austrian Army, which last autumn had reached Warsaw and Ivangorod and was then driven back to the German frontier, has now succeeded in driving before it and over the same ground, the Army of the Russians? At the beginning, he thinks, the armies of the combatants were pretty equally matched. The Germans had the advantage of quality and skill, the Russians of superiority in numbers. He supposes the Russians have not been so well able to replace their heavy losses as the Germans have done; also they lack officers, training, equipment, and organisation. But it is to the German heavy artillery that success is mainly due. Fortresses, positions—nothing can withstand it

In conclusion he suggests that if the Austrians maintain their position against the Italians, and the Germans maintain their position in France, there can be no reason why the Russians should not be driven back farther and farther, or why the Germans should not take possession of such valuable Russian territory as to force the Tsar to make peace There are no fortresses beyond the Niemen to detain the invaders; and a little advance towards the Russian capital would suffice to bring to a standstill the great arms and munitions factories there, as the Russians would immediately rush away all material and machinery, to prevent it falling into the hands of their enemies.

In another article in the same review Dr. Delbrück discusses the problem of the future of Poland, and names several solutions. It would not be in the national interest of Germany to add twelve million Poles to the present Slavdom in Austria. Nor could Germany permit an independent Poland. As to a partition between Austria and Prussia, Germany does not want in her midst any more Poles than those already living within her boundaries. Another plan would be to attach Poland to Saxony, and by this means make Poland a member of the German Empire without receiving her into it. Yet another solution is to let Poland go to Austria, and in exchange to let Prussia take the Baltic Provinces. This, according to Dr. Delbrück, would have the happy result of liberating the old German colony from the yoke of the Muscovites. In this event Russia would have to move her capital to Moscow and would again become, what she is by nature, a semi-Asiatic State!



Punch] [Melbourne

Bent, but Not Broken.

(A German General says that the German line in the West has been bent, but not broken)

THE GERMAN: "Not broken, but, ach, Gott, I've got mein belly full!"

SPANISH

La Lectura contains an interesting review of a book by an anonymous author and entitled *La Renaissance de la Pologne*. The rebirth of Poland is a fascinating subject for reflection and discussion, for most people appear to believe that Poland will once more become a nation as the result of this war. What will happen? There are, according to the writer, three ways of attaining the object: (1) To make Poland an independent kingdom, embracing the territory that was Polish in olden times, with a window on the Baltic in the shape of the city of Dantzig. (2) To give autonomy to Poland under the suzerainty of Austria. (3) To give autonomy to Poland under the suzerainty of Russia. In (2) and (3) it is not certain that Dantzig would be included. The objection to making

Poland absolutely independent, says that writer, is that it would not stand; the errors that led to its downfall would recur. In other words, he does not think that the Poles can ever rule themselves. The objection to Austrian suzerainty is that the Entente Powers would oppose it tooth and nail; the objection to Russian suzerainty is that Austria would oppose it. The writer is an enemy of Russia and plumps for No. 2, hoping that Austria would be strong enough to carry the point. The strange feature of this dissertation is that Germany is left out of the calculation. Can anyone imagine that the predominant partner would consent to give up Dantzig or to let Austria boss Poland? The probability is that Poland will never regain her independence, because both Russia and Germany would fear secret control by the other. Another book reviewed in this issue is *Why the Germans Will be Beaten.* The writer bases his convictions on moral grounds, but the reviewer reminds him that force, not morality, will be the governing factor. Victory will be on the side of the big guns and big battalions.

In "Some Reflections on the War," in *Nuestro Tiempo,* we have some reasons why people imagined that a European war was impossible. The reasons for that belief may be summed up in a few words the cost and the slaughter. The result of all this expenditure and loss of life, with the awful damage to property, will be very hard times after the war. That is a stern fact which should be brought home to the mind of everyone.

DUTCH.

"THE NEW EUROPE" is the title of what we may describe as the war article in the current issue of *Vragen des Tijds.* The writer sketches, as usual, the course of events during the month, mentioning the recent shelling of the Cumberland coast by the German submarine; he remarks on the different versions of the affair given by the British and German authorities and continues to the following effect: Although the Wolff Bureau cannot be regarded as a source of unadulterated truth, yet it must be remembered that the British authorities do not tell us everything, and there may, therefore, be some truth in the German statement. This remark is instructive as showing how neutrals may look upon these matters. The writer then deals with the annexation idea and the speech of the German Chancellor. The victory of Germany would mean the freedom of the ocean and everlasting peace. Yes, he says, because Germany would make herself so strong that no nation could oppose her, whatever cause they might have for so doing! A German victory would be a guarantee for the freedom of the smaller nations and the Chancellor instanced the liberation of Poland from the Russian yoke. He forgot to mention Belgium, drily remarks the writer of the article; perhaps he believes that Belgium has already been liberated! The smaller nations, he concludes, would have just as much freedom as Germany felt inclined to give them. An attractive prospect!



Heraldo de Madrid.]

A Cry for Help.

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "William! Oh, William!"

De Beweging discusses Flanders, Belgium and Holland. The Flemish movement before the war was to keep Flanders to some extent independent and not to allow the country to be Frenchified, if we may use an expressive word. The Germans are working on this idea, so that Flanders may be prevented from absorption by the so-called French portion of Belgium, thus losing its individuality. That means that the Germans would make it subservient to themselves. A German victory would not be an unmixed blessing for Flanders. Another article is devoted to the views of German jurists on the war, with copious quotations in German. The views are both amusing and amazing. To paraphrase the old saying, the Germans can do no wrong.

ITALIAN.

"VICTOR," in the *Nuova Antologia*, continues in very able fashion his task of laying down the lines on which a new Europe, both political and economic, is to be built up. He starts on the assumption that permanent peace and the reduction of armaments are the logical and inexorable outcome of the war. It can now be seen that the old European alliances only made for militarism and vast expenditure: they must be swept away. Yet it is clear that the destruction of German militarism, at which England more especially aimed at the beginning of the war, is not going to be effected by force of arms alone: where the Allies possess an overwhelming advantage is in the economic sphere. "Victor" maintains that it is only the economic weapon ruthlessly wielded by united Allies that will give ultimate victory over German aggression. Unless at the end of the war Germany submits—and she doubtless will refuse—to complete disarmament, the Allies are bound in self defence to adopt towards her a rigid system of economic blockade—otherwise they will merely be furnishing her with the means to recuperate and prepare for a yet more terrible and devastating war. Into an economic league binding the Allies to act in concert in all commercial matters any neutral nation could be admitted on favourable terms, but it would have to make a clear choice as to which side it was on. "Victor" regards the European situation as, in the main, the outcome of the struggle for supremacy between England and Germany, and in his view, every State, big and little, will have to choose between the two. One thing only, he declares in conclusion, the Allies cannot and will not do: to drift from military unpreparedness to economic unpreparedness.



Hindi Punch.] [Bombay.

Russia Has a Word to Say.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA: "Now that we have wrung a feather or two out of you, won't you say 'Enough' and sue for peace?"

RUSSIA: "Wait till I have plucked all your feathers. You will be in a better frame of mind for peace terms then."

Ceonobium, the Italo-French review founded in the interests of religious free-thought, has developed into one of the most important organs of Pacifist principles published on the Continent. The last number reproduces many noteworthy utterances from thinkers of all nations in favour of the speedy restoration of international peace. Its editors are urging the formation of a "League of Neutral Nations," the objects of which would be to keep neutral countries united, to prevent their being individually dragged into the struggle, and to promote the discussion of the future terms of peace "in a spirit of serenity and justice." In view of its Modernist sympathies in religious matters, it is interesting to note that as regards peace propaganda *Ceonobium* finds itself entirely at one with Benedict XIV.

F. Evoli, writing in the *Vita Italiana*, whose well-known editor, G. Preziosi, is now fighting at the Italian front, complains that the man in the street in Italy has quite failed to grasp the importance of her declaration of war against Turkey. Italy had special causes for hostility owing to Turkey's persistent intriguing against her in Lybia; indeed, the Italian position in Northern Africa is sensibly improved by an open state of war. The author goes on to remark that there are obvious reasons why both France and England can view with greater equanimity than in the past the presence of Russia at Constantinople, but that for Italy such an eventuality offers dangers that will need to be closely guarded against. Yet even for Italy a Russian domination is preferable to a German domination, and hence the author urges Italian co-operation with the Allies in the Dardanelles; but the article has been so heavily censored that its arguments have been rather obscured. On the whole it may be said that the Italian magazines that reach us treat of the war soberly and moderately, and that up till now pacific sentiments seem to enjoy more free expression in the peninsula than in other belligerent countries.

THE DRAMA DURING WAR-TIME.

"THE BIG DRUM."

SIR ARTHUR PINERO is not at his happiest in his new play Perhaps his readiness to re-write the last act in amiable compliance with the demands of the dramatic critics and the St. James's Theatre audiences show that he does not set great store by it himself. If an artist sincerely believes in his work and has found it good in his own eyes he is usually the last man in the world to change it into something quite different because it doesn't happen to be to the liking of the public. When the adapter of "The Light that Failed" made a bad play worse by its saccharine ending no one very greatly cared; but when we find Sir James Barrie and Sir Arthur Pinero, men who have acquired and earned high reputations as serious dramatists, successively yielding to popular clamour and, in a sense, permitting their audiences to collaborate with them, we can only conclude that their hearts are not in their tasks and that their object is, to speak brutally, not to achieve a work of art but merely to keep the pot boiling

I understand that the first version of "The Big Drum," which endured for two or three nights, ended unhappily in the conventional sense; that is to say the heroine told the hero that her ways were not his ways, that she was not good enough for him, and she left him in a state of gentle melancholy over the MSS. of his novel. But Sir George Alexander and Miss Irene Vanbrugh are two such charming people that nobody can bear to see them unhappy, even in a play, so when I saw it the last act made them gravitate inevitably and irresistibly into each other's arms amid



A Portrait Study] [*By Cosmo Rowe*

Sir Arthur Pinero.

thunderous applause. In fairness to the author (though he, perhaps, will not be the last to appreciate that there could be no more damaging criticism of his play as a work of art) it must be said that except possibly from a box-office point of view it does not seem to matter a row of pins whether the ending is happy or unhappy. Technically the substituted fourth act fits in perfectly with the preceding three of the original structure (there the hand of the master craftsman reveals itself), while from a human point of view the joys or sorrows of the protagonists cease to move us five minutes after we have emerged into the black darkness of Ryder Street and have captured our taxis. Why, then, all this fuss about altering a play after production? Simply because play writing, like every other art, has its ethics, and we look to the leaders to uphold its mysteries and its independence.

The central idea of "The Big Drum" is the contrast of merit with advertisement. The representation of the one is Philip Mackworth, a struggling novelist who has so far failed to reach the ear (and pockets) of the "big public" because he has consistently set his face against booming himself into the limelight by any of the accepted methods of the notoriety-mongers. On the other hand looms Sir Randle Filson, whose skill and pertinacity in banging the big drum of advertisement, added to much wealth gained in South America, have secured him a knighthood, a precarious foothold on the outskirts of Society, and a gratifying lien on the English Press. Sir Randle and his equally pushing wife stand for all that Mackworth abhors: Mackworth is to Sir Randle outside the pale, for he personifies the unforgivable sin, Unsuccess. When, therefore, Mackworth meets again in London Ottoline de Chaumié, Sir Randle's only daughter (with whom ten years earlier he had broken off his engagement, thereby throwing her into the arms of a most unsatisfactory French count, happily since deceased), and they decide



A Portrait Study. **Sir George Alexander.** *[By Cosmo Rowe.*

without hesitation to bury the past and get married as soon as may be, the news brings no joy to the bosoms of Sir Randle and Lady Filson and their son Bertram, himself no mean tympanist. Mackworth, however, pins his faith to his new novel, *The Big Drum*, with which at last, purely on its merits, he is going to hit the public taste, and he makes his prospective parents-in-law a sporting offer; if the book turns out to be a genuine success he is to be free to marry Ottoline; if not he will relinquish all claim to her. Then he outlines the theme of his novel to the justly astonished and horrified Sir Randle, who, however, has wit enough to see that with such a subject it will have no earthly chance of success, and closes with the offer.

But it does succeed. Stealing upon the world unheralded by any press paragraphs, after a few harrowing weeks of neglect it succeeds magnificently. The publisher's certificate shows sales of 25,000 against Mackworth's usual 1,500 or 1,800, and we next see our author, glowing with the pride of achievement, preparing to celebrate the announcement of his engagement to Ottoline by a little dinner to her now completely subjugated parents at his chambers in Gray's Inn. But Bertram, who is not such a fool as he looks, drops a bombshell on the happy gathering. The phenomenal sales have roused his suspicions and by tortuous enquiries he has traced to a room in the City unopened cases containing many thousands of copies of *The Big Drum*. The outraged author denies all knowledge of this, but things look black against him until Ottoline is forced out into the open and confesses. *She* wasn't going to let her happiness depend on the fickle public; if the success of the book was a condition of her marriage she would see that it should succeed, so with the aid of her father's secretary she bought up edition after edition in an assumed name. But Philip took it very badly. Injured pride and the knowledge that he had failed again made him turn pathetically from Ottoline, and another act was needed to bring them together again. History does not relate whether Sir Randle held him to his promise, but presumably he did not.



(From a Drawing by Cosmo Rowe.)

A. CROOM-JOHNSON.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

THE WORLD IS CHANGING.

PERHAPS only the old fully realise how true this is, or that the changes are never entirely good nor wholly bad. The Freelands* are a family of four brothers with a widowed mother. Two of the men have a son and a daughter each, and every one of the family is in some way typical. John is high in Government employ, Felix is a noted author, Stanley a captain of industry who has bought back a part of the old Moreton property and, with a managing wife holds his own in county society. Tod is the anomaly in a prosperous family; and is married to a young girl, descended from Highland forebears, who has rebellion in her blood; the truism that only those who can pay for freedom, in some way, are truly free, has, because of early suffering, worked upon her to such an extent that her whole being is fevered. She is a type of self-abnegation, persisted in to such a degree that it is with her no longer a denying of self but self-expression. Frances Freeland, the mother of the four sons, also denies herself just because she is of the aristocratic type and "noblesse oblige" rules her life. In



Photo by] *[Russell & Sons.*

Mr. John Galsworthy.

Frances Freeland we have that quiet heroism which is none the less such because it is exhibited in ordinary family life. She it is who holds the members of the various households together. Stupid, she calls herself, erratic she might be called, for she does the oddest things in the most unexpected way. Because she thinks that a lady should care for the outward as well as the inward she never allows herself a bodily indulgence except breakfast in her own room, and, considering that she is over seventy, that is not much. But when it came to

* *The Freelands.* By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

sickness no one questioned the right of the frail little woman to command the sick-room, for she was admittedly from experience and power of paying no attention to her own wants the fittest person for the position.

Mr. and Mrs. Tod were, to her queer folk, to be loved but not understood. Their cottage might be called unfurnished, they ate when hungry, in the kitchen, for they had no servant. There a wood fire was always burning, and coffee, porridge, eggs, potatoes, apples, milk, etc., set out under a muslin awning. They cultivated their own fields, and, though this was not stated, it would almost seem that they wove their own linen. Living as they did in the heart of the country, it will readily be seen that the tragedy of the story is connected with the land and its labourers.

A neighbouring squire, Sir Gerald Malloring, held all the land round Tod's, and was married to a good woman of the old typ, what may be called the narrow high-church-puritanical. A labourer on their estate, named Tryst, had lost the wife whom he had loved as well as any richer man could love his. There were two little children and the wife's sister came to look after them. After a time Tryst desired to marry her, as he, of course, could legally do, but Lady Malloring stepped in, declaring no such offence against the Church should be permitted on her land, and if Tryst did not send the woman back to her people he himself must go. Of the slow, bucolic temperament, Tryst tried to manage his babies alone, but himself fell ill and the sister-in-law came back. Then the estate agent was directed to turn Tryst out of his cottage and his furniture into the road. Only those who know the country can imagine the consequent suffering. No other squire would employ the man, and the cottage had been his home for long years. The Mallorings had acted in the same high-handed fashion in another case. The daughter of a labourer, a little coquette, had not behaved quite so respectably as she should have done, had in fact been caught kissing, and was sent away from her place. Her father took her in, and he, too, was threatened with expulsion. But the girl acted for herself, and, with a little help, got a good place in London, not, however, until much suffering had been endured by her father and old grandfather.

Mr. Tod Freeland's son and daughter had been brought up to sympathise with these victims of tyranny; the two went to Lady Malloring to protest. Of course, in vain; the only result being that action was taken at once, and Tryst's cottage was emptied whilst he was away at work. The scene when he comes home is burningly told. Of course, Mr. Tod takes him and his children into his own house, and next day the newspapers have an account of the burning of a hayrick on the Malloring estate with Tryst taken off to prison. Derek, Tod's son, was engaged to his cousin Nedda, the daughter of the author, and their love story is beautiful and human—a fine section of the novel. Nedda hurries from London, fearing that Derek must be in trouble, and vainly tries to get from him what he is thinking of doing, knowing that to remain quiescent while Tryst is awaiting trial would be impossible for him.

Sir Gerald Malloring receives a letter signed by ninety-three of his labourers respectfully telling him that they consider it unjust that any labourer should be evicted from his cottage for any reason connected with private life or social or political reasons, and asking that the labourers themselves should have a voice in deciding for or against the offender. A strike (hay harvest is due) is to be the consequence of refusal. Of course Sir Gerald refuses to be dictated to and sends for strike breakers. Meantime Derek has vainly tried to make himself responsible for Tryst's action, thinking that without his words of rebellion Tryst would have suffered inactively. The strike is his suggestion, and in the fight which ensues Derek is knocked senseless and gets concussion of the brain, whilst his sister is taken off to prison. It is not difficult to imagine the horror of the other Freelands that their honour should be so besmirched. Nedda, helped by her grandmother, nurses Derek back to life, and his first conscious words are about Tryst. Nedda at once offers to go to the prison and see him, and not often has a picture of the effect of prison walls upon an open-air man been more poignantly described or the visit to a prison by a sheltered young girl so simply yet so impressively pictured. That the shuddering misery of any such young girl would be much the same does not make the picture less effective. Here is what she saw, after the miserable preliminaries:—

A big man with unshaven cheeks came in, and she stretched out her hand.

"I am Mr. Derek's cousin, going to be married to him. He's been ill, but he's getting well again now. We knew you'd like to hear." And she thought: "Oh! What a tragic face! I can't bear to look at his eyes!"

He took her hand, said, "Thank you, miss," and stood as still as ever.

"Please come and sit down, and we can talk."

Tryst moved to a form and took his seat thereon, with his hands between his knees, as if playing with an imaginary cap. . . . The cheeks of his square-cut face had fallen in, the eyes had sunk back, and the prominence thus given to his cheek and jaw-bones and thick mouth gave his face a savage look—only his dog-like, terribly yearning eyes made Nedda feel so sorry that she simply could not feel afraid.

"The children are such dears, Mr. Tryst. Billy seems to grow every day. They're no trouble at all, and quite happy. Biddy's wonderful with them."

"She's a good maid." The thick lips shaped themselves as though they had almost lost power of speech. . .

"Have you got everything you want?"

For a minute he did not seem to be going to answer; then, moving his head from side to side, he said:—

"Nothin' I want, but just to get out of here." . . . Tryst went on: "If they don't let me go I won' stand it. 'Tis too much for a man. I can't sleep, I can't eat, nor nothin'. I won' stand it; I tell you, miss, I won'."

Feeling quite sick with pity, Nedda got up and stood beside him; and, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she lifted up one of his great hands and clasped it in both her own. "Oh, try to be brave and look forward! You're going to be ever so happy some day."

He gave her a strange long stare.

"Yes, I'll be happy some day. Don' you never fret about me."

Then came the trial. . . . The real story never came out, that of Tryst brooding, with the slow, the wrathful incoherence that centuries of silence in those lonely fields had passed into the blood of his forebears and himself. Brooding in the dangerous disproportion that enforced continence brings to certain natures. . . . The probings and eloquence of justice would never paint the picture of that moment of maniacal relief, when, with jaw hanging loose, eyes bulging in exultation of revenge, he had struck those matches with his hairy hands and let them flare in the straw. . . "Three years' penal servitude." . .

The evening paper had the heading "Convict's Tragic Death! Yesterday, while being conveyed from the assize court back to prison, a man named Tryst, sentenced to three years' penal servitude for arson, suddenly attacked the warders in charge of him and escaped. He ran down the street, hotly pursued, and, darting out into the traffic, threw himself under a motor-car going at some speed. The car struck him on the head, and the unfortunate man was killed on the spot."

This puts an end to Derek's intention of giving himself up as some way of making amends. Nedda's father tells him that he has a duty to her. The poor lad has found that even the labourers have turned against him; his interference has done them no good. Wherever he goes he sees the figure of Tryst with reproachful eyes, and is in train to go mad. Finally, the parents consent that the two young things shall go to New Zealand, where a relative has a ranch, and so the book closes upon a tragedy which yet is not depressing but elevating, for Hope is in the distance. Derek is going with a devoted companion where his individuality will be free to develop; and the experience he will gain may become an instrument for forwarding those views which must cling to the son of his mother. That the novel is a vehicle for showing up the troubles of the labourer and for vehement protests against the non-removal of such as may be remedied goes without saying, as also that the style is somewhat stilted, especially in the opening pages where each character is analysed and laid bare until the humanity begins to disappear, but as the people themselves take hold upon the reader all this is forgotten in the vivid interest of the story and compassion for the actors.

PEACE PROBLEMS.

YET another Swede of repute has written about the war. Mr. Ernst Wigforss, a young professor at the University of Lund, a lecturer on Northern languages, and Town Councillor, has published in two volumes his thoughtful study of *The World's War and the World's Peace*. Modest and reserved, he never desired publicity, but his anxious wish that his countrymen should have access to documents and so judge for themselves about the war, led to his own deep and conscientious study of the matter. He has spent a relatively large sum of money upon books and documents published by the belligerent countries, and being a linguist has been enabled to put before his countrymen

in their own tongue the result of his wide reading, picking to pieces the arguments of the pro-German professors Steffen and Kjellen. It is not necessary to give his arguments point by point for they are well known to us. He gives both sides a chance, prints the German manifestoes of the Evangelicals and the Intellectuals and the English replies, points out that in Germany the belief in force is growing at a frightful rate; only a very few of the Social Democrats and the Liberal Left disclaiming this belief. On the other hand he shows that England is freeing herself from the belief in force and coercion and is learning to have confidence in liberty, whilst Sir E. Grey did his utmost to preserve peace. Mr. Wigforss' volumes are packed with quotations from the documents he has collected, his own comments being relatively few. His calm conclusion is that Germany has no historic right to sea-power, and that if she obtained this, would certainly abuse it, whilst England's naval supremacy is no danger to the peace of the world. German supremacy would for vast periods of time close the way to live their own free life to the nations. The German peace programme is peace through the overlordship of Germany. Even in 1913 in the organ of the Boy Scouts, Otto von Gottberg tells the boys that "War is the most lofty and most sacred expression of human activity, and is to be the aim of their lives."

TERMS OF PEACE.

World-peace is not compatible with debased nationality and secret State diplomacy. German opinion, for instance, is unanimous in stating that the only peace possible for her would deprive England of her sea-power; her colonies, which should be made independent territories under German protection; and also of her strategic bases, which should be internationalised under the same supremacy. No nation outside Germany and Austria would consent to this, and many writers have given their views as to how the terrific difficulties are to be overcome, some premising as does the Spaniard A. A. Galiano in his *The Truth About the War*, that war has lost its romance, that it is always difficult, ugly, and disastrous. Even the self-sacrifice and heroism which is its concomitant but emphasises this fact. Dr. Eliot, in his fascinating *Road Towards Peace*, goes most thoroughly into the plan upon which all are agreed of an "Alliance of the Powers," which will ignore an artificial domination of one nationality over another, and be possessed of a genuine desire to substitute agreement for force in the settlement of international affairs. The present war is undoubtedly the result of the state of mind or temper of Germany, her conception of national greatness, her intelligent and skilful use of the forces of applied science, and the grave defect in German education—the lack of liberty, and therefore of practice in self-control, which leads to her theory that Might is Right and above treaties.

The only way lasting Peace can be obtained therefore is by the vindication of the sanctity of treaties. Gilbert Slater in his *Peace and War in Europe* treats of this in a most matter-of-fact and practical fashion. He would admit Germany into the alliance if only she could be brought into an attitude of repentance—from a conviction that wrong-doing does not pay. Dr. Eliot proposes a conference of three nations as a first step, Switzerland, Great Britain, and the United States being federations and more or less democratic. C. E. Fayle in his *The Great Settlement* proposes an alliance of all the European Powers and Japan, with a limitation of delegates by the Balkan Powers voting as one league, the Scandinavian as another.

Exceptionally interesting as all these books are, the net result upon the mind of the reader is that each writer can only see a part of the question, whilst all leave out one ingredient or the other; for instance, one writer proposes that Germany shall be kept to her promises by holding her former colonies as hostages until she pays up—overlooking the fact that both South Africa and Australia would have a good deal to say in this matter.

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* *The World War and World Peace.* By Ernst Wigforss. (Tidensförlag, Stockholm.)
The Road towards Peace. By Charles W. Eliot. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)
The Truth about the War. By Alvaro A. Galiano. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)
Peace and War in Europe. By Gilbert Slater. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Great Settlement. By C. Ernest Fayle. (Murray. 6s. net.)
The War of Steel and Gold. By H. N. Brailsford. (Bell. 2s. net.)
A Primer of Peace and War and the Principles of International Morality. Edited for the Catholic Social Guild by Charles Plater. (King and Son.)

FICTION.

Our friends the novelists are giving us just the good and entertaining fiction we need in the dull evenings that are upon us. Unfortunately in our limited space we can give only the salient points of some. Mr. Beresford, in *The Mountains of the Moon* (Cassell, 6s.), sketches with a large, firm outline the figure of a Canadian who, being himself the grandson of a marquis and visiting unknown the home of his ancestors, realises with quizzical good temper that people knowing themselves to be porcelain can mistake yet finer porcelain for common clay. Arthur Grey could have claimed the Marquisate, but he believes that life consists in striving and that the *élite* are bored because they have no need to strive. Even his love for the daughter of the house does not break his resolve, and the lady agrees with him. In *The Secret Son* Mrs. Henry Dudeney (Methuen, 6s.) touches tragedy. It would almost seem that she set herself to show that heredity is of no consequence. Her Nancy gives her son a gentleman for his father, yet his similarity is to the man she was tricked into marrying. Her gentleman (!) lover marries a woman who has to be sequestered as insane after the birth of each of her many children, yet they show no traces of the sin of their father or the insanity of their mother. But so powerful are the descriptions so well brought out is the character of Nancy, with her regal air and her magnificent courage, that the book will be read from end to end in spite of its bitter flavour. Anthony Hope whose last novel was published some three, or four years ago gives us a charming tale of a year out of a young lawyer's life in *A Young Man's Year* (Methuen, 6s.). Arthur Lisle, who has a little competence, gets at first into second-rate company and drops a good share of his income. He is pulled up by his introduction to and adoration of the wife of the head of his house, a far-off cousin. The strained relations of husband, wife, and child are not at first evident, but Arthur certainly loses much of his respect for his cousin when, his wife being on the point of running away with a lover, the husband sulks and goes to bed! The law passages, when Arthur takes up again his neglected work, are amusing as are the pregnant sayings of his friend the old judge. There is more than one love episode, but we hear too little of the complicated law-suit about the lost dog. *Secre History*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamsor (Methuen, 6s.), tells of the interest awakenec in the heart of a titled flapper by an Americar Captain, who was mixed up in the recent critical episode between the United States and Mexico. The flapper's elder sister takes the Captain away from her, only to throw him over and ruin his career. It is during the siege of Liège the girl recovers him, so the reader will find no lack of adventures, nor in *The Highwayman* by H. C. Bailey (Methuen, 6s.), a romance of the time of Queen Anne and the abortive attempt of Prince James to see her. The *Money Master*, by Gilbert Parker (Hutchinson, 6s.), takes us into the company of the inhabitants of a village near Quebec where J. J. Barbille is king. Priding himself upon his philosophy, he yet falls in love with a Spanish girl and marries her, to the horror of his village. Jean Jacques makes the mistake of supposing that Carmine will be content with cooking and sewing after such a life of adventure as had been hers before her marriage! A bold lover makes his entry upon the scene with results quite other than the usual, and so through disaster after disaster, the story goes on until the end shows a modicum of rest for the man of many mistakes, the development of whose character is the strong interest of the novel. *A Tall Ship*, by Bartimeus (Cassell, 1s.), gives some naval yarns, grave and gay, which belong to the moment and demonstrate the spirit sailors and other folk are showing. One pathetic story is of a little slavey who kept her sweetheart to his duty, dying alone so that he might "do his share." Other short stories are contributed by Richard Dehan in *Off Sandy Hook* (Heinemann, 6s.). They have nothing to do with the war, are not all new, and various and original in theme, but each one goes straight to the point and conveys scorn or fun or that grim irony which is familiar to us in Richard Dehan's short stories. Her "Susannah and the Elders" comically shows how the plans of the grown-ups to make Susannah a duchess went all wrong. The "Evolution of the Fairest" is a tale of a deluded young actress-worshipper who mistook paint for the bloom of youth, ere his eyes were opened very tenderly and a real girl sent to cure his woes.

INTERESTING AND USEFUL.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

GRANT ALLEN'S NOVEL.

WE extensively reviewed the above book when it was first published in 1895. It had a very large sale both here and in other countries. Messrs. Grant Richards, the publishers, are about to issue a cheap edition of the book, which becomes of considerable interest having regard to the fact that a well-known British firm of film producers have just completed a motion picture version of the book, which we are given to understand is very fine indeed, and is said to be the finest British film produced. There are several chapters in the book which are centred in Italy, at Milan, Perugia, etc., and in order to have no deception, the Broadwest Film Co., the producers of this film, have sent their managing director and artists to Italy to faithfully portray that portion of the book. When the book was first published it raised a good deal of controversy, and it must be of great interest to our readers to know that shortly they will be able to see this famous book in living picture form on the cinema screen. Competent critics who have had an opportunity of a "private peep" at the film express themselves most emphatically that it is one which will rank as the chief film of the season, with the additional interest attaching to it that it is all British, including the late author, Grant Allen, himself. It is a film, we are told, which will cause a stir in the moving picture world. The sole exhibition rights for the United Kingdom have already been purchased by a leading British renting house, viz., the Gerrard Film Co., of Film House, Gerrard Street, W., and any of our readers who desire to make any enquiries regarding it can apply either to Broadwest Films, of 11, Denman Street, Piccadilly, the producers, or the Gerrard Film Co., of Gerrard Street, W., the renters of it.

CONSOLATION FOR THE BEREAVED.

The International Psychic Gazette (5d. post free 47 Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.), which has been suspended since the outbreak of the war, restarts this month with a special number giving a remarkable "Consensus of Comfort to the World in Tears," specially contributed by eminent divines, poets, novelists, and teachers. It contains many beautiful sympathetic messages of consolation to those bereaved by the war, including one by Miss Estelle W. Stead, whose portrait as Shakespeare's "Julie" is given with an interesting character sketch.

SAND BAGS FOR THE TROOPS.

IN spite of the War Office note that the public are not required to help supply sand bags, Miss Tyler (who was deputed by the War Office to receive, examine, and despatch to the front those sent in by private folk) begs for a continued effort. These bags being gifts, and not supplied from public funds, there is no red-tape to be attended to, and the bags are sent to the front immediately. The requests for them from officers and others are so appealing that many women who cannot do outside work would doubtless be glad to make a few bags at home. There is one drawback: the material costs fourpence for each bag, but surely that will not be a hindrance. Miss Tyler, Linden House, Highgate Road, N.W., will welcome inquiries and give particulars, the exact size being so important a point.

HOW TO DRESS WELL AT REASONABLE RATES.

MESSRS. EGERTON BURNETT, LTD., the "Royal" Serge Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, are the fortunate possessors of no fewer than twenty-seven Royal Warrants—a fact which eloquently testifies to the excellence of their world-famed productions. Readers who are contemplating what to wear during the autumn and winter are advised to seek the advice of these specialists, who will send patterns and price lists on application. They hold large stocks of "Royal" serges in various colours, and for serviceable dress materials these have a sound reputation. Messrs. Egerton Burnett are manufacturers of ladies' sports coats, jerseys, sweaters in pure wool, rich artificial silk and pure spun silk. A particularly pleasing sports coat, one of their latest designs, is beautifully knitted from pure wool, in the new silky shade "gunmetal" grey, and, as the price is reasonable, there is no doubt this smart coat will become very popular. Those who want knitting wool in khaki colour will be glad to know that the firm have large quantities at favourable prices. In their tailoring department special attention is paid to garments suitable for horticultural and gardening purposes generally.

Learning to Cook, by Mrs. C. S. Peel (Constable, 8s. 6d.). Just the book for a young housewife who, even if she has servants, needs to know the "How" and "Why" of things if she is to be economical and efficient.